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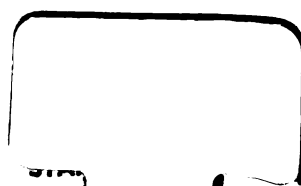
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Joachim at Cambridge.

(From the London "Times.")

Cambridge, March 8.

The Senate House presented an animated appearance this afternoon, in consequence of the announcement that the honorary degree of Doctor of Music, granted by Grace of the Senate last May to Herr Joachim, would be conferred on that renowned artist. The floor of the building was occupied by members of the Senate and a large number of ladies. The galleries were, as usual assigned to the undergraduates. Two o'clock was the hour fixed for the Congregation, and, with the punctuality usually observed in University proceedings, the Vice-Chancellor, accompanied by the Esquire Bodella, entered, his appearance being greeted with applause. But the observed of all observers was Herr Joachim, who, arrayed in the scarlet robes of a doctor, was quickly recognized. A slight interval occurred in consequence of some formal Graces having to be approved and some supplicants for degrees passed by the Senate, and the impatience of the undergraduates was more than once manifested by inane observations addressed to the officials. The routine business completed, the Public Orator, Mr. J. E. Sandys, of St. John's College, preceded by the Deputy Esquire Bodell, Mr. E. A. Beck, of Trinity Hall, was formally introduced to Herr Joachim, and, advancing about midway up the Senate House, Herr Joachim standing on his right hand, he introduced that gentleman to the Senate in an eloquent Latin speech. At the commencement of the oration, which was delivered throughout in a most effective manner, there were indications on the part of the undergraduates that it would be utterly inaudible except to a favored few, for a running commentary of senseless observations commenced, and some bronze coins were insultingly thrown before the Public Orator. But the good sense of the majority of the undergraduates prevailed over the boisterous conduct of a few, and, after the opening sentences, the speech was uninterrupted. The allusions which elicited applause were those relating to Amalie (Weise) Joachim, the noted contralto referred to as Eurydice, to Haydn, Walmisley, Sir W. S. Bennett, Professor Macfarren, and Herr Brahms. By special request the speech of the Orator has been printed and circulated, and we append it:—

"Dignissime domine, domine Procancelle, et tota Academia:—

"Quae triginta abhinc annis in hac ipsa curia, coram Alberto Principe Cancellario nostro admodum defendendo, coram ipsa Regina nemini nostrum non dilecta, hunc, vixitum e pueris egressum, eximios cantus fidibus modulante audivit; eadem Academia virum, per omnem Europam inter principes totius artis musicae iam dia numeratum, hodie reducem salvere iubet. Hodie nobis redditus est Orpheus: utinam ipsa etiam adesset Eurydice; nunc iterum, ut poetas verbis utar quem Cremonae vicinis genuit Mantua, Academii in silvis Orpheus

"obloquitur numeris septem discrimina vocum, tamque eadem digitis, tam poetas pulsat eburno."

Quid dicam de illis qui inter fautores tanti ingenii olim exstiterunt, de viris sempiternae memoriae Mendelssohno et Schumanno? Nobis autem tanquam triplici vinculo hospitii coniunctus est Regiae Academiae Artium apud Berolinenses Professor, trium deinceps Professorum Cantabrigiensium amicus, primum Thomas Attwood Walmisley, deinde Willelmi Sterndale Bennett, denique illius qui nuper horum sacrorum antistes a vobis est creatus,

τὸν κατὰ Μένδο' ἰπλίηκε, δίδου δ' ἑκάδ' το κατὲν το, ὁρῶμεν μὲν ἡμεῖς δίδου δ' ἰδὲται καὶδὲν."

Tantis igitur gloriatur praeceptoribus ars illa, quae in solitudine consolatur, in turba delectat vitasque communis societatem iucundiores reddit; quae fessos recreat, aegrotantibus, si non ipsam dare salutem (sicut olim insanienti Hebraeorum regi), auxilium tamen aliquatenus ferre hodie conatur; quae ipsum Dei cultum adiuvat, et intimos animi affectus exprimit, ipsa intima numerorum cantumque mixta scientia. Quid autem si ars tanta Musarum nomine vere digna, in hac etiam Musarum domo quasi in ordinem redacta atque via quam et ratione alumnis nostris tradita, inter severiora nostra studia sedem suam aliquando vindicabit? Quid si inter tot 'tripodas, praemia fortium,' novam quandam laureolam Apollini Musagetae dedicare volueritis? Interim huic Apollinis ministro quem ipsum prope appelluerim Arcitenentem, huic interpreti certe divinorum in arte sua virorum Sebastiani Bach et Ludovici Beethoven; qui magnus ipse vates magnorum vatam memoriam non sinit interire; hanc lauream nostram Apollinarem, hunc titulum Doctoris in Musica, donare licet; qui honos nunquam antehac ab ulla Academia Britannica habitus est alienigenae, uno illo excepto, qui nascentis mundi primordia immortali cantu consociavit, Iosepho Haydn.

"At enim αἰλίονον ἐν' εἰρηχεῖ μοῦλῃ Φοῖβος ἰαχεῖ, τὰν καλλίφθογγον κῆδ' ἄν' ἰλαί'ων πλ' ἰκτ'ρ' χρυσίῳ. Gravatur hodie abesse popularem huius viri, alterum Musarum Teutonicarum decus, virum in difficillimo musicae genere facillimum, Iohannem Brahms. Quamquam autem ipse scio iniquo procul retentus est, carmen illius egregium quod 'fatorum' nuncupatur vespere audietis; audietis etiam novum opus, quo non modo ceteros omnes sed se ipsum superasse dicitur. Post tot triumphos nemo negabit tanto viro consentaneam esse requiem. Ceterum quo maiore animi aegritudine illum absentem desideramus, eo elatiore gaudio praesentem salutamus Iosephum Joachim."

Amid deafening plaudits, Herr Joachim was led to the Vice-Chancellor's chair by the Public Orator. Dr. Atkinson rose, and in the usual Latin formulary admitted him to the title of Doctor in Music.

The rehearsal held to-day at the Guildhall provided a fair opportunity of estimating in some degree the new music prepared for the commemorative concert in the evening. It may be said at once that the entire programme is worthy the occasion, and creditable to those who direct the proceedings of the Cambridge University Musical Society. This society, now in its thirty-third year, is one of the mainstays of art in a town, perhaps, not altogether prone to bestow over-serious attention upon music in the abstract. For twelve years and more the programmes were in a large measure orchestral—symphonies, overtures, concertos, etc., forming the staple attraction, though glees, madrigals, and part-songs were also included. Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, however, produced in 1856, created a taste for choral music of a high order. This was followed the year after by the *Oedipus in Colonus* of the same master; and thenceforth choral music, as represented by the recognized great composers, became an indispensable feature. It was not, however, until 1872, when the late Sir Sterndale Bennett occupied the Chair of Music in the University, that ladies were allowed to join the undergraduates as "performing associates" of the society; and this important innovation was celebrated a year later by a performance of that distinguished musician's *May Queen*, and as necessary sequel by J. S. Bach's cantata, *My spirit was in heaviness*, Bennett's *Woman of Samaria*, the "German Requiem" of Brahms, Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Mendelssohn's "Lauda Sion," Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*, etc. That the reform in this particular direction has acted largely for good is on all

sides admitted; and if anything were needed to establish the fact, the admirable execution of Brahms' *Schicksalslied* (Song of Destiny," which, in honor of the great modern German composer, who was expected to take the degree of "Mus. Doc." in company with his close friend in art, Herr Joachim, and whose absence has caused marked disappointment, is awarded a conspicuous place in the programme of the evening. This remarkable setting of one among the most notable of Holderlin's poems was made known to English amateurs by Mr. August Manns, exactly two years since, at one of the Crystal Palace Saturday performances, to which we are indebted for so many things that, while deserving all publicity, might still for a long time have remained unknown to us.

The orchestra engaged for this eminently musical celebration, numbering between fifty and sixty executants, the majority from London, is one of irreproachable quality. It comprises ten first violins, headed by Mr. A. Burnett, a thoroughly experienced *chef d'attaque*; eight second violins, six violas, four violoncellos, four double basses, three trombones, four horns, two trumpets, a contrafagotto (or double bassoon)—an instrument employed by Beethoven in his fifth (C minor) symphony—and, not forgetting drums, the usual complement of "wood." The force, numerically, is quite sufficient for the hall, the sonority and acoustic properties of which will be more satisfactorily tested to-night, when, notwithstanding the high prices of admission (a guinea and half a guinea), an audience is expected that will completely fill it.

The pieces to be heard for the first time this evening are a symphony in C minor, by Herr Brahms, and an overture in G minor, by Herr Joachim, the newly elected "Doctor in Music." The symphony has already been played at Vienna, where it is criticized in diverse manners, but, on the whole, warmly eulogized. The overture, written expressly for the occasion, may stand for Herr Joachim's credentials, just as the "Oxford Symphony," once familiarly known as "Letter Q" (as not belonging to the "Saloman" set), stood for Haydn's. Of course, such tried masters would not be asked to prove their claim to the distinction conferred upon them through the medium of a probationary exercise; but all honor is due to Herr Joachim for the feeling which prompted him to write an exceptional work in the circumstances. That his overture is a composition of which any modern composer would be proud, may safely be affirmed even at the present moment. It is an elegiac "in memoriam" of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic and dramatic poet, whose career was as ill-starred as his aspirations were pure and noble, and whose unhappy end is, in his own country, to this day a theme capable of evoking the strongest sympathy. How deeply Herr Joachim has entered into his subject, and how strikingly, in a musical sense, he has treated it, there will be time enough to show. Doubtless, Herr Johannes Brahms, had he not altered his resolution, at the eleventh hour, of coming to receive the highest honor musical England is able to confer upon an eminent foreigner, would equally have contributed something new, in acknowledgment of the mark of esteem offered him. At the same time, it is no small thing for the Cambridge University Musical Society to boast that, as they were the first to produce in this country the *Faust* music and pianoforte concerto of Schumann, so are they again the first to make us acquainted with such a grand and elaborate work as the C minor symphony of Brahms, to

which, as to the elegiac overture of Herr Joachim, further reference will have to be made. The other pieces contained in the programme of this evening are Beethoven's violin concerto (played by Herr Joachim), two excerpts from J. S. Bach's sonatas in C (also by Herr Joachim); and last, not least, the overture entitled *The Wood Nymph*, by Sterndale Bennett, about which, after its performance at the Leipsic Gewandhaus Concerts, Schumann wrote in such glowing terms. As Sterndale Bennett at one time occupied the Chair of Music in the University now filled by Professor G. A. Macfarren, it was only just that on such an occasion some important work from his pen should be introduced; and the programme would have been still more complete and satisfactory had the name of his worthy successor been also represented.

(By TELEGRAPH.)

11 P.M.

The concert to-night in the Gullihall was a brilliant success. The audience was not less enthusiastic than numerous. Dr. Joseph Joachim, as might have been expected, was the hero of the evening. On appearing in the orchestra he was greeted with uproarious applause. This was renewed with increased warmth after his magnificent performance of Beethoven's concerto, which he never, even in his happiest moments, played better. Herr Joachim's new overture in commemoration of Heinrich von Kleist was also a success as complete as it was well deserved. This he conducted himself, as he also did the new symphony in C minor by Herr Brahms, which was so finely played from beginning to end that it is a pity the composer himself had not been there to hear it. Two movements from one of the solo sonatas of John Sebastian Bach were also given by Herr Joachim, the last of which being clamorously asked for again, the great virtuoso good-naturedly returned to the platform, but, instead of repeating the movement or substituting another, as was hoped, he showed his open watch to the audience, and retired amid mingled laughter and applause.

Mr. C. V. Stanford, organist of Trinity College, conducted all the pieces except the two new works directed by Herr Joachim, and the spirited performance of Sterndale Bennett's overture, *The Wood Nymph*, was creditable alike to him and the orchestra. The "Song of Destiny" was also well executed, the chorus having evidently studied their separate parts with earnestness.

The concert was altogether a success, and among the audience were many well-known connoisseurs and professors from London and elsewhere—a compliment evidently intended for Herr Joachim, upon whom the degree of Musical Doctor had been conferred—an honor never granted to a worthier recipient.

Joseph Joachim.

(From the "Graphic.")

This admitted chief of living violinists is Hungarian by birth. His native place was Kitzsee, a small village near Presburg, whence his family removed to Pesth, where, in early childhood, he showed so strong a disposition for music that he was placed under Szervacinaky, orchestral director at the theatre, who first gave him instructions on the instrument his perfect command of which has earned him such renown. Here young Joseph, after two years' application, first appeared in public. From Pesth he went to Vienna, where he was so fortunate as to obtain lessons and friendly advice from the esteemed professor Böhm, to whom many eminent violinists, Ernst and Maysecker among the number, were indebted for similar advantages. After four years' residence in the Austrian capital, Joachim went to Leipsic, with the hope of earning further experience through the counsels of Ferdinand David, who, however, finding he had nothing to teach him, was too ready to make him a companion in his own especial studies. At Leipsic the young musician not only practised harmony and composition with the well-known contrapuntist, Moritz Hauptmann, under whom he made remarkable progress, but was soon on terms of intimacy with Mendelssohn, which continued

to the end of that illustrious composer's life. He was the constant companion of Mendelssohn, who spoke of him in the highest and most affectionate terms, instigating his first visit to London, and furnishing him with letters of recommendation to Sterndale Bennett and other men of influence. Joachim arrived in London during the spring of 1844; and the attention of amateurs and professors was soon drawn to the extraordinary talent of the boy-violinist, who (born in 1831) was at this period in his thirteenth year. He had already made a great impression by his performance of Spohr's *Scena Cantante* at the "Società Armonica" (conducted by Mr. Forbes), before his friend and patron, Mendelssohn, came to London, to conduct the Philharmonic Concerts. At one of these, under Mendelssohn's direction, he played Beethoven's violin concerto, introducing *cadenzas* of his own, with such success, and such enthusiastic applause, that from that moment he shared with Mendelssohn himself the honors of the musical season.

About Joseph Joachim's subsequent career in England it would be superfluous to say much. He returned to us, successively, in 1847, 1849, 1852, 1858, and 1859, on each occasion bringing with him something that raised him as a composer higher and higher in the opinion of connoisseurs. From 1859, when he joined the Monday Popular Concerts, instituted in that year by Mr. Arthur Chappell, a season has rarely passed without the coming of the great violinist and musician being looked forward to as an event of high importance. How much his splendid playing, his extended repertory, and his invariable adherence to the pure standard of art, which from a mere youth he raised up for himself, has served to promote the material interests of these concerts, and to win for them the honorable position they now occupy, is generally known. Had Joachim done nothing more than familiarize our intelligent musical public with the later quartets of Beethoven, with many things of Bach which had previously met with scant recognition, and with the works of the now reigning star of Germany, Johannes Brahms, he would have entitled himself to the consideration of all those who look upon art as a serious thing. It must not be supposed, however, because Bach and Beethoven are his authors of predilection, that Herr Joachim's wonderful power of "reproducing"—a term applied by Herr Wagner, Abbé Liszt, and their satellites in a manifestly wrong sense—is limited to these masters. The contrary has been proved by his admirable readings of others—not only of his new favorite, Brahms, but of Handel, Mozart, Cherubini, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Spohr, etc., his sympathy for whom is equally unquestionable.

With the honors accorded to Herr Joachim in his adopted country, Germany, we have no space to deal. Enough that he enjoys a consideration there such as few executive artists have enjoyed before him. He has been at various periods *Concertmeister* and teacher, with David, at the Leipsic Conservatory (1848); *Concertmeister*, with Liszt, to the Duke of Weimar (1849); and *Concertmeister* and solo-player, with the exclusive direction of the King's orchestra, at Hanover (1851). He is now in a position to do more for music than he was ever enabled to do previously, being director of the "Hochschule für Musik"—executive department—at the Berlin Royal Academy of Arts, where he is also permanent member of the Senate. Here his example and precept are of incalculable value, inasmuch as the appointment of professors in his department is left entirely to his suggestion—submitted, of course, to the approval of the Minister for Education, an approval which has on no occasion been withheld. The combined purposes of the "Hochschule" are thorough musical education and model performances of works by the great masters.

As a composer, Joachim has chiefly directed his attention to instrumental music. To give a list of his various works would exceed the

limits of what is intended for a brief memoir; but the "Concerto in the Hungarian style" may be fairly cited as his *chef d'œuvre*, combining, as it does, the impressions of his early days with the complete mastery he has obtained, both as executant and producer, over all the secrets of his art. This concerto, in its way, is unique, and has, not without good reason, been placed in juxtaposition with the violin concertos of Beethoven and Mendelssohn. The degree of "Doctor in Music" at Cambridge University was conferred upon Herr Professor Joachim on Thursday, for which ceremonial he wrote an elegiac overture, in *memoriam* of Heinrich von Kleist, the patriotic but unhappy dramatist.

London Popular Concerts.

While wisely adhering to his practice of introducing from time to time new works by living composers, the conductor of the Popular Concerts no less wisely tempers his spirit of research in this direction by continued reference to the older masters; and not among the least pleasant remembrances of the series now approaching its termination it will be connected with several quartets of Haydn which had not previously been made known to the audiences of St. James's Hall. Between forty and fifty of these vigorous and healthy works now form part of Mr. Arthur Chappell's extended repertory; but there still remain others of equal value, which will doubtless be added as expediency may admit. There can be no danger in opening the door to the most independent, and even not always immediately intelligible of modern writers, while Haydn and Mozart are at hand to watch as sentinels over the interests of the past. The art would, indeed, be badly off were such pioneers as they ever to be ignored. With the coming of Herr Joseph Joachim we always look forward to something new from the untiring pen of his gifted friend Johannes Brahms; and the B flat quartet (Op. 67), introduced but recently, has added not a little to the increasing repute of that learned musician. It is his last quartet, and in many respects his best. Another welcome contribution from the same quarter has been the *Liedeslieder Walter* (to words from the *Polydore* of Danmer) for two performers on the pianoforte, and a quartet of voices (soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass) *ad libitum*. Whether the addition of voices was an afterthought, which, as the pianoforte part is complete in itself, is most probable, or whether the contrary, the effect is both original and charming. The quartet, received with such favor at a Monday evening concert, was repeated on the following Saturday afternoon; and so much were the *Liedeslieder Walter* ("Love-song Waltzes") admired and applauded, that they have been given on no fewer than four different occasions, each time affording increased satisfaction. They could hardly be rendered more effectively than they were on Saturday by Mdlles. Sophie Löwe and Helene Armin, Messrs. Shakespeare and Pyatt, with Mdlle. Marie Krebs and Miss Agnes Zimmermann (who have been highly distinguishing themselves of late) at the pianoforte. The programme was otherwise more than ordinarily interesting. Mdlle. Krebs played Schumann's trying and difficult *Toccata* in C (Op. 7), and Miss Zimmermann introduced, for the first time at St. James's Hall, an early prelude and fugue by Mendelssohn, in E minor, belonging to his *Midsummer Night's Dream* period—a very showy piece, besides giving strong evidence as to how the young musician was just then busy with his contrapuntal studies. More such would be welcome. Mozart's last stringed quartet (in F), which might with pleasure be heard a little oftener, was played—how, need not be said—by MM. Joachim, Ries, Straus, and Piatti, at the beginning of the concert, which came to an end with what was an unexpected novelty, in the shape of a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, in A major, by the late popular operatic composer, M. W. Balfe. Few amateurs were aware that Balfe had at any time

occupied himself with the composition of instrumental music for the chamber, and few could have been otherwise than agreeably surprised by so fluent, melodious, and able an illustration of his talent in that way. No one requires to be informed that Balfe had always melody at command, and that there would be abundance of melody in his trio might have been anticipated. Without any apparent effort at elaboration, each of the four movements has a distinct character of its own, and each is symmetrically constructed. The second theme of the opening *allegro* is graceful, flowing, and essentially vocal. But, though this is the most brilliant, we are inclined to award the preference to its companion movements, and may point to the leading theme of the *andante*, the whole of the *scherso*, a charming bagatelle, the only fault of which is its brevity, and also to the finale, built upon a pastoral subject, as natural and unaffected as it is tuneful. The entire work was admirably executed by Mdlle. Krebs, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti, who did all in their power to make it acceptable, and succeeded. It was warmly applauded throughout, the *scherso* being encored and repeated.

Since her first appearance, which was duly recorded, Mad. Schumann has been playing, if possible, more nobly than ever. Seldom, indeed, has she been in finer form. As a remarkable instance may be singled out, from among other achievements of hardly inferior merit, the wonderful performance, at a recent Monday concert, of her husband's extraordinary series of variations, bearing the title of *Etudes Symphoniques*, and inscribed to Sterndale Bennett. After this she was twice unanimously called back to the platform. Herr Joachim has added the second and third of Beethoven's Rasoumowski Quartets to the No. 1, led previously to his coming by Herr Ludwig Straus—thus completing the series, which ought to be included every year. At the first concert, after his return from Cambridge, as Musical Doctor, Herr Joachim was greeted in such a manner by the crowded audience as might reasonably make him proud. On Monday he once more led Herr Brahms' sextet in B flat, for stringed instruments, which has won new favor at each successive performance since its introduction ten years ago (February 1867). This might induce the director to try another sextet by the same author (in G), also a composition of exceptional merit. The vocal music, almost uniformly well chosen during the present series of entertainments, has brought more or less conspicuously forward certain vocalists from whom a great deal may be expected—among them being Mdlle. Redeker, Herr Henschel, and Mr. Barton McGuckin, the promising young English tenor. Two Mondays, one Saturday, and an extra Wednesday, for Beethoven's so-called "Posthumous" quartets (the first and fifth of which, in E flat and F, are included in the programme of to-morrow afternoon), will bring the 19th season to a close, with the 598th performance since the Popular Concerts were set on foot.—*Times*, March 20.

The Violin Manufacture in Italy, and its German Origin.

An Historical Sketch; by Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK.
Translated from the German by WALTER E. LAWSON.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

I.

Although the Italian violin manufacture is universally known, from its chief seat, Cremona, yet it is by no means free from obscurity; and to this fact may doubtless be attributed much of the importance which has attached to it. Instead of seeking for natural explanations, recourse has been had to mystery, around which tradition and legend have woven a veil.

Certainly it is extraordinary that through the Praxis alone a violin model could be created, which, while offering beauty of form, and an easy manner

of performance, should prove, with regard to richness and power of tone, to be the best which can be invented, notwithstanding the numerous endeavors which have been made, accompanied in part by the most rigorous and ingenious scientific enquiry. Even the preparation of the Italian lac—upon which such store is set by amateurs and collectors, and which, for color, fire, and transparency, has never been equalled—must be regarded as a secret. It seems, however, erroneous to ascribe to any peculiarity of manipulation in the manufacture, the superiority of tone which characterizes the Cremonese instruments, seeing that the rules adhered to in their construction have been made quite clear to observant and thoughtful masters of the craft by means of disjointed specimens; and experience teaches us that modern instruments constructed on similar principles, would, in the course of time, equal them in tone, and facile tone production. The chief difficulty with which the modern violin manufacture has to contend, is one which, unfortunately, it has to some extent itself engendered, and which arises from the fact that it cannot raise itself to any real importance, nor, consequently, to a lasting and vigorous productiveness.

During the hundred years which have elapsed since the decline of the classical violin manufacture in Italy, new instruments have continuously been produced; but can they be considered to fill the gap which the Italians have left? This may reasonably be doubted. It is not to be denied, that, amongst these results, there is much that is excellent; but, on the whole, the period has been one of experiment. A leading principle has been wanting, like the well preserved tradition which the old Italian masters adhered to, the whole time. Many thought to make them better, and deviated from the right path; and, moreover, a method was discovered of imitating the great Italian masters, and instruments were prepared which, unlike those that had once left their hands, had the appearance of Italian violins of a hundred years old and more, in a worn-out and even damaged condition. In order to make these new productions similar to the old ones in delicacy of tone and easy intonation, it was the custom to reduce the thickness of back and belly, to macerate, or artificially dry the wood, whereby the instrument was robbed of its power to sustain for any length of time the violent shaking to which, as a resonating body, it was subjected by the vibrations; in consequence of which, the tone of such instruments gradually deteriorated. In this manner, the new instruments fell into disrepute, not excepting those that were well and scientifically made, and the demand for well-preserved instruments from the inheritance of the Italians became consequently greater and more exclusive. But how much longer will this continue? Even bow instruments, however great their durability when carefully used, must eventually yield in time, and accident and ignorance hasten their destruction. It now appears to be high time to make a further effort. Here it may be remarked, in order to avoid misunderstanding, that no reference is intended to the instruments in ordinary demand, the provision in this respect already sufficing, but rather to perfected instruments, such as are required for higher solo performance and chamber music. Concerning the method which is to be followed in their construction, no doubt need exist, after the many fruitless experiments and enquiries. There is but one way of attaining to the desired end, which is, to follow in the footsteps of those of the old masters who have left us the best examples with regard to the choice of wood, form, construction, and finish, whereby it is not prohibited—nay, it is desirable—to make in the minor details such alterations as the development of violin virtuosity and the higher pitch of the present day have rendered necessary. The unavoidable self-denial which will be required of the makers must be met by the confidence of the purchasers, for supply and demand stand in the most intimate relations to one another; where the one relaxes, the other must also fail.

For these reasons, the propagation of correct views concerning the violin manufacture, and its development, has also a practical side; indeed, it is the inevitable condition supposed in raising it again to that elevation which, strangely enough, it occupied at a time when the demand for perfect instruments was neither so extensive nor intensive by far as it is at the present day.*

* In order to avoid an accusation of plagiarism, I may here be allowed to remark, that, in my report concerning the orchestral instruments in the Paris Exhibition of 1865 (the twenty-seventh book of the official reports of Austria), I have already given to the world, in a more extended form, my views upon violin manufacture. This

Such was the intended object of the show of Cremonese instruments which, at my incitation, was to have formed part of the plan of the Vienna Exhibition. Assisted by a material such as is otherwise unattainable, the idea was to lay before the most celebrated instrument-makers and musicians, and such physicists as had sifted and led to the solution of debatable questions in this province, the instruments thus collected, illustrating the development of the classical violin manufacture as a whole, and in its various schools and masters; and, at the same time, as far as might be possible, to clear up the still so obscure history of this branch of art, and its representatives. This special collection did not take place, though not, fortunately, because of any difficulties which existed in the nature of the undertaking; therefore, one need not relinquish the hope of seeing, sooner or later, under more favorable circumstances, the realization of the idea.

Although based upon no great selection of instruments, a reference to the progress, and to the part which individual masters, or whole schools, have taken in it, is attended with considerable uncertainty. Being unable to comprehend the general coherency, people are not in a position to judge correctly of cause and effect. Hereby is not overlooked the fact, that instruments which proceeded from one and the same workshop were not always equally good or well finished; even masters of minor repute have turned out magnificent specimens; while on the other hand, the Coryphæi have sometimes fallen behind their usual excellence in some point or other. If we make the peculiarities which we observe in any one instrument which happens to be at hand a matter for generalization, errors become naturally unavoidable, and representations made after this manner by pretended authorities who wish to appear more learned than they really are, find a ready circulation, and, after a time, become difficult to eradicate. Lastly, a general terminology is necessary, in order that the same ideas may always be expressed in the same language. In all these respects it appears hardly possible to dispense with special exhibitions of Cremonese instruments. Different is it with the superficial history of the violin manufacture, inasmuch as this is reflected in the lives of its representatives, and in the results of an active trade. Here, at least, the material for a future erection may be collected. The following remarks concerning the province to be explored may serve as a guide.

The original form from which the violin and other instruments of the same family; viola, violoncello, and contra-bass—are derived, is very simple, and is found at the present day under the name of Omert and Ravanastrom in India, and of Rebab or Rebec in Java and Arabia. In all probability these instruments—if, according to our present ideas, they merit the name—were introduced into Europe under the many modifications of the original form which they had acquired amongst various tribes at the time of the migration of the Indo-Germanic races. Even now we find varieties of them in use; for instance, the Gualle of the Servians and the Russian Goudok. To two, apparently, of these original types does it seem possible to trace back the origin of the violin, viz., to the Crwth of the ancient Britons and the Rebec, which, without doubt, passed through Spain into France. Centuries elapsed, however, and a vast number of sometimes very extraordinary transformations were necessary before the violin acquired its existing form. Of these ancient varieties we are in possession of a compendious pattern-list derived from carvings in old churches and sketches in ancient manuscripts. The viola was the instrument of transition, which in its turn passed through many metamorphoses before it acquired a settled form. One can without difficulty picture to one's self this form of the viola; for, by reason of the flat back, the, towards the neck more pointed than rounded body, and the broad sides, it greatly resembled our contra-bass, or the viola d'amour, which, by the way, threatens to become a rarity. Sometimes the sides were only curved, like those of the guitar, in intimate association with voices to accompany which, they came more and more into use. Violas were divided into four kinds, viz., treble, alto, tenor, and bass violas, which were held during performance either at the shoulder or

report has been most freely quoted from by Hiacinthe Abele, in his work, *Die Violin*, without the acknowledgment which he accords in other instances. Whole pages are cited verbatim from my pamphlet, and have in part been reproduced in other works bearing his name. Under these circumstances, it is by no means impossible that the authorship might be falsely attributed, seeing, moreover, that my report, as part of a large and but little circulated collection, has not become well known in musical circles.

between the knees—hence the term "shoulder violin" (*Viola di Spalte*, *Viola di Braccio*, the origin of the German word, *Bratsche*), and "knee violin" (*Viola da Gamba*). The bass *viola* alone, which still exists in a but slightly modified form, as the *contrabasso*, was played, like this instrument, in a free position.

II.

The manufacture of viols of the old sort continued for a considerable time after the new model for violins, violas, and violoncellos, had been introduced, a proof that the flat whizzing tone, which necessarily resulted from its outer form and inner structure, in which often the indispensable bass-bar was wanting, continued to be admired for a long time, before the clear, brilliant, powerful and sonorous tone of the new instruments usurped the monarchy.

Although Galileo, in his "Dialogues," says—"The violin, and the bass or violoncello, were invented by the Italians—perhaps by the Neapolitans (?)," still the statement is open to doubt. In ancient times England displayed great activity in the production of instruments played with the bow; at the same time seeking out, and remunerating freely, performers upon the violin and viola. Is it not possible that the metamorphosis from the original low instruments to the violin took place in that country? Further, it is by no means improbable that the violin was introduced into Italy from Germany; for there were masters whose names hint at a German extraction by whom the manufacture of the violin proper was first cultivated in Italy. The history of ancient commerce is in both countries too obscure to admit of positive proof of this. It is nevertheless certain, that the oldest known violins were made in Italy.

It has been customary, hitherto, to regard Brescia as the cradle of the Italian violin manufacture; but, while this opinion was based upon Gaspar da Salo (circa 1560-1610), it was incorrect. Later enquiries, to which a violin bearing the name "Joan. Kerlino, 1449," gave rise, proved that a maker of that name had lived in Brescia; whereby the above opinion received a justification. On the other hand, Bologna must be accredited with the honor of having been the cradle of a branch of human art industry which, in its productiveness and constantly progressive development, was no less wonderful, for from this town a master, known hitherto by the name of Gasparo Duiffoprugcar, sent forth—from the year 1511, upwards—a series of violins no less remarkable for their technical excellence than for their external beauty.

Simultaneously with Bologna, both Mantua, Verona, and Venice furnished bow instruments; but, from specimens which have been preserved in museums, these appear to have principally consisted of violas of the old species.

Towards the middle of the 16th century, the violin manufacture in Brescia, under Gaspar da Salo, came again to the fore; and it also took firm root in Cremona, through Andrea Amati, who was the progenitor of a highly celebrated family of violin makers which flourished throughout four generations.

Brescia adheres, in the principles of construction and external elaboration, to the line laid down by Duiffoprugcar; but Cremona, although starting from the same point, strikes out an independent path: so, at least, under Antonius and Hieronymus, sons of Andrea, and Nicholas (born 1596, died 1684), son of Hieronymus. The forms become ennobled, and sometimes considerably smaller, the breasts are more arched; and, at the same time, the purely external ornamentation is dispensed with, while particular attention is given to the choice of wood and varnish. The tone is distinguished more by sweetness than grandeur. The reform brought about by Amati was adopted more or less by the rest of the violin makers. Cremona was, from this time, the chief seat, and the high school of the violin manufacture. Even Brescia relinquished by degrees its peculiarities; and the last maker who honorably represented this town, Johann Bapt. Ruger, of Bologna, was educated in the school of the Amati.

But the ideal of the violin was not yet attained to. That was reserved for Antonius Stradivarius,† who, like Amati, sprang from an illustrious Cremonese family. A pupil of Nicholas Amati, he fol-

† The names of the various masters mentioned in this sketch, are, for the most part, Latinized; this change having, usually, been undertaken by the masters themselves. Therefore, for Antonius may be read Antonio; Hieronymus—Geronimo; Guarnerius—Guarneri, or Guarnerio; Stradivarius—Straduari, or Straduaro, etc., etc.—W. E. L.

lowed at first in the footsteps of his master; but soon struck out into new paths, in his endeavors to attain to perfection; and these endeavors occupied him more than half of his long life—he was born in 1644, and died in 1737—until, at the turn of the century, he attained to his ideal—sweetness and grandeur of tone combined with perfection of form. It is generally imagined that Stradivarius created something entirely new; but, in my humble opinion, all the properties which distinguished his instruments from those of earlier periods, were already in existence, but were greatly scattered; and to him is due the merit of having, with great penetration, selected everywhere that which was the best, and united it into one harmonious whole. He had a large number of pupils, and a still greater number of imitators; and some of them produced such excellent specimens, that, doubtless, at the present day, many instruments are falsely ascribed to him. He did not, however, occupy the position of master of the period in the same degree as did Amati, before him.

His most distinguished disciple, Joseph Guarnerius (born 1698, died about 1745), called *del Gesù*, after the trade-sign which he adopted to distinguish him from a cousin of the same name—adhered, in the main, to his master's precepts, but differed from him so greatly in some particulars that their instruments cannot well be confounded. Unlike his master, who consistently strove to attain to his ideal, and on doing so, faithfully adhered to it—his ideas were irregular, and so, consequently, were his productions. Sometimes he turned out instruments which were equal to the most perfect creations of Stradivarius—nay, are considered by many to be better. Paganini's favorite violin was a Guarnerius. Sometimes his productions were so inferior, as regards choice of wood and finish, that one is tempted to deny their genuineness. Guarnerius found imitators here and there, but he does not appear to have educated any pupils. According to a tradition, he ended his life in a prison.

At the time that Andrea Amati founded the new era, the manufacture of violins was carried on in several other towns besides Brescia and Cremona. But it was owing to the impulse which the works of Nicholas Amati and Stradivarius gave to it that it began to spread. Like a tree that grows in good soil, and to which Heaven sends showers and sunshine, so it sent forth its shoots and branches in all directions. In most of the large towns of Northern Italy it had a seat; and, next to Cremona, it attained to the greatest importance in Venice and Milan. From Northern Italy, it passed through Florence and Rome, to Naples and Palermo. Altogether, as far as I have been able to ascertain, the independent makers numbered about two hundred.

[To be Continued.]

New York Oratorio Society.

BACH, GLUCK, AND BRAHMS.

The third concert of the Oratorio Society of New York, which took place at Steinway Hall on Thursday evening, March 18th, gave us an excellent performance of a very serious and impressive style of music in the form of a Cantata, "Actus Tragicus," by Bach; selections from Gluck's *Orpheus*, and "Ein Deutsches Requiem," by Joh. Brahms. The Cantata and Requiem are similar in form, both consisting principally of choruses interspersed and, at times, interwoven with solos, and founded upon scriptural texts. It is not uninteresting to compare the work written in 1710 with the modern Requiem. In both there is visible in the music the same fidelity to the sentiments expressed in the texts; but while in the one the voices are accompanied only by the plaintive tones of violas, violoncellos and basses, with two flutes, to which Robert Franz added two clarionets and two bassoons, the other has an accompaniment of a full modern orchestra; in the one we have a natural ingenuity, combined with that easy, flowing simplicity of style so characteristic of the great master Bach; in the other, a strong individuality, united with an immense elaboration of detail; in both we find much deep feeling and a great variety of expression, notwithstanding the apparently sombre subject. The Cantata opens with a "Sonatina" for the modified orchestra, which is extremely sweet and tender, and of subdued tone. The first chorus, in canon form, "God's time is the best and surest," breathes a spirit of perfect trust and cheerful confidence. It is followed by a pathetic tenor air, "O, Lord, so teach us to remember," which leads to a *Vivace* for bass, "Come, order thy house." The next chorus for alto, tenor and bass, "It is the law

of old, man, thou must perish," possesses immense power. It is written in canon form, and its deep, surging emotion is interrupted by a chorus of the soprani, "Yea, come, my Jesus, come," of which the perfect peace and content forms a charming contrast to the solemnity of the first theme; these two motives alternate, and finally the movement closes with the touching strain for the soprani, gradually decreasing in strength of tone. No. 6 is an air for the alto full of pathos and resignation: "To thee, O, Father." No. 7, an air for bass: "This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise;" this is a florid passage, which accompanies a choral of beautiful effect for the alto: "With peace and joy shall I depart;" the solemn strains of the chorus mingling with the melody until his ceases, and the choral also gradually dies away, bringing out into full relief the joyous burst of the hymn of praise, for the full chorus: "All glory, land and praise," which ends in a magnificent fugue, forming the close of this poetical and stirring composition. Miss Drasdil sang her beautiful solo with deep feeling. Mr. Henry Brandeis was less successful in his tenor air, while Mr. Stoddart, upon whom devolved the greater part of the solos acquitted himself remarkably well.

The first selection from Gluck's *Orpheus* was the grand Scene for solo and chorus, in which the combined efforts of Miss Drasdil, the really good chorus and the fine orchestra produced a highly successful effect. This was followed by the "Dances of Happy Spirits," a graceful picture of peace and tranquillity, and the famous "Air of Orpheus"—"I have lost my Eurydice," sung by Miss Drasdil, to whose melodic, sympathetic voice it seemed to be so well adapted. The Requiem, by Brahms, begins in an exceedingly simple, though noble and elevated style with the words "Blessed are they that go mourning," for full chorus, and is set off by many beautiful passages, which arise from the use of pleasing harmonic changes and the introduction of old hymns. With the words "Seed in sorrow," the composer rises to stirring and even picturesque tone-painting, though it is rather too long drawn out. This descriptive form is continued in the 2d chorus, beginning with "Behold, all flesh is grass," but grows weak in the course of a rather too minute contemplation of the text. A very pleasant impression is made at the words, "until he receives the rains of the morning and evening showers," and "eternal gladness" is very characteristically described. The third movement, "Lord, make me to know," is introduced by an effective, though at times sentimental baritone solo, to which the chorus responds, sentence for sentence, until we are led into a colossal fugue, wonderful as an ingenious masterpiece in counterpoint. One of the most lovely parts in the whole work is the following movement: "How lovely is thy dwelling place," for chorus, in which the sentiments of longing and rejoicing expressed in the text find a fitting and harmonious expression in the music. No. 4, "Ye now are sorrowful," for soprano solo, with chorus, holds us spell-bound with its charming development of the touching theme, principally where it is taken up in an idealized and comforting form by the tenors. The solo is beautifully interwoven and very effective. No. 5 is decidedly the grandest of all the movements, and in its triumph in the victory over death forms the climax to the work. Of great effect is the repetition of the words, "Grave, where is thy sting?" rising in tone at each repetition, until the Fugue "Lord, thou art worthy," brings the part to a close.

The last chorus, No. 7, "Blessed are the faithful," must be regarded as an anti-climax; still the happy peaceful sentiment pervading its tone cannot be considered inconsistent with the state of mind inspired by the hearing of a work at once so elevating and sympathetic.

H. D.

—Mus. Trade Rev.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, MARCH 28. It was not my intention, in my last letter, to claim for Miss Rivé absolute superiority, although I have heard this done by excellent musicians. Here, as you know, I give my own opinions and impressions, which in the present case were: that, in point of refinement, Esipoff is perhaps superior, although not so much so as any one would suppose who had not heard them on the same pianos; while in point of breadth and vigor of conception, Miss Rivé is decidedly superior. As to

technique there is little to choose. Sometimes I think one is better; sometimes the other. And finally on this part of it, I offer this opinion after hearing them both in something like fifty pieces. There are some things curious about Essipoff's playing. Why is it, I would ask any one that can answer, that while she fascinates you so, her audiences do not increase? Why is it that one finds oneself more disposed to criticize the more one hears her? Miss Rivé is certainly a more magnetic player, at least in the opinion of most of my acquaintances. And I know from experience that her art grows on you as you hear more of her. To be perfectly honest about it, I think they are both great artists.

Now in regard to Miss Rivé's influence in elevating the standard of piano playing. I wish to explain a little. I suppose every artist that plays here does something to raise the standard. How much, depends about equally on *what* they play, *how* they play, *where*, and *before how many*. Now as to the *what*, I place Miss Rivé ahead, her programmes embracing more of the important works which must be brought forward by such artists if at all. Second, as to the *how*, she certainly plays well enough not to disgrace the work. Her *technique* is immense, and whatever she plays she plays with finish. Third, she has played in all the musical centres, and far besides. At the end of the season Essipoff will have given one hundred concerts; Miss Rivé will then have given nearly three hundred. The Rivé audiences will average larger, very much larger, I think, owing to her having played in so many large concerts. She has played before six thousand people in this city in one week. Besides this, as I pointed out before, she has gone far beyond where Essipoff's manager can afford to take her. She has played as far up in Wisconsin as Ripon, and as far out in Iowa as Boone (half way across the state.) And in all these places she plays Beethoven, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, and Liszt. In Burlington, Iowa, not long since, she had two Beethoven sonatas on the programme, the "Appassionata" and that in E flat, op. 27. There was a large boarding-school delegation present that desired her to change the E-flat Sonata for the "Moonlight." But as she never changes numbers on her programme (except on illness) she added the "Moonlight." Now I say that an artist who will do this, in a place like Burlington, where there are no axes to grind, and at the same time play the pieces so that the audience enjoy them, or *think they enjoy them* (which amounts to the same thing), is doing a great deal to elevate the standard of piano playing in this country. If anyone else is doing more, I would take it as a favor to have her or him pointed out to me. In other words, my observations were calculated from the meridian of Chicago, and not from that of Boston.

The Beethoven Society gave Verdi's "Manzoni" *Requiem* last Thursday night in Plymouth church, with Mr. Eddy at the organ. The solos were taken by Mrs. Thurston, Miss De Pelgrom, Mr. Bergstein and Mr. Dexter. In my opinion Mr. Bergstein carried off the honors. The tenor went dreadfully off the key, and Miss De Pelgrom indulged in the modern *tremolo infernale*, made by vibrating with a lower pitch, which in concerted music has a pleasing influence upon the harmony. Some of her voice is very fine indeed. Mrs. Thurston is a painstaking and careful singer. The chorus went altogether better than at the previous concert, so much better as to make the present performance enjoyable, although it still lacks in purity of intonation, sympathy of voices, and finish in the shading. The director, Mr. Wolfsohn, has worked very hard, and I had no idea he would be able to make them sing so well. Still if he wishes to come up to a high standard of choral work, it will be necessary to adopt

and enforce strict rules in regard to attendance at rehearsal. In my opinion their training is radically defective in regard to securing pure intonation. I do not see how striking a chord false, fifty times, is going to bring it true, ever. But the Beethoven society seems to rehearse on a theory of this kind. I must accord them another credit, and that is that they seem to have learned from *Dwight's Journal* or some other paper, that they have a leader, and at the present concert they watched the *baton* religiously. Mr. Eddy did his part splendidly,—at least I hope he did, I saw nothing wrong about it. As to the music, I can only say that it has a great deal of dramatic force, and in its texture seems to me much like scene-painting (as one of the papers here has called it.) I heard it with interest.

Mr. Wolfsohn is about to commence a series of eighteen historical piano recitals. They sell the programmes at 50c. If I can beg a copy I will send you one. It is too much trouble to copy them all out.

We had the Ole Bull troupe last week with Miss Thureby, Miss Martinez, Tom Karl, and Mr. S. Liebling the young pianist. Of course I need not say that we found Ole Bull the same amiable old fraud as ever. Miss Thureby I like extremely, all but her tremolo. Miss Martinez, I begin to like better than before. They say she is really improving very much. Certainly she sang delightfully at these concerts. But she did sing "O mio Fernando" again, or at least it was on the programme. I would almost rather hear Bro. Sankey sing "What shall the harvest be" than to hear "O mio Fernando" all the time.

Mr. S. Liebling is a younger brother of our Mr. Liebling, and seems to be a very fine pianist. I hope to hear him again, and then will write more at length.

We had also Miss Emma Abbott. I cannot say I was disappointed in her singing. It was about what I expected. The voice is poor, the method bad, and the artistic conception false. For some reason I cannot say that I like her singing. Her clothes and diamonds were very fine. I never begrudge praise where I can conscientiously give it.—On looking it over, this seems a little severe. Let us say then, that Miss Abbott is a person who has worked hard to rise, and is such a concert-singer as will please many.

A set of Popular Concerts at 25 cts. admission, has begun at Hershey Hall. The programme of the first one was the following, and it was played beautifully.

1. Trio in E, No. 3.....Mozart
1756-1791
Allegro—Andante grazioso—Allegro
Messrs. H. Clarence Eddy, W. Fehi and M.
Eichheim.
2. a) "The Wanderer's Night Song," Op. 48.
No. 5.....Rubinstein
1829—
b) "The May Bells and the Flowers," Op.
65, No. 6.....Mendelssohn
1809-1847
Miss Grace A. Hiltz and Mrs. Sara B. Hershey.
3. Trio in D, No. 4.....Haydn
1732-1809
Allegro—Andante—Allegro ma dolce.
4. a) "Bride Bells,".....Roeckel
b) "The Flower Girl,".....Bevignani
Miss Grace A. Hiltz.
5. Trio in D, Op. 70, No. 1.....Beethoven
1770-1827
Allegro vivace e con brio—Largo assai ed
espressivo—Fresto.

Meanwhile I am, Yours,
DER FARTSCHURTS.

(Concluded from Vol. XXXVI, page 415.)

NEW YORK, MARCH 26. The second part of the programme contained the best Symphony [17] of modern times, one of the very few which are worthy to go down to posterity in company with the works of Beethoven and of Schumann. This is the "Forest" Symphony, the "Im Walde" of Raff. We remember some four or five performances of this work in New York, but it has been played by no means so frequently as it deserves to be

heard. It is full of fresh, vital themes and poetic fancies, the offspring of nothing short of genius, while in point of instrumentation it is a miracle. Raff is *par excellence* the master of all the resources of modern orchestration. What the earlier composers would have accomplished with such resources cannot be told, but Raff has the means and the skill to make a marvellous tone-picture and that he has done.

The Symphony is divided into three parts; but another is obtained by subdividing the second part, so that there are really four separate movements in classical form. The first is an Allegro entitled "Daytime—Impressions and Emotions." This opens boldly with a phrase for the horn, and suggests rather than imitates the thousand and one sounds which are heard by the lover of nature in the heart of the forest. The second movement is entitled "Twilight." It begins with a Reverie [largo] for the strings, broken by recitative passages for horn and clarinet, and leads finally to the "Dance of Wood Nymphs,"—a brief and beautiful scherzo, not unworthy of Mendelssohn, of whose music we are reminded; not that this is in imitation of his style, but because the narrow vein of fairy music was well nigh exhausted by his skill.

The third part (or fourth movement) of the Symphony is entitled "Night." It contains three episodes, first: night in the forest; second: "The entrance and departure of Frau Holle and Wotan;" third: "The break of day," which is suggested by the introduction of reminiscences of the first movement and which brings the symphony to a fitting close.

In this movement we hear the quiet murmur of night in the forest, broken anon by the approach of the wild hunt, which comes rushing by and which is heard passing and repassing at intervals throughout the night, until finally the tramp-tramp of the wild huntsman dies away in the distance to be heard no more, leaving a stillness which is almost oppressive, until there comes the little breeze which is felt just before dawn, and then, with full orchestra, the break of day.

It was a privilege to hear such a work, and a greater privilege to hear such a performance as Mr. Thomas gave. It was not enough to perform the work fluently and correctly, giving due heed to all the directions of the composer; all this was done as a matter of course; and in addition to a careful and finished performance there was on the part of every player a refined perception of the true meaning of each phrase of the music, as well as an accurate conception of the entire work. All the members of the Thomas orchestra are musicians as well as performers, and much of the excellence of their playing is due to this fact.

A. A. C.

OBERLIN, O., MARCH 19.—Oberlin, as a musical centre, is not far behind many of her larger, and Eastern sisters, as the following programmes may evidence.

The first was presented at the first weekly rehearsal of the Winter term of the Conservatory, by its members. The second at a public rehearsal of the same.

I.

Sonata, No. 3, (2nd and 3d Movements).....Mozart
Sonata, Op. 10 No. 1 (1st Movement).....Beethoven
Song—"The Wanderer".....Fesca
Mignon and Märchen, Op. 41, Nos. 2 and 3.....Gade
Sonata, No. 16, (1st Movement).....Haydn
Aria—"Und ob dir Wolke" from "Der Freischütz".....Weber
Scherzo and Rondo from Op. 2, No. 2.....Beethoven
Ballade in A flat.....Chopin
Duet—"Were I a Birdling Free,".....Schumann

II.

Overture to Magic Flute (4hds).....Mozart
Duet—"With cheerful notes".....Millet
Sonata for Piano and Violin, No. 3, (1st movement,).....Mozart
String Quartet in G maj.....Haydn
Aria from Elijah—"It is enough,".....Mendelssohn
Spinnerlied from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman,".....Liszt
Motet for ladies' voices.....Mendelssohn
Concerto in D, for Piano and Oboes.....Mozart
2nd and 3d movements, with Cadenza by Reinecke

(The numbers of the Haydn and Mozart Sonatas are those of the Lebert Edition.)

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club were here on the 6th of Feb., and very kindly gave a matinee for the benefit of the Conservatory students, at which the following programme was presented:

Overture to "Faust,".....Weber
Quartet, Op. 18, No. 1.....Beethoven
Var. Concertantes for Piano and 'Cello (Mendelssohn Quartet, Op. 80, No. 1, (2nd and 4th movements,).....Rubinstein

The programme of the evening was a varied one, such as is ordinarily given, but not what we had really hoped they would present to us. It ended with a senseless Pot-pourri. Perhaps they are obliged to play those things, perhaps not, but we certainly hope they will be kind enough to leave it off the next time. The Club are doing

a good work in awakening a desire for better music, but their reputation is strong enough to cast off such works of darkness. This would be a benefit, and a pleasure no doubt, to them. A man cannot habitually do that which is on a low moral plan of action without having his moral sensibilities blunted. A man cannot often read that which is of low literary merit and not have the edge taken off his literary conscience. This is an acknowledged law in every thing, and truer in art, in music. A man cannot continually present to others that which is repugnant to his artistic feeling, that which is of "low order in Art," without having his finer perceptions and feelings correspondingly lowered.

C. B. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 14, 1877.

The Wagner Festival.

Mr. Fryer's formidable enterprise has certainly succeeded with the crowd, in Boston no less than in New York. For the week ending with March 31, our spacious Boston Theatre was crowded every night (five times,) and more than crowded at the Matinée on Saturday. The three operas given were not of Wagner's new and thoroughly Wagnerian period; they are not representative of the system; they can still go by the name of "Operas," not "Art-works of the Future," not "Dramatic Actions;" in them there are dainty bits occasionally for the unconverted who still hanker after the flesh-pots of Egypt. *Lohengrin* was given three times, *Tannhäuser* and the *Flying Dutchman* each once:—all in German, by German singers altogether, with an unprecedentedly large and splendid orchestra (for an American theatre), and all with a downright German strength and heartiness, a full swing and intensity of purpose and of will, which went far to atone for many imperfections and a too prevailing noisiness and coarseness, wherein "Richard is himself again" and must be arraigned as instigator and chief sinner. Credit for the whole success is surely due to no one more largely than to Herr ADOLPH NEUESDORFF, who proved himself a Conductor of exceptional ability and energy, inspiring and controlling all at every point.

Of the artists in the chief roles one was a star of really rare lustre, two or three were excellent, the rest from fair to middling. The chorus as a common thing was coarse and often out of tune. Mme. PAPPENHEIM was the "star" aforesaid. With a soprano voice of large compass, remarkable volume and intensity, with rare power of endurance, and considerable sweetness; by no means devoid of sympathetic charm for a soprano so "robust" (to borrow a term commonly applied to tenors); throwing herself into each part with full fervor and seizing its individuality by a sure instinct,—she united dignity and grace of person and of manner, particularly fitting her for queenly characters like Elizabeth and Elsa. She is indeed a noble singer, a good actress, and a fine figure in the gorgeous Wagnerian tableaux.

She was at her best as Elsa in the *Lohengrin*, by far the best of the three operas, and the best performed (at least as we heard it given for the second time.) So far as yet persuaded (knowing the "Nibelungen Trilogy" only by multifarious report and hearsay, and by study of its theoretic principles of Art and of the strange librettos of the poet-composer), we are inclined to regard the *Lohengrin*, musically, as the highest manifestation Wagner's genius has reached. In it there is loftiness of purpose, a purity of aspiration which commands respect, and there is a certain nobility and courtliness of style pervading it. There are also melodies and fragments of melodies, both solo and concerted, marches and ensembles, which take the general ear, belonging to the old familiar dispensation, and which, together with the blazing pomp and splendor of effect, constitute its chief hold on the average listen-

er. Now just these elements, as we understand it, are quite eliminated and discarded from the full blown systematic "Art-work" of the newness. A ceremonial pomp and blaze and splendor, an intense sonority, thrilling heraldic trumpets and great instruments of brass, crowded harmonies (by no means always pure,—their impurity disguised by the great gorgeous coloring):—this, it seems to us is wherein lies the chiefest strength of Wagner's music. The high coloring, the massive instrumentation, the redundant, impure harmony, the intense sonority is so persistent, that the "fairy Fine-Ear" who presides over the cradles of the Mozarts and the Chopins, would either find it unendurable, or lose the exquisite fine sense under this cruel, long exposure. As rough physical labors harden the skin, and sometimes too the moral and æsthetic consciousness, so we cannot help apprehending a serious blunting and demoralization of the musical sense, the "ear," in the young generation born into this strange phase of what its disciples call musical "progress." The sensitiveness to discord, to ugliness in tone-combinations, seems to be growing less and less. The young *fanatico per la Musica* is "iron-clad."—But it is no time to go into all this now.

In *Lohengrin*, another element of charm is found in such tender love scenes (wherein melody is not yet discarded) as that in the Bridal Chamber of the second act. Much of this is truly beautiful and fine; and it was finely sung both by Mme. PAPPENHEIM, and by the tenor, WEARENATH, whose *Lohengrin* throughout was more than respectable.—Then there comes in the mystical element,—the peculiar melodic motive and aërial accompaniment which appears in the dream of Elsa, in the "Swan Song," and in every allusion to the knight and to the Holy Grail. This has a certain charm for a time, though we confess it gradually palls upon us.—Incidentally there are some fine touches, we may say, of genius, which transport the elaborate artificial work for the time being into the more simple world of true imaginative spontaneity. Such is that fresh little scene where after the dark and brooding night scene of Ortrud and Telramund, and of Ortrud and Elsa, warders come out upon the battlements and announce the dawn of day with singularly blithe and stirring trumpet strains. And again, in a much grander way, at the gathering of the clans in the beginning of the last act, where they march in from various quarters, each preceded by its own ringing corps of trumpeters, and the stupendous fortissimo of the great orchestra binding it all into one; this would be indeed glorious, were there more intervals of rest between such stentorian appeals.—On the other hand there is a deal of ugly music, such as that which preludes and accompanies the evil spirits, Ortrud and her husband, and much that is dull and tedious in their long ill tempered dialogue, and also in all that precedes the climax of the first act. The Ortrud of Miss CLARA PERL was fair,—by no means equal to that of Annie Cary; she has rich low tones, but the upper voice is thin. Herr PAPPENHEIM, the Telramund, is a restless and uneasy actor, but has a powerful bass voice which he uses well. Herr BLUM, as the Emperor, appeared to fair advantage with his commanding figure and his telling baritone voice.

Tannhäuser proved tedious in comparison with *Lohengrin*. But the wonderful spirit and precision with which the well known Overture was played set off an instantaneous electric battery of applause. The Elizabeth of Mme. Pappenheim was beautiful in song and action, while Herr BACHOFF was but ill at ease and lost in the part of Tannhäuser. The Venus grotto scene was bare of scenic charms, and without siren, though Frau Venus sang quite well.—The one new thing to Boston was the early work, the *Flying Dutchman*. This has a truly fascinating story, which is its chief charm. Moreover, the music, much of it, might be anybody's—Marschner's, Donizetti's, Verdi's, Meyerbeer's—being a potpourri of floating melodic commonplaces; and yet, on the other hand, it has musical monstrosities and coarseness—realisms, we suppose, of sailor life—which could be only Wagner's. The spinning chorus, and a few other things, have charm. On the whole we fancy this was the opera that was enjoyed the most.

Next week Mr. Fryer returns with even stronger forces, and will give us for the first time the "Walküre," in some sense transporting us to Bayreuth! Also *Lohengrin*, and—Heaven grant they do it well!—*Fidelio*, placed here in curious contrast!—Whether Wagnerism is to live on as a new Art, of a kind not precisely musical; or whether, like a bad dream of a morbid period, it is to cease altogether from the memory and thought of musical mankind, is what time only can determine.

Harvard Musical Association.

The tenth and last Symphony Concert of the twelfth season took place on Thursday afternoon, March 29, with the following programme:

1. Military Symphony, in G (No. 11, E. I. of Beethoven) (Härtel).....Haydn
Adagio; Allegro—Allegretto—Minuet
—Presto.
2. Violin Concerto, in D, Op. 61.....Beethoven
Allegro—Larghetto—Rondo.
Dr. Leopold Damrosch.

1. Overture to Shakespeare's "As You Like It."
in F, Op. 25.....J. K. Paine
Andante espressivo—Allegro vivace.
2. Songs with Piano-forte:
a. An die Entfernte.....Mendelssohn
b. Reiselied.....
c. Sei mir gegnüst.....Schubert
Charles R. Hayden.
3. Overture: "Beckham at Sea and Prosperous Voyage,".....Mendelssohn

The grand feature of the programme was of course the Violin Concerto of Beethoven, greatest of all works in this kind, and equal in length and consequence to a great Symphony. For once we heard the whole work, in all three movements; violinists here for a long time, longer than these Symphony Concerts have been in existence, have been singularly shy of more than the first Allegro, which indeed is the greatest movement, very long, and as exacting, almost an exhausting task in itself. It was so admirably played by Dr. DAMROSCH,—the distinguished Conductor of the Philharmonic and the Oratorio Society of New York,—as to make it on the whole the most memorable item of this winter's concerts. He has not, to be sure, the broad, large tone of Joachim, but his tone is purity itself, sweet, musical, finely expressive, and absolutely true in intonation even to the highest notes, to which this music often soars and there hangs poised like a bird half lost in the blue. He has the delicate art too of modulating the tone quality and color in an expressive manner. The whole rendering of the piece was earnestly and thoughtfully conceived and studied out, and though so subdued and free from all exaggeration of accent, and all sentimentality, that some thought it cold, it was to us full of the truest, finest feeling and appreciation. The delicate beauties of the *Larghetto* were exquisitely brought out; and the Finale (*Rondo*) was made more of than we have ever heard through any interpreter except Joachim. Dr. Damrosch played an elaborate *Cadenza* of his own in each of the three movements, which we found ingenious and interesting, and for the most part true to the spirit of the work and wrought, albeit somewhat fantastically, out of its own fibre; at all events they were extremely difficult, especially the first one, and displayed his virtuosity in a very brilliant manner, without compromising the artistic loyalty of the interpretation as a whole. Dr. Damrosch, alike by his performance and his whole appearance, so intelligent, refined and artist-like, held the close attention of every one from the first note to the last, and was recalled with great warmth of applause. Henceforth his appearance in Boston will be sure of a warm welcome.

So symphonic a Concerto was fitly preceded by one of the light, bright, shorter Symphonies, of which Father Haydn has left us a rich store. This one in G is one of his best. We think there is reason to be found in it to justify the title "Militaire." When the *Allegro* sets in after the few bars of slow introduction, with that bright little motive in the high notes of flute and oboe, do you not think of "When the little siffer hangs his head?" And all through the movement do you not seem to see the gaily uniformed, trim ranks marching off at quickstep in the clear morning sunshine on parade? Simple as its themes are, it becomes a perfect work of unpretentious Art in their development, and altogether fascinating. The slower, statelier movement of the *Allegretto*, too, is truly military, ceremonial and grandiose,—not to speak of the great crash and climax suggestive of battle in the midst of it. And in the graceful Minuet and Trio, and in the Presto, we

have the recreations of the camp, the buoyant, careless soldier life. The Symphony for the most part was well played, though there was an unwonted roughness and an uncertainty of pitch sometimes in some of the wind instruments, which we could only account for on the supposition that they had become exhausted and demoralized by a whole week's unstinted blow-out in those Wagner Operas!

Mr. Paine's fresh and charming Overture suffered somewhat from the same cause, as well as insufficient rehearsal, but was evidently much enjoyed. Mr. HAYDEN's tenor voice has gained in power and has improved in quality, and was heard to advantage in the great hall. He sang the simple cantabile song of Mendelssohn "To the Absent One," very sweetly in a refined, expressive style. The "Reiselied," with its hurried wild accompaniment, (in which the horseman, riding through the woods in the windy night, lets "Fancy outstrip his courser" and dreams of reaching his beloved's home, and of the tender passionate reception, until suddenly the sense of reality returns, and, as the wind howls through the thicket, he hears an "old oak" say: "Where now, thou heedless rider? Thy dream hath led thee astray!") was more exciting, and given with much dramatic force. Schubert's "Sei mir gegrüßet" has become a little hacknied, while its restless alternation of key renders the impression not entirely satisfactory. It was sung with feeling; though the voice sometimes swerved from pitch. The accompaniments were played by Mr. DANKS. Mendelssohn's "Meeresstille" Overture sounded best of the orchestral pieces, and with its jubilant termination, representing the good ship coming safely and proudly into port with colors flying, amid signal guns and trumpets, formed a fit conclusion to a series of noble concerts.

This twelfth season, we may safely say, has given unusual gratification in nearly every number of its ten programmes, although they have offered comparatively little that was altogether new, yet much that has been heard too seldom here, and all of a pure and sterling character. The concerts will undoubtedly go on another season, for it is no small encouragement to have come through a season like the past, disastrous to most concert enterprises, without pecuniary loss. These concerts were designed for permanence, and therefore the elements of permanence, rather than sensational novelties and fashions of a day, have been chiefly studied in their programmes.

Handel and Haydn Society.

Handel is indeed refreshing after a whole week of Wagner. And "Joshua," though not to be ranked with his two greatest oratorios, "Messiah" and "Israel in Egypt," yet has all the Handelian traits, in nearly all the choruses and several of the Airs, in full perfection; nor is the Handelian inspiration wanting. Coupling these recommendations with its comparative unfamiliarity—since we have heard it only once before—it becomes just now, to the experienced concert-goer, more attractive than its more colossal brethren; it is not always the highest mountain that we care to climb; a change of view is sometimes more to us than height.

We confess to a keen enjoyment of *Joshua* on the evening of Easter Sunday. And that in spite of the fact that the performance was not on the whole so good as that of last year; for frequently the chorus faltered in attack, so that, as the parts came severally in, a few notes of the phrase, the theme, were past before you heard a sound. Then too—probably a result again of the Wagnerian dissipation,—the orchestra was often coarse and careless. "See the Conquering Hero," to be sure, went splendidly, for that sings itself, as the boy said when he whistled, and with such a mass of instruments and voices, with the contrasts of soprano and full chorus, and great Organ too, it did stir the blood. Some of the other choruses were made remarkably expressive. And how beautiful, how grand, how graphic, many of them are! Take for grandeur and for richness of motives, interwoven with supreme contrapuntal mastery, the opening one: "Ye Sons of Israel;" how effectively comes in the later subject: "In Gilgal, and on Jordan's banks proclaim!" For grandeur too, and for vivid graphic imagery,—figures set in tones as positive and solid as they could be in stone—the Chorus "To long posterity we here record"—to wit, the passage of the Jordan. So too, "Glory to God! . . . the ponderous rain falls, . . . the nations tremble, . . . tempests roar," etc.; and "Hail, mighty Josh-

ua," which gives such a sense of undying tradition at the words: "Our children's children shall rehearse," while the fugue becomes quite monumental at the thought: "And grateful marbles raise." The simply martial and heroic choruses are all quite stirring, much in the vein of *Judas Maccabæus*. For gentle beauty and deep, quiet sentiment we may name such choruses as: "How soon our tow'ring hopes are crossed!" and "For all these mercies."

There was much to praise in the solo singing, and there was some that was inadequate. Pretty Miss THURNEY, so fresh and natural, with the fresh, sweet voice,—her first appearance in Oratorio—sang the music of Achaia (much of it, however, was omitted) very beautifully and with artistic, true expression, although she did not seem to be in perfect health, and did not put so much of life into her song as we have heard her sometimes. This last remark, however, cannot apply to her "Oh, had I Jubal's Lyre," which was splendidly delivered. "Hark! 'tis the linnet" too was charmingly sung, just suiting her liquid, bird-like voice. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was thoroughly the artist, ripe and true, in the melodies of Othniel. "Place danger around me" was superbly sung. And the Duet with Achaia was beautifully done. Mr. MAAS, the tenor, sang with sweet voice and refined taste, but seemed to have a cold and lack weight and resonance for songs of the heroic quality of Joshua. Mr. WHITNEY, our grand basso, did not a few things grandly, yet he was not at his best, singing at times so loud that the subdued but quite important accompaniment was lost. "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain" was given with a sustained and noble gravity, on his part; but the flowing chords of the accompaniment, quite as cantabile as the voice part, were played in so *staccato*, or detached a manner, as to mar the effect of the music as a whole. (This same *staccato* habit of the strings was also annoyingly perceptible in many rousé passages accompanying the choruses. We believe it is the rule in orchestras to play in this way when there is no mark to the contrary; but should not such deformities be carefully provided against?)—We have no doubt, most of the shortcomings in the chorus singing were due to the hurried and distracting preparation of so many things for the Triennial Festival in May.—Julius Rietz, whose additional accompaniments were used, does not seem to have done all that he might have done by a great deal to make the work comfortably complete; many of the Arias still shiver thinly clad.

Concerts Unannounced.

THE CREOLIA, our choicest and almost our youngest chorus of mixed voices, gave its second concert (the same programme twice), in Horticultural Hall, on the evenings of March 19 and 22, Mr. B. J. LANG Director. The high degree of perfection in their singing at their first concert surprised and delighted us; this time, though the programme was hardly so interesting as the first one, the execution seemed to us equally, if not even more successful. The concert opened very fitly with a Choral by Bach, from the Passion music—used there several times with different harmony:—"Acknowledge me, my keeper," which was sung without accompaniment, in a very chaste, pure style, with excellent balance and distinct though blended movement of the four parts. Then came the 95th Psalm by Mendelssohn—for solos, (Mrs. Geo. K. HOOPER, Mrs. L. S. IRWIN, and Mr. CHAS. R. HAYDEN) and Chorus. This too was sung very finely, particularly the grandly impressive chorus: "For His is the Sea," and the serious minor chorus with solo at the close. A couple of part-songs by Duerrner ("Morning Wanderings," and "This Love is much like the Wind,") made a fresh and pleasant impression, being sung with spirit and precision, as did also Schumann's quaint part-song, "The Snail." To save the voice of Miss E. A. HUMPHREY, who was suffering under a cold, and had a more important task before her, Mr. Hayden sang to great acceptance, Mendelssohn's "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" and that dashing song by Rubinstein: "Auf dein Wohl trink' ich, Marie."

One of the most novel and delightful features of the concert was the singing by Mrs. Ipsen of a number of her native Danish songs. There was something very fresh and naive in the melodies themselves, and they were beautifully sung in a rich and musical contralto voice.—The last and principal piece of the evening, Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen" ("Selken Ellen"), was an agreeable surprise to us. We had hardly thought that the siege of Lucknow, and the Scotch maiden who heard the rescuing Highlanders approaching from afar, with *sax'ches* of the old tune: "The Campbells are coming," con-

tinually recurring in the music, could be musically made so interesting. But it is full of fresh, effective melody and harmony, and graphic accompaniments finely played by Mr. Lang. Miss Humphrey, in spite of her cold, sang the soprano solos with great charm and animation, and Dr. E. C. Bullard, the Lord Edward of the dialogue, did his part in the most satisfactory manner.

On Friday afternoon, March 16, at the house of Mrs. J. H. Dix, Hotel Felham, we enjoyed the privilege, with some scores of invited guests, of listening to some piano music by a few of the pupils of Mr. HUGO LEONHARD. We do not suppose that we are at liberty to mention names, but here is what *die Ungenannten* gave us to hear:

1. First Movement, from Hungarian Divertissement, 4 hands. Schubert
2. a. "Erinnerung," op. 5, No. 10. Franz
- b. "Stille Stilleheit," op. 10, No. 2. "
3. First Movement, fr. Concerto A min. Schumann (Orchestral accompaniment for a second piano).
4. a. Valse, B flat major. Raff
- b. Etude, D flat major. Hiller
5. Variations Serieses. Mendelssohn
6. First Movement, from Sonata E flat maj. Haydn
7. Concerto, F minor. Chopin (Orchestral accompaniment for a second piano).
8. Song. "Der arme Peter". Schumann
9. Largo and Scherzo, from Sonata A major, op. 2, No. 2. Beethoven
10. Capriccio, op. 16, No. 3. Mendelssohn
11. Two Etudes, Nos. 3 and 12, op. 70. Moscheles
12. a. Prelude and Fugue, B flat minor. Bach
- b. Two Etudes of op. 10, book 1. Chopin

And how well they gave it! It was all good; but we cannot speak of all, for memory fails us, postponing the record to a late date. *Facile princeps* was the frail and delicate looking girl, who played the movement from Schumann's Concerto, and played it not only with finished technique and refined taste, but even with a poetic insight into its meaning, which at least suggested the idea of genius. It was she, too, who played the Prelude and Fugue of Bach and the Etudes by Chopin, with which the entertainment closed, only confirming the same fine impression. Another played the F-minor Concerto of Chopin, in a correct and even style, to which one could listen with pleasure even after the consummate rendering we had just heard in the Music Hall. The *Variations Serieses* by Mendelssohn was indeed a serious task, but the one to whom it was assigned acquitted herself well in it. It was a child, apparently, who played the Valse by Raff and the Etude by Hiller, but there was an elastic vitality of touch, and an entirely clean and fluent execution, which showed a musical nature not run to waste through any idle sentimentality and "playing by ear." Others we should mention, but both space and memory fail. The singing was by Mr. Schlesinger, and it was excellent. This really artistic exhibition proved that Mr. Leonhard, whose ill health has deprived us of the old pleasure of hearing him in public,—we trust only for a season—knows how and has the faculty to teach.

A "Wagner Lexicon."

Among the announcements of new books in Leipzig, appears: "Ein WAGNER Lexicon: Wörterbuch der Unhöflichkeit, enthaltend grobe, gehässige u. verläumderische Ausdrücke, so da gegen den MEISTER RICHARD WAGNER, seine Werke und seine Anhänger, von den Feinden und Spöttern gebraucht worden sind. Zur Gemüths-Ergötzung in mühsigen Stunden gesammelt von W. TAPPEZ. Pr. 1 M."

Mr. H. T. Fink, in the London *Musical Record*, a thorough going Wagner organ, translates this title as follows: "A Wagner Lexicon or Dictionary of Impoliteness, containing coarse, insulting, spiteful and calumnious expressions, which have been used against R. Wagner, his works, and his followers, by enemies and scoffers," and thus proceeds to describe its contents:

The list is by no means complete, as we ourselves have within the last two or three years come across a number of expressions deserving a place in the "Lexicon." It would also have been less sensational, though more useful, if the reason for censure had been more frequently indicated. But as far as it goes, the "Lexicon" is a curious study of human nature, and of German journalism in particular. Liberty of the press in political matters is a boon not yet granted to the Germans, their late efforts to secure it having again proved unsuccessful; but they make amends by allowing themselves greater liberties in other matters. All the personal vituperations and anathemas which they would like to hurl against political adversaries are thus reserved for some literary man or artist whose character or principles they do not admire. Some of the expressions used literary propriety forbids our quoting in an English paper, while some of the most characteristic ones, as "Katsenjammer," "Mondkalb," "Gansensarsch," "Ohrenzerreissend," are not translatable. On the other hand, some of those coming under the head of sarcastic are not bad. Thus a Berlin paper announced that "the manager of the royal opera has published the following notice: 'Nobody compelled the hear the "Meistersinger" twice, as

capital punishment has been abolished." In view of the opinion of the merits of Mendelssohn expressed in Wagner's "Judaism in Music," it is interesting to know that Mendelssohn in return considered Wagner but a "talented dilettante." So R. Schumann, in a letter dated 1853, wrote, "Wagner is, if I may express myself briefly, not a good musician; he is deficient in the sense for form and euphony." The "gentlemen of the press" have exhausted their ingenuity in inventing complimentary pet names for "His Majesty Richard the First," the "infallible music pope," and "schah of Bayreuth." He has been called a "charlatan," "ruffian," "enfant terrible," "fool," "musical Hellogabalus," "swallow-er of Jews," ditto of Frenchmen, "musical Lassalle," "musical Makart," "méprisable Bavarois," "Bavarian lunatic," "song murderer," "plagiarist of Berlioz," "Saxon schoolmaster," "Richard the Great," "Therapist," "vandal of art," "Don Quixote," "musical Munchausen," etc. Who is not reminded of Dr. Johnson and the fishwoman? The works fare no better than the man. The Berlin Echo speaks of "Richard Wagner's great tragic bombastic opera 'Rienzi,' this operatic monstrosity." According to another paper the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" is an infernal racket (Höllenspektakel.) According to Fétis, "Lohengrin" is a chaos of combined sensations of sound; while an Italian critic thinks that such "algebraic harmonies" can at most give satisfaction in Germany. The "Meistersinger" is a "dramatic-musical humbug," and the effects of this opera on the hearer are "most terrible *maux*, coupled with feelings of physical torture." "Tristan und Isolde" is a "higher cat music," "sonorous monotony," and "psychological lumber-room." Florentino found that the effect of the overture to the "Flying Dutchman" was to make him sea sick, and Hanslick discovered the same effect to follow the reading of the poem of "Rheingold." Finally, regarding the "Kaisermarsch," H. Dorn says, "the barbarous coarseness of this latest Wagner eruption we cannot characterize as anything but an insult to the majesty of the German emperor." At the end of the "Lexicon," under the head of "Zukunftsmusik," a full account is given of the origin of the expression, "music of the future."

PHILADELPHIA. Mr. M. H. Cross's Madrigal Club, consisting, in a musical sense, of the *élits* of "The Cecilian" and "The Orpheus Club," announces a concert for Saturday evening next, at Musical Fund Hall. Appended to the daintily-printed programme is a short account of the Madrigal, a species of composition in which there may truly be said to be an English school. The selections include works by Dowland (1597), Morley (1594) and Ford (1605). Calcott, Webb and Stevens are also represented. Besides these we have Mendelssohn's "Vale of Rest," Smart's "Stars of the Summer Night," Hatton's "Ballad of the Weaver" and MacFarren's "You stole my love." The Madrigal Club has already achieved quite an enviable fame. The taste and knowledge of its leader, and the loving care with which its members have devoted themselves to their chosen work, has greatly helped to educate our audiences in regard to many beautiful part-songs, which, until recently, were quite unknown outside of the little circle of intelligent music lovers who had made them objects of especial study.—*Evening Bulletin*, March 14.

On Saturday evening the fifth classical Soirée of Mr. Charles H. Jarvis took place, and, although a very varied and difficult programme was presented, it was successfully interpreted. The first number played was the "Fantasia in C Major," by Schubert, a beautiful composition, irregular, but thoroughly Schubert-like. Mr. Jarvis's playing was comprehensive, and he grasped its difficulties with ease, as in the "Variations," by Mendelssohn. His technique was simply perfect, and the exquisite motive with its graceful and sad arabesques was fairly ripped off. A Duo for Viola and Piano, by Schumann, followed, and then Mr. Jarvis gave some Chopin Preludes and Etudes, and rendered them finely, particularly the familiar one in C sharp minor, and, in fact, the delicate way in which he handled them all deserved the applause which he received. Mr. Gastel sang a very dramatic Aria, by MacFarren, rather tamely, but afterwards gave two Schubert Lieder in fine voice. A grand Duo, the joint composition of Mendelssohn and Moscheles, finished this really excellent concert, and was played with much spirit by Messrs. Jarvis and Warner. The next and last Soirée is to take place on April 14th.—*Ibid.*, March 26.

ILLINOIS ACADEMY OF MUSIC. We have received several programmes of Recitals given in the Chapel of the Illinois Female College, Jacksonville, Ill. One of these is classical and worth making note of:

1. Piano Duet—Overture, Hebriden... Mendelssohn Mr. and Mrs. Wimmerstedt.
2. Vocal Duet—"I would that my love," Mendelssohn Mr. Wimmerstedt.
3. Piano Solos. a, Fugue in C Major; b, Gavotte in G Minor... Bach Misses Alice Broadwell and Virginia Rutledge.
4. Song—"O had I Jubal's lyre," (Joshua)... Handel Miss Lela Minear.
5. Piano Duet—Minuetto in G Major... Haydn Misses Mary Henderson and May Short.
6. Song—"Adelaide"... Beethoven Miss Carrie Dobyns.
7. Piano Solo—Adagio and Allegretto from Prometheus... Beethoven Miss Annie Smith.
8. Songs. — { a, Bird and Maiden, (Flute Ob.) Spohr Miss Wild Rosebud. { b, Wild Rosebud. Schubert Miss Eugenia Hinrichsen.
9. Duet for Violin and Piano, Sonata in G Major, Mozart Mr. and Mrs. Wimmerstedt.
10. Song—Alme Mol... Chopin Miss Kate Smith.
11. Piano Solo—Sonata in C minor, Op. 35... Dussek Miss Mary Goucher.
12. Vocal Solo—Scena and Prayer from Freyschutz, Weber Mrs. Wimmerstedt.
13. Piano Solos—c, Slumber Song; d, Hunting Song... Schumann Mr. Wimmerstedt.
14. Song—Woodland Dialogue... Schumann Miss Virginia Rutledge.
15. Overture for Piano, Flute and Violin, Iphigénie in Aulide... Gluck Music Faculty, assisted by Prof. J. B. Smith.

The Chicago Musical College.

This institution—or the Chicago Academy of Music, of which it is the direct and legitimate successor—is the oldest school of musical culture in the West, and enjoys a reputation second to no other in the United States. It was founded in 1867 by Mr. Florence Ziegfeld, who has from the first conducted the school on the plan favored by the best European conservatories, of which he is a distinguished graduate. The Academy first occupied rooms in Crosby's Opera House, but soon out-grew its accommodations, and an entire building on Wabash avenue was fitted up in handsome style for its use. Surrounded by an able corps of teachers, Mr. Ziegfeld had already achieved a large patronage and great success when the fire of 1871 swept away building, furniture, pianos, organs and a valuable collection of music. But this institution had a future before it. Conflagrations could not burn up its reputation or damp its managers. A new building was at once secured at 493 Wabash avenue, with branches in other sections of the city, and a new career of prosperity began. In 1875 Mr. Louis Falk became director, Mr. Ziegfeld accepting the presidency, and to-day the school stands higher in public esteem than ever before. It is evident that this esteem is not merely local. The president and directors of the celebrated Leipzig Conservatory say: "From Mr. Ziegfeld's artistic accomplishments and his conscientiousness as a teacher, we feel safe in concluding that the instruction of the college is of the most thorough description. The scholars who have come to us from this institution have shown such careful and symmetrical development that we are convinced that the Chicago Musical College is a most reliable school, and its graduates are for the same reason peculiarly welcome to our Conservatory." Such praise as this is praise indeed, and yet from our knowledge of this college and the many pupils of surprising excellence it has graduated, we are convinced that the estimate of the Leipzig Conservatory directors is a just one. The method pursued in this college is very thorough. None but musical instructors of the highest order of merit are employed as members of the faculty, and mediocrity in any department would not be suffered for a moment. Mr. Ziegfeld is a composer of the leading musicians of the old world, and enjoys the personal friendship of nearly all the great artists of the day. His pride in the profession of his choice is so great that he could not be induced to countenance a sacrifice of art to any financial consideration. To this fact is due the artistic triumph of the Chicago Musical College. The soirees given by this institution are always musical events and are an important factor in the training of the pupils. On these occasions the best class of music is produced. Considered as a whole—faculty, method, facilities, and all—the Chicago Musical College has nothing to fear from a comparison with the best institutions, and its hundreds of graduates bear living testimony to its thorough excellence.—*Sat. Eve. Herald*, March 31.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

- Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
- The Lover's Hope. D. 3. E to F. Knight. 3)
"Come back to me, the days are long,
The nights are dark and drear."
A fervent lover's song, nicely set to music.
- Songs of the Swedish Ladies' Quartette. ea. 40
No. 4. Peasants' Wedding March. C.
3. d to g.
"We hail with glee the happy day."
No. 7. Serenade by the Sea Shore. Ad.
4. F to E.
"From the locked cabin, no taper gleameth."
The Swedish Ladies show excellent taste in their selections, which are for 3 sopranos and 3 altos.
- Buckles on her Shoes. Eb. 3. E to g.
du Cane. 30
"Short folks, tall folks, have you heard the news?"
Very lively comic song. Likely to take.
- Kathleen Gal Machree. G. 3. d to g.
Bonner. 35
"The light within my Kathleen's eye
Is gentle as the dawn."
Very musical Irish song.
- The Page's Song. Bb. 5. d to F. Arditi. 30
"With pride,—beside my lady's side I run."
Very elegant Italian melody with American words.
- "Christ our Passover." Bb. 3. Danks. 75
"Christ our Passover was sacrificed for us,
Therefore let us keep the feast."
A fine new anthem.
- The Shepherd Boy. Ballad on Melody by Wilson. G. 3. d to g. Alice Hawthorne. 35
"While watching with a careful eye
The flock that lay down at his feet."
Wilson's melody is a song without words, and it is no wonder that more than one have furnished the words. This is a very sweet arrangement.

Instrumental.

- Compositions performed by Mme. Annette Esipoff.
- Minuet in Eb. 3. Mozart. 40
Gavotte. E minor. 3. Silas. 30
Berceuse. Db. 6. Op. 57. Chopin. 40
Mme. Esipoff has the good taste to play some easy pieces because they are good. Thus many of us can enjoy playing as well as hearing her music.
- Indian Mail Galop. (Malle des Indes.) F. 3. Lamothe. 40
Very neat galop for Indian Males or anybody else.
- La Huguenots. Good Fantasia. 4-hand piece. Db. 5. Sidney Smith. 1.25
Beautiful and brilliant.
- Little Fancies. By Michael Watson. ea. 25
A charming set of 21 easy pieces, such as young scholars welcome with delight.
No. 10. St. Patrick's Day. G. 3.
" 11. The Harp that Once. G. 2.
" 12. Jock of Hazeldean. F. 2.
- Manolo Waltzes. 3. Waldteufel. 60
Herr Waldteufel seems to be better than his name, for he has drawn from the wood (wald) only the most beautiful thoughts and fancies. A fine set.

BOOKS.

- 10 TRILL STUDIES FOR PIANO. By Anton Krause. In Two Books. No. 1, 75 cts. No. 2, 75 cts. Complete, \$1.25
Studies in a novel department, but a very useful one.
- MATERIALS FOR EASY PIANO INSTRUCTION. By G. D. Wilson. Book 3, \$2.00
Pupils may esteem themselves fortunate who have Mr. Wilson to provide their daily lessons. The useful and agreeable are here very happily blended.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E" means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter, c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 940.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 2.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Musical Jottings.

A friend permits me to copy from a book of occasional jottings, never, I am assured, in any "manner, shape or form" intended for publication, the following paragraphs, which may not be without some interest and suggestiveness.

SCHUMANN represents a period of transition. He is the last link between pure classical forms and modern extravagance, the last narrow bridge that still maintains itself,—often not without a visible, painful strain and perilous vacillation,—upon the heights of Art. After him there is the deluge and chaos come again,—we plunge straightway into dark abysses, whose depth no one perhaps has yet fully fathomed, and from whose tangled confusion it will not be easy to find a path out again to the clear light of day.

WAGNER repeats himself *ad nauseam*. Hear one of his marches, and you have heard them all. This cannot well be otherwise with one who does nothing but turn around and around again in barren forms that are not quickened or animated by a single thought,—if that indeed may be called form, which is rather a constant violation and distortion of all law and form.—Of course his followers would raise their hands and eyes to heaven in pious horror at this assertion. But nevertheless it is true, must be true, since it is impossible he should know anything but form. For heaven has never blessed him with one musical idea in his life. What ideas he has, cannot be legitimately expressed in music, which is equivalent to saying they cannot be expressed in it at all, and consequently always remain there as so much dead matter.

I understand now what is meant by the words: "BEETHOVEN has pushed forward to the last confines of his art." He presents to us indeed, the almost unparalleled spectacle of a mind so continuous, and I might say, so infinite in its progress and development,—this almost more than anything he has actually done, except as his works give evidence of that development, is what makes him so incomparably and imperishably great,—that he seems to have traversed his field from end to end, mounted to the very top of the ladder without skipping a round. For what note is there so tender or so delicate that he has not sometime sounded, what chord so powerful or majestic that he has not somewhere struck it? He has exhausted his sphere, and arrived at its limits, come to a halt, touched the inexorable point and barrier there is somewhere in all art, which it is impossible to overleap, if indeed the 9th Symphony is not already a straining beyond the legitimate lines.—And all this not in outward form

alone, but in the innermost essence of the art. It often seems that there is but one imperceptibly small step more that must be taken the very next instant, a veil so thin that it must be rent, a fetter so slight that it must drop off, between his harmonies and speech. A breath more, it appears, and the word would burst triumphant from these strains.—(I wrote this without remembering that Marx, that most sympathetic of Beethoven's biographers, has said almost the same thing,—"these beings of wood and metal, he had '*made them in his own image*,' manlike, endowed with intelligence, so that one often expects: now, now the lips must unclothe to utter the word, the human word.") And yet just here resounds with crushing force the awful fiat, Thus far shalt thou go and no further! There is something intensely painful in these fetters that seem to clog music more than the other arts,—in its vagueness, its dumbness, its incapability of expressing anything definite, and in view of it I can almost forgive modern musicians their insane ravings, and frantic efforts to make their art convey to us positive ideas, although their antics are as grotesque and hideous as the contortions and incoherent stammerings of poor mute Quasimodo in his wild attempts to pronounce a distinct word. I understand that when they grow conscious of it, this conviction of the eternal dumbness to which they are condemned, must fill the minds of musicians with something like despair, must so have filled Beethoven's.—I have read of him that he called poets happy in having a wider field of action, and occasionally fancy that his was really a poet's soul, (in the more exclusive meaning of the term,) chained down, "*gebannt*," into a musician's body,—if I may call that body by which I mean rather something spiritual,—that he was in fact too conscious, too broad and clear a mind, too profound a thinker, to find perfect contentment in his art. It seems to me I see the dim consciousness of this, the beginning of the struggle with powers outside of and more powerful than himself, in the 9th Symphony. It was his last great work; after it he could have said nothing more, and he died none too early. Marx too says, "There he stood now at the confines of his symphonic empire. *It must have been the last Symphony!*" This element of discontent, these symptoms of inner dissolution, if I may so express it, make that symphony to me sadder than any dirge. Here the great king in the realms of tone has once more marshalled all his most powerful hosts; Has he not filled it with his noblest thought, his fairest fancy, his sweetest and most heavenly strains? In the Scherzo and Adagio, and even passages in the first movement, he "*sings the deepest songs, attunes the fullest chord*,"—and still all this does not content him, still there bursts from his struggling soul, his overburdened heart, the sob, the groan, the cry:—"O Freunde, nicht diese Töne!"

The New Symphony by Brahms.

[From the London Times.]

The Crystal Palace concert on Saturday afternoon (the 31st) was interesting in more than one respect. It was especially interesting on account of a performance, creditable alike to Mr. Manns and his orchestra, of the "Cambridge Symphony," by Herr Johannes Brahms. This symphony, though not, as has been stated, composed in consideration of the honor proffered to the author on the part of the Cambridge University, was performed on the occasion of the degree of Musical Doctor being conferred upon his friend and worthy fellow-musician, Joseph Joachim, who showed himself sensible of the distinction, and whose actual presence, as conductor and performer, gave *éclat* to the ceremonial. Indeed, but for the symphony in C minor being made the feature of the evening concert at the Guildhall, nobody would have bestowed a thought upon Herr Brahms. That, considering the few rehearsals Herr Joachim was able to obtain, the new work was well played and received with more or less warmth, our readers have been made aware. Mr. Manns was enabled to command more frequent and serious preparation; and, with the exceptional means as his command, it is not surprising that the performance at the Crystal Palace (unlike that of Herr Joachim's *Elegiac Overture*) should, in detail at least, have surpassed its predecessor. Closer familiarity with the symphony in no way tends to alter, or indeed to modify, our early impressions of its worth. It is assuredly a noble production, in which the dignity of art is upheld from first to last, while the hand of a practised master is everywhere apparent. That Herr Brahms is a highly-cultivated musician, the most highly cultivated, perhaps, in an abstract sense, his favored country can just now boast, all must admit. But whether he is absolutely a musician of genius, even after this last and most ambitious specimen of his art-work (the "German Requiem" excepted), is not so easy to decide. In the C minor symphony we recognize every quality belonging to profound scholarship; all the earnestness that reveals lofty purpose and a disdain for mere "effect;" glimpses of melody, here and there, too genuine not to be accounted beautiful; much fancy; expression not infrequently as deep as it is apparently spontaneous; a wonderful richness in the combination of instruments, with a view to the production of color and contrast; a command of orchestral resources, in short, such as only a few musicians have been able to acquire, together with other desirable qualifications towards the realization of that which should be perfect art. At the same time, Herr Brahms, to judge him by the symphony in C minor—unlike Mendelssohn, of whom Cherubini said, "*Il dépense trop de son étoffe*"—seems to us to make a great deal too much out of little. As an instance of this, we would point to the first *allegro* (in C minor), prefaced by a slow introduction, in which two of the chief themes of the succeeding movement are foreshadowed. Here the materials are hardly of sufficient weight to support the lengthy and elaborate development to which they are submitted; so that, in consequence of overwrought treatment, the general impression left by the movement is one of comparative dryness; and this despite passages of real energy and occasional snatches of melody, like bits of sunshine through a prevalent atmosphere of gloom. The second movement, *andante sostenuto* (in the remote key of E major), is beautiful from first to last; full of tender, graceful melody, constructed upon a

very expressive theme, and developed with masterly continuity. Here the episodic matter is everywhere of proportionate interest. The third movement, *un poco allegretto e grazioso* (A flat), is built upon a quaint theme in five-bar measure, which might well pass for a national melody. This has a second part (in D), which serves as *alternative*, or "trio." The whole without being very original, or in other respects remarkable, is extremely pretty, and, together with the *andante* which precedes it, forms an agreeable resting place between the first and last sections of the work. The *finale*, believed to have been written years later than the other portions of the symphony, is unquestionably the most striking of the four movements into which it is divided. The exact meaning of the long introduction, in the minor key, with its *pizzicato* passages for stringed instruments, we are not as yet able to estimate at its value; but from the very commencement of the *allegro*, in the major, with its broad and ample theme, first given out by the stringed instruments, attention is arrested, and interest goes on increasing, step by step, to the end. The second theme is happily contrasted with the first; and the various episodic phrases are in match. The movement is long, but its interest never for an instant flags. It may be urged, that we are too often led in the course of this *finale* to expect climaxes never actually attained; but we seldom miss finding recompense in something new; and when we reach the much desired peroration it answers all expectations by its splendor. The *coda*, where the time is increased to "*pia! allegro*," is glorious, and brings to a triumphant end a great, though unequal, work. We have reminiscences here and there, it is true, of the theme upon which the *finale* of Beethoven's Choral Symphony is constructed, and of much of the contrapuntal working out of the last movement in Mozart's so styled "Jupiter;" but the entire structure is not the less substantial and consistent. If enthusiasts for Brahms would not persist in saying—"Here is a *finale* to be placed side by side with the *finale* of Beethoven's C minor, and that of Mozart's 'Jupiter,'" the work of Brahms might fairly claim the highest consideration on its own account, as something largely conceived and effectively accomplished. We have hinted that the performance was excellent; and the applause which Mr. Manns had to acknowledge at its conclusion showed plainly how the audience were of the same opinion. That the symphony in C minor will hold a permanent place in the Crystal Palace programmes cannot admit of a doubt. The bright and symmetrically built overture to Cherubini's *Faniska* opened the concert, which was brought to an end by the pretty ballet airs from M. Gounod's *Reine de Saba*. The vocalists were Miss Emily Thornton (her first appearance), who, in songs by Mozart and Benedict, made a favorable impression, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, who gave Mozart's "Dalla sua pace" and Mr. Sullivan's ballad, "Sometimes," in his most finished style. A young pianist, Miss Dora Schirmacher, played Mendelssohn's second concerto (D) with so much spirit and intelligence that she may be said to have made her position at once. Miss Schirmacher has an elastic touch, a legitimate tone, and great fluency of execution. If she continues to study with earnestness she has every chance of winning a prominent position in her art. The audience recalled her with enthusiasm.

The Violin Manufacture in Italy, and its German Origin.

An Historical Sketch; by Dr. EDMUND SCHERER. Translated from the German by WALTER E. LAWSON.

(Continued from Page 4.)

III.

That which not a little assisted its advancement was, the successive inheritance by members of the same family. Before the Amati, we find, in Ven-

ice, the Duifoprugcars and Linarollos carrying on the trade throughout generations; and the period during which the Amati labored in this field extended over a century and a half. Beside these, flourished the families of the Guarneri and Ruger, followed by the Guadagnini and Berganzi, each of which probably existed throughout a century. In Brescia, we meet with the families of Maggini and Zanetto; in Milan, of the Grancini, and Testore; in Venice, of the Novellos, Tononi, and Goffriller; while, in Naples, the Gagliani have continued to exist from the 17th century to the present day—latterly, however, only as string manufacturers.

Upon the tickets which they were in the habit of affixing to their productions, it was not uncommon for them to give their genealogy; thus—N. N., the son (grandson, or nephew,) of N. N. In this manner, Nicholas Amati, for instance, carries his genealogy back to his grandfather. Often the native town was named; and it was customary to mention the master, or the school—more especially if it could be referred to Cremona, and to Nicholas Amati, or Straduarina. Sometimes the names of firms, such as *Antonius and Hieronymus Amati*; *Pratelli Grancini*, are met with. Through such remarks, and the mention of name, place, and date, these tickets became a most important—nay, in most cases, the only source for obtaining the history of this interesting branch of art; but, unfortunately, their use is rendered difficult by the fact that trickery has often been resorted to, whereby genuine instruments from which the proper tickets have been removed, are provided with false ones, while spurious specimens are furnished with genuine tickets. Experience and caution are therefore necessary to avoid error. The directors, etc., of museums, and of the libraries of musical societies, should regard it as a duty to assist the investigation, by securing, at every opportunity, exact copies of genuine labels.

A more certain source would be opened up in the registers of births, marriages, and deaths. At present, this source has only been made use of with regard to the Amati, Straduari, and Guarneri, through the unwearied efforts of J. B. Vuillaume, who has regarded it as a pious duty towards his illustrious models; and by S. Ruf, who is to be accredited with similar researches respecting Stainer.

In the case then of these masters, *connaisseurs* are no longer likely to be deceived by labels of instruments dating from a time when the makers were either dead or not yet born, or were still boys at school. Such anachronisms occurred repeatedly in the announcements for the Vienna Exhibition. Even Spohr dated the demise of Straduarina at about forty years later than the actual time; consequently, as, according to Vuillaume's researches, his birth took place in the year 1644, he must have attained to the age of nearly one hundred and forty years! It were to be wished that such "historical disinformation" could be extended to the remaining representatives of the Italian violin manufacture; the history of this department would then soon secure a strong foundation. Again, in the family of Guadagnini, the existence of a certain Joannes Baptista was considered as proved beyond doubt; he was stated to have lived in the eightieth year of the last century; but the fact was overlooked, that, a hundred years earlier, a Joannes Baptista Guadagnini worked independently; and that consequently there must have been at least two masters bearing that name. The active life of Alexander Mezzadria, of Ferrara, was fixed between the years 1690 and 1710; but genuine instruments of his make, with genuine labels dating from the year 1616, are still in existence. Errors of this, and similar kinds—of which many instances might be mentioned, pass from one work to another, because the searching light of criticism has not yet been brought to bear upon the subject.

To root them out, there are two methods which recommend themselves. The first of these consists in the examination of church-registers, and of such trade-registers as are still in existence. This is a task for clergymen, communal officers, keepers of archives, and local historians.

On the preparation for the Vienna Exhibition, I had, already, this and similar objects in view. The Italian Government was to have been petitioned to give the impulse—for it must be regarded as the national duty of Italy to throw more light upon a branch of art in which it attained to the highest rank. To the Germans may be recommended a similar procedure, with regard to the names of native artists, who, as we shall see hereafter, introduced the violin manufacture into Italy. Particularly should their attention be turned to the history of German lute manufacture, which, in several Bava-

rian towns, to-wit, Nuremberg, and Munich, and perhaps also in the Tyrol, must have formerly attained to considerable development.

The second requisite, is the avoidance of all generalization—i. e., nothing should be advanced with regard to which the slightest doubt exists; and, in case of uncertainty, the source should be mentioned, whereby persons are placed in a position to make further enquiries into the matter, and are not induced to grant it a greater amount of credence than it really deserves. It is best to mention each label, or each date, in connection with the instrument from which it is quoted, and to give the external peculiarities, referring only to the instrument on which they are apparent, and not—as a well-known writer on musical subjects, who in this province must be read with caution, has often done; namely, constructed whole periods from one date or other, and observed in single instruments the particular tendencies evinced by a master during a whole life, or a succession of different periods.

An excellent preparation for a reliable history of the Italian violin manufacture would be found in a statistic of those of its productions which have been left to us—such as has already been commenced by M. Jules Gallay, of Paris. But, in such a case, the masters must be clearly denoted, and the external peculiarities of the instruments described in an unmistakable manner.

After this digression, let us return to the historical sketch of our subject.

It was but natural that the violin manufacture, which had acquired such importance in Italy, should exert an influence upon other countries. Whether Jacob Stainer (born 1621, died 1683), the celebrated master of Abeam, near Innsbruck, served his apprenticeship at Cremona, as was formerly asserted, must, after the thorough researches of his latest biographers, remain undecided. He was unable to withdraw himself from the influence of the Amati, as his truly but seldom genuine—works (imitations, bearing the name of his firm, particularly from the old Mettenwalder manufactory, are circulated by hundreds), show. He went to greater extremes in the curve of the breasts than was justified by the model of Nicholas Amati, whereby his instruments acquired a peculiar—from the Italian—widely-differing quality of tone, more resembling that of a flute than of strings—which, however, was not wanting in beauty, and formerly enjoyed general appreciation, although at the present day it finds no favor with artists. But in his works may be traced an independency of procedure. He understood how to render the effect of these coarser curves milder by a suitable thinness of the parts; and, further, to give the violin model a certain original individuality, by the perfect accordance of all its parts. But for all that, his imitators—and among the Germans he had many—seized now upon this, now upon that detail, partly following up new ideas; and so led the violin manufacture in Germany into bye-paths.

IV.

After Stainer's time, we find—if the labels do not deceive us—Germans established in Cremona; for instance, the two Pfeitzshners, and Fricke. From the inscriptions upon violins, we also learn that the Germans at Cremona produced formal tests of mastership. David Techler, in Rome, Hans Mann, in Naples, and the three Goffriller (Gottfried), in Venice, were Germans. Whether the illustrious family of Ruger was of German descent is questionable, seeing that the name Ruger is there likewise native.

On the other hand, Italian violin makers settled in foreign countries. With the Albin, they pushed forward their outposts towards Bozen and Gratz. Others settled in London, Paris, Lyons, and Barcelona. Even in Constantinople, there lived, at the end of the 17th century, an Italian violin-maker, who, however, was sufficiently acute to take into consideration the Oriental taste, when decorating his instruments.

As everything in this life, so the classical period of violin manufacture came to a close. Enigmatical, like its beginning, but still more sudden, was its decline. Neither for the one nor the other have we sufficient grounds for explanation. Without observing a corresponding progress in the art of violin playing, we find the masters from whom the epoch of violin manufacture dates, progressing to ever greater perfection. After the Duifoprugcars, Amati, Straduari, and Guarneri, came slowly limping Baltazarini, Corelli, Tartini, and Vioti; and from the moment when violin virtuosity reached its zenith, hardly a trace is left of Italian violin manufacture. It would seem that the power of its rep-

representatives ceased immediately on the attainment of the long sought for ideal. After Stradivari and Guarneri, it still continued for a time to assert itself under several of their pupils, and contemporaries; but, in the hands of the immediate successors of these latter, its degeneration became more and more apparent; and, before long, the manufacture had entirely vanished. Peculiarly enough, a foreigner—the Frenchman, Michel Deconet, concluded the period which had been commenced by Germans.

The hypothesis, that the violin manufacture in Italy was founded by Germans, I have already advanced in an article in the *Vienna Presse*, of the 27th October, 1872, (reprinted in the *Gazetta di Venezia*, on the 11th April, 1873). Since that time, no facts have reached me which militate against it; but, rather, such as strengthen it. The following are, in brief, the grounds upon which it is based.

A mustering of instruments at the chateau of Count Lobkowitz, Eisenberg, brought to light several old lutes. Two of these, of fine workmanship, have the inscription—"Lanz Maler," (Lucas Maler, the "Amati of Lutes," in 1415, at Bologna); a third, to all appearance of similar date, the name of "Marx Unverdorben a Venetia." The establishment in Italy of these undoubted German lute-makers, shows that at this period the profession was either not native, or did not occupy a like high position with that in Germany, where, in the 15th century, Johann Ott, and Hans Frei—the father-in-law of Albrecht Dürer—and the family, Gerle, all of Nuremberg, had attained to celebrity as lute-makers. With lute-making, the manufacture of bow instruments has much in common. The most celebrated Italian violin-makers—for instance, Gaspar da Salo, and Stradivarius—did not disdain to manufacture lutes; while, before them, in addition to lutes, Dardelli and the Linares made violas; and Duifoprugcar, violas and violins. Indeed, there was an instrument which served to link together the two species, viz., the bow-lyre (lire d'arco). In Germany, as long as the lute remained in use, we have evidence that its manufacture was always associated with that of violins, constituting a single profession; as, even at the present day, occasional trade nomenclature shows. In France, there is no other name for the violin-maker than "luthier," which word evidently bears reference to the lute, (lutho), period. Is it then unlikely that these old German lute-makers, Lucas Maler, of Bologna, and Marx Unverdorben, of Venice, together with the later Magno Stegher, of Venice (a German Tyrolean—the name occurs in other German districts, with the orthography, Stöger), one of whose lutes, apparently of the time of Duifoprugcar, I met with at the Monastery of the Augustines, Neustift, near Brizen—also manufactured violins?

Certainly not a very hazardous conclusion. But even if we argue solely with regard to the production of violins, we shall be equally successful in finding a German origin.

The, as yet, oldest known violin and viola makers, are Kerlino, Dardelli, and Duifoprugcar. To these may now be added the hitherto unknown master, Johannes Andreas, of Verona, a viola of whose make bearing the date 1511, I found in the Archducal Museum, Modena, at Vienna. Although a splendid specimen, its form is too grotesque to admit of the maker—whose family name still remains unknown—being ranked, by reason of this single instrument, with the professional string instrument makers. Among the above named, only Dardelli may be considered an Italian. He is believed to have lived in Mantua, about the year 1500, and to have manufactured, in addition to lutes, violas of the old description. We find no mention of him whatever as a maker of the violin proper; and, as a monk—he is called l'adre Dardelli—he appears to have followed the art more as an amateur. The two others, Kerlino and Duifoprugcar, are of German nationality.

[To be Continued.]

The Gewandhaus Concerts at Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the Philad. Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, March 26th, 1877.—The musical season may now be considered about closed. The last of the twenty-one Gewandhaus concerts was given last Thursday evening, and as the hall, so rich and almost sacred with its memories of Mendelssohn and Schumann, was slowly being vacated, while the last chord of the wonderful seventh symphony in A. of Beethoven, was still lingering in the souls of the listeners, an attentive observer might have read gratitude and pleasure in the faces of every one of them.

The new volume which has just been finished in the history of the Gewandhaus will surely compare favorably with any of its predecessors, both as to quality and quantity; every, even the highest, expectation has been realized. An idea of the activity of the Gewandhaus will be conveyed by the following: The programmes of the season embraced 22 symphonies, 31 overtures, 19 concertos, and 12 arias with orchestral accompaniment, 6 choral compositions, 26 songs and 19 instrumental solos.

Of symphonies were performed 7, all but the first and second, of Beethoven; the four of Schumann, both of Schubert's, two each of Haydn and Mozart. Brahms, Raff, Goldmark, Götz and Jadassohn were each represented by a new symphony. The composers represented, alphabetically arranged, were: Auer, Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Brassin, Bruch, Cherubini, Chopin, David, Davidoff, Ernst, Franz, Gade, Gluck, Götz, Grieg, Handel, Haydn, Hoffmann, Hinrichs, Jadassohn, Lalo, Liszt, Löwe, Marschner, Massenet, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Popper, Raff, Reinecke, Reissiger, Rheinberger, Richter, Rossini, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Schumann, Spydell, Spohr, Tartini, Tschaykowski, Vieuxtemps, Volkmann, Weber, Wieniawski and Wagner. The soloists were the violinists: Joachim, Auer, DeAbna, Sarasate, Sauret and Schradieck.

Pianists—Clara Schumann, Door, Reinecke, Nissen-Lie, Brassin, Emery and Schirmacher.

Vocalists—Köller-Murjahn, Peschka-Leutner, Schimon-Regan, Hill, Henrichel and Bules.

Violoncellists—Schröder and Klengler.

On two occasions was the Gewandhaus all aglow with enthusiasm: when Clara Schumann, the wife of the great Robert Schumann, like one inspired, played her husband's A Minor Concerto, and when Johannes Brahms (the same of whom Schumann so prophetically and beautifully speaks in his "Musik und Musiker") introduced in person his new symphony in C minor.

Clara Schumann is far beyond all praise. To hear her interpret her husband's dreamy music is to be thrilled and touched to the core. Her playing has that wonderfully sympathetic power which will hold her audience spellbound from the moment she begins until she ceases playing.

Brahms, with his grand work, took the audience by storm and enthroned himself victoriously for all times (?) to come. His great success is all the more remarkable, the Gewandhaus being, as many of your readers may know, decidedly conservative in its tendency.

Two other notable events were the appearances of Joachim, the king of violinists, and Reinecke, who, as a pianist, has perhaps but one (?) superior in Rubinstein, while as a Mozart player he has no equal.

I do not wish to conclude without having made special mention of Capellmeister Reinecke and his able concertmeister, Röntgen, two noble artists, who, the former since 1861, the latter since David's death, stand at the head of the orchestra. The laurel wreath which crowned the conductor's stand last Thursday honored the receiver not less than the giver.

JOHN F. HIMMELBACH.

Music in London.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS. Good service was done at the concert given on Thursday night by the production—first time in England—of the third part of Schumann's music to Goethe's *Faust*. The accomplishment of this work, Professor Macfarren tells us, seems to have been an object of Schumann's ambition for many years. It is difficult, however, to reconcile ardor in the task with the fitful manner of its discharge and the long time that intervened between the beginning and end of the labor. Schumann's original idea was obviously limited to setting only the last scene of the second part of the tragedy, and this he began to carry out in 1844, finishing in 1848, between which time and 1853, when the overture was written, he added music to the various scenes that make up Parts 1 and 2. When completed, the whole was produced at Dresden, and, according to Professor Macfarren, "acknowledged as a masterpiece by the musical world of Germany, many persons declaring that they, for the first time, understood the *Faust* of Goethe through the music of Schumann." The verdict so promptly given may be in all respects true, but the time is certainly not ripe for the popularity of the work. Two reasons are assignable for this:—first, as regards the portion heard on Thursday night, the mystical nature of the poetic theme, which presents little of the clearness and definiteness that make up the grand essential of verse intended for musical illustration. Dramatic power being absent, moreover, the interest of the words lies almost entirely in the profundity of their meaning—a profundity so great that there is need to consider them apart from mu-

sic in order to gauge, in any exact measure, the truth of their musical expression. This fact could not but influence Schumann, who found in it precisely that which was congenial to his intellectual mood. Although fond of composing descriptive music and of allowing himself to be guided by the influence of external things, he was, perhaps more than any other, a subjective musician. At all events, he appears at his best when, having withdrawn, so to speak, within himself, he communes with his own thoughts. With a characteristic such as this, it is no wonder Schumann fastened upon the poetry of Goethe, which afforded him such matter for musical meditation. No wonder, either, that he commented upon it in the language of his art with reference to nothing but absolute faithfulness of expression, as that was by him understood. Herein we have a clue to much in the *Faust* music which could never have been written with the simple object of pleasing the public ear. Number after number, like the allied text, requires to be read again and again, and looked at from diverse points of view, before its meaning and appositeness become evident, and, as the public generally are not disposed to take so much trouble, it will be some time before Schumann's work is received into favor. The musician, of course, finds much in it, as in everything from the same pen, worthy admiration, and there are portions so beautiful even to the casual listener, that he can hardly refuse to hear the whole again and again. If, therefore, exuberant enthusiasm was not aroused on Thursday night, the Philharmonic directors need not despair of adding the *Faust* music to their permanent repertory. It will bear hearing—and, mayhap, find an increasing number of hearers—time after time. The performance, conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusius, scarcely did justice to its subject, but sufficed to convey a general idea of the composer's intention. As the theme becomes more familiar, its interpretation will doubtless improve. The soloists, who may generally be commended, were Mesdames Osgood, Mary Davies, Duval, Irene Ware, Bollingbroke, Steel, and Reimar; Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, and Pope.

Other important features in this concert were: Sterndale Bennett's charming overture, *Pasmina*; Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia," played, as the pianoforte solo, by Miss Agnes Zimmermann in her usual correct and musicianly style; and the welcome overture to *Der Freischütz*. Mrs. Osgood sang the Death song from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde* in such a manner as to win hearty commendation even from those who least like the music. She is an artist capable of interpreting Wagner aright, and this may have had something to do with an encore that could hardly have arisen from admiration of a *scena* which, however faithfully it may express the emotion of the words in the consciousness of the composer, is certainly not beautiful. D. T.

—London Musical World, March 31.

JOACHIM'S ELEGIAC OVERTURE. Writing on the Crystal Palace concert of March 17th, the *Sunday Times* thus refers to Herr Joachim's new overture:—

"The most important amongst these works was the overture which Herr Joachim wrote for his Cambridge 'Exercise' on the occasion of receiving his diploma. It is dedicated to the memory of the patriotic poet, Herr Heinrich von Kleist, whose unhappy career and self-sought death are familiar events in the annals of German history; but it is not to be considered in any way as a piece of programme music. Indeed, as the writer in the Cambridge programmes appositely states—'The title of the composition sets forth, in some sort, its purpose; but in some sort only, for the overture aims not to depict the circumstances of the poet's life in whose honor it is written, not even to picture, through the most free mediums of expression, his character as an artist, a patriot, and a sufferer; it is designed as an utterance of the composer's sympathy with a man whose genius and whose fate won his love and his reverence.' It is difficult to gauge such a work as this by ordinary art forms, inasmuch as the incidents which instigated its production might well lead an author into involuntary departure from canonical rule, for the better representation of his ideas. Herr Joachim (whose name we would prefix with his new titular denomination of 'Dr.' if we thought any more dignity would accrue to it) is too firm an upholder of legitimacy in art, however, to be betrayed into any semblance of error and exaggeration; his overture may, therefore, be taken as a model of form and at the same time a master

piece of true emotional expression. The beauty of the ideas, no less than their complete earnestness and remarkable continuity, entitle the work to rank with *chef-d'œuvre* written on a similar plan. There is infinite technical skill displayed in the evolution and working out of the component parts; but Herr Joachim is no pedant, and never wilfully indulges in intricate combinations merely to show that he has all the resources a musician can need at command. Grace, subtlety, and a certain idyllic charm not easily expressed in words, are to be found in this 'Elegiac' overture, but the tenderness and sympathetic quality of certain passages are lit up by occasional flashes of passionate energy and true martial fire. Notwithstanding the gloomy subject on which the overture is founded, it is neither sombre in character nor heavy in treatment, but pervaded by a certain sweetness of sentiment irresistibly touching and infinitely attractive. There is no necessity to say that the orchestra is handled with the facility of a musician conversant with all its capabilities—Herr Joachim's character as an instrumental writer being already established on too firm a footing. Cambridge ought to feel proud of having caused the production of Herr Joachim's overture; it is true that Alma Mater paid for it with a degree, but the price was none too high."

THE POPULAR CONCERTS. The nineteenth season of these concerts ended on Monday, with the usual "Director's Benefit," which, we are happy to say, was a bumper, the hall being crowded in every part. Thus does Mr. S. Arthur Chappell go on reaping the deserved reward of enterprise and perseverance as well as of faithfulness to a lofty ideal. Let no one remark here that all these qualities are easy of exercise when the tide of success runs strong. The proposition is, in the abstract, perfectly true; but there was a time when the Popular Concerts were almost aground in low water—when classical chamber music was not "popular," and when its presentation year after year demanded important sacrifices, together with no common faith in eventual good fortune. It is for gallantly sticking to his ship under such circumstances that present success takes the form of a special act of justice, and becomes a source of unalloyed gratification to all who desire the progress of music. Moreover, the lesson it conveys is worth having at a time when so many enterprises are begun only to be abandoned after a feeble struggle. "By perseverance," said Dr. Johnson, "the quarry becomes a pyramid," and we all grant the truth of his remark. Nevertheless, it is well to have the pyramid, and the hole out of which it arose, often before one's eyes.

The programme, as customary on these occasions, was of extra length, the artists were numerous, and the works performed of recognized attraction. Indeed, the character of the representations made it resemble the "artists' concert," which, in Germany, so agreeably winds up musical festivals, each leading performer having the choice of a solo for the exhibition of his own special powers. Thus, Mdme. Schumann was heard in the "Scènes mignonnes sur quatre notes," entitled "Carnaval," written in 1834 by her famous husband. Strictly speaking, we should say that the distinguished lady played only a selection from these fanciful effusions, the ability with which she interpreted those chosen making us the more regret that any were passed over. That all their beauty was set forth will be assumed; but not often, perhaps, has Mdme. Schumann thrown so much vigor or rhythmic power into the "March of the Davidsbündler against the Philistines." She was twice called back to receive enthusiastic applause. Miss Marie Krebs contributed a novelty at these concerts in the shape of three studies from the set of twelve, known as Chopin's Op. 25. Such charming examples of the Polish musician's fancy required no more than the help of Mdlla. Krebs's nimble fingers and sparkling style to be at once taken on the list of favorites by all, if any, who had not before made their acquaintance. The young artist, like her more experienced countrywoman, earned the thanks of her audience, warmly expressed. Dr. Joachim's solo was the prelude and fugue by Bach in G minor, which on former occasions had served him as *cheval de bataille*. How he played it we need not tell, since the labor would be as superfluous as a description of the manner in which his performance was received. Worthy of association with the Hungarian master's effort was that of Signor Piatti in Nos. 1, 2, and 4 of Schumann's "Stücke im Volkston," for violoncello and pianoforte (Mdme. Schumann). Anything more exquisite than this artist's *singing* of the melody in F

major (No. 2) cannot be imagined. It was the perfection of skill and taste. Other concerted pieces in the programme were Beethoven's magnificent Quartet in E flat (Op. 74), played by MM. Joachim, Riea, Zerbini, and Piatti; and Nos. 5, 6, and 7 of Brahms' Hungarian Dances, as arranged by Joachim for violin and pianoforte. In the hands of the arranger, with Miss Krebs at the pianoforte, these pretty trifles were safe; and with them the Popular Concert season came to a delightful end. The vocalists were Mdlla. Redeker, Friedländer, and Sophie Löwe, all of whom gave satisfaction, the first two being specially successful in Rubinstein's lovely duet, "Der Engel." Sir Julius Benedict conducted.—*Telegraph*.

Die Walküre in Boston.

(From the Daily Advertiser, April 17.)

Boston has had its first hearing of Wagner's "Die Walküre." If a verdict had been asked of the weary throng as it was leaving the theatre at half-past eleven o'clock last night, Richard Wagner, and his trilogy and his theories would have fallen under one sweeping condemnation. This morning, we are aware, things will be different: the Wagnerites will have girded up their loins anew and found their tongues once more; the half-converted will have forgotten their fatigue and distress, and again be almost persuaded to swell the fashionable chorus of admiration; in a word, everything and everybody will be ready for a fierce renewal of the endless warfare of words concerning the great German and his music. But for ourselves we must beg to be excused just at present, confessing to an overwhelming sense of weariness with the discussion and to a doubt of its immediate usefulness. The work itself also, we shall not attempt to analyze in detail. That task has already been performed with quite sufficient minuteness by our own correspondents at Bayreuth and by those of other newspapers; and "Die Walküre," as well as the rest of the trilogy, has been carefully scrutinized, both from the literary and the musical points of view.

We shall offer this morning only a few general comments upon the work, with a statement of two or three of the more vivid impressions produced by single scenes. Our readers will scarcely need to be reminded, we suppose, that "Die Walküre" and its fellows are the last and most complete utterances of their author's theory of composition. The imperfections, vocal, scenic and orchestral, in last night's performances of course reduced the pleasure of the listener much below what he would have received from a Bayreuth interpretation. But in spite of all faults, the representation of last night will suffice to give any listener who has been blest with a particle of analytic power some idea of the scope and purpose of Wagner's latest style of music, and some notion, if he will but deal honestly with himself, of his own relation to and enjoyment of such music. After listening to "Die Walküre," one certainly ought to begin to make up his mind whether for him recitative has worthily superseded all other forms of musical expression, and whether symmetrical melody or tune is merely a useless and venous invention of the past; whether the orchestra or the voices in an opera are to do the chief work of accompanying; whether the charm of vocal harmony ought to be utterly denied,—giving himself the benefit of an exception in favor of the wild, barbaric choral screams of *Brünnhilde* and her sisters,—and almost a whole work made up of dialogue, where each voice in turn and alone winds through intricate mazes of recitative; whether—to condense our last clause—the world of beauty, sublimity and power, the possibility of effective climax and the capacity of intense expression given to vocal concerted music is to be discarded in opera as a merely worthless thing. We ask the candid reader to consider these matters once more—these and the hundred other thoughts which they suggest—in the lurid light shed by this work, and to make answer as to the worth and beauty and probable longevity of the new style of operatic composition. The accomplished musical critic of the Tribune, whom we must hold responsible for a recent leader in that paper on the subject of Wagner's music, waives for the sake of argument all other modes of defending that music, and—moved by the flagrant faults in the performances which were the occasion of the essay and which he felt would cloud the composer's fame with his auditors in New York—suggests that Wagner may be the inventor and chief producer of a kind of music which is only capable of producing great effects when it is illustrated by or itself illustrates magnificent scenery and perfect

stage appointments. That is a terrible form of admission, according to our idea; for if that be really the character of Wagner's music he cannot rank even as a third-rate composer. The best in such a kind will be inferior enough, and will never need or ask the assistance of genius, where talents and industry will suffice.

Looking at "Die Walküre" itself more simply we must say that, while it shows its composer's theory in what we regard as its naked baldness and vileness, it also shows the author's great intellectual power, his learning, culture, force of character, and immense grasp of mind. The orchestral effects are just wonderful, and the variety of beautiful forms, the intricate harmonic combinations effected for the instruments, and the tremendous fulness of the orchestral climaxes, are beyond description, and sometimes almost beyond praise. The highest dramatic power can never be reached, we conceive, with such barrenness of vocal combination, but it is marvellous how so much can be attained with the appliances that are used. The love scene between *Siegfried* and *Sieglinde* abounds especially in thrilling passages, and the music in which the lover speaks of spring and its suggestions is exquisitely idyllic and romantic too,—a combination not easily effected. Of course, there are many grand passages suitable for broad, sustained declamation, and of these the most remarkable is *Brünnhilde's* appeal to *Wotan* after she has been left alone to face his wrath. The story is grim and bloody enough, but it is a fascinating fragment of a great imaginative poem, and the libretto, as usual, is written with eloquent directness and power. The whole opera concludes with its most brilliant and captivating music, viz., that which accompanies *Wotan's* invocation of Loge "the fire god," and which was made familiar to us at Mr. Thomas's concerts two seasons ago. The "Ride of the Walkyries" also has a wild, fantastic power, which it is not easy to gauge or re-lit.

The performance was open to a good deal of severe criticism: but in view of the appalling difficulties of the work we cannot find it in our heart to be minutely severe. Madame Pappenheim's *Brünnhilde* was fine in action and magnificent in song, wanting only the highest imaginative grace on the histrionic side to be entirely satisfying. The artists also looked the character grandly, and the pleasure of beholding her in her shield and helmet was one of the chief delights of the evening. Of Madame Pauline Canina as *Sieglinde* and of Mr. Bischoff as *Siegfried* about the same things are to be said; that they were exceedingly earnest and so zealous that it was a great pity they had neither voice nor presence to fill their parts properly. Mr. Blum gave a careful and on the whole a strong performance of *Hunding*. Mr. Preusser as *Wotan* was dignified and intense; but he had not the requisite force of voice or action, or the majesty of presence, which the character demanded. The eight ladies who appeared as *Walkyries* sang their difficult music roughly and inharmoniously, and there was a great deal of such singing from all the principals except Madame Pappenheim throughout the evening. Not a great deal was attempted in the way of scenery, and for this we beg to express our thanks. The optical effects were well enough, and the approach of the daughters of *Wotan* on the clouds was certainly not ridiculous, but the introduction of *Brünnhilde's* steed was foolish and tame in the extreme.

(From the Globe, April 17.)

Mr. Fryer's second series of Wagner entertainments was opened last night with the long-promised "Die Walküre," which was witnessed by a fair-sized house, not as large as one would have expected from the importance of the event. For it certainly cannot be denied that the event was important, whatever value one may set upon the theories which the opera involves. There is no possible reason for denying that in this work Wagner has shown himself in "full blow," with his sentiments matured, stiffened and dogmatized. We confess to turning away from the opera with a saddened and a confused feeling. One may easily understand that the first hearing of such a work necessarily leaves confused, undefined sensations; as to the sad feeling, it was perhaps the result of the aforesaid indistinctness. But Wagner did not appear to us in his most enviable light. A man who is only verging towards extremes may do things which, even if they are startling, are commendable for their originality or freshness; but when a man has drifted into irredeemable radicalism, without hope of compromise or reclaim, that man rather disgusts

sober-minded men, as a specimen of what one's enthusiasm may do when uncurbed. Herr Wagner is radical beyond hope of recall; but he seems like one who fritters away splendid opportunities in order to show to what extent his vagaries may reach. If this seems uncharitable, it has its root in the performance of "Die Walküre" last night. Notwithstanding our inability to form a judgment on the first hearing, we may at least record our impressions, and they were not pleasant. The work, as a whole, seemed like a very desert-like expanse in the realm of music, with only an occasional oasis. With a splendid, almost incomparable mastery of instrumentation, Wagner has for the most part given over the score to the production of weird and discordant effects, or, if not discordant, at least intellectually unmelodious. The most pleasing parts are the recurring themes which are made to signify impersonations of the different characters; yet these seem hardly as marked or as effective as in "Lohengrin," for instance. In the vocal parts there are little phrases now and then of rare loveliness, but there is so much that is hard, dry and uncompromising that one is liable to forget the pleasing passages. The great difficulty of expressing god-like feelings in human phraseology may account for it in some measure, and the vaulting ambition of the composer may explain the rest, especially the outrageously high notes which grace, or disgrace, some of the solo parts. The combined effect of instrumentation and vocal parts is to make one wish that the tone painting and the rich "form" of the author might have been used largely, and not discarded so recklessly. Yet we quite agree with those who found much in the opera to enjoy, and can easily unite in lauding the grandiose, if deafening, results of some phrases, and the fierce, life-like energy that found vent oftentimes in the most "real" sort of music. This ought to atone for anything which we have said in a seemingly detractive spirit; and we will frankly confess that with a more perfect and a larger orchestra, and with all the accessories provided at Bayreuth, we can imagine that the work would have sounded more like the music that "the future," which has become the present, should at least defer to if not accept.

The plan of the work is too long to be given in detail, but in few words it may thus be stated. Siegmund and Sieglinde are twin children of Wotan by an earthly mother. They are separated in their youth and meet at the opening of the opera, where Siegmund has come to the cottage of Hunding, the husband of Sieglinde. The two men are found to be enemies, but Hunding promises his guest a peaceful night, challenging him to mortal combat at dawn. During the night the brother and sister discover their relationship by the ability of Siegmund to pull from an ash tree supporting the roof a sword imbedded to the hilt, some years before, by Wotan, then unknown to the mortals before whom he did the deed. Wotan proposes to defend Siegmund in the fight, and summons Brünnhilde for the purpose, but desists through the demand of his wife, Fricka, who looks with dislike upon the separation of Sieglinde from her husband. Brünnhilde finds sufficient cause, in admiration for Siegmund, whom she in vain warns of the result of the battle and summons to Walhalla to protect him. But Wotan appears against her and Siegmund is slain; while Hunding is frightened to death at seeing Wotan after the battle. Brünnhilde is alarmed at having defied her father, and he condemns her to sleep till awakened by a man whom, as her husband, she should serve. He accedes to her request, however, and surrounds her with a circle of fire, that he who approaches her should be a hero worthy of her.

To speak of the singing as a whole we should say much that is pleasant. We will say at once that we can readily allow a place to the shortcomings, in view of the extremely high range of much of the music. As when here before, we noticed among the singers that tendency to explosiveness and that frequency of false intonation which is not pleasant, and which seriously blemishes the work of artists. Mme. Pappenhelm retained the impression she already had made, that of a singer whose mind and soul are both in her work, and who strives zealously to give an intelligent impersonation. If her stage presence has not that vitality and sprightliness which one could wish, it certainly has much in every way to commend, and positively nothing to offend. In her difficult work she sustained her part exceedingly well, and, taking into account the amount of singing she has done for the last few weeks, she keeps her voice remarkably clear, strong, pure and sympathetic. Mme. Canissa is a new com-

er, who is an addition to the list of good, but not of brilliant singers. Had she a voice somewhat stronger, or the same voice under a trifle better control, she could sing more firmly; but aside from the quality in which it lacked, the voice was agreeable, and was used with fluency. Mme. Canissa is rather a stiff actress, but her honest endeavors make up for what would otherwise be less excusable. Of the men, it is needless to say anything individually. They all sang carefully, faithfully, and with intensity, though they did fall somewhat in accuracy. Their acting was fair. Of the Walkyres the less said is perhaps easiest. They sang some very trying music, and sang some music very tryingly. They sang other music better, but as a whole they only half performed an almost thankless task. The orchestra, enthusiastically led by Mr. Neuendorff, did some capital work—and some that was rough and coarse. The stage setting was good, and the clouds, fire, etc., well managed. The effect might have been heightened by lowering the light in the auditorium.

[From the Evening Gazette, April 21.]

THE "WALKÜRE," AND "FIDELIO."

There was not a very large audience, at which we were somewhat surprised, for we believed that curiosity, at least, would have attracted a crowded house. Those who stayed away, however, have no reason to reproach themselves, for they missed nothing except learning the extent to which Wagner has carried his extreme theories of art. Here he has ridden his hobby-horse to death. With the exception of a love duet in the first act, which is an exquisite conception exquisitely carried out, the opera is rampant jargon. It is barely possible that the artists did but scant justice to the composer, and that the orchestra was not all that it should have been; but, surely, the performance was careful and conscientious enough to permit whatever was striking in the work to be seen, if through a glass darkly. With the exception we have named, we discovered nothing but a vague attempt to represent by music that which cannot be so represented. It was insufferably tiresome and yawn-provoking. Doubtless many will find manifold intellectual beauties in it, but to us the whole seemed like a horrid night-mare, giving rise to painful suspense, provoking to the patience, unlovely, unmeaning. Of course, it goes without saying that there were numberless superb orchestral and harmonic effects, but these alone do not constitute music. It may be said that a single hearing is not sufficient for the proper understanding and appreciation of such a composition; but while there is so much noble music already in existence that will better repay study, we are not prepared to devote ourselves to finding out the minute meanings of music which, even when heard at its best and thoroughly understood, cannot give satisfaction proportionate to the labor necessary to a comprehension of its composer's vagaries of thought and of execution. Therefore, not understanding this music, and finding it impossible to understand it, we shall refrain from criticizing it, beyond placing upon record that, with the exception of the solitary duet in the first act, it struck us as hideous, brutal, uninteresting and extravagant. We have never been so thoroughly bored, so completely dispirited, so exasperated by waiting for that which never came, as we were in listening to this opera. It may possibly be fine music; great music; noble music, worthy to take the place hitherto usurped by such old fashioned and wrong principled works as "Don Giovanni" and "Fidelio;" but, to our ears, it did not seem music at all, but an incomprehensible gibberish, a mad jangling of tones, a pompous burlesque upon all that is grand and pure in true art. One need not go so far as "Die Walküre" to find the supernatural stily painted in the orchestra. The "Incantation Scene" in "Der Freyschütz" far surpasses the much-lauded "Ride of the Walkyres." All that Wagner has done is to carry Weber's wild and weird ideas one step further, and in doing so he has not improved upon his model, but has become extravagantly grotesque. We might have been more deeply impressed had the scenic display been upon a grander scale; but we set little value upon that music which needs either such adjuncts or a running commentary descriptive of the composer's meaning.

We were not perplexed on Thursday night to understand Beethoven's "Fidelio." What a blissful relief it was, after the bombast, the noise, the feverish unquiet, the struggling for bizarre originality, the sentimentalism, that distinguished the earli-

er operas of the week! We have assisted at better performances of the opera—much better. In fact, this representation was, on the whole, a very weak one, but it was impossible to place the composer entirely under a cloud. His effulgences would break through the heaviest gloom by which he could be surrounded. Here we had perfection of form, instead of the suggestion of an indistinct outline. Here, too, we had melody, or perhaps it would be better to say tune, since Wagner claims that his endless recitatives are also melody. Here was no lack of dramatic effect, either; nothing that made one feel that the composer had not given the proper passion and expression to his music—had not colored it appropriately, even though he did resort to simple means. Scenery, costumes, mechanical effects, were not necessary to make his meaning plainer. Were this opera played in a barn, with the barn-door mounted on trestles for a stage, and a sheet hung up for a scene, it would afford intelligent and intelligible enjoyment, interpreted by conscientious artists, even if not of the best quality. That is because it is music, symmetrical, inspired, melodious. How would Wagner's "Die Walküre" stand the same test? It would prove insufferable. That is because it is unsymmetrical, uninspired, unmelodious. It may be claimed that Wagner having written his music with a view to scenic effect, with a view to appeal to the eye as well as to the ear, we have no right to put it to a trial he never contemplated. To some extent such a claim would be just, but we must then class Wagner's operas as scenic dramas, with descriptive music, and not as operas in which the music is to be judged by itself. Wagner may have created a new species of musical entertainment, which may possibly bear the test of time, but he has not caused one bar of "Fidelio" to appear weak, antiquated or ineffective; he has not aroused one wish to hear how he would treat the same subject.

It has been urged that Beethoven was as much abused for his departure from old forms in "Fidelio" as Wagner has been for his heresies in "Die Walküre," and that the day may come when Wagner will be received as Beethoven has been. When that day comes Beethoven will have been forgotten; the chief merit of music will become monotony, and music from the soul will have given way to music from the head—dry, mechanical, mathematical music, about as attractive to any but scientists as a catalogue of fossil remains found in a chalk bed.

Of the performances of "Die Walküre" and of "Fidelio" we may speak in the same terms of general praise we bestowed upon this company on its former visit here, reserving now as then our warmest commendation for the orchestra and its able and energetic leader, Mr. Neuendorff. This gentleman vouchsafed us one of the most vigorous, most elegant and most inspiring renderings of the "Leonora" overture, No. 3, we have ever heard. Madame Pappenhelm enacted Leonora with fine dramatic power, but the strain to which her voice had been put by the Wagner music she had been singing showed but too plainly, especially in the middle register. She sang, however, with rare intelligence, and acted with a strength and an intensity that almost atoned for the painful labor that was apparent in her vocal efforts. She achieved a great triumph in the Prison scene, and was deservedly applauded to the echo. Madame Canissa sang the music of Marcellina understandingly, and acted with spirit and force. Mr. Preusser interpreted Don Pizarro with the vigor and the intelligence he has shown in all of these performances. As Rocco, Mr. Franoach showed a perfect comprehension of the spirit of the part, and a full knowledge of its music; but he sang shockingly out of tune, and nearly ruined the concerted numbers in which he was interested. Mr. Fritsch manifested a keen sympathy with the music of Florestan, which he sang sweetly and with fervent conscientiousness. His acting was not so good, though it was lacking nothing in earnestness. Mr. William Formes gave a dignified presentation of Don Fernando, and sang exceedingly well. The choral work was all excellently done, the "Priener's Chorus" receiving a remarkably fine interpretation.

[From the Sunday Courier.]

However, much praise is due to Mr. Fryer and Mr. Neuendorff for their zeal, and devotion to their task, it cannot but be overbalanced by the blame due to them for undertaking such a task, one so far beyond their powers. As Carlyle says: "To be weak is not so shameful: but to be weaker than our task!" It was by no means absolutely necessary

that the *Walküre* should be given at all. If Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen* has lasting merit in it, there is no need of being in a hurry about performing it; but if it is to be performed at all, either in whole or in part, we do absolutely owe it to Herr Wagner that the performance should give at least an approximately adequate idea of the work. To say that Mr. Fryer's troupe did this would be the sheerest flattery. Even accounting such things as mise-en-scene and mere scenic get-up as unimportant accessories (which they are not), the performances were inadequate. No thinking person can wonder at the well-nigh distracted state of mind in which most of the audience came away from the *Walküre*. Just imagine the idea of Shakespeare's *Hamlet* that a man would form if he made his first acquaintance with it through the medium of a performance by Mr. Fryer's troupe! The parallel is not a forced one. With the exception of Madame Pappenheim, Mr. Fryer's artists are exactly as capable of acting *Hamlet* satisfactorily as they are of giving the *Walküre*. The misconceptions of what is required of performers by Wagner, that are current among us, are positively astounding. To believe many of our critics, it would seem as if the orchestra were the central point, the be-all and end-all of Wagner opera. On the contrary, the singing, the actors themselves are the central point of interest. It is the greatest mistake to imagine that the long pauses in the dramatic action, that cast such a damper upon the performances of last week, were intended by Wagner merely for the sake of giving prominence to certain bits of fine orchestral writing. Wagner would have no pauses in the dramatic action at all. If the actors have nothing to sing, they must still continue to act, the orchestra accompanying their action the while; their pantomime must be of the most vividly expressive kind, so expressive that the orchestra shall seem only the indispensable accompaniment to it, and not anything to claim particular attention for itself. With Wagner nothing ever happens in the orchestra unless it is justified and conditioned by something happening simultaneously on the stage. Now what are we to think of a performance in which the actors, when not actually singing are for the most part looking point blank at the conductor and palpably counting their bars? It is no slur upon Mr. Fryer's singers to say that they were for the most part utterly incompetent. They are singers, not actors. Mr. Edwin Booth would be no more out of place if he attempted the part of Pollione in *Norma* than Mr. Bischoff was in attempting the part of Siegmund. Even if Mr. Fryer's singers had been capable of doing justice to the mere music of their parts (which they were not), only one, almost secondary, element in the performances would have been what it should have been. No, without going further into detail, the performances of the *Walküre* were most regrettable. Instead of showing us Wagner as he is, they have done more than the most mistaken treatises, the most absurd criticisms—than mere silence even, could have done towards muddling and perverting our notions of the great poet-composer. Wagner writes music upon a dramatic, not a musical basis. But in the performance of the *Walküre*, in which there was neither musical form, nor dramatic basis, what else could be described save utter chaos? I am induced to speak thus strongly, simply from my intense admiration of the *Walküre*, as a work. It was more than thoughtless and rash, it was lamentably wanting in all due reverence, almost aesthetically criminal, to have attempted performing so great a work as the *Walküre*, in so new and unaccustomed a style, and hence so liable to be misunderstood, with means so necessarily inadequate. It was paying no honor to Wagner, doing him no service, only adding confusion to our already confused and distorted notions of his art-theories and his genius. Of course there were excellencies in the performance: the orchestra played unusually well, Madame Pappenheim shone so royally above her companions that she can only be spoken of with admiration, and there was also much to commend in M. Preussner's Wotan, and Mr. Blum's Hunding. But taking the performances as a whole especially as attempts to realize Wagner's ideal of the Musical Drama, the safest path lies in the direction of sorrowful silence—because the real gist of the work, the prominence of the dramatic element, and the cooperation of the music with the acting—in which cooperation the music, both vocal and instrumental, should always play the secondary, accompanying part—was lost. If our public had been familiar with the *Walküre*, and even been familiar with the class of musical drama of which the *Walküre* is one of the finest examples, it would have been different.

The listener's imagination, assisted by his knowledge of what artistic ends the work strives to accomplish, would have aided him in forming an adequate appreciation of its merits, and have led him to a correct comprehension of it. But the work was wholly new, even the style of the work was new and unaccustomed, so that the audience could only judge from what they actually heard and saw. Let me say again that much praise is due to all concerned for their efforts towards realizing the ideal they strove after; they are only to be blamed for attempting what there was no reasonable hope of their being able to accomplish.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 28, 1877.

German Opera.—Wagner.—Beethoven.

Manager Fryer's first week of Wagner Opera ("Fliegender Holländer," "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin") was so successful that he was induced to return to the Boston Theatre last week and give us a specimen of the Wagnerian "Music Drama" proper—the "latest form of infidelity" in Music. (Herr Tappert may put that in his Wagner Lexicon if he please.) This was the second of the four dramas which, with the prelude, "Rheingold," compose the Niebelung Trilogy that made all the world familiar with the name of Bayreuth. It was "Die Walküre," and it was presented twice (on Monday and Wednesday evenings)—also the first act alone on Friday night, when the greatest audience of the season were disappointed in the promise of *Fidelio*. The announcement of Beethoven's masterpiece did not improve the chances of the *Walküre*. Set down at first for Friday, it was found to be so much in the hearts and the desire of Boston music lovers, that many reserved themselves for that, comparatively indifferent to more of Wagner, and such was the demand for seats, that it was concluded to anticipate and give *Fidelio* also on Thursday to accommodate the "overflow." There was also a single performance (on Tuesday evening) of *Lohengrin*, decidedly the most popular, so far, of the Wagner works.

The *Walküre*, reported so successful in New York, attracted but small audiences here,—on the first night especially. And never have we sat in an intelligent assembly which appeared more puzzled, bored, and wearied out by the great length (four hours), as well as by the strangeness, heaviness and dullness alike of the dramatic characters and plot, the music, and much of the performance, in spite of much that was adequate and brilliant. Indeed the middle act cost such a depressing exercise of patience, that many could hold out no longer and went home, thereby losing what is undoubtedly the best part of the work, the scene between Wotan and Brünnhilde, where the god surrounds his favorite but disobedient Walküre daughter ("Wunschkinderchen," "Schilbmädchen," or what not) with fire; this, could one come in to it afresh, would probably reveal some noble recitative (not so utterly unlike that of older masters), and certainly declaimed with noble dignity and passion by Frau PAPPENHEIM, whose whole impersonation of Brünnhilde was of commanding power and beauty. Many also found delight in the moonlight love-song and dialogue between Siegmund and Sieglinde in the first act, which has something like a melody;—to our feeling it gives a suggestion of great beauty, but not quite the satisfactory assurance; the studied accompaniment, with its peculiar rhythm (triplets mutually adhesive, syncopated) was to us cloying and unclear and morbid; so that when its characteristic phrase or motive kept returning afterwards in one or another instrument, we grew sick of its sweetness.—But we anticipate.

The fact of a dull and disappointed audience was as we have stated,—with the exception of a very few admirers (whose admiration possibly may be accounted for without accepting Wagner's theories or his transcendent genius as a musical creator), a few more who were curiously interested, and a few who stand systematically committed to the innovation on the score of "progress," bound to accept it now with reverence and trust and great joy in *future*. These last, very naturally, charge the failure mainly to shortcomings in the performance,—and partly to the ignorance or the insensibility of an unregenerate public. (It was not insensible to the beauty, the transcendent genius, the consummate Art, the profound humanity and pathos, the power which we all feel to be divine, in Beethoven's *Fidelio*.) Undoubtedly the performance was immeasurably below the Bayreuth standard. The outward accessories, the scenery and stage effects, on which so much of the charm depended there, were wanting here. Nor, with the single exception of Mme. PAPPENHEIM, had we any very superior singers or actors. The orchestra alone, under the sure and vigorous lead of Herr NEUBAUER, was excellent; but not placed out of sight, down in that "mystical abyss" where the harsh, coarse noise of brass could be subdued and blended to the mysterious imaginative swell and die-away of the Bayreuthian Eolian harp.—As on their former visit, singers, orchestra and all are to be credited with earnest, conscientious effort, and with the "German heartiness" with which they threw themselves into an ungracious task beyond their means. Mme. Pappenheim, as singer and as actress, steadily grew in favor; she has the large expressive voice, the commanding presence, the effective musical declamation, and the endurance, for the exacting part of Brünnhilde; she could plead for Siegmund with a fervor and an eloquence that might have satisfied the poet-composer himself. Mme. CANTATA acts well, as of old, and sang all faithfully, distinctly, and with certainty, to say the least. Herr BISCHOFF, the tenor, sang the music of Siegmund—the one part blessed with any *forte* melody—with sentiment and pathos, but lacked ease and self-possession as an actor, and the imposing stature for the heroic Volung, in both of which respects he might well have been replaced by Herr BLUM, the baritone, who looked and declaimed so grandly in the stern character of Hunding. Herr PREUSSNER sang the part of Wotan quite effectively, while in figure and appearance there was little suggestive of the All Father except the traditional blinder over one eye. The eight Walkyrie maidens (of all ages), in their famous "Ride" and gathering after battle on the rocks, shouting and screaming their "ho-j-to-hos," on intervals purposely discordant (of the major triad, with the octave, and sharp *fifths*) made all we had ever known of discord musical and sweet by contrast, keeping up the shrill witches' sabbath for some ten minutes with an intensity, which seemed to indicate that the point was to reach the last extremity of remoteness from all human musical relatedness of tones, that thereby we might conceive what wild, wonderful, poetic creatures in the mind of Wagner these Walkyries were. Yes, "wild" is the word with the admirers; and surely we have no disposition to gainsay its fitness.

But after making all allowance for the imperfect reproduction on our stage, it is in Wagner's own production that we find the secret of its failure to interest our audience. It does not require a perfect performance to reveal the genius, the beauty of a great work of musical or musico-dramatic Art. *Fidelio* was but indifferently well—some would say very badly—performed, and yet the audience were delighted and inspired by it. It is easy to name several reasons, found in the work itself, to show why it never could interest an audience very deeply, except when given under very exceptional cir-

circumstances, as at Bayreuth, and why there, as here, it was precisely the most musical, the most appreciative, who were the least interested and the most offended.—And here, *en passant*, we may point out the fallacy of the cheap and common argument: "Oh, Beethoven was not appreciated in his own day." Beethoven was appreciated by the most appreciative, by those with poetry and music in their souls, and notably by other great musicians and men of the finest culture, with a few casual exceptions like Spohr; it took time of course for him to reach the masses. Moreover Beethoven was in no sense a revolutionist in Art; his genius had its own intense and glorious individuality; he was an originator, but an originator within the forms (essentially) and in the same direction, following out the same development with his long line of predecessors. He put forth no theories, nor even thought of any; he never hinted even, when he brought voices into the Ninth Symphony, that Music *as such* had uttered its last word,—that Music thenceforth required to be co-ordinated with, or subordinated to speech, poetry and other arts in order to be music worth the while much longer; he never quarrelled with the family relationship of keys, never renounced the ætereal Melody, never tried to break the bonds of the law which maketh free; never spurned the pursuit of Beauty in itself as one thing indispensable to all Art; never,—he the most restless of men, and urged by aspirations uncontrollable, violated that principle of *repose*, which critics celebrate in all the perfect models of all Arts, but toward which Wagner in the Macbeth that murders sleep. Beethoven was content to do as others do, but do it in his own way and do it better. Real creative genius does not need to quarrel with the past, to break the forms, to shift the arena, in order to show itself original.—

1. Now the first thing we have to name as shutting out the Wagner drama from our sympathies (and here we follow his own order, giving the word, the text, the poetry the precedence)—is the mythological character of his plot and subject. Why should the Scandinavian gods and monsters, giants and Walkyries, Wotan and Fricka, Thor and Loke, Siegmund and Sieglinde and their incestuous amour, interest us upon the stage? One can read the Nibelungenlied, that grand old "German Iliad," with interest; and had Wagner drawn his plot entirely from that,—which is in fact a Christian poem and never mentions one of the Norse gods,—he would have had a theme of human interest, and yet as legendary, as *echt-Deutsch*, heroic, national as he could wish. Instead of that, he draws chiefly from the strange old ballads of the Icelandic *Edda*, and peoples his stage with huge shadowy forms, only arriving at the properly human, after the awakening of Brunhilde, in the beginning of the last play, the "Twilight of the Gods," and mingling it with phantoms even there. How infinitely better, in a dramatic point of view, would have been such a truly poetic condensation of all the real human tragedy of the Nibelungenlied, as that noble play by Geibel, in which Mme. Janauček has lately given us her magnificent impersonation of a Brunhild purely human!

2. The subordination of Music to Poetry. And very artificial poetry at that. Long-winded dialogue, full of conceits, alliterations, even puns, at all events a tedious play on words. Not without passages of true poetic beauty and dramatic strength; but for the most part affectations, and a laborious, anxious building onward of the lofty (?) rhyme, to endless length, that music, counter-tunnelling from the mountain's other side, may meet it; these two blind factors groping for each other! Now say what you will about not judging this as *Music*, but as a *Music drama*, the human fact is, and ever will be, that when people go for anything that is musical, as distinct from spoken drama, they look for music chiefly, and enjoy the work according as it satisfies the musical desire in man. But here Music is robbed of her own independent being, and made to do drudgery in the word-mills of theory. This is what, borrowing a famous title from an old theological controversy in these parts, we have called "the latest form of infidelity" in music.—If a man does not believe in music, *music pure*, can he expect to win us in the long run by mere side uses of an art he deems so insufficient to itself. He may get up an interesting occasion, a success *vis generis* for the time being, as at Bayreuth; but what after all has Music as such gained by it, or what we as music-lovers, seeing that every time that we go back to older masters we find something so much better?

3. The long spun recitative, and for the singers nothing else—or what Wagner chooses to call his

"infinite" or "endless melody," or "melos,"—was fatal to the enjoyment of that audience. And "culture," musical knowledge, special study, did not help the matter. With few exceptions, the most bored were the most musical. For such chanting of long speeches, painfully fitting each word to its tone, committing neither thought nor character nor situation to any winning vital form of melody or music, but requiring for its understanding the fastening of the eye on the libretto and the stage,—save as you may have learned how to interpret certain interpretative hints from the "mystic" orchestra below,—all this we say is not only dry, devoid of charm, and insufferably tedious and *langweilig*; but in the nature of the case it all consumes time fearfully; for though the words are not repeated in the music, yet the words are very many, and it costs time for each wordy speaker to utter himself singly one after another. When Wotan and Fricka (Jupiter and Juno) hold their long dispute on the free love question, or the two lovers their sentimental dialogue by moonlight, you cannot help thinking how much sooner they might get through, and how much more interesting to the hearer, if only both could be allowed to sing at once in a duet. We have always thought it one of the glories, one of the essential advantages of Opera over spoken drama, that in it two, three, six or more characters could sing together, in a concerted piece, each keeping its individuality distinct, each by the magic power of music made transparent to us, all revealed to us both in themselves, their present moods and feeling, and in their mutual relation. You have only to hear the quartet, the masked trio, or the sextet in *Don Juan* to become aware of that. There are brevity, charm, insight into character and feeling all secured at once by the old Art, with the genius to use it; and all these are sacrificed in this wilful, though gigantic, effort to substitute another Art on theory.

4. The paucity and poverty of musical ideas, too, must strike any one in an analysis of the score. Not every new and striking phrase or passage is a musical idea. A musical idea is a germ which demands development. But here we have always phrases, phrases,—which for the most part lead to nothing; promises that disappoint. In what is sung, the words dictate all. In the orchestra, where we are told to look chiefly for ideas, it is after all a string of glittering fragments.

5. And here a new trouble, dazzling it may be, but confusing. Those everlasting "leading motives" (*Leit-motiven*), of which so much is said; the unexpected, musically irrelevant, little phrases heard in the instruments at each allusion to a character or incident in the drama. Most hearers of course heard them unsuspiciously. We happened to know enough of the preceding play, the "Rheingold," to recognize the Wotan or Walkalla motive, the Sword motive, etc., etc. They cross and interrupt the natural flow of the music almost every instant; listening *musically*, you cannot feel that they have any right there; for they do not develop, they are only skillfully forced in. Instead of musical ideas, they are simply labels, tags and badges. Exasperating bores, the pack of them!

6. We but allude again to the want of *repose*, resulting from the restless, formless continuity with which the listening sense is dragged on by sheer tyranny of verba text.

7. And now for the orchestral effects. Strange, wild, brilliant, fascinating very often; sometimes tenderly poetic; but how often harsh, discordant, crushing, colorless and empty, ugly! The Wagner orchestra is room and space-filling to be sure; it is remarkably voluminous and rich and overpowering; its sound is never lost. Much of the older and better music may sound thin compared with it. It has some very grandiose and swelling pieces in the *Lohengrin*; but these have not yet parted with all form. His orchestra tells for all that there is in it; but in itself, in real contents, in genial inspiration, how often it is poor and empty!

8. Cacophony in general. A lack of real beauty. We have the beauty only, as we said before, of phrases, passages, effects of color, contrast and of climax. It seems to us a *beau-bras* kind of beauty; such beauty as a child finds in a rare and costly heterogeneous collection of bright things,—the whole together less important than a single masterpiece of painting. We have suspected that it is in this way that this instrumentation so arrests and charms the ear and fancy of those who do not listen deeply, do not seek for musical ideas and their development. After long stretches of dull murky, empty, ugly groping in the depths of tone, or of stunning loudness, the momentary flowing together of soft reeds and flutes and horns in a pretty phrase of a few bars, repeated in sequences, of course chanting all in unison, and very dull, until the final cadence in full harmony; and you exclaim: How wonderful those closing chorals! what chords can they be?—only to find that they are just the dominant and tonic chords of the most commonplace of cadences; the long monotony before has made them magical!

9. Finally, what can be the intrinsic genius or worth of the Opera or Drama either, which depends upon an immense scenic outlay for its effect? Hanslick says: "Where all the emphasis is laid upon hitherto unheard of

externalities, one can scarcely rid himself of some misgiving about the strength and soundness of the artistic heart and kernel of the matter." Goethe was disturbed when he saw a gifted playwright "waiting for a theatre to come." He wrote: "At any village fair, on planks laid over barrels, I will trust myself to give delight to the whole mass of cultivated and uncultivated people with the plays of Calderon."—Is not *Fidelio* a case in point? The scene a prison court, a prison cell, and then before the gate. But there is music, there is genius, inspiration in its every note; and even in a very coarse performance you cannot help feeling it. So it was here last week. Mr. Fryer did a service to the good old cause in bringing us the "Walküre" followed by "Fidelio." *The Art of Music, after all, is safe!*

Now if we have given all our space to but one topic, to the omission of concerts, correspondence and announcements, set it down to Richard, the Great Claimant, whose claims do so preoccupy the world.

(Crowded out last time.)

A charming matinee was that of Miss BILLINGS,—an accomplished pupil of Mme. Schiller—in Union Hall on Friday, April 6. Both in programme and performance it was choice and artistic:

Trio, op. 12	Hummel
Miss Billings, Miss Shattuck, Mr. Wulf Fries.	
Song—"Pur di cesti"	Lotti
Miss Clara Doria.	
Piano-Forte Solo, Billings, op. 29	Reinecke
Miss Billings.	
Song—"Gute Nacht"	Schubert
Miss Clara Doria.	
Romance, op. 80, No. 2	Beethoven
Mr. Wulf Fries.	
Piano-forte Solos,	Schubert
a. Warum	
b. Grillen	
c. Intermezzo, Schern, op. 24.	
Hans Von Buelow	
Miss Billings.	
Songs, { a. Lied des Wandermusikanten, }	
{ b. Ständchen. (serenade) }	F. Hiller
Miss Clara Doria.	
Tarantelle	Whitney
Miss Billings.	

The Trio by Hummel, a genial and charming work in itself, was capitally well played. Miss BILLINGS has a fine, crisp, clear touch, and very smooth and fluent execution. The young girl who played the violin part (Miss SHATTUCK) did it admirably,—rich and sympathetic tone, good phrasing, and a firm clear, expressive style. Mr. WULF FRIES could not complain of his associates. Miss Billings distinguished herself by very brilliant playing in the *Ballade* by Reinecke, the piece by Buelow, and the *Tarantelle*. Miss DORIA was in her sweetest voice, and we need not say that all her songs were admirable, while the selections had the charm of novelty to nearly all the audience. Mr. OTTO DRESSEL played her accompaniments.

NEW YORK, APRIL 23. The sixth and last Symphony concert of the season took place at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, April 7, when Mr. Thomas presented:

Symphony, No. 2, in D	Beethoven
Largo, (adapted by J. Halmesberger)	Handel
For Violins, Violas, Harp, Organ, and Solo	
Violin by Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn.	
Elne Faust Symphony	Liszt

The season has been a brilliant and a prosperous one. Nearly every available place was taken, while the audience represented the highest intelligence and culture of our city.

The second symphony of Beethoven is ever welcome, and its interpretation was another addition to the long and glorious list of orchestral triumphs, which has been increased during the season by equally fine performances of three other symphonies of Beethoven, namely, the fourth, sixth and eighth.

The *Largo* from Handel is a theme of marked simplicity, but a fine effect is attained by the treatment, which gives the motif to a solo violin, accompanied by a harp, and afterwards masses all the violins, violas, cellos and full organ upon the same theme. The violin solo was artistically performed by Mr. Jacobsohn, and Mr. Thomas repeated the second part of the work in response to an enthusiastic encore.

The *Faust* Symphony of Liszt was accompanied by the usual printed analysis, and the work certainly needs explanation. It is only after repeated hearing that we are able to discern any meaning in that which at first appears to be "a perfect mass without a plan." The symphony contains three distinct movements: 1. "Faust" (Allegro); 2. "Gretchen" (Andante); 3. "Mephistopheles" (Scherzo and Finale). Liszt has composed two settings to this symphony: one, which is usually employed, for orchestra alone, and one for tenor solo and chorus. At the rehearsal on Thursday preceding the concert the orchestral ending was given, and at the concert the symphony was performed with the second ending or "Chorus Mystens," which was sung by the New York Liederkreis society with solo by Mr. H. A. Bischoff, who sang with excellent effect. The orchestral rendering was superb. In the presence of such clear interpretation and brilliant execution it was easy to forget the immense difficulty of the music.

At the close of the tenth season of Symphony Concerts the question arises:—What will New York do for the man who has worked so long and so successfully in the cause of musical culture and who, by his own persistent and almost unaided effort has made this city one of the

musical capitals of the world? Six concerts in a year will not maintain an orchestra, nor does it pay to travel from place to place with such a number of performers in this country of magnificent distances. In a word, if this orchestra is to be preserved, it must have an abiding place. An effort is now to be made to supply this need, and it is best explained by the following circular "To the Public:"

Negotiations are pending, by an organization to be known as "The Thomas Garden Concert Company," for securing a proper site, and erecting buildings thereon, suitable for a Hall with Gardens, in which Mr. Thomas and his orchestra may be permanently lodged.

Many of those who have regularly attended the Symphony Concerts have expressed the desire to permanently and securely locate Mr. Thomas and his orchestra in New York. It is believed that they will be desirous of evincing that interest in the most substantial manner—by subscribing in aid of the project—as soon as the undertaking has sufficiently progressed to justify the submission to them.

Among those present at this concert there are doubtless many who will be glad to be made acquainted with the plans under consideration as soon as they shall be definitely determined upon. If they will forward their addresses to the prospectors, a full prospectus, with details of the enterprise, will be sent them as soon as they are prepared, which, it is expected, will be in a short time.

It is hoped that the responses will be numerous enough to indicate a willingness, on the part of the public, to at least become informed of the opportunity that will be afforded them of recognizing Mr. Thomas' labors and of establishing him, upon an assured, permanent basis, in this city, where so much of his life has been spent, and so much of his work has been done.

New York, April 14th, 1877.

(For full particulars address, The Thomas Garden Concert Co., Care of Messrs. Steinway and Sons, New York.)

A. A. C.

[Conclusion next time.]

The Telephone Revolution in Music.

[From the Cincinnati Gazette.]

The prediction made by that eminent manager of exotic Italian opera, Mr. Max Strakosch, that by means of the telephone houses will be supplied with music as they are now with gas and water, opens up a great vista of improvement in domestic comfort and alike of musical abundance and economy. If from a central source wires can be laid to carry the music to each house, so that it can be turned on at will, as we turn on gas and water, or as we open a register of a hot-air pipe to heat an apartment, it is obvious that the superiority, cheapness and convenience of this supply will cause families to abandon the making of their own music, just as gas has extinguished tallow dips and oil lamps, and as public water works have done away with wells and rain cisterns.

The relief that this will give to society from pianos alone is so vast a subject that the mind staggers at the conception. What is home without a piano! Taking the population of the United States as 40,000,000, and estimating but one piano to forty persons, makes a million pianos, whose thrumming roll is as continuous as England's morning drum beat, and the sound of whose torment—to use a Scripture figure—goeth up forever and ever. There are people who have indulged a strange fancy in the idea of lifting the cover off that place which for euphony we call the bottomless pit, and of hearing the sounds which would issue. Equally dreadful is the figure of going above and lifting off the cover and letting out the sound of the torment of a million pianos, played upon by the average American girl. But such fancies are too fearful for safe indulgence. No one is justified in trying dangerous experiments upon his reason.

At the low estimate of one girl at a time to a piano, there are a million American girls undergoing lessons and practice on the piano. Of course neither the numbers nor the girls are round, but we choose round numbers for convenience of figuring. To become a fine executioner, a girl must begin at not more than six years old, and keep on always; but although they all begin vigorously, they drop out after a while, like the pupils in our public schools, of whom only about one and a half per cent. pass through the high school. The rest are scattered all along the wayside, in all the years of the school course. We shall, therefore, estimate the average years of practice at only four. When we try to think of a million of girls in perpetual succession, practicing four years, at say two hours a day, on a million pianos, the results become too fearful for the human mind to conceive.

Of this million of American girls, subjected to this practice, and subjecting their families and friends to it, not more than one in a hundred ever gets to such a proficiency as to play to the edification of any but a very infatuated mother, who knows the whole of the painful process by which her little stock of tunes has been learned, and who thinks that they may be less worn to

others. Probably not one in a hundred ever gets so far as to play that show piece, "The Battle of Prague," which has been the masterpiece of so many generations of girls. When we think of all the cost and waste of this, and, what is immeasurably more, of all the suffering it imposes on the girls, and, what is infinitely more, of all the suffering it inflicts on the American household and on visitors, we can see that the sum is too vast for utterance.

The history of the American girl's efforts to become a singer is even more melancholy, and the fruit still rarer. And, whether vocal or instrumental, this labored accomplishment is apt to be dropped when the young woman marries, or as soon as marriage has introduced another kind of music into the family, which, by a queerly mixed poetical metaphor, is called a well-spring of noise. With telephone wires laid to each house, connecting with a central factory where the instrumental and vocal music shall be made by wholesale, from which each household can turn on at will by simply opening a valve or connecting wire, the supply of music from the general source will be so superior to any that private individual effort, even though proficient, can furnish, that the domestic piano and household voice would be as shamed as the tallow candle by gaslight, or the old flint and steel by the lucifer match.

Of course this will raise the alarming question, What will become of piano makers and sellers, teachers, tuners, music sellers, etc.? A similar question has met every labor-saving invention; but experience has shown that the invention itself increased the demand for labor. This invention will create a large demand for musicians in the factory, and a large industry in the making and laying of telephone pipe, wires, meters, and so on. We mention meters, because it is obvious that no family will want music turned on all the while, and that there will be great variations in the demands of different families, and there must be means by which each shall be charged for only as much music as it consumes. This promises a multiplication of that blessing which every household has found in the gas meter. And there is no reason why a meter should not register as satisfactorily the amount of music delivered.

Every great step in the march of progress arouses fear in timid conservatism. The then inhabitants did not want chaos disturbed by creation just as the inhabitants of the present want creation, to go no further. Objections will be raised, but they are easily answered. Although the telephone will naturally be an elevator of musical taste, yet it is not proposed to make it a promiscuous can-hed—a new figure, caveat filed—to require all tastes to be stretched up to the most classical—whatever that may be—compositions. Different factories and different sets of telephonic wires will be required to suit the variety of tastes. Each house can be supplied with all kinds, or can have that one which suits its taste. Thus the greatest establishment will be for the distribution of the popular American music, negro minstrelsy, while the small class of the cultured can take their choice all the way from the jiggling Sebastian Bach to the intellectual Beethoven.

The objection will be raised that this distribution of music to our dwellings will disconnect it from the balm and balsamy air of the concert hall, which has become so associated in our minds with musical performances that music must seem strange without it; also that in our own dwellings we shall not have the charming accompaniment of the voice of the young man behind us, who has brought his girl for a rare treat, and who thinks he must make it interesting for her by keeping up the conversation; nor of the two women who discuss the dresses of the singers; nor of the musical enthusiast who shows his fine musical sensibility by beating time with his foot against our chair, in all the strongly measured passages; nor of the two gentlemen connoisseurs of German extraction who as the piece goes along discuss it in the soft German tongue; nor of the group of American society young people who keep up their chatting and giggling as unconscious of any musical sensations as so many puppies; nor of the American man beside us who spits a pond of tobacco juice on our side of the premises; nor of the son of Israel who feeds his girl with strong peppermint candy, diffusing the odor all around; nor of many other concert and theatre luxuries which are so associated with these performances that to separate music from them seems a hazardous experiment.

Association of ideas is a mental force which cannot be disregarded; but it is likely that substitutes, available in private houses, will be found for these and the other incidentals of the concert room. By means of our heating furnaces our rooms can be overheated, and it is likely that chemical science can furnish odorizers which shall resemble the concert air. Manners will show out under all circumstances, and, under the influence of our free and equal principles, even a small circle will contain the usual features. That social reputation for musical culture which is gained so painfully by many, by attending high art performances, can be more easily gained by the wealthy, by supplying their dwellings with the telephone. This will establish their musical taste as effectually as the purchase of a well bound library does their literary culture. The telephone in churches will enable them to abolish choirs, which are apt to be irreverent and disorderly bodies, and whose presence, facing the congregation, as is usual in our Protestant churches, is distracting to worship.

This is on the supposition that churches will still be continued; but it may be that the speaking telephon will bring the preaching, musical and other service of worship from a central factory, so that each family can enjoy it on its own premises in such postures of luxury and ease as it may have facilities for. As has been said of blue glass, the wonders of the telephones have only just begun to expand.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
L A T E S T M U S I C,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The Old Church Door. Solo or Qt. G. 3. d to E. Richter. 30

"Where Ivy clings to the mould'ring stone
And the huge bell hangs in the tower alone."

An impressive ballad, in good style, fitted for either one or for four voices, as you please to use it.

When the World all is young. C. 3. g to D. Waldeck. 35

"And ev'ry goose a swan, lad,
And ev'ry lass a queen."

It is Charles Kingsley's vigorous poetry, and it is a good, hearty, rousing song.

Do not slam the Gate. Solo and Chorus. Bb. 2. d to C. Shelley. 30

"Reckless listen ev'ry night,
And so does teasing Kate."

Yes, one should be careful. Neat song.

Duetta, Baritone and Bass, by Franz Abt. ea. 40
No. 2. Brother Heart, be not cast down. F. 4. C to f. Bass staff.

"Give to na thy hand,
Jolly every one."

A duet for "good fellows" to sing when they are having a merry musical time.

A Dream. (Spinning Song). A. 4. E to a. Vincent. 40

"I took the threads of my spinning,
All of blue summer air."

A sweet poem by Adelaide Proctor, fitted to a clear, bright melody, and quite a varied accompaniment.

Instrumental.

Ballade. (From Flying Dutchman). Bb. 4. Spindler. 50

Rather differing from most of Spindler's refined and delicate pieces. This is graceful, while it has a character of wildness.

Les Bergers Wattenau. Air de Danse. Style of Louis XV. A. 3. Gregk. 40

Being an old air, it has a character of quaintness which is nothing against. "Quaintly beautiful" is perhaps its best description.

Paquita Waltzes. 3. Rabock. 40
A very pretty and varied set.

Concert Fantasia for the Organ. In the Free Style for Organ Exhibitions. C. 5. W. H. Clarke. 80

It is well known to many, Mr. Clarke has an almost unequalled talent for "howling off" an organ, and for making it, what it is almost impossible to make it, a bright, entertaining concert instrument. Here is one of his compositions carefully marked for changes of stops, &c. Pedal part is easy, and the whole very entertaining.

March from "Petite Mariée." G. 3. Knight. 30
Mr. K. has chosen a bright little air, which loses nothing by his arrangement.

Commander Cazenove's Favorite Polka. With Portrait. D. 4. Dulcker. 40

It is hoped that this spirited composition will go like "magic," and so endorse the illustrious "Commandeur's" favor.

Lula Galop. F. 2. Newton. 30
Lula cannot complain, this is a bright dance named for her.

BOOKS.

THE SCHOOL SONG BOOK. By C. Everett.
Price, 60 cts., or \$6.00 per dozen.

This is a fine collection of two and three-part songs of high character, with abundant explanations, exercises, &c. It is designed for Normal Schools and for Seminaries. The composer is Professor in a large Normal School.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 941.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 3.

Music in Leipzig.—A Gewandhaus Concert. —The Ninth Symphony.—Operas and Concerts.

[We are permitted to print the following extracts from a private letter, dated Leipzig, March 11, 1877.]

Thursday evening I heard the grandest musical composition in the world, performed by the finest orchestra in the world—the Ninth Symphony at the Gewandhaus. It was the only Gewandhaus Concert I have attended, and will be the only one of the regular winter series I shall be able to hear, as I shall be at Dresden next Thursday, when the last is to be given. It is quite unnecessary for me to tell you much about the Gewandhaus Concerts, for everybody who knows anything of the history of music knows all about them, how Mendelssohn was long the manager of them, how almost every one of the great German composers has been in some way connected with them, how they have always been identified with what is highest in musical composition and execution. The Gewandhaus Concerts are strictly independent of the Conservatory, though it is almost always the case that the director of the Concerts (now Reinecke) is one of the Conservatory professors and that most of the Gewandhaus performers are connected with the Conservatory. The Concerts are supported by the state, the receipts for tickets going but a little way towards meeting the expenses of the great orchestra, almost any member of which would be a concert master outside Leipzig, and many of whom have been such. The Gewandhaus saloon is small and with the adjoining room not able to hold more than a thousand people. Nearly all the seats in the large saloon are held by regular subscribers—the F. F. L's—who are as sure to be at the concerts regularly as at dinner. I meet people who have not missed a Gewandhaus Concert for fifteen years. The only seats sold to the public are at the end of the large saloon and in a small saloon which opens by folding doors into the large hall. But every seat is perfectly good; the acoustic properties of the place are as phenomenal as the poor ventilation, and the concert is as if in your parlor. The concerts are given on successive Thursday evenings, twenty each winter, ending at Easter. The rehearsals take place on Wednesday mornings, and as they are almost as good as the concerts themselves and the expense of attending them is but half as great, they are always full. It is not easy to get tickets for the concerts when the programme is specially attractive. I got my own for Thursday only through the good offices of an acquaintance who lives with the Secretary of the Conservatory, an American, by the by, who has passed the highest examination in a class of seventy, in the Conservatory.*

* It is worth noting that quite half the Conservatory students are Americans or English.

The Ninth Symphony was the second part of Thursday's programme. The first part consisted of a new concert piece, called *Zion*, for chorus, baritone solo and orchestra, by Gade—its first performance—and an air from Mozart, sung by Frau Pescha-Leutner, which was new to me. Gade's work has many extremely fine parts, it was evidently received with great interest by the musical people, was much applauded, and is sure to find its way to America. Madame Leutner's tones are as strong and pure as her vocalization as wonderful as when she visited us.

I had heard the Ninth Symphony twice before—once given by the Harvard orchestra and the last time by Theo. Thomas. I feel unwilling to make any comparison of Thomas with the Gewandhaus, because my musical knowledge is so unscientific, and especially because I see that the real reasons for the great difference in the effect of Symphony on me, in my different hearings of it, are almost entirely subjective. Only upon hearing the different orchestras on successive evenings or at times near together could I make a comparison worth anything to myself or worth following out for you. This said, it is right for me to say that I have never heard music rendered in a manner that seemed to me so absolutely perfect as on Thursday evening—so delicate in shadings, so just in proportions, so precise in intelligence, so immediately the expression of the composer's thought. I shall not attempt to discuss detail, though I was tempted to speak specially of the marvellous execution of the second part. The truth is—though of course the truth is more of Beethoven than of orchestra—that perfection seemed ever to be growing more perfect from first to last, becoming most oppressive just as the first premonitions of the chorus appear in the instrumentation. Surely in all music there is nothing so great as this fourth part of the Ninth Symphony. The theme has been perfectly worked out, completely exhausted,—yet the great soul is still surcharged with feeling, and only innovation upon ordinary symphonic form can give expression lofty enough. The orchestra is almost still under the new demands. The great thought struggles for life, and yet is all complete. It is soft calmness, it is deep trembling, it is soaring—we know not in which the highest joy consists. The melody takes perfect form, it rises to full strength, and now the strings all tremble, almost shriek, in the height of inspiration and the glory of vision. And yet more, wood and iron, trumpet and viol, there are not enough. Man must speak immediately, and above the orchestra the full chorus pours, and as such could only end—in love and God:—

“Seid umschlungen, Millionen!
Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!
Brüder, ü ber'm Sternenzelt
Muß ein lieber Vater wohnen.”

Was it not a stroke of the highest genius—

call it divine inspiration, if you like—that led Beethoven to choose this song of Schiller's for this place? * And who but Beethoven was worthy to use the song for music? †

The lady who was with me at the Gewandhaus remarked that the symphony filled her with sadness, and that this was true not only of this particular symphony, but of almost all great music, whatever its character. This I quite understand, and the feeling is one which to a great extent I share. I was even myself oppressed by a subtle sadness amidst the grandest bursts of gladness in the symphony. But why is this so? It is through nothing objectively real in the music. To the Greek this feeling could never have come from the Ninth Symphony. He could have been moved by it only to joy, could have responded only to the symphony's objective truth. The feeling is rooted in that great undercurrent of subjectivity which has come into the world chiefly through Christianity, which has turned the heart of man into a theatre for spiritual tragedies, made life a consciousness of great antitheses, filled the soul with an oppressive sense of imperfection and of infinite possibilities unrealized and hardly apprehended. This part of life, the real life of all of us who feel and think, is stirred by everything, almost alike by blackest sin and highest beauty. All excellence in art intensifies spiritual longings. As great as the poem is, the picture, the statue, the symphony, so steep is the slope to satisfaction. We leave the Laocöon in sadness unutterable, we rise from Faust in a trance, we turn from the Transfiguration in tears, and our hearts are still when Beethoven sings of God. And nature, too, moves us in the same way. The stillness of morning, the robin on the elm, the brook in the woods, the air of summer noon, the forests of autumn, the falling snow, the Atlantic and Niagara, the mountains in the west, the glow of sunset, the procession of the stars, all are charged with melancholy, all speak of our sins and our sorrows, all tell of what we are not and know not. Yet do they this first and chiefly? And is this all-absorbing subjectivity the ground of highest manhood? It is more than first, it is second, but it is not third. There is surely “a more excellent way.”

While speaking of music, I must not forget to tell you that I have heard the “Magic Flute” twice within ten days. This has been a great treat. I do not remember that the opera was given at all in Boston during my years there.

* Fifty-one years ago this month, the Ninth Symphony was performed at the Gewandhaus for the first time. The Leipzig newspaper said, the next morning, that the work was worthless, though the author was unquestionably a great composer. It allowed merit in the 3d part, but said it was completely neutralized by the length of the part. The 4th part was at best only the mockery of devils over human joy!

† Last week I visited the house at Gohlis, just beyond the Rosenthal, where Schiller lived and where he wrote the Ode to Joy.

and my only acquaintance with it was through concert pieces. It is a charming work, full of sweet and graceful melodies. It is admirably rendered here, and it and Gluck's "Armida," have been the events of the season at the opera. Every Saturday we hear the famous Thomas Choir, at the Thomas Kirche. This is a large choir of boys and young men, known to every musical student as having once been under Bach's management and as being superior, far, to all organizations of similar character. It devotes itself to the highest class of sacred music. On Saturdays it gives two pieces (generally without even organ accompaniment), and on Sundays it sings alternately at the Thomas Kirche and the Nicolai. The Saturday concerts are one of the Leipzig notions, and the church is always full.

On Tuesday evening the "Elijah" is to be given here, the Gewandhaus orchestra doing the instrumental work. The amount of good music one hears here can hardly be told, and the cheapness of it takes a Bostonian's breath away. The student's seats at the opera—corresponding to the English pit or the last ten rows of seats in our parquet—cost *twenty cents*, and an oratorio or a Bach concert, with the Gewandhaus orchestra, costs only a mark—say *35 cents*. The Thomas Choir concerts are free. The Gewandhaus Concerts are all that are at all expensive, and these cost but three and four marks—the rehearsals but half that sum. What would not all this be to a dozen musical students whom I know at home? And my own appreciation of my privileges is surely very real and my gratitude great.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Travelling Concert Troupes as Educators.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

However discouraging to Eastern music-lovers may be the fact that artists are not well supported even in New York and Boston, we who live in the West ought to be able to feel that we may greatly profit by the necessity of travelling which seems to be laid on the members of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and similar organizations. At least, those of us who love music, who believe in the power of the best music to make its way among the people, wherever it is properly presented, and who are laboring with all our strength to bring whomever we can to a real love and appreciation of the best composers, would like to feel that, whenever a company of Eastern artists comes among us, they will give us really artistic renderings of the best music, to our real edification. We certainly do feel that we have a right to expect this. There are teachers scattered all through the West, who do their best to lead their pupils to Beethoven, Schumann, and all that noble company, and who really succeed in doing so, in a multitude of cases. They give their pupils the best music to study; they cultivate a taste for it; they seek to develop an intelligent, discriminating love for it. The greatest lack they feel is the almost total want of opportunity to hear great compositions interpreted by artists who make it their business to interpret them. The teachers are generally overworked, and in no condition to do justice to anything beyond a very small repertoire; the performance of their pupils is, of course, for the most part inadequate. They look therefore to the travelling artist to meet their needs, and that of their pupils, and, it must be added, of the music-loving public; for, wherever pupils study great

composers, parents at home gradually acquire a love for good music, and soon find, to their own surprise, that trash does not please them as it once did. The travelling artist, therefore, has it in his power to render a great service to Art; to supplement the work of the laborious, conscientious teacher, to reinforce his teaching by example, and to kindle enthusiasm for the best music. Nothing can be of more importance to musical culture in America at this juncture, than that travelling violinists, pianists and vocalists shall be real artists and art-lovers, shall have an earnest purpose to educate their audiences and be helpful to them, and shall be above the vulgar temptation of stooping to clap-trap. Of course it must be admitted at the outset that the path of virtue, in musical matters as elsewhere, is a difficult one. The travelling musician plays to miscellaneous audiences, composed largely of uncultivated people, totally ignorant of good music, and, what is worse, totally void of any desire to know it, or to improve themselves in any way,—people who go to a concert-room simply to be amused, and to whom any other conception of a concert than that of an "entertainment" would be utterly strange. In playing to such people, the really earnest musician labors under a two-fold embarrassment, and has a double temptation to give them only what they will like best, regardless of what will benefit them most;—he has taken to travelling because he was not well supported at home, and must please his audiences in order to make a re-engagement probable, and he finds it terribly uphill work to play good music to an unsympathetic audience. He remembers an excellent and authoritative saying about casting pearls before swine, and since, whenever he plays the best music, he is not applauded, or the applause is, at best, but faint, he concludes, in disgust, that the public are swine after all, and must have nothing but swill. Far be it from me to underrate the difficulties which such musicians have to meet, or to fail to put myself in their place, or to condemn their shortcomings too severely. But I firmly believe that, in many cases, the discouragements are, after all, more apparent than real; that artists only need to respect themselves and their art to make others respect both; and that noisy applause, or the lack of it, is no index to the pleasure of the audience or the permanent effect produced. I have been for nearly nine years a music teacher in a western town, one so small that I know personally a large proportion of its concert-goers. I have carefully studied this public; have been instrumental in getting outside musicians here, and have watched the effect of their concerts. I think my experience warrants me in holding some positive opinions on this subject; and I have thought that a statement of the results of that experience might be useful. The most important concerts given here within the past three years have been two by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, one by Mme. Urso, one by Miss Julia Rive, and one, a few weeks ago, by the Boston Philharmonic Club. Let me briefly state the character of their programmes, and their effect upon the public.

The Mendelssohn Quintette Club played, on both occasions, good programmes; the second being much better than the first. The first was played to an overflowing house, (owing largely to accidental circumstances), and was in all respects, apparently, a most encouraging success. The second was played to a very moderate-sized audience, and was, to all appearance, much less warmly received. I think the Club were much discouraged by their second reception; that they regarded it as decisively against their superior programme, and felt that they could not safely repeat the experiment. The public too, I think, regarded this second concert as a

failure, comparatively, and I felt this more keenly than anybody else, since it was on the strength of my representations that the Club had ventured to play a much better programme than usual. I had found, to my surprise, that the strictly classical compositions, which the club had played in their first concert, had made the best impression on the public, and I was satisfied that a programme more largely made up of these elements would be successful. Further observation and reflection, and an increased knowledge of the public, has only confirmed me in the opinion I then held. I do not believe that any great part of the apparent ill success of the second concert was due to the classical character of the programme, but mainly to two facts;—first, that there were too few solos, and second, that Miss Kellogg, who sang some Schumann songs, and who had before made an excellent impression, was in very bad voice, had to give up entirely the next day, in fact,—and so disappointed the public. At any rate my conversation with average people, of no musical training, has forced me to believe that they enjoyed the best music most, (though they did not applaud noisily, because they did not feel like it;) that the Club is thoroughly respected and believed in here, and that they would be well received and supported here now. The only thing which prevented their engagement this season was a previous engagement with the Boston Philharmonic Club, the date of whose concert would have conflicted with theirs. On the other hand, this last-named club played a programme, a large part of which was sheer trash, and hardly any of which was of any musical significance. For example, Mr. Weiner's flute solo was a medley, containing "Home, sweet home," "Yankee Doodle," and "O Susannah." I was curious to know how this would impress the thoughtful part of the public, some of whom had complained that artists would not play simple things which they could understand. I believe I speak the exact truth when I say that the feeling with which all the better portion of the audience regarded this performance was one of mingled disgust and contempt. They had become familiar with the notion that artists were above that sort of thing; no artist had done it here before, and the incongruity of it was keenly felt. I took pains to ask men who had grumbled at classical programmes whether they liked this concert as well as those of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and I invariably got a negative answer. It is not too much to say that people felt that the playing of such a programme by artists involved degradation of themselves and contempt of their audience. Moreover, they find it hard to believe that a man who is willing to play "O Susannah" in a concert is not a quack rather than an artist,—one who prefers playing claptrap for the sake of the applause of the small boys in the gallery to playing good music for the edification of intelligent people.

Mme. Urso played last year a respectable, but not a classical programme. It was well received. Miss Rive played two whole Sonatas of Beethoven, the *Appassionata*, and the one in E \flat , Op. 27; three pieces by Chopin; the Marche Funebre, the Scherzo in B \flat minor, Op. 31, and the Rondeau in E \flat ; three by Liszt: Spinning Song, Tannhäuser March, and 2nd Hungarian Rhapsody, and Tausig's arrangement of "Man lives but once." This is as good a programme as she would have played in Boston, and it was thoroughly enjoyed. People said to me afterwards, "I never got much out of Beethoven before, but I thoroughly enjoyed the Sonata *Appassionata*." Moreover it was felt to be a compliment to her audience that she would assume that they desired to hear such things, and people like to be complimented. I am sure the public here entertain

toward Miss Rive feelings of strong respect and admiration. I for my part feel so strongly impressed with the good service she has rendered to Art that I feel like agreeing with the strongest expressions my friend Mr. Mathews has ever used about her in his correspondence with Dwight's Journal. She thoroughly respects herself, her art, and her audience, and she makes her audiences respect her. Let other artists mark, learn and inwardly digest these facts, and follow her praiseworthy example. In the long run, honesty, straightforward following of earnest convictions pays best, in art no less than elsewhere, in the matter of bread and butter, and from the lowest point of view from which a real artist can possibly look at his work. The sooner travelling artists become thoroughly convinced of this, the better will it be for musical progress in America.

—Ripon, Wis., April 29, 1877.

"Cinq Mars"

THE FIRST REPRESENTATION OF GOUNOD'S
NEW OPERA.

[Correspondence of Daily Advertiser.]

Paris, April 15, 1877.

On the 5th of April Gounod's new opera, "Cinq Mars," came out (an odd coincidence of date and name), and, as may well be imagined, there was a general rush to hear it. The first representations were criticized so differently by persons equally capable of judging the merits of Gounod's last work that your correspondent was naturally impatient to see and hear for himself; but to get a box or a stall was a difficulty hardly to be surmounted; and had it not been for an accident (happily without gravity) which befell one of his friends (an ill wind always blows somebody good) he could not have hoped to be able to appreciate the opera for many a day to come.

Alfred de Vigny has written a romantic history of Henri d'Effiat, Marquis de Cinq Mars, which, if not altogether to be relied upon in an historical point of view, has, nevertheless, the advantage of being intensely interesting; and Gounod has adroitly seized the dramatic points of this work for his new opera,—an opera, by the by, conceived and executed in the space of a few weeks, which fact justly entitles it to being called an "improvisation." Cinq Mars being really an historical character, we have but to recall the position he occupied in the court of Louis XIII., when he was made, and unnamed by *son eminence grise*, in order to understand and follow this four-act opera. The short overture is grave and solemn, and the funeral march, which is introduced twice in the course of the work, is of touching sadness. The curtain goes up, and we find ourselves *chez la Maréchale*. Her son, Cinq Mars, is about to leave for court, and the chorus of gentlemen surrounding him sing, to charming music:—

A la cour vous allez paraître;
Quand vous y serez, croyez moi,
Mon cher Marquis, n'ayez qu'un maître Le Cardinal!

The court scene is cleverly given, with animated discussion between the courtiers, who hold some for the King, some for the Cardinal, and the orchestration is, as indeed throughout the entire opera, admirable. Cinq Mars and his friend De Thou remain alone on the stage, and the former avows the cause of his sadness; he loves the Princess Marie de Gonzague. "Yes," he cries, "I love her madly, but I shall leave without hope, bearing with me a sterile torment." "You but do your duty," replies De Thou. Charming music, whilst the two friends seek to learn their destiny in the page of an open book. There they find the history of two martyrs, struck by the same sword, buried in the same tomb; after a moment's hesitation they sing gaily:—

Vivre, ou mourir, qu'importe!

Hereupon Father Joseph comes in search of Cinq Mars, whom the powerful Cardinal has decided to place near the melancholy King; at the same time he tells the Princess de Gonzague that she is to marry the King of Poland, and the quatuor, "Reine, elle sera reine," is of pleasing composition. Left alone with Cinq Mars, the inevitable duo reminds

us agreeably of that in "Romeo," but this first act ends with a painfully long recitative, instead of closing brilliantly with a love song, and the effect is not good.

The second act is divided in two parts. First, the chateau de St. Germain, in Louis XIII's apartments, where we are charmed by a little song of lovely archaism, "*On ne serra plus à Paris tant de plumes, ni de moustaches*," admirably sung by M. Barre, and later the superb trio which follows Father Joseph's announcement that Cinq Mars must give up all idea of Marie de Gonzague. Scenic effect, as well as music, is here complete, and, to our mind, the strongest motive of Gounod's new opera. After this serious scene we find ourselves in Paris. *et* Marion and Ninon, in the midst of a ball. Gounod is inimitable in this sort of episode where acting and voice are completed by symphonic orchestra music. The madrigal sung by Marion (Mlle. Levy), "*Berger, voulez vous connaître le pays dont l'amour est le maître!*" is charmingly original. The ballet is, as far as a ballet can be, new and interesting, and the scene altogether pleasing. Little by little the guests retire, and the conspirators, resolved to overthrow the despotic Cardinal, alone remain, Fontarille at their head, and Cinq Mars one of them, for disappointed love has filled his heart with vengeance. De Thou is, of course, with his friend. The chorus is menacing, and the thrilling burst in *ut majeur* most effective. An amusing anecdote is told of how the manager of the Opera Comique overcame the opposition of his republican singers, when they were called upon to put more enthusiasm into the chorus, "*Sauvons le Roi, sauvons le noblesse, délivrons le trône, et l'autel!*" "You go to sleep over it!" exclaimed M. Carvalho impatiently.

"How can you expect anything else?" replied one man; "it can hardly be agreeable for real republicans like ourselves to give utterance to such sentiments."

"Just imagine you are singing the Marseillaise!" said the clever director; and this is the way he got the better of his republican chorus!

But to return to the Cinq Mars:—

The third act takes us into the forest of St. Germain, where we hear the echo of distant hunters' horns, *fanfares en mi bémol*, with a curious modulation on *ré bémol*, not quite new in Gounod's music, as the ballad of Queen Mab in "Romeo and Juliette" contains the same successful eccentricity. Marie de Gonzague and Cinq Mars are to be married in the forest chapel, and his motive, "*Marie, venez, que devant l'autel un serment d'amour immortel nous lie!*" is finely developed, and when taken up by the three voices produced a great effect. Whilst the marriage is going on in the chapel, Father Joseph is hiding about amongst the trees, and, after the conspirators take leave of one another and Marie de Gonzague is left alone, he discloses his presence, and informs her that the King and Cardinal have decided to punish the rebellion of Cinq Mars with death, and that her only chance of saving his life is in abandoning him. The sportsmen here appear upon the scene, amongst whom is the Polish ambassador and Louis XIII. Marie de Gonzague, seeing all is lost, gives herself up to despair. Father Joseph sings, "All prayer is useless." The hunters' chorus is again heard, and the curtain falls. The fourth act passes in prison, and is, to my mind, the most inspired. Cinq Mars sings softly a tender *cavatina* worthy of Bellini. Suddenly Marie appears in the sombre prison, and the duo between the lovers is certainly the best page in Gounod's opera. The passage, "*A ta voix le ciel s'est ouvert*," is always encored, and the closing funeral march and canticle, "*Seigneur, soutiens notre ame chancelante*," is inspired music which seems to open heaven's doors to these young martyrs, bound together by love and faith.

In conclusion, we must remark the just criticisms which are made against "Cinq Mars." It is too uniformly sombre. In spite of the fine *mise en scene* there is a certain dullness about it which does not altogether please our bright, joyous Parisian audiences, and it must be admitted that, after waiting ten years for a new opera from Gounod, he was expected to do better than ever before, and his admirers are disappointed that "Cinq Mars" cannot be compared to "Faust;" still, there is good, very good music in it, and if we have the pleasure of hearing "Cinq Mars" thoroughly well sung one day, it cannot fail to leave a more agreeable impression than most second-class operas. As it is, the voices are not what we could wish. Marie de Gonzague (Mlle. Chevrier) is timid and undeveloped, and the role of De Thou, who should be barytone, is sustained by

M. Stephanie, a poor tenor voice, which has obliged the transposition of some of the best passages. Father Joseph is fairly sustained by Giraudet (bass), and Mlle. Levy has been lucky in having the shepherd song (which has made her reputation) fall to the share of her agreeable though weak voice. Altogether "Cinq Mars" is a disappointment, but contains much which lovers of music must consider as great consolation.

London Opera.—Mr. Gye's Prospectus.

(From the "Times.")

The prospectus issued by Mr. Gye to his subscribers and the public, for the 31st season of the Royal Italian Opera, is likely to afford almost unqualified satisfaction. Before referring to general arrangements, it is as well to glance at what yields in importance to no other "item" in a document of the kind—viz., the novelties, or quasi-novelties, intended to enlarge the established repertory, which now comprises no fewer than fifty works at immediate disposal of the management. In the list of projected *addenda* we find the names of five operas new to the Covent Garden stage, two of which, moreover, are altogether new to this country. The *Vipres Siciliennes*, which heads the catalogue, was composed by Verdi, then in the meridian of his career, for the Paris Opera, during the time of the International Exhibition (1855), when it was produced with Sophie Cruvelli in the chief character (Hélène). Four years later, an Italian version was given at Drury Lane Theatre, under the management of Mr. E. T. Smith, Mlle. Tietjens taking the part of Hélène (now Elena), and the late Signor Mongini that of the principal tenor (Henri.) Awaiting some fresh work from the pen of the composer of *Aida*, who just now seems inclining rather towards sacred and instrumental than towards purely dramatic music, Mr. Gye could hardly have hit upon a wiser expedient than the revival of the *Vipres Siciliennes*, to which the fact of Mad. Adeline Patti's assuming the character of the heroine will impart exceptional interest. Next on the list we find another revival, in the shape of an Italian adaptation of Otto Nicolai's comic opera, *D'e Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, which, it may be remembered, was presented in 1864, at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket, under the direction of Mr. Mapleson (Signor Arditi being conductor), with Mdlles. Tietjens and Bettelheim, Signor Giuglini, M. Gassier, and M. Juncu in the cast. The title then selected for it was *Falstaff*, under which Balfe, many years previously, had brought out an opera on the same subject, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when Mr. Lumley was director and Mr. (now Sir Michael) Costa, conductor—the personage of the amorous knight being appropriately represented by "the great Lablache." The *Falstaff* of Nicolai was received with such marked favor that it is difficult to understand why it should not have remained a permanent feature in the repertory. Mr. Gye's prospectus does not mention the distribution of the *dramatis personae*; but it might easily be guessed from a glance at his company of artists. In any case this other revival—now re-christened *Le Vipre Comari di Windsor*—will be looked forward to with as much pleasure as the one just cited. *Il Vascillo Fantasma*, next on the list, will at once be recognized as another Italian version of *Der Fliegende Holländer*, first produced in Italian at Drury Lane, in 1870, during the brief directorate of Mr. George Wood, with the sensational title of *L'Olandese Dannato*, and but recently, it is almost needless to add, under the more familiar one of the *Flying Dutchman*, by Mr. Carl Rosa at the Lyceum—the English version, from the pen of Mr. J. P. Jackson. Mr. Gye having already presented *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser* to his patrons, it was doubtless hard to resist completing the triad by the addition of Wagner's other more practicable work. Further than this, the unanimous praise accorded, both by Wagnerites and non-Wagnerites, to the Elsa and Elizabeth of Mdlle. Albani, made it almost a *sine quâ non* that the gentle, fate-struck Senta should swell the catalogue of that accomplished lady's Wagnerian portrayals. The first of the two operas, unknown to the English public, is *Santa Chiara*, composed, many years since, by the Duke of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, whose earliest work, *Caillaud*, was produced at Her Majesty's Theatre as far back as 1852, with Mesdames Charton and De la Grange, Signor Calzolari and De Bassini, in the cast—all famous singers of their day. *Santa Chiara* was first heard at Coburg, in 1854, and the year following, was performed at the Opéra Impériale, in Paris, under the

title of *Sainte Claire*. The original libretto, by Mad. Birch Pfeiffer, is founded upon a Russian legend. The Czarewitch, Alexis, son of Peter the Great, being impressed with an idea that his wife, the Princess Charlotte, of Austria, is implicated in a conspiracy against him, administers to her, at supper, what he imagines to be a poisoned beverage. This dose, however, is not poison, but merely a narcotic, supplied by a friendly doctor, who has deceived the Czarewitch; and, just as her guilty husband, at the funeral State ceremony, is about to place a coronal of white roses on her brow, the Princess mechanically raises her hand, as if in menace. The appalled Alexis, persuaded that it is an avenging spirit, falls senseless to the ground. When prayers for the departed have been offered up, and the mournful train is out of sight and hearing, the Princess returns to consciousness, the same friendly doctor, the last to remain, conveying her, in disguise, from the Palace to a shelter beyond reach of discovery. The Princess ultimately seeks refuge at Naples, where, by her virtues and good deeds, she obtains so high a reputation for sanctity that the people call her "Santa Chiara." To Naples, moreover, "by a curious coincidence," the Czarewitch, in disgrace with his Imperial sire, also repairs for safety—followed, as it may be surmised, by two officers of the Czar, with orders to arrest him for high treason. Alexis is confronted in the streets of Naples, close by the religious house to which Santa Chiara has given her name. Armed with sword and dagger, the Czarewitch is apparently bent upon some dark purpose. On being summoned to surrender by one of the officers charged with his arrest, he prepares to defend himself; but no sooner are swords crossed than a figure clad in white appears before him, uttering, in sepulchral tones, the words, "Thou must die, Alexis!" Filled with horror at the accents of a voice which he recognizes as that of the wife he believes to have murdered, Alexis staggers back, overcome, and stabs himself with his dagger. The sequel need not be told. The foregoing is but a skeleton of the plot, which has other characters and incidents to diversify it. The chief of the officers despatched by the Czar to arrest his son, for instance, is in love with the Princess Charlotte, whom he met at Vienna before she became the wife of the Czarewitch, but to whom he has never spoken. This, of course, supplies what, time out of mind, has been looked upon as super-essential to opera. On the whole, the drama is interesting, and the music, we have reason to believe, superior to that of *Casilda*, its precursor from the same pen. About the *Nero* of M. Rubinstein, which is to be produced next season at the Théâtre Ventadour, it will be time enough to speak when it appears. That it will speak for itself, trumpet-tongued, may be taken for granted by those acquainted with the antecedents of the composer of the *Maccabees*. We may add that "three at least" (why not four at once?) of the foregoing operas are to be presented.

A mere glance at Mr. Gye's engagements for the season will suffice. The orchestra and chorus are as heretofore, Signors Vianesi and Beignani again sharing the conductorship between them. The list of prima-donnas comprises the names of Madame Adelina Patti, Mdlles. Albani and Zaré Thalberg, besides those of Mdlles. Bianchi, Marimon, D'Angeri, and other favorites. Mdlle. Scalchi is once more chief contralto; M. Capoul, Signors Nicolini, Marini, and Carpi, etc., are among the tenors; M. Manrel, Signors Graziani and Cologni head the baritones, Signors Baggiolo, Capponi, and Ciampi the basses. This would already form a highly-efficient company. The names of several artists, as yet unknown to our public, however, are added. Among these we find two tenors—Signors Gayarre and Tamagno—both enjoying a certain Continental repute. The difficulty that prevented Signor Gayarre from coming to London, in consequence, if we may credit protests, of his having pledged himself both to Covent Garden and Drury Lane, would seem to be surmounted; although we again see his name announced in the prospectus just advertised by Mr. Mapleson, for the forthcoming season at Her Majesty's Theatre. Signor Tamagno's appearance this year depending upon the results of an appeal to a superior Court, against a verdict recorded in favor of the Covent Garden director, Mr. Gye shows good faith in warning subscribers that the advent of that gentleman "cannot" for the present "be relied on." As we know nothing about the new singers announced, we merely cite their names:—Madame Ricci, Mdlles. Avigliana, Eva de Synneberg (her first appearance on the stage), Sonnino, Dotti, De Riti, Emma Sarda, and Signor Caracciolo—six ladies and one gentleman. It is to be hoped that out

of the seven some may be found serviceable. Two new dancers are announced—Mdlles. Helena and Laura Renters, besides the clever Mdlle. Girod. Mr. Carrodus retains his post as principal violin in the orchestra. Mr. Betjemann that of leader of the ballet, and Mr. Pittman that of organist; the leading "scenic artists" being Messrs. Dayes and Caney. In these respects no improvement could be desired. That old public favorite, Signor Tagliafico, by the way, instead of figuring, as for years gone by, as stage vocalist, is now appointed stage manager. We have nothing to add, except that Mr. Gye's prospectus invites all the more confidence inasmuch as he announces simply what it is his intention to do, without comment of his own, discreetly leaving that task to the public.

MR. MAPLESON'S PROGRAMME. After some hesitation as to where Mr. Mapleson should find a temporary home for his performances this season, the new house in the Haymarket has been fixed upon, and "Her Majesty's Opera" is once again to be located in Her Majesty's Theatre. The prospectus, already issued, informs us that the season will be a short one—of thirty nights, and that the house will open on the 28th inst. Without preliminary flourish the same official document comes directly to the point, on the strength of a list of singers with whom "engagements have been entered into." From the department of first ladies it suffices to single out Mdlle. Tietjens, Mesdames Trebelli-Bellini and Christine Nilsson, at once to enlist attention. To the names of these distinguished artists are added those of two others unknown to London—the first being Mdlle. Carolina Salla, a young dramatic soprano, now performing in Paris, at the Theatre Lyrique, the other a Mdlle. Mathilde Nandori, of whom we are unable to give any account. Few will regret to welcome back so practised an artist as Mdlle. Varesi, or an aspirant so young, attractive, and promising as Mdlle. Milla Rodani, both of whom, in addition to Mdlle. Valleria, are announced. Among the tenors who have yet to win their spurs in England we observe Signor Gayarre, which, considering that he played the hero of *La Favorita* on Saturday and Tuesday evenings at the Royal Italian Opera, and is to play in the *Huquenots* to-night, requires an explanation which will best come from Signor Gayarre himself. Two other tenors are named, of whom we have never heard till now; while a third, Signor Carrion, is, if we are not mistaken, a son of the at one period highly-esteemed Italian vocalist who bore the same name. That the services of Signors Fancelli and Rinaldini are again secured will surprise no one; while the engagement of the veteran Tamberlik may surprise many, though none, we believe, disagreeably. Tamberlik was last here in 1869, during the period of "coalition" between Messrs. Gye and Mapleson. A strong array of baritones and basses completes the catalogue, the names of Signors Rota, Del Puente, Galassi, Medini, and, last, not least, M. Faure, being conspicuous among them. Nothing is said bearing reference to orchestra and chorus, except that M. Sainton is to be leading violin, Mr. Smithson chorus-master, and Sir Michael Costa "director of the music and conductor." With regard to the repertory, besides selecting from twenty-five operas already familiar to the company, it is intended to add Gluck's *Armida* (adapted by Salvatore Marchesi,) in order to allow Mdlle. Tietjens an opportunity of assuming the character of Tasso's and Quinault's seductive enchantress. Rossini's *Otello* is to be revived for Nilsson, Faure, and Tamberlik; Cherubini's *Medea* for Tietjens, and what will perhaps excite more interest than anything else, Wagner's *Olandese Dannato* (*Flying Dutchman*), with Christine Nilsson as Senta and Faure as Van der Decken. If all these pledges are fulfilled there will be little to complain of. To musicians and connoisseurs the largest amount of interest is likely to attach to Gluck's *Armida*, first produced in Paris close upon a century ago (September, 1777—at the Académie Royale de Musique).—*Musical World*.

Music in London.

NEW PHILHARMONIC PROSPECTUS. The prospectus of the twenty-sixth season of these concerts is a remarkable document, looked upon as indicative of contemporary public taste. That we may so regard it few will deny, since *entrepreneurs* may always be trusted to give heed to the fashion of the moment rather than to ignore the commercial interests which cannot be kept out of even the regions of art. It is significant, therefore, that Dr. Wylde and Mr. Ganz

announce no fewer than eight selections, of more or less importance, from the works of Richard Wagner. These include the "Walkyrie Ride," the "Funeral March," and the "Liebeslied" (*Die Walküre*), from the *Niblungen Ring*; the Prelude of *Die Meistersinger*, the "Philadelphia March," the "Huldigungs March," and the Overtures to *The Flying Dutchman* and *Rienzi*. It is, perhaps, unfortunate that the performances of these works will take place almost simultaneously with the rendering of them, under the composer's direction, in the Albert Hall; but none the less do the joint conductors deserve praise for the spirit which prompts them to afford another opportunity of becoming familiar with works so much in dispute. Many of us may think that Wagner's music does not present the best model upon which to shape public taste, but, even so, nothing is gained—rather, much may be lost—by discouraging its performance. The bad in it can only have temporary vitality, and, for fear of the evanescent bad, we should not lose the abiding good. But the conductors extend their researches into contemporary art far beyond Richard Wagner's limited region. They offer the *Ocean Symphony* of Rubinstein—in itself enough, if well performed, to leave a mark upon the season. We are led to expect, further, the *Ländliche Hochzeit* Symphony of Goldmark, for the first time in England, and Dr. Ferdinand Hiller's "Dramatic Symphony." Herr Raff contributes his *Ode au Printemps*, for piano and orchestra, and a song, for voice and orchestra, "Traumkö: ig und sein Lieb." From Lachner the conductors have taken as an example of the *Ocean's* *Goodbye*; from Schubert, a "March Heroique," in A minor; from Liszt, a dramatic scene, "Jeanne d'Arc au bûcher," and from Sir Julius Benedict, his admirable Overture to *The Tempest*. We may leave these selections to speak for themselves in the hearing of all curious about contemporary musical thought, and also of those who are fond of reproaching English concert-givers with ultra conservatism. Messrs. Wylde and Ganz, however, do not propose neglecting the masters who hold strictly classical rank. Symphonies and concertos by the greatest composers will be presented, and, as the orchestra is numerous and efficient, there is no reason why the performances should not be attractive to amateurs whose admiration of modern music is small.—*Daily Telegraph*.

THE BACH CHOR. Nothing in connection with the present musical season gave more satisfaction than an announcement that the choir raised and trained last year by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt for the performance of Bach's Mass in B minor had constituted itself a permanent body. This result was hoped for as soon as it became evident that Mr. Goldschmidt commanded resources exceptional not only in point of efficiency but as regards social position and influence. We should be the last to entertain an idea that art is patronized, in the sense of having favor conferred upon it, when amateurs, no matter how "distinguished," come out of their retirement to lend it a helping hand. The honor is rather the other way; nevertheless, work done publicly for the cause of music by such a choir as that now named after the great Cantor, possesses a value beyond the common. Its tendency is to establish a precedent for making available the large store of musical skill acquired by higher and more cultivated classes of society. Time was when the suggestion that a lady or gentleman might take part in a public choral performance without loss of dignity would have been scouted as absurd, and even now it would hardly command universal assent. The Bach Choir, which includes in its ranks amateurs of the highest position, is a protest in favor of a better order of things, and every well-wisher to music hopes that the day may soon come when many such associations will exist, not for commercial purposes, but simply for the devotion to artistic progress of the culture and leisure which wealth is able to command. At present we have reason to believe the choir is strengthened, for public appearances, by the members of several professional bodies. This, however, can only be intended as a temporary arrangement pending the accession of the right sort of amateurs in sufficient force. For the purpose in view homogeneity should be sought, so that the whole may be animated by the same spirit and capable of making the same sacrifices. The prospectus of the choir for the present season is modest in point of quantity of work. But the base of English musical enterprises often is that we attempt too much. Either our notion of what constitutes an adequate performance is low, or we over-

estimate our powers of preparation. In any case the result is the same, and, though a good deal is done, little is accomplished, as well as it might be. The Bach Choir will not, this year, at all events, commit so serious a mistake. It gave us, on Wednesday last, at St. James's Hall, a repetition of the B minor Mass, and on Wednesday next it will perform a selection including Bach's cantata, *Ein feste Burg*; an anthem, in eight parts, by Sterndale Bennett; the "Sanctus," from Palestrina's *Missa Papa Marcelli*; and Gade's cantata, *Comala*. The Mass was rendered, its difficulties considered, in most commendable style, while there is every reason to believe that equal justice will be done to the remainder of the programme. On all accounts, therefore, the career of the Bach Choir as an established association opens well and with promise.

As the Mass in B minor received a large share of attention when produced twelve months ago, there is no need again to enter upon descriptive or critical details. But we must once more admire the union of patience and enthusiasm which enabled Mr. Goldschmidt and his amateurs to acquire such a mastery over its very great difficulties. The long and intricate choruses—many interesting only to the trained musical mind—were sung with the ease of perfect knowledge and a *verve* which showed that the performers adequately appreciated their character. Under the circumstances these results implied a good deal of hard work, only possible of accomplishment by rare ability and earnestness. The band, led by Herr Strans, emulated the merit of the chorus; and an admirable quartet of soloists was found in Mmes. Lemmens-Sherington, Mde. Patsey, Mr. Cummings, and Signor Foll. With regard to these artists, and looking at the excellence of their performance, too much cannot be said by way of praise; for, truth to tell, Bach's airs and duets are not only difficult, but terribly wearisome, uninteresting, and ineffective. [?] The connection of music and words is, strictly speaking, no connection at all; and the singer does little more than use his voice as one instrument among several engaged in the display of ingenious polyphonic exercises. His task is therefore a thankless one; but the artists of whom we now speak labored, painfully perhaps, yet with a zeal and success calling for warm acknowledgment. Herr Goldschmidt conducted in his usual able manner, though his *temps* sometimes errd, as it appeared to us, by being too slow.—T. E.

—Musical World.

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, APR. 19.—For the sake of removing any misapprehension that might exist in the minds of those unacquainted with the situation here, I desire to advert to the article copied from the *Chicago Musical Review* in regard to Esipoff and Rivé. The article itself (in so far as it says anything) is well enough, but it opens by saying that "some of the critics" in Chicago have said so and so, and that this "may have been their honest opinion." I rise here in regard to the "some," though whether I myself am in it or not I really don't know. We have in Chicago four morning papers that give musical criticisms: the *Tribune*, *Times*, *Inter-Ocean*, and *State-Zeitung*. The critic of the first I have already spoken of, Mr. Upton, an elegant writer and an experienced, honest and able critic. He has been the responsible critic of the *Tribune* for I believe about eighteen years. Mr. Upton pronounced in favor of Miss Rivé as a great artist before anybody else did here. The musical and dramatic editor of the *Times* is Mr. W. D. Eaton, at one time managing editor of the *Inter-Ocean*. Mr. Eaton is an experienced writer and a high-minded man, incapable of "turning in" opinions he did not believe. The *Times* has lately paid more attention to music than formerly, and in my opinion generally hits it pretty square. Both these papers have a large circulation of from thirty to sixty thousand copies a day. The *Inter-Ocean* is a newer paper. It has sunk several fortunes, and the "situation is still open." Its circulation is not great enough to seriously embarrass the paper makers; and in

consequence of its limited resources it goes somewhat slowly. It was started as an "administration organ" at a time when the *Tribune* fell from grace. The musical critic of the *Inter-Ocean* is Mr. Geo. B. Armstrong, an excellent young gentleman who a year or so ago was reporter in another department of the paper. Mr. Armstrong is honest and well-meaning, but for some reason hatches out some rather unexpected ideas. When Sherwood was here he pronounced him a "mere pounder," without any musical feeling whatever. This was in amusing contrast with the *Times* and *Tribune*, both of which recognized in him a superior pianist especially notable for the musical quality of his playing. Miss Amy Fay got much better notices in the *Inter-Ocean* than Sherwood. The *Staats Zeitung* is a widely circulated German paper. Its musical critic seems to be a thoroughly well informed man. Now the long and short of it is that there were on one side three critics; on the other side one, and he by all odds the least experienced of the lot, and not a musician himself. Yet here he comes in the *Chicago Musical Review* saying that "some of the critics say so and so." Decidedly I should say that some do say so. And there is "some" sense to it.

I have not strung this out merely for the moral in this instance, but to give you an idea of the standing of these papers; for when one gets a thousand miles from home, such is the journalistic ability to conceal ignorance, it is difficult sometimes to determine whether a paper represents knowledge or not.

There has been a great deal of music here. Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue. The programmes are great and splendidly played. For instance, the sixth, seventh and eighth:

VI.

1. Grand Prelude and Fugue in E minor.....Bach (Peter's Ed., Book II, No. 9.)
2. Ave Maria.....Arcadelt-Liszt
3. Rondo Caprice.....Buck
4. Aria—"O God have Mercy".....Mendelssohn Mr. Jas. Gill.
5. Sonata in C minor, No. 3.....Merkel
6. Song—"Ines was beautiful".....Cowen Mr. Gill.
7. Two Canonic Studies, B major and B minor, Schumann
8. Morceau de Concert, Op. 24.....Gulimant

VII.

1. Prelude and Fugue in A minor.....Bach
2. "Canzonetta" from 1st Quartet.....Mendelssohn (Best.)
3. Etude in C sharp minor.....Chopin (Op. 10, No. 4. Arranged by Haupt.)
4. Aria—"Jerusalem, thou that killest" Mendelssohn Mrs. O. L. Fox.
5. Sonata in E flat.....Dudley Buck
6. Song—"The Wild Rose Bud,".....Schubert Mrs. Fox.
7. a.) Communion in G, Op. 4, No. 1.....Battista b.) Fanfare.....Lemmens
8. Concert Adagio in E, op. 85.....Merkel
9. Schiller March (Best's arr.).....Meyerbeer

VIII.

- [Principal numbers only.]
- Grand Prelude and Fugue in G minor.....Bach
 - Concerto in G, No. 1.....Handel
 - Theme and Variations in A.....Hesse
 - Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue.....Thiele

To give an idea of what is doing here in the way of organ study I may mention that one of Mr. Eddy's pupils, Miss Carrie Kingman, has played in public here successfully no less a work than Thiele's "Concert-satz in C minor," and next Wednesday at the pupils' matinee of the Hershey School will play Thiele's "Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue." Mr. Peter Lutkin, another pupil, plays next Wednesday the whole of Mendelssohn's "Second Sonata." Lutkin has been guilty before now of bringing the whole of a great prelude and fugue of Bach's, and playing it by heart for a single lesson. He is a young gentleman about sixteen I suppose, and has been organist at the Cathedral (P. E.) here for some years.

There is a new quartette society formed here by

Mr. Adolph Liesegang, whose Philharmonic Society came to grief,—in short, died, after only one concert. Were it in point I would propose that on its tombstone be printed the child's epitaph copied from an old stone:

"If I so soon was done for,
Pray what was I begun for?"

The first soirée of the Quartette Society was given at Hershey Hall, April 2, and brought a Mozart quartet in G, and Schumann's (pianoforte) quintet, besides some rubbish. The second came last Monday night and the programme as played was this:

1. Quartet in G minor (piano).....Mozart
2. Song—"The Requitel,".....Blumenthal Miss Curtis.
3. Violoncello Solo: "Rouvenir de Spa,".....Servais Mr. Liesegang.
4. Organ Sonata in D.....Gulimant Mr. Cresswold.
5. Aria—"Pieta, pieta,".....Meyerbeer Miss Curtis.
6. Quartet in F (No. 1).....Beethoven

The Mozart quartet was beautifully played, Mme. Kloss taking the piano part. The Beethoven quartet also went well. These gentlemen have the technical ability and the taste to do the work they are undertaking, and I hope they will stick to it. Their names are Dr. Jordan, Mr. Baethge, Mr. Herman Allen, and A. Liesegang.

I was very glad that your Oberlin correspondent gave the Mendelssohn Quintette a rub for their trashy programmes. They played a matinee in Hershey Hall to a very small audience, which was small only because the programme opened with the "Overture to William Tell" ("in words of one syllable" the *Times* said) and followed all the way through in that key, except two movements from a Haydn quartet. I am very glad the time has gone by in Chicago when such a programme will draw. Mr. Eddy's sixth organ recital in the same hall two hours before had a larger audience. You can see how far that was drawn by a "popular programme." I am sorry to see this useful organization falling behind in this way. The *Times* remembered when they played a matinee here six years ago with three entire quartets,—which was the other extreme.

Meanwhile, I am

DEB FRETSCHUTZ.

NEW YORK.—(Concluded from Page 16.) On Tuesday evening Apr. 10, Mr. Emil Liebling, the young pianist from Chicago, whose name is already known to the readers of this Journal, gave a concert at Steinway Hall. Mr. Liebling played to a large audience and his performance was received with favor. His first piece was Bach's Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, arranged by F. Liszt. This we came too late to hear. His next selections were: a. In der Nacht; b. Ende vom Lied, R. Schumann; c. Etude en Octaves, Th. Kullak. Subsequently he played three Chopin numbers: a. Etude, C minor; b. Prelude, D flat; c. Scherzo, Op. 39, C sharp minor. His closing selections were: a. Soirées de Vienne, and b. Polonaise Heroique, E major, F. Liszt.

Mr. Liebling has studied to good purpose, and impressed us as being an earnest and conscientious artist. His technique is excellent, and in left hand passages particularly firm and even; and his performance was free from mannerism. His powers of execution were best displayed in the Study in Octaves, and in the Liszt pieces. In ideally, which is not a power but an inspiration, he seemed deficient and therefore there was something lacking to the full enjoyment of the Schumann and the Chopin music, although the playing was above the average degree of excellence. To be able to interest a large audience with such music is an indication of merit in any pianist, and Mr. Liebling's debut here was certainly successful. The other artists who appeared at this concert were as follows: Miss Anna Drasdil, who sang the "Gebet" of Ferd. Hiller and Schumann's "Aufenthalt;" Sig. G. Tagliapietra, who sang "Les Rameaux" by Faure and his own "Dream of Love;" and Mr. Otto Soldan, a young violinist, who played "La Melancholie" by F. Prume and an *Élegie* of his own composition. A. A. C.

NEWPORT, R. I., APRIL 20, 1877.—Lost readers of the Journal should think that the cultivation of good music is utterly neglected in Rhode Island, I send enclosed the

programmes of a series of "Two Classical Subscription Matinees" given in Barney's Hall, Providence, on Friday afternoons March 2d and April 13th by Mr. Robert Bonner of that city, with the assistance of his pupil, Mr. J. H. Mason of Providence, and of Messrs. J. C. Mullaly and Wulf Fries of Boston.

First Matinée.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, Op. 99, in B flat..... Schubert
Allegro moderato—Andante un poco mosso—Scherzo, Allegro—Rondo, Allegro vivace.
2. Sonate for Piano and Cello, Op. 58, in D, Mendelssohn
Allegro assai vivace—Allegretto scherzando—Adagio, Molto allegro e vivace.
3. Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 13, in G, (new)..... Ed. Grieg
Lento doloroso, Allegro vivace—Allegretto tranquillo—Allegretto animato.
4. Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, Op. 8, in G minor, (first time)..... Chopin
Allegro con fuoco—Scherzo, con moto ma non troppo—Adagio—Finale, Allegretto.

Second Matinée.

1. Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, Op. 63, in D minor..... Schumann
Mit Energie und Leidenschaft—Scherzo, lebhaft, doch nicht zu rasch—Langsam mit inniger Empfindung—Mit Feuer.
2. Sonate for Piano and Cello, Op. 18, in D, Rubinstein
Allegro con moto—Allegretto—Allegro.
3. Sonate for Piano and Violin, Op. 8, No. 2, in E flat..... Hauptmann
Allegro—Larghetto un poco sostenuto—Rondo, Allegretto.
4. Chromatische Fantasie und Fuge for Piano in D minor..... Bach
5. Trio for Piano, Violin and Cello, in A flat, Haydn
Allegro moderato—Adagio—Rondo, vivace.

* Mr. Mason.

The writer was unavoidably absent from the first concert. The second was from an artistic point of view very successful. Mr. Mason, a talented young pianist, deserves great credit for his fine performance of the piano parts in the Schumann Trio and the Hauptmann Sonata.

The Trio is a great work and thoroughly characteristic of its author in its complicated and restless rhythms, especially in the first and third movements. But these and other difficulties of the work were mastered by the performers, and as a whole, it went finely.

The Rubinstein Sonata for Piano and Cello is full of beautiful melody, and well-sustained throughout. It is very invigorating and in parts seemed to almost need a full orchestra instead of the two instruments for which it was written. It was splendidly given by Messrs. Bonner and Wulf Fries.

Hauptmann's Sonate is a fine piece of writing and improves with every hearing. It was finely played.

Bach's great chromatic fantasia and fugue came next, but words on this are vain. One must know it to appreciate or enjoy it. Under Mr. Bonner's fingers it spoke for itself.

The trio of Haydn, genial, bright and restful after the other great works, brought the concert to a fitting close.

The Providence Journal of April 14th said, "The Subscription Concerts of Mr. Bonner have been attended by the most accomplished of our musical public and done much to instruct as well as to give pleasure, and it is to be hoped that they may be continued another season."

This is very true with regard to those present. Yet the people of that city do not seem to sufficiently appreciate their native talent, or the opportunities offered by these concerts for communion with the great masters of musical expression.

Mr. Bonner has for several seasons undertaken at considerable risk these series of concerts simply from his love of his art and his desire to further its cause. Surely such praiseworthy efforts should meet with more encouragement than they have yet received, and Providence will have only herself to blame if the hope expressed by the Journal is not realized, and she loses these delightful sources of instruction and pleasure.

A. G. L.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 12, 1877.

The Festival.

The Fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society begins next Wednesday evening (May 16). The sale of tickets has been large; the chorus rehearsals have been growing more frequent and more earnest as the time approached; full re-

hearsals of chorus, orchestra and soloists will begin to-night; and there is every prospect of a grand success. A fine list of principal singers is announced, and, for the first time, they are all Americans. For Sopranos, Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Miss EMMA C. THURSBY; Contraltos, Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY and Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPPS; Tenors, Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS (who has long held a high position in the Imperial Opera at Vienna, and who will be welcomed back with some enthusiasm to the scene of his old triumphs) and Mr. WM. J. WINCH; Basses, our two stalwart Handelian "men of war," Messrs. J. F. WINCH and M. W. WHITNEY. The chorus will have 600 voices, thoroughly drilled by CARL ZERRAUN, and at the Great Organ will sit as usual Mr. B. J. LANG. There will be six concerts as follows:

Wednesday Evening, May 16.

Mendelssohn's Oratorio "Elijah."

Thursday Afternoon, May 17.

Psalm 124, "The Spacious Firmament,"..... Marcellio
"Noli"—Christmas Cantata by..... Saint-Saëns
And Selections by the principal Artists and Orchestra.

Thursday Evening, May 17.

"Christmas Oratorio"—Parts I and II..... J. S. Bach
Redemption Hymn..... J. C. D. Parker
Song of Victory..... Ferdinand Hiller

Friday Evening, May 18.

Handel's Oratorio of "Samson."

Saturday Afternoon, May 19.

Grand Concert by Principal Vocalists, B. J. Lang, Pianist, and Grand Orchestra.

Sunday Evening, May 20.

Handel's Oratorio, "Israel in Egypt."

The three great Oratorios have been more or less familiar here,—*Samson* and *Israel* more so formerly than of late years, and probably we shall now hear a more complete and adequate performance of *Israel* than we have ever had before. All the shorter Oratorios or Cantatas, and the Marcellio Psalm will be wholly new here, and of decided interest. The miscellaneous portion of the two afternoon concerts will be chiefly given to the solo singers, with some overtures and shorter pieces, but no Symphony, by the fine orchestra which has been made up.

Certainly there is great variety and freshness in the programme, and the length of the Festival will be less exhausting than in former seasons.

Besides the love of music, a patriotic motive is appealed to in the most generous manner by the announcement of the Society that "One half of the profits of the Festival will be given to the Old South fund."

Bach's "Christmas Oratorio."

The "Christmas Oratorio" was composed in 1724. It is doubtful whether Bach wrote it as one independent whole, or whether it is to be regarded as a connected series of several of those church Cantatas, one of which he composed for every Sunday's service, besides festival days, in the Thomas Church in Leipzig, for some six years, leaving behind him more than three hundred Cantatas, most of which were sung once and laid upon the shelf, only to see the light within the last twenty years in the invaluable volumes of the Bach-Gesellschaft. After so grandly celebrating the sorrows and the crucifixion of the Son of Man in his unrivalled *St. Matthew Passion-music*, it was natural that he should also sing the joyful Feast of the Nativity. The Oratorio is in six parts, each having the form of a complete Cantata, consisting of orchestral symphony, arias, chorals, and elaborate choruses. Each part was performed on a separate day,—the first three on Christmas and the two following days, the fourth on New Year's Day, the fifth on the Sunday after New Year, and the sixth on the Epiphany or Twelfth-day. Only the first two parts can be given in the pres-

ent Festival, for the reason that this, like nearly all the choral works of Bach and Handel, required that the instrumental accompaniments, for the most part only sketched or hinted in the original scores, should be wrought out and completed in the same manner that Robert Franz has done it for the *Passion-music*, and he has performed this service as yet only for Parts I and II.

PART I.—As in the *Passion-music*, the connecting narrative (from Luke ii, 1-7) is consigned to a tenor voice, in recitative, in the character of *Evangelist*. It opens in a most jubilant and joyful prelude,—first with drums, which wake to life the trumpets, flutes, oboes, bassoon, strings, organ, etc., leading in the inspiring chorus, "Jauchzet! frohlocket!" ("Christians, be joyful!") Then the narrative begins (tenor recitative): "Now it came to pass," etc.,—six verses. This affords a theme for sweet meditation expressed in the alto recitative and aria: "Prepare thyself, Zion, . . . haste with ardor the Bridegroom to welcome," etc.,—a chaste, naïve, simple melody, (allegretto, 3-8, in A minor), full of virgin piety and tenderness, growing in fervor to the end.

But now serious and mournful strains are heard in the midst of the rejoicing. The old Lutheran Choral, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," the same which Bach has introduced five times, variously harmonized, in the *Passion*, appears now again, to the words of Paul Gerhard's Advent Hymn, "How shall I fitly meet thee," and again in a new four-part setting of inimitable beauty and expression. C. H. Bitter says: "We see the Angel of Death unveil his pale face, bend over the cradle of the Lord, and foretell his sorrows. The Child hears the song which, one day, sung to other words (*Passion*, No. 72), will be his death-song." The Choral dies away sadly in soft tones, and the Evangelist goes on, "And she brought forth her first-born Son," etc. A simple, touching picture, only a few bars of recitative, with oboes, expressing the mother's self-forgetting love.

The next piece (No. 7) is most original and interesting in its form, as well as in its musical ideas. It combines orchestral symphony, a Choral, "For us to earth He cometh poor," sung in unison by trebles only, line by line intermittently, in alternation with short reflective sentences of bass recitative, "Who rightly can the love declare?" etc. The independent and developed instrumental motive which preludes, accompanies, and finishes the whole, is most lovely in itself, and the three elements in combination form a whole of rare and perfect beauty. The jubilant vein returns in No. 8, the strong and brilliant bass aria (in D, 2-4), with trumpets, "Lord Almighty, King all glorious;" and the first part ends with another choral ("Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her,") here sung to quaint words from Luther's Christmas hymn, "Ach, mein herzliebes Jesulein, Mach' dir ein rein sanft Bettelein," translated in our English text, "Ah! dearest Jesus, holy child, make thee a bed, soft, undefiled," etc. The choral is accompanied, and in spite of its innocent and childlike images has stirring trumpet interludes between the lines, which make it at the same time a song of triumph,—a proclamation of the Saviour's birth to all the lands.

PART II. opens with that exquisite pastoral symphony, the masterpiece of all compositions of its kind, which has been heard here occasionally through the Thomas Orchestra. It is in the key of G, in the same broad, tranquil 12-8 measure with that in the "Messiah" which Handel borrowed from Corelli. It is a delicate and lovely idyl, suggesting a scene of purity and peace and holy influence,—shepherds watching their flocks by night. The first theme is sustained by the string quartet;

the two violin parts, as one answers the other, strengthened by two flutes. They cease for a few measures while a second motive, a sweet cradle song, is heard from two pairs of obsolete reed instruments (2 *Oboi d'amore*, 2 *Oboi di caccia*), whose sound must have been peculiarly pastoral. Modern instruments (oboes, English horns, etc.) must replace these; and here comes in again the loving service of Robert Franz, as well as in the filling out of the middle harmony in general. The strings and flutes resume their melody, the reeds reply in snatches of their own, and all the motives, all the parts, are wrought together with consummate art and beauty, leaving the impression of a perfect night of holy stillness, and pervaded by a light from other worlds, whereat the watching shepherds become "sore afraid." The Evangelist resumes the narrative, "There were shepherds," etc., in a wonderful bit of recitative, in which both the vocal phrases and the singularly well-chosen harmonies give one the sense of a clear and crystal atmosphere of miracle. "The glory of the Lord" shines about us, too, as we listen. The solemn choral, "Break forth, O beauteous, heavenly Light," fitly hails the unspeakable significance and promise of the hour, forming the prelude to the soft soprano of the angel, "Behold, I bring you good tidings," sustained by long drawn chords of the string quartet. Again the reflective element comes in in a short bass recitative (No. 14), followed by (No. 15) the exhorting aria for tenor, "Haste, ye shepherds, haste to meet Him," an elaborately florid melody, but of exceeding beauty if the delivery be adequate. It is a strictly three-part composition,—for flute, tenor voice, and *basso continuo*, with organ to complete the harmony. (This aria is prudently omitted in many performances.)

16-17. After the words of the gospel, "Ye shall find a babe wrapped in swaddling clothes," etc., we hear again the same choral with which the first part ended, this time in another key and differently harmonized to suit the words, "Within yon gloomy manger lies the Lord," etc. The four voice parts are sustained in unison by the quartet of strings and of the same reeds that took part in the "Pastorale," and these latter still continue to accompany the bass recitative which follows, in which the instrumental bass breaks into arpeggio figures, making a harp-like prelude to the "Cradle Song," which "all with one accord" are exhorted to sing "to soothe the infant Lord." But Bach, with a delicate, true instinct, makes the song an alto solo; it is the voice of the mother to her child, "Sleep, my beloved" (No. 10), one of the loveliest of innocent and heartfelt melodies, too well known here to need description. The four reeds of the pastoral oboe family continue to move in unison with the violins and viola, and the flute goes with the voice, while the bass below keeps up a rocking motion. But observe how the voice in entering hangs entranced through three bars on the one note, "Sleep," leaving the sympathetic instruments to carry on the melody, then drops unconsciously down and lingers upon lower tones before taking up the melody itself, which naturally grows more fervent and more florid in the second part.

The second part ends (or mainly ends) as the first part began, with a great chorus (No. 21). It is the multitude of the heavenly host singing, "Glory to God in the highest!" Bitter's description will serve here. "Instantly they are here, the heavenly hosts, all simultaneously, with loud jubilation and in richly colored sounds, these voices of the mighty chorus, supported by full orchestra, singing the praise of the Most High. A wreath of shining blossoms soars and circles; with might and freedom all are striving, pressing upward. And 'peace on earth' resounds in the midst of it, borne up by

softly-broken chords upon the tranquil *organ-point* of the bass, in gentler manner, until the jubilee bursts forth anew. With the words, 'Unto men in whom he is well pleased,' the wreath entwines itself more and more richly in radiant curves and windings, until, completed as it were by angel hands, and briefly summing up the leading motives, the sound dies out as if lost in the clouds. In fact, there is a grandeur and a splendor in this composition that befits the festal day on which the Lord, in fulfilment of his promises, has sent his only begotten Son into the world. Joyful and exalted we look up to the light-gleaming clouds whence the song streams forth, and which we find, as in a Raphael's picture, all alive with hundreds of thousands of shining angels' heads." If this chorus forms the climax of this second part, yet not the less interesting is the short and beautiful postlude or reflection which Bach adds in (No. 22) a sentence of bass recitative, "Tis right that angels thus should sing," and then (No. 23) for the third time, that Choral which concluded the first part; but not, as then, with trumpet tones, and not, as in No. 17, in calm and serious contemplation of the lowly cradle of the Lord, but in response to the angelic chorus and in greeting to the new-born child. It is the human group assembled with the mother around the cradle. This time the measure of the choral melody is changed to the broad and tranquil 12-8 of the pastoral symphony, the second theme of which is brought back in the intervals between the choral verses by the flutes and oboes of the orchestra, so that by this exquisite device the second part concludes as it began.

If these two parts of the "Christmas Oratorio" make fortunately their due impression, it surely will have to be accepted as a foregone conclusion that the entire work must be brought out before another season passes.

Concerts.

MADAME RUDERSDORFF, with a number of her pupils, past and present, gave a somewhat unique and very interesting *Matinée*, at Union Hall, on Saturday, April 28, of which here is the programme:

Part Song, "Sleep, noble child,".....Cherubini
Madame Rudersdorff's Pupils.
Aria—"Menti eterne,".....Handel
Madame Rudersdorff.
Song—"I am a Roamer," (From "Son and Stranger,").....Mendelssohn
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
Romanza—"Ah Fatima," (Abu Hassan).....Weber
Miss Clara Stutman.
Quartet—"I scarcely dare to trust," (Rival beauties).....Randegger
Miss Fanny Kellogg, Dr. Langmaid,
Mr. ——— and Mr. M. W. Whitney.
Ballata—"C'era una volta un principe," (Guaranzy),
Gomez
Miss Emma Thurnaby.
Piano-forte Solo, Fantasia in F minor, op. 49. Chopin

Nursery Rhymes—"Humpty Dumpty," "Old King Cole," Arranged after H. Farmer by

E. Rudersdorff
Madame Rudersdorff's Pupils.
Song—Romanza from "Masaniello,".....Auber
Dr. Langmaid.
Romanza—"T'amo d'amor dolcissimo,".....Salaman
Madame Rudersdorff.
Piano-forte Solo. Barcarole. Op. 183.
Theodore Kullak

Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
Kinderlieder, { a. "Little Jacob,"
b. "The farmer and the pigeons,"
c. "Little Ladybug," }
Taubert

Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Song—"I love my love,".....W. H. I. Graham
Miss Emma Thurnaby.
Quintet—"Di scrivermi" (Coal fan tutte).....Mozart
Miss Kellogg, Miss Stutman, Dr. Langmaid,
Mr. ——— and Mr. M. W. Whitney.

The three-part chorus from Cherubini's *Blanche de Provence* was sung by the same young ladies (about sixteen of them), who sang it at a Harvard Concert, and with the same beautiful blending of rich, pure voices and fine light and shade; we only question the propriety of that explosive accent upon each utterance of the word "sleep!" which sounded more like *wake!* The Nursery Rhymes, too, were full of an exquisite, quaint humor, and charmingly sung, the accompanying *twiddles* of the "fiddlers three" being happily hinted by a portion of the voices; while Madame herself stood in the front conducting as if it were Mother Goose in person.—The Quartet by Randegger and the Quintet by Mo-

zart were given with the refinement, the artistic spirit and the fine blending of choice qualities of tone to be expected from such singers, the anonymous baritone proving that he had little need of such a screen.

Mme. RUDERSDORFF herself sang the impassioned Aria from Handel's *Lotario* with all her old fire and energy and thorough understanding of this noble school of song; and she was equally at home in the softer sentiment of the piece by Salaman. Miss THURNABY'S exquisite bird-like voice, and facile, florid vocalization appeared to rare advantage in the Ballata by Gomez, which in itself is of slight importance otherwise than as a showpiece for a singer. Her ballad, too, was sweetly sung, in a true sustained *cantabile*. Miss FANNY KELLOGG was happy again in rendering the spirit and the beauty of the little Taubert songs. Dr. LANGMAID and Mr. WHITNEY both sang admirably, the latter revealing a *vis comica* in the Pedlar's song, by which some were agreeably surprised. Mr. SHAWWOOD'S contributions were of his usual excellence.

Miss EMMA ASBOTT, the much discussed, much advertised American Soprano, who has been studying abroad in Paris and chiefly in Italy, and who is not without experience on the operatic stage, made her first appearance before a Boston audience in two Concerts at the Music Hall on Thursday evening, May 3, and Saturday afternoon, May 5. The great Hall was very nearly full on both occasions. The programmes, to be sure, were of the commonplace description commonly called "popular," but there was great enthusiasm. Miss ASBOTT has an upper voice of remarkable purity and clear, vibrating quality; her intonation is perfect; her execution facile, even, highly finished; and she has the art of holding out, diminishing and swelling a tone to a degree which we have hardly heard surpassed. Some of her middle tones are a little obscure, dry, slightly nasal; but she sings always with expression, feeling and refinement; and with great animation and vitality, even with fine *espiglerie* in such scenes as the duet with the old sergeant from the *Fille du Regiment*, in which she was well matched with FERRANTI, droll as ever. Her voice, we should have said, is of slender, wire-drawn calibre; and of its "linked sweetness long drawn out." Its exquisitely shaded pianissimo, in sentimental pieces, we felt at times a surfeit. But then again she would come out in a strong passage with a resonant and vibrating tone of glorious breadth and freedom. Her best power, however, seemed to us to lie in the lighter and more ornamental music, that which the voice can play withal. We unfortunately lost her largest, most dramatic selection, the "Robert, toi que j'aime" of Meyerbeer, in which we hear she made a very marked impression; and Handel's "I know that my Redeemer," put upon her programme without her own knowledge, was wisely omitted.

The song of Mignon (Ambroise Thomas): "Know'st thou the land," was sung with great feeling and refinement. So too was the singularly operatic, florid and elaborate setting of the well-known hymn: "Nearer, my God, to thee." As a singer of Scotch and English ballads she is certainly very superior. Perhaps nothing which she did showed more of an original, peculiar power than her embellished and fantasia-like delivery of "Auld Lang Syne." The lady altogether impresses us as full of life and talent; and with more experience, particularly in the nobler kinds of music, she may take a conspicuous rank among fine singers.

Her assistants were Sig. FERRANTI, the irresistible buffo, full of good nature and of fun, whose voice has all the rich Italian warmth of his complexion, and whose songs of "Morra," "Femine, femine," "Vedi Napoli," etc., are more grotesque than ever; Sig. BRIGNOLI, whose tenor voice is just as fine as it always was, and who is the same admirable singer, though we heard him this time only in English (American) ballads;—and Mr. WM. R. CASE, rather more than a respectable pianist, from the Conservatoire of Paris.

It remains to speak of Mme. ESSIRORFF'S six afternoon Concerts, which have drawn deeply interested audiences to Union Hall this week, and of the remarkable exhibition of Mr. EICHENROD'S Violin Classes,—four and twenty fiddlers, two thirds of them young girls.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB gave the third concert of its fourth season in the Music Hall last evening. On this occasion it introduced its auxiliary chorus of ladies, and the programme was as follows:

- Ave Verum. Mixed chorus.....Mozart
Psalm XXXIII. Female voices.....Schubert
To the Sons of Art. Boylston Club.....Mendelssohn
The Water Lily. Mixed chorus.....Gade
a. Birdling. { Female voices, { Rubinstein
b. The Cuckoo. {
Early Spring. Mixed chorus.....Mendelssohn
The Long Day Closes. Boylston Club.....Sullivan
My Love is Far Away. Mixed chorus.....Osgood
a. In May-time, { Boylston Club.
b. Do I ever Think of Thee? { Billster
Abt

- a. Down in a Dewy Dell. Female voices, { Smart
b. Cipstan Chorus. Boylston Club, {
My Love's like a red, red Rose. Mixed chorus, { Garrett

Guarda che Blanca Luna. Boylston Club.....Campana
Glee, "Allen-a-Dale." Mixed chorus....De Pearsall
In the letter written to the *Globe* by Mr. Osgood, a few weeks since, the object of the club in its future efforts was stated to be the union of two separately drilled choruses, which should be heard each by itself as well as in combination with the other. It is a unique plan, so far as we know, but judging from last night's performance it must prove as fascinating as it is unusual. The best illustration of the merits of the case is to be found in the contrast between the different selections on the list, which is varied enough to keep the attention untiringly and to a certain richness not attained in any other way. In the selection of voices Mr. Osgood has, as usual, shown his good judgment, and the results of their training reflect very strongly his admirable ability as a leader. The female voices are all as fresh and sweet as one could imagine, and are strong enough to bear severe test without a perceptible diminution of their power or their mellowness. A clearer, more resonant body of altes we never heard, while the sopranos united give a body of tone of almost flawless purity. There could be an addition of a few voices to either part, for the reason that the male voices are at times a trifle too strong for the others. This, however, is an advantage even while it suggests an increase of force; for it shows what a splendidly full and resonant volume comes from male voices which have been so carefully improved by separate training. There is no chorus in Boston certainly, that has such a magnificent corps of tenors and basses; and in this is to be seen one of many reasons why the uniting of two choirs like these gives a result not quite reached by the practice of the chorus with reference only to combined effects. At future concerts it is the intention of the society to produce some important choral works, which this array of force will enable it to do in grand style. Last night, as will be seen by the programme, the selections were with one or two exceptions, familiar. The character of such as were chosen, however, was of the ripest sort and the performances were well-nigh faultless. In selecting such works for the first concert as were tolerably well-known much wisdom was shown. It was the very best opportunity to disclose what the united choruses could do at the outset of their career, and so gave royal promise for the future, when the more extended works are brought out. Mr. Osgood's song was one in a list of six eclogues. We must candidly say that he has made his music rather too strong and brilliant for the sentiment of the words, but as to the effect of the composition in itself there can be but one opinion, and that a favorable one. There is a certain dramatic flavor about it which is very captivating. It was exceedingly well sung, and a high sustained note for the sopranos was given with delightful clearness and a refreshingly positive accuracy. Hiller's "Dame Cuckoo" is a very sprightly catch and full of a quaint realism quite picturesque in its effect. The two songs by Smart were admirable specimens of part-writing for the two kinds of voices. To instance all the numbers would be to give a succession of eulogistic phrases for the performance of so many different works, all judiciously selected, carefully varied and sung with every requisite of light and shade, a thorough intelligence, rare unity and unflinching surety of attack. Among all the rest, our preference would incline us to the selections by Mozart, Schubert and Gade, as most exquisite in themselves and most exquisitely done. In the future we may look for grand achievements by the Boylston Club and its female chorus. The concert of last evening is a certain pledge of this and of the wisdom which suggested the enlargement of the original chorus. There will be one more concert this season somewhere about the 23d of May.—*Globe*, April 19.

THE APOLLO CLUB gave an admirable example in their last week's concert of what a pitch of perfection part-singing can be brought to. Yet it is difficult not to bring in the ungracious "but" very soon in speaking of these concerts. The programme was as follows:—

1. Night on the Ocean.....Brambach

2. He's the Man to Know.....Zweller
3. Diet: The Lord is a Man of War.....Havdel
4. Wanderer's Night Song.....Tens
5. Bass Solo: The Bell Ringer.....Wallace
6. Scene from Lohengrin.....Wagner
7. At Sunset (Tenor Solo and Chorus).....Billster
8. Bass Solo: I am a Roamer.....Mendelssohn
9. Evening Scene.....Dehois
10. Italian Salad.....Gade
11. Morning.....Rubinstein

The performance of all the concerted numbers in the above list was as near perfection as the soul of man can well desire, excepting, now and then, some bits of faulty elocution. But it is painful to see such excellent material spent on such a programme. Whether it is in the bounds of possibility to form an interesting, even a merely unfatiguing programme of music for male voices only is a question about which there may be two opinions,—I for one do not think it is. Let it not seem ungracious to say this: I know that the Apollo Club gives these concerts—which are entirely private affairs—to give pleasure to their friends and for the enjoyment of singing together. The audience is an invited audience, not wholly of a distinctly musical character, and if we of the press are invited too, we have no right to turn up our critical noses. The point I wish to make is this: A club like the Apollo have no right—that is, no moral right, for a legal right they certainly have—to give concerts on such a scale merely for their own amusement and for the sake of giving an only semi-musical audience pleasure. They have the most transcendent means of performing, or doing their part towards performing all that is greatest, highest and also most difficult in choral music. They have done Art in Boston one great service, the same service that Mr. Thomas did with his orchestra in 1869: they have shown us what a technically fine performance is. That is already a great deal, but they should not stop here: they should direct their efforts to producing really worthy works. The Boylston Club have already taken a great step forward in throwing open their door to women's voices. By so doing they have increased their repertory about two thousand per cent. Show me a really fine work for male chorus, and I can show you twenty as fine, or finer for mixed chorus. Let no one fall back on the German *Liedertafel* as an example. They have beer and tobacco. Bring in the element of beer and tobacco, and you put the whole affair upon an entirely different footing. It is no longer to be looked upon as a musical example—as the Germans say: *musikalisch*—and whether it sets a good or bad one is no matter. The Apollo club entertainments are on such a scale that they cannot but be looked upon as concerts with a musical object, and the example they set—and only think of the prestige their example has—is undeniably had. It is a maxim of equity that a man may amuse himself as he likes as long as he does his neighbor no harm. But by giving such a programme with such erlat, the Apollo Club sets an example which does do harm to the musical culture of our city. There! I have had my say, and feel better after it. The solo performances did something towards giving variety to the occasion and were, especially the rollicking piffar's song from the *Sea and Stranger*, capitally sung.—*Courier*.

THE MUSIC HALL CONCERTS. The concerts given in Music Hall, Friday evening and Saturday afternoon, were attended by large audiences, and gave general satisfaction. The programmes presented a great variety of music, and were long enough to satisfy the most voracious amateur. But the old proverb about the inch and the ell again proved its truth. Each concert was tediously lengthened by the rapacious greed of the encore thieves. Has it never occurred to these people who take by force without paying, that their conduct is wonderfully like that of the late Mr. Turpin? The New York Glee Club sang glee, part-songs, and the like from English and German composers, with their habitual finish. It now includes, in addition to Misses Beebe and Finch and Messrs. Nilsen, Baird and Aiken, two new singers, Mrs. Anna B. Hills, an excellent contralto, and Mr. George Elard, a light tenor. There were included in the programmes four part songs by Mr. Goldbeck. We wish that Mr. Goldbeck's songs were less artificial as a rule. Occasionally he writes a phrase of real beauty and positive inspiration. Mr. Florio's song, *Beneath a Willow*, with his own lines for text, was very charming. A part song by Abt. was also a setting of words by Mr. Florio, who, as a poet, has apparently followed the lead of Herrick and other old English writers. For vocal solos, Miss Cary sang English Italian and French songs and arias, and Miss Beebe, a bright little song by Schubert. Miss Cary's voice has acquired amid Russian snows a wonderful brilliancy, which, with its natural richness, makes it now the most beautiful contralto in America. Mme. Esipoff's selection were from authors whose writings she has performed with the happiest results—Chopin, Liszt and Mendelssohn. There was, as before, a charming clearness in all, and an over-emphatic manner in legato movements. It is too late in life for Ole Bull to change his manner or enlarge his repertory, and so long as there are crowds ready to listen to him, there is no reason why he should do either. But what a fame he might have earned had he, years ago, aimed at something higher than fantasies on operatic arias, or even Paganini's compositions. The accompaniments for his performances were played on a cabinet organ and piano by Madame Bull and Mr. Duicken, respectively; and those for the songs by Mr. Florio.—*Courier*.

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A beautiful transcription, full of expression.

Nocturne. D. 4. Pacher. 40

The neat, classic character of the piece will strike one at once, and its study will be a pleasure to cultivated tastes.

Raketen Galop. F. 3. Mosca. 30

Not much racket in it after all, but it is a melodious piece.

Shepherd's Dream. Reverie. Ab. 4. Sudds. 50

Of about the same calibre as Wilson's "Shepherd," but differing as the tastes of the two composers differ. Very graceful and rather brilliant.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Robert Schumann.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.*

Born at Zwickau, in Saxony, on the 8th of June, 1810, Robert Schumann was the youngest of five children, not one of whom, save himself, evinced artistic genius. His home atmosphere was so far fortunate, that his father, a well-known bookseller and publisher, possessed considerable talent for, and appreciation of, poetry (to which talent his translations of Scott and Byron bear witness); while his mother would seem to have been a sensitive and sympathetic woman, but for her opposition to Robert's choice of music as a profession. Had August Schumann lived beyond his son's early youth (he died in 1838), Robert's slowly developing genius, darkly struggling towards the light during his boyish studies, might have been sooner understood; his mother, determined to make a jurist of her son, did not comprehend the opposing bent of his faculties. But we may often observe, that even the most affectionate eyes are so blinded by close resemblances in small things between members of their families, as to be wholly mistaken in regard to great differences in important qualities.

In reading Robert Schumann's sketch of Sterndale Bennett, we may infer something in regard to his own early trials and reflections, where he says:—"Those who, called by irresistible talent to a decided artistic vocation, have found good musicians and guides in their fathers, imbibe music with their mother's milk, and learn, even in their childish dreams; with the first awakening of consciousness, they feel themselves members of that family of artists, into which others can only purchase their entrance through sacrifice." After school and musical studies, and poetic and dramatic youthful attempts, Robert graduated at the age of eighteen, leaving school with high honors, but making a signal failure in the recital of his own poem, "Tasso's Death." He seems from the first to have displayed creative power, united to a lack of talent for reproduction. Then came a delightful tour through Nuremberg, Munich, etc., with his young friend Rosen; visits to Heine, Zimmermann, and the grave of Richter. After a year's residence in Leipzig, where he studied music under Friedrich Wieck, the famous singing and piano-forte master, and where he made many distinguished musical and literary friends, Schumann entered the university of Heidelberg as a law student. But not even the lectures of the learned Thibaut (also well known as a music-lover, and author of the famous work, "On the Purity of Music") could inspire him with juridical enthusiasm. He became quite popular in society as a pianist, heard Ernst and Paganini for the first time, and began to sketch compositions, more formed and inventive than his early efforts,—among them some numbers of the "Papillons," and the *Toccata in D major*. The struggle between law and apparent duty and interest, on one side, and a decided artistic vocation on the other, was at last ended in 1830, when his mother gave her reluctant but final consent to his adoption of music—which she considered too unremunerative, in a pecuniary sense, to be desirable as a profession.

* Being the Introduction to "Music and Musicians." Essays and Criticisms by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, and annotated by FANNY MALONE RITTER. pp. xxiii, 418, 12 mo. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co., 1877.

Taking lodgings in the house of Friedrich Wieck, at Leipzig, Schumann devoted himself with such ardor to pianoforte playing, that he even made mechanical experiments with his right hand, in order to hasten his proficiency; this operation lamed his hand, perhaps deprived the world of a great pianist, but turned Schumann more decidedly than ever to the study and practice of composition. His masters in this were Kupsch, and afterwards Heinrich Dorn, to whom he renders grateful homage in the poetical little review at page 280 of this volume. He remained an inmate of Wieck's house for three years, however; Wieck's daughter Clara, afterwards Madame Schumann, was then a precociously gifted and accomplished child, ten years younger than Robert. It was during this residence in Leipzig, but at the house in Riedel's Garden, and afterwards in Burg Street, surrounded by friends,—the Wiecks, Ernestine von Frickau, a pupil of Wieck, with whom Schumann formed an engagement that was afterwards dissolved by mutual consent, Lyser the painter, Ludwig Schunke the pianist, the accomplished Madame Voigt (see "Reminiscences of a Lady," page 85), Carl Banck, Julius Knorr, and others,—that Schumann formed the plan of establishing his paper, the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," of which I shall speak at length hereafter. He also composed assiduously—though, so far, without any great success among publishers—during this period, when he sketched a symphony and pianoforte sonatas, wrote the *Intermezzi*, opus 4, some of the "Album Leaves," and published his "Impromptus on an air by Clara Wieck."

The arrival of Mendelssohn at Leipzig in 1835, was, there can be no doubt, highly favorable to the development of Schumann's genius. The works of the latter, perhaps partly owing to his study of Mendelssohn's crystal-clear development and firm control of form, began to gain in roundness and completion. And none can doubt Schumann's frank, noble, disinterested admiration for Mendelssohn, when they read his fine avowals of it in this volume. Base envy of gifts differing from his own, had no place in Schumann's mind. On the contrary, he seems rather to over-rate the talents of others, and to esteem them far beyond his own. But the silence of Mendelssohn (in his "Letters," etc.) with regard to his friend appears inconceivable; the most liberal construction we can place on this apparent want of appreciation in Mendelssohn, is to suppose that his artistic eye and judgment were unaware of the extent of Schumann's genius. Mendelssohn has been accused of having had some occult share in the attacks of his over-zealous partisans on Schumann. But this I cannot believe. The cast of Mendelssohn's musical genius was of an opposite nature to that of Schumann; although his general intellectual faculties were highly refined and cultured, either he did not fully understand Schumann, or else he was not attracted by his special musical qualities. It is well known that Mendelssohn frankly expressed his disapproval of the tendency of Chopin's compositions, now so universally admired for their rarely exquisite poetic character, and for their great originality. And yet Mendelssohn was the principal cause of the Bach revival, and often held out the generous hand of aid to struggling brother-artists. Every musical reader is aware of the opposition that existed, on æsthetic grounds, between the partisans of Mendelssohn and Schumann,—of elegant, logical, charming ideas contained in clear forms, on one hand, of over-abounding thought and emotion, heavily freighted with "dainty-sweet

and lovely melancholy," overflowing the boundaries of old forms, and breaking into newer, sometimes darker paths, on the other side. This Mendelssohn and Schumann partisanship has had its day: only to make way, however—and of course—for another and a hotter contest: since the continually progressive nature of music, that mirror of man's soul, necessitates these alternations of battle and victory, of struggle and repose.

It would have been strange indeed, if such exceptional, artistic natures, as those of Robert Schumann and Clara Wieck, had not been attracted towards each other during their now frequent intercourse; in the course of the years 1835 to 1838, their affection became a mutual and durable one.

Clara Wieck had been her father's pupil in piano-forte playing, from her tenderest childhood; yet the development of her great musical gifts had been so carefully carried on, that her lively feeling for music, her health, and youthful exuberance of spirits, had not been injured or overstrained. At the age of nine she was able to play concertos by Mozart, and Hummel's A minor concerto with orchestra by heart. A year later, she began to compose, and improvised without any difficulty. At this time Paganini visited Leipzig, and was so astonished at the precocious genius of the little girl, that he sought her presence at all his concerts, and the two artists were continually together. Clara Wieck first appeared in public at the age of eleven, in Leipzig, Weimar, and other places, playing Piazzi, Moscheles, and especially Chopin, whose works she aided much in rendering popular. A year afterwards she visited Paris, to hear Chopin, Liszt, and Kalkbrenner, and was received with such flattering admiration in society, that her father allowed her to appear at a public concert, when her playing, and improvising on two themes selected by the audience, excited great delight and surprise. She then returned home, and gave herself entirely to study,—including composition under Heinrich Dorn, singing under the famous Mieschke, and even violin playing, for several years. In 1836 to 1838 she made her first artistic tour through Germany, accompanied by her father, and regarded everywhere as a musico-poetic ideal, "the innocent child who first unlocked the casket in which Beethoven had buried his great heart," said Grillparzer. She not only played the works of the older masters to perfection, but she established her reputation as a liberal and thoroughly well-informed artist, by playing, often for the first time, the then little known works of her contemporaries Liszt, Chopin, Henselt, and Schumann.

Schumann aspired to marriage with Clara; the project was not favorably entertained by Friedrich Wieck, who doubtless looked forward to a brilliant artistic career for his daughter, while Schumann's position was as yet an uncertain one. Robert, in the hope of securing competence—beyond that which his small private fortune enabled him to offer—for his future wife, endeavored, in 1838, to establish himself and his paper in Vienna. The attempt was fruitless, however; and after a six months' residence at Vienna, he returned to Leipzig. Schumann's visit to Vienna was marked by his discovery and publication of several of Schubert's manuscripts—among them the C major symphony, which Schumann sent to Mendelssohn, by whom it was brought out at a Gewandhaus concert in 1839. During this period, the most important works composed by Schumann were his "Etudes Symphoniques," his famous

"Carnival," the Fantasia dedicated to Liszt, the "Scenes of Childhood," the "Novelettes," and "Kreisleriana," etc., etc. As he said, in a letter to Heinrich Dorn, "Much music is the result of the contest I am passing through for Clara's sake." It is interesting to read Schumann's modest reference to his own "Carnival"—a work that has been rendered popular for many years past, by the greatest European pianists—in his article on Liszt, page 144, and then to compare Liszt's allusion to his own performance of the composition, on the occasion referred to by Schumann. Liszt says:—

"In Leipzig I saw Schumann every day (at the beginning of 1840), and for days together; and this acquaintance rendered my understanding of his works more complete and profound. Since my first knowledge of his compositions, I had played many of them in private circles at Milan and Vienna, without having succeeded in winning the approbation of my hearers. These works were—fortunately for them—too far above the then trivial level of taste, to find a home in the superficial atmosphere of popular applause. The public did not fancy them, and few pianists understood them. Even in Leipzig, when I played the 'Carnival' at my second Gewandhaus concert, I did not obtain my customary applause. Musicians—even those who claimed to be connoisseurs also—carried too thick a mask over their ears, to be able to comprehend that charming 'Carnival,' harmoniously framed as it is, and ornamented with such rich variety of artistic fancy. I did not doubt, however, but that this work would eventually win its place, in general appreciation, beside Beethoven's thirty-three variations on a theme by Diabelli (which work it surpasses, according to my opinion, in melody, richness, and inventiveness.) The frequent failure of my performance of Schumann's works, whether in public or private circles, discouraged me in my attempts to place and retain his compositions on my hastily-arranged programmes, which I seldom made up myself, but too often left to the choice of others, partly from want of leisure, partly from negligence and satiety during my most brilliant period of fame as a pianist. This was an error which I recognized and sincerely regretted afterwards, when I perceived that it is less dangerous for an artist, who truly deserves that name, to displease the public, than to be led by its caprices. Every artist is exposed to the latter danger, unless he firmly resolves to carry out his serious convictions consistently, and only to perform such works as he considers best, whether people like them or not.

"No matter how much the prevailing taste of the day may have seemed to excuse my hesitation in regard to Schumann's works, I unintentionally set a bad example, for which I shall scarcely ever be able to make amends. So controlling is the force of custom, so binding is the slavery to which that artist is condemned who depends on the applause of the multitude for the preservation and increase of his fame and fortune, that even the best disposed and most courageous artists—among whom I have the presumption to count myself—find it difficult to defend their better selves from the deleterious influence of those whose aims are selfish, confused, and in every way unworthy."

The year 1840 was perhaps the most important in Schumann's life; in February of that year he was created Doctor of Philosophy in the University of Jena, and in September his marriage with Clara Wieck took place at Schönfeld, near Leipzig. The marriage of Robert and Clara was not accomplished without much opposition on the part of the young lady's father; failing to obtain his consent, the lovers were obliged to be satisfied with the permission of the Royal Court of Appeals for their union.

In this year Schumann wrote, besides other works, the amazing number of 188 songs. In this brief sketch of his life, it is not my intention to enter into a detailed description, or a

complete enumeration, of the works of Schumann; but I must, at least, recall to every admirer of warm, rich, truthful melody, and of noble, impassioned declamation, the names of some of those now universally famous songs, such as the set entitled "Myrtles," the cyclus of songs from Heine, dedicated to Pauline Viardot, Chamisso's "Woman's Love and Life," Heine's "Poet-love," etc., etc. Nearly all the works written at this period of his life were composed, he says, "under Clara's inspiration solely." Blessed with the continual companionship of a woman of genius, as amiable as she was gifted, who placed herself, with undeviating self-devotion, like a gentle mediator between the outward world and Schumann's intellectual life, he wrote many of his finest vocal and instrumental compositions during the years immediately following his marriage—among them the lovely cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," and the "Faust" music. His connection with public life was restricted to his position as teacher of pianoforte playing, composition, and score playing, at the Leipzig Conservatory of Music.

This uniform but happy existence was broken in 1844, by an artistic tour undertaken by Robert and Clara to St. Petersburg and Moscow; in the same year Schumann transferred his paper to Oswald Lorenz, and removed to Dresden with his family. The "Neue Zeitschrift" had fulfilled its mission; it had erected a barrier between frivolous superficiality or mechanical routine, and the earnest endeavors of poetico-musical art. Schumann felt that his critical weapon was no longer an absolute necessity to musical progress, while he longed to devote himself entirely to composition.

This hope was for a time frustrated; during the first year of his residence at Dresden, he began to suffer severely from the dreadful disorder to which he fell a victim twelve years later. This disease—an abnormal formation of irregular masses of bone in the brain—was probable inherited (in an aggravated degree, and intensified in its effects, by study) from his mother, who, in the latter years of her life, suffered from unaccountable headaches and morbid hypochondria. Schumann was now affected with pains in the head, sleeplessness, fear of death, auricular delusions, etc.; but after a sojourn at Pirna, repose, and a course of sea baths, he was so far restored to health as to be able to give himself up to musical creativeness again. From this time until 1849, Schumann wrote an astonishing number of fine works during the intervals of health that occurred between his frequent attacks of illness. Among these I must mention his opera "Genoëva," his second symphony, his cantata "The Rose's Pilgrimage," more beautiful songs, much pianoforte and concerted music, and his exquisite musical illustrations of Byron's "Manfred." Into this wonderful descriptive music Schumann poured all the riches of his intellect, all the treasures of his profound feeling. He was doubtless attracted to "Manfred" in a threefold manner: by the force of hereditary example,—for his father, a passionate admirer of Byron's poetry, had translated "Childe Harold" and "Beppo;" by the beauty of the fascinating drama itself, which a man of Schumann's literary culture and poetic taste was so thoroughly able to appreciate; and perhaps by a vague sense of mental affinity to the hero of the poem. Seldom has a poet met with such sympathetic musical transfiguration as in this case; Schumann's "Manfred" is also Byron's, veiled, perhaps, in a still deeper depth of melancholy thought and tragic passion. Of this work, Ehlers has truly said, "Through its fiery leaves passes the road that leads to a correct understanding of Schumann's mind."

Schumann's residence at Dresden was diversified by occasional artistic tours to other cities with his wife, by his direction of the Liedertafel Society, and also of the Dresden Chorus Club, which he founded in 1848.

In 1850, he was called to accept the post of City Music Director at Düsseldorf, and the

family removed to that city, where Robert and Clara were received with public honors and a reception banquet. Schumann's position at this time seems to have been an agreeable one; his works were slowly, but surely, winning their way to appreciation; in this year his opera "Genoëva" was performed at Leipzig under his own direction; Jenny Lind sang at his Hamburg concerts; wherever he and his wife appeared, they were received with homage; and his musically creative powers seemed to have reached their highest development. At this period, his personal appearance has been described as that of a man of middle height, inclined to stoutness, of dignified bearing, and slow movements. His features, though irregular, produced an agreeable impression; his forehead was broad and high; his nose heavy; his eyes, usually downcast, brightened attractively in conversation; his mouth was delicately cut; his hair thick and brown; his cheeks were full and ruddy. His head was squarely formed, of an intensely powerful character, and the whole expression of his face was sweet and yet genial. The frequent calls of directorship on Schumann's time were probably beneficial to his mental health, in drawing him out of himself, and bringing him into more general social relationships. But his position as City Music Director at Düsseldorf did not last many years; Schumann, like Beethoven, lacked the arm of iron, the feet of lead, that constitute a good orchestral conductor—the metronome of the instrumental army. Nor was Schumann ever considered a first-class teacher, from the especial qualities and direction of his mind, inwardly concentrated as these were, and opposed to outward communication; he who found some difficulty in bringing to light, and fashioning to clear expression, the treasures of his imagination, had yet greater difficulty in transmitting his knowledge to others, and in placing himself *en rapport* with natures seldom allied to his own.

[Conclusion next time.]

A Monumental Work on J. S. Bach and his Ancestors.

Johann Sebastian Bach. Von Philipp Spitta. Erster Band. [Leipzig: Breitkopf und Härtel.]

Within comparatively but a few years the study of musical history and biography has, at least in Germany, assumed an importance previously unknown in the art. Thirty years since, details of the lives and works of even the greatest composers were for the most part very incomplete, and frequently difficult to be met with: now, thanks to the labors of such eminent men as Jahn, Chrysander, Thayer, Pohl, and the author of the present volume, we stand in a very different position. As a model biography may be cited Otto Jahn's "Mozart,"—a work familiar by name at least to all our readers; while the lives of Handel by Chrysander, of Beethoven by Thayer, and of Haydn by C. F. Pohl, though all are at present unfinished, promise when completed to be of equal value to the musical student.

It will be noticed that Herr Spitta has not called his book a life of Bach, but has given as his title simply the name of the composer. In his preface he explains why he has done so. His work is not a mere biography; in order justly to estimate the influence of Bach on the development and subsequent history of musical art, it is necessary to know not merely what he did, but what had been previously done—in a word what was the state of the art at the time at which he lived, what were his models, and how he enlarged and improved upon them. Feeling this necessity, Herr Spitta devotes considerable space to analytical notices of the works of Bach's predecessors. He has carefully examined the valuable collections of manuscripts in the large musical libraries of Berlin and Leipzig; and by no means the least interesting part of the present volume is that which treats of the compositions of the numerous ancestors of the great John Sebastian, and of Telemann, Hammerschmied, Pachelbel, Buxtehude, and others.

Some idea of the extent and completeness of Herr Spitta's work may be formed from the fact that he describes this instalment as the "first half," and

that it contains no fewer than 890 pages of large octavo. It will be obvious therefore that it is altogether beyond our power to enter into a detailed criticism. All that is possible is to summarize the contents of the volume, referring readers for further particulars to the work itself.

It is well known that for more than a century before the birth of John Sebastian, the Bachs had been distinguished as musicians; and in the first book, which occupies about one-fifth of the volume, the biographer gives all the obtainable information respecting the various branches of the family and its most illustrious members. Much of the information contained in this section of the work is of value chiefly from a historical or antiquarian point of view; the most interesting portions are those in which the compositions of the different members of the family are described. The chapter on Johann Christoph and Johann Michael Bach gives a detailed analysis, with extracts in music-type, of their chief works, which we have read with great pleasure. We see here, especially in the motets of Christoph, whom Spitta calls "the most distinguished motet-composer of the century," the germs, so to speak, of the style of Sebastian; and the points of resemblance and difference are clearly and ably set forth by the biographer.

Coming now to the life of the great composer himself, the present volume takes us throughout the whole period of his early struggles down to his final settlement at Leipzig. We see him first at Eisenach; thence we follow him to Lüneburg, Weimar, Arnstadt, Mühlhausen and Cöthen. Not merely are the fullest biographical details given, but nearly the whole of the compositions named are noticed in detail. Thus the remark (p. 392) that "Bach's nine years' residence in Weimar is the time of his most brilliant activity as organ-player and organ-composer" appropriately introduces a very complete and interesting analysis of his organ works, which organists will read both with pleasure and profit. Quite new to us are the remarks upon Bach's method of registering. On this, unfortunately, but little is known; our author, however, tells us of one manuscript—that of the arrangement of the choral "Ein feste Burg"—in which Bach has indicated the stops; the indications are unfortunately not given in Griepenkerl's edition of the piece in question. Herr Spitta further points out which of the organ works are written in the style of Bach's predecessors; thus it is interesting to learn that the well-known prelude and fugue in D major is after the manner of Buxtehude, while the *Allabreve* in the same key is in the style of Frescobaldi. Most of our readers will be aware that Bach arranged several of Vivaldi's violin concertos for harpsichord, and four for the organ. Herr Spitta has been fortunate enough to find one of Vivaldi's original manuscripts at Dresden; and now that the question of the arrangement by one composer of the works of another is being so warmly discussed, the comparison of this original with Bach's transcription, which the author gives at considerable length, is of much value. What will the purists say when they learn that Bach not only added harmony in many places to passages for the solo violin which in the original were unaccompanied, but substituted semiquaver runs for quavers, etc., while the slow movement was so changed that, in our author's words, "it became almost a new piece?"

No less admirable are the notices of the works for harpsichord, violin, etc., while the analyses of the various Church Cantatas, many of which are still unpublished, are of the greatest interest. We must forego the pleasure of making extracts, because all is so good that it is difficult to know what to take and what to leave. Herr Spitta, though an enthusiastic admirer of Bach—as who, indeed, will not be that knows him?—is no blind partisan; and his criticisms are the more valuable inasmuch as they are not only appreciative but discriminating.

In our notice of this truly monumental book we have dwelt chiefly upon its more strictly musical aspect. We might speak at length on the personal character of Bach, the simple-minded piety which exerted so large an influence on the style of his sacred works; or we might enlarge on his pre-eminence as a performer. To both these points his biographer does full justice; but for them we must refer readers to the book itself, and will conclude by recommending it most warmly, and expressing our best wishes for its speedy completion.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Heavenly Music.

(A Fable, from the German of RICHARD LEANDER.)

In the days of the Golden Age, when the angels and the peasant children played together, the gates of heaven used to stand wide open, so that its golden light fell down upon the earth like rain. Men looked from the earth straight up into the open heaven; there they saw the holy ones walking about among the stars; and men looked up and bowed to them, and they smiled down in return. But most beautiful of all was the wonderful music which was heard coming out of heaven. The good God, himself, had written out the notes, and thousands of angels, with violins, cymbals, and trumpets, were the musicians. When they began to play, everything on the earth, below, became quite still. The wind ceased blowing—and the water in the sea and in the rivers stopped flowing, and the people looked at each other and, silently, took one another by the hand. They felt such happiness while listening, that it cannot even be described to our poor hearts to-day.

So it was at that time. But this did not last long; for, one day, God commanded the gates of heaven to be shut,—and said to the angels: "Let there be no more music; for I am sad!" Then were the angels also sorrowful and seated themselves, with their music-books, each on a cloud, and with their little golden scissors cut up the leaves of music into many separate pieces; these they let float down upon the earth. Here they were taken up by the wind and wafted like snow-flakes over mountain and valley and scattered through all the world. And the children of men caught each one a piece, some a large one—and others a small one; this, they put carefully away, and treasured it greatly, for it was indeed a part of the heavenly music which had sounded so beautifully. But, after a while, they all began to quarrel and dispute together, because each one believed the piece which he had found, to be the best of all; and, at last, each one declared, that what he had, was the real heavenly Music—and those portions which the others possessed, were all unreal and false. Whoever wished to appear particularly wise—and there were many—put notes of his own before and after the heavenly ones, and imagined he had done something really quite wonderful.

One whistled A—and another sang B; one played in Major and another in Minor. No one, however, could understand his neighbor. In short, it was all a noise, like that at the Tower of Babel.—And so it is even now!

When, however, the last day shall come and the stars fall down to the earth, and the sun into the sea, and men crowd about the doors of heaven like children round a Christmas tree, then, will the good God command his angels to gather again all the pieces of his heavenly music-book—the large and the small—and even the tiniest of all, on which but a single note is written.

The angels will fasten them all together again—the gates will fly open—and the heavenly music peal forth anew, quite as heartfelt as before. Then will the children of men stand and listen, wondering and ashamed, while one says to the other: "You had this! and I had that! But now that it is all put together again and in the right place, it sounds quite different and O, how grand and glorious!"—Yes, Yes! So it will be. You may be sure of it.

The Art of Conducting.

The following is the text of a paper read at the Christmas Convention of the Tonic Sol-fa College, by Mr. G. C. T. Parsons, of Birmingham:—

A Conductor is a necessity. Both custom and the size of our modern choirs, render him such. In the days of glees and madrigals, a conductor was hardly recognized; for beyond the "leader"—himself one of the company, who effected the "lead off"—and then took his own part—the singers had but little guidance, save their own knowledge and instincts. Very pleasant must have been the feeling that they were subject to the stick of no arbitrary taskmaster, but were free to trip over lightsome passages, or linger and dwell on sweet swelling sounds at will; or in their turn, to retire into the quiet shade, as other "parts" danced out into the sunlight. Compared with the old glees, our modern chorus is often dolefully mechanical. But with a large choir there must be some centre of absolute authority—one whose "reading" of the music shall be law—since out of a hundred singers there will probably be as many different ideas of the beautiful, and indeed even if they were agreed, few would be able to hear or appreciate the music of any "part" save their own. Therefore, in a chorus of any dimensions, a conductor must be reckoned a necessity.

He is, however, necessary for use, not for ornament. Few conductors are as useful as they might be; and still fewer are as ornamental as they think they are. Some, through a nervous self-depreciation, lose much of usual confidence; while others, through an excess of conceit, deliberately sacrifice useful decision to graceful ornamentation. It would be a great benefit if—by being hidden from the audience, and visible only to his choir—the nervous conductor could concentrate on the work in hand the thoughts that will be busy with apprehensions as to his appearance and deportment; and if in like manner the conceited conductor could be deprived of this opportunity of gratifying his conceit, to the audience the advantage would be equally great. Custom has rendered bearable the sight of a man with his back turned upon his patrons—bearable, because looked upon as a necessity—but the dumb gymnastics which he must exhibit, and the meaningless antics which he sometimes does exhibit, must in a less or greater degree prove distracting to any audience. Wagner has, on the same principle, hidden away not only the conductor but also band, recognizing thereby, that the display of any adjunct which does not by its display, strengthen the effect of the music, acts but as a weakening and disturbing element.

The conductor must begin to be useful before the performance. Although not necessarily the teacher of the choir, and therefore not wholly responsible for the correct rendering of the music, he is a venturesome man who will conduct a public performance without having had at least one preliminary rehearsal; for the success of the singing depends in great part on a complete understanding between choir and conductor, and on a hearty recognition of their mutual obligations. The first aim of the conductor should therefore be, to gain the goodwill and confidence of his singers; since, lacking either of these, his instructions are certain to be more or less disregarded. Happily, if a man be but kindly and courteous, believing that his singers wish to do well and helping them accordingly, he may safely count on their goodwill. And if he be but master of his work, he may be equally sure of respect. A cantankerous or inefficient leader can hardly be expected to have contented or respectful followers. In order to become a master of his work, the conductor should be able to "beat" plain time correctly and distinctly, to appreciate the desires of the composer, and to impart those desires to his singers. The first point (that of beating time) although apparently the simplest, is the most neglected by conductors generally. Outside regimental bands, how seldom a definite beat is seen! The military band-master keeps his head clear, his eye sharp, and his hand steady. His strokes are short, decided, and plain. His men know to a quarter beat where he is, where they ought to be, and where the style of beating very greatly helps them to be. The orchestral or choral conductor often waves, flourishes, switches, or drags his baton along. He has not undergone the drill which the bandmaster has had to undergo, and has not therefore acquired such a control over hand, wrist, and arm. Yet neat beating is one of the greatest helps to neat singing; and unless a man will submit to careful self-drill in this mechanical action—unless he will exercise himself in keeping the beats of a mathematically exact and regular time—in beating from the wrist—from the elbow—from the shoulder; in long beats—in short beats; in slow time—in quick time—in moderate time: unless he obtain by this practice a thorough control over the baton, he misses one of

the best means of being helpful to his singers, and one of the essentials of a really good conductor.

In order to appreciate the desires of the composer, a careful study of the score is necessary. Here a knowledge of Harmony, of Musical Form, and of Composition proves very helpful, and adds much to the pleasure of the work. But the chief thing to notice is that this should always be a preparatory work, undertaken and completed before meeting the choir. The busy conductor is tempted to leave the discovery of "effects" until the actual rehearsal shall reveal them. But choirs do not as a rule create the most valuable effects by intuition; and it is the conductor's business to teach and obtain them; yet if he by previous study have not himself discovered them, how can he teach his singers to do so? A miserable feeling of incompetency must pervade all his teaching; and the knowledge that he is not "master of the situation" will seriously effect his power of controlling and guiding the choir.

Having realized the effects intended by the composer, he is prepared to begin the rehearsal; and has first to gauge the capacity of the singers. He will very soon discover how much they are capable of receiving and reproducing; and should it prove that he has planned too many niceties of effect, he will do wisely to discard all the more subtle and difficult ones, and in the time thus saved get a few good telling points well done. This will be more satisfactory to everybody than having the whole number scrambled at. It is some comfort at such times to remember that our audiences are not usually so musical as they appear to be, and are quite satisfied with one or two broad and unmistakable effects.

He has now to impart to his singers the ideas which he has formed of the composer's desires. This will call for ready wit on his part, and a quick attention on the part of the choir. The wit he may obtain by practice and perseverance combined with thoughtful observation. The attention is a consequence of the wit. A disorderly choir argues a poor choir master—one not up to his work. Some effects can be shown by "expression marks." The use by the choir of lead pencils will—subject to reminders by the conductor—secure these. But other forms of expression need realizing before they can be produced. Thus, in rehearsing "St. Peter" for one of the Birmingham Festivals, Sir Julius Benedict found that some part of the chorus work was being sung in too rough and work-a-day a style. But on his reminding the choir that "the people on the shores of Galilee were a quiet sort of people" he obtained the peaceful, quiet effect he wanted. A conductor need not talk much. A word, a short smile, or a proverb, will often guide the thoughts of the singers much better than a long description; and if he can use this method of getting the expression, the singing will be more real and spontaneous, and less mechanical.

The use of a code of signals, if well understood by both choir and conductor, will prove helpful as reminders of style and expression. Such as, an opening or closing of the hand, for *crescendo* and *diminuendo*; a pointing upwards, to correct flatness; and downwards to correct sharp singing; a flip of the finger, for a light, lifting style; and so on. The important point is a perfect agreement between choir and conductor as to their meaning. Therefore the fewer the signals are and the more suggestive in themselves, the more useful are they likely to prove. The right hand also may give general directions as to style and expression by the length and weight of its beats—care being taken however that the distinctness of the time-strokes be not blurred by undue length or shortness. Indeed on the strength or languor of the action, a great deal of the brightness or dulness of the singing depends. Lazy beating will never procure vigorous response: but an animated and energetic style will often enliven and stir up sleepy singers. *Foris, piano, staccato, legato*, energetic or quiet styles of singing may each be suggested by a different style of beat, and if carefully done, without disturbing the symmetry of the measure. Some conductors entirely disregard this ready help, and others—by far the larger number—overuse, or carelessly use it: their choirs in each case suffering thereby. Thus in one of the large choral societies of the Midlands, the singers have sometimes been actually thrown out by the erratic style of their conductor's beating, but have probably had the blame saddled upon themselves in the next newspaper criticism, their conductor having (so the report would probably finish) "conducted throughout with commendable skill and energy." Compos-

ers have not unfrequently seriously endangered the first productions of their works, by undertaking to conduct them, without having the previous experience to enable them to do so helpfully. A conductor who does not help, hinders.

Having thus settled musical preliminaries (other arrangements belong properly to a management committee; and if left to the conductor, only serve to fluster and embarrass him), he has now to think—

How he can be most useful during the performance. Since, under the present system, the conductor is visible to the audience, he becomes in his own person a representative of the choir or society by which he is engaged. There being no chairman, he becomes the centre, on which both choir and audience depend; for their sakes, therefore, he should be, in dress and action, quiet and gentlemanly. The man who swells with conscious importance, and accompanies the introductory bow with an oily smile of self-satisfaction, not only fails to win the favor of the audience, but distinctly prejudices them against himself and the choir. A quiet, business-like manner will always command respect. In turning to wards his singers, the conductor may well answer their greetings with a pleasant smile—for they meet as old friends, and some being fidgety and nervous, perhaps think their conductor is also; his pleasant glance will re-assure them. A quiet look round the orchestra will encourage him—for he will see the eager, expectant look of some faces, and the easy self-possession of others. He will also get accustomed to the positions of the different parts, and to his own position in front. The survey completed, let him make up his mind—especially if he feel nervous—to move deliberately and slowly, and to carefully avoid hurry, in any shape or form. This self-government will, in itself, go far towards removing his nervousness, and preserving the choir from flurry, or undue excitement. Let him take time in signalling the "stand up," in giving "the key," in taking the "tuning chord," nor admit of a start, until all are waiting and watching. Once started, he must be—not merely a live metronome—but a governing and stimulating power to the singers. He can be this without being frantic. The audience need know but little of it; for varying expression of face, with the modifications of the time-stroke and the signals before referred to, will do nearly all that is needed quietly and unostentatiously. Nor should these signals be overdone. A conductor who is always signalling, signals to no purpose:—"Familiarity breeds contempt." Sometimes, however, the choir is not up to its work. Then, the unfortunate conductor has not only to encourage and sustain them, but also to conceal their defects from the audience, as far as possible. Helps are here admissible, which the extremity of the case alone justifies—such as beating rhythmically to separate parts, or even singing out any "lead" which may have been missed by the singers. At a recent choral performance, the contraltos had in the middle of a piece an awkward "lead off" on a change of key; they failed at the moment to catch the right note, and led off in the original key. Having sung three or four measures without correction, the basses, as a consequence, missed their entry also; and a general scramble ensued. All of which might have been avoided, had the conductor promptly given the contraltos their correct note, when they first failed. Young choirs, especially, are constantly subject to slips of this sort—through nervousness, or other causes; and many disasters might be prevented by a judicious audible correction from the conductor. Care should be taken to protect the reputation of the choir in this, as in all other cases; and, therefore, not to correct the tenors in a bass voice, or the sopranos in a tenor voice; the correction should always be made in the same octave and register of voice in which the failing part should have sung. At such times, more than any, presence of mind is of the utmost value. There are conductors—members of the Tonic Sol-fa College—who seem perfectly to revel and delight in getting choirs out of difficulties into which they have plunged themselves; they do pull them through, somehow—but how, seems a mystery to singers, and every one, save to the conductor, and he seems amused. Such men are to be envied, for their own easy confidence, and the power they have of making their singers confident. At the same time, any unnecessary interference on the part of the conductor, and especially such as would tend to bring himself prominently forward, should be carefully avoided—choir and audience alike resent it. Some time ago, at a Tonic Sol-fa performance, a humorous part-song was given, the choir singing right well, and heartily; but

such were the grimaces and contortions of the conductor that the audience noticed him rather than his singers; and, indeed, the presiding alderman said at the close of the piece that he had found most fun in watching the conductor. At one of the provincial performances by the band of the Coldstream Guards, a march written for the occasion was introduced, and of course the composer was asked to conduct; this composer was a little man—and a "fussy" little man—and, being naturally anxious for the success of his march, and not accustomed to such inexperienced (?) players, he felt it desirable to look after and coach up each set of instruments separately; and so, having put the conductor's desk on one side, and thus cleared the ground, he commenced—and continued through the performance—a series of solo marches and countermarches, now beating at this side of the orchestra now at that side, and anon—as the magnificence of his conceptions dawned upon him—backing, with head aloft, dangerously near to the front edge. Doubtless the "Coldstreams" played his music well, notwithstanding their amusement; but report says of the audience, that they were throughout so concerned for the little man himself, that his music passed almost unnoticed. Both conductors meant well; but each, more or less, defeated his own intentions.

There is another thing of which a conductor should not lose sight during the performance, and that is, that choirs will only sing brightly and well as long as they feel bright and cheerful. Hence, he will not only correct their faults as pleasantly as possible—but will notice, and let them see that he notices, their excellencies. "Prevention is better than cure," and a timely smile may prevent bad singing, which a frown will not be able to cure. If one piece or chorus has been well sung, a bright look or approving nod will help on the next.

Having been helpful, as far as possible, during the performance, the conductor's work has yet to be completed; for—

He may still be useful after the concert. The pieces have all been sung with more or less success; the audience has passed its verdict, and, as far as the public is concerned, the concert is over and done with; but, by both singers and conductor there are lessons to be learnt, and morale to be drawn; and the whole affair will be incomplete to them, unless there can be an opportunity afforded for mutual congratulations and fault-finding. Meantime, the conductor should try to discover the reason of any defects which may have been manifested during the performance, and how best to obviate them in future. Some may be due to a bad arrangement of the programme—this lies at his own door. Others are owing to faults in the general arrangements—this belongs specially to the management committee. Then there are the failures or heatments of the singers themselves: insubordination and violence, or sloth and sleepiness. He may find some difficulty in telling the sopranos that they screamed, or the tenors that they shouted, without mortally offending them; and the fact that the basses almost ruined the effect of one piece by their self-satisfied roaring, will require to be broken to them very gently—for basses are subject to most tender susceptibilities in vocal, as in other matters. Yet it is necessary, for the sake of the singers themselves, and in view of future performances, that these things should be understood and realized by them; and the art of the conductor will be shown in the honest, but pleasant and encouraging way in which the criticism is made. This done, and the points of excellence in the singing having been freely commended by the conductor,—it only remains for the ladies to ventilate their toilet and cloak-room grievances; for the gentlemen to pull to pieces the arrangements of the management committee; for the management committee to upbraid the ladies and gentlemen for not selling more tickets; for a general exchange of chaff, and congratulations; for the singing of the best concert pieces; for pretty speeches, and votes of thanks all round. And the work of the conductor may be said to have closed; for he has been useful before, during, and after the performance.—*Tonic Sol-fa Reporter.*

Hiller's "Song of Victory."

(From "Notes" to the Festival Programme Book.)

Ferdinand Hiller, pianist, conductor, and composer, one of the most gifted and accomplished musical characters and masters of our day, was born at Frankfort-on-the-Main, on the 24th of October, 1811, and is consequently in his 66th year. While still a child, he exhibited

a remarkable talent for music, and his parents, wealthy and cultivated Israelites, gave him every facility for its development. At the age of seven he began the study of the piano-forte under a sound and able teacher, Hofmann, who made it a chief aim to form his taste upon good models,—the sonatas, etc., of Mozart and Beethoven. After a couple of years he passed into the hands of Aloys Schmitt, who made him also practise Sebastian Bach. In his tenth year he made his first public appearance in his native town, and played one of Mozart's Concertos. He studied harmony and counterpoint with Vollweiler. His first attempts at composition date back to his tenth year; in his twelfth and thirteenth he composed a great deal and in many kinds.

In his fourteenth year he went to Weimar to study with Hummel, and while there was kindly and encouragingly noticed by the poet Goethe, for whom he felt the greatest childlike reverence. In the two short years at Weimar he mastered all the piano works of Hummel, and wrote himself an enormous quantity of sonatas, songs, string quartets, etc. He also began to compose for orchestra. An overture of his, with *entr'actes*, to Schiller's "Maria Stuart," was performed in the theatre. In 1827, he passed some weeks in Vienna, where he saw and spoke with Beethoven, then lying on his death-bed, and where he published his Op. 1, a quartet for piano and strings. The subsequent fertility of the young composer is shown by the fact that his "Song of Victory," to be given in the present Festival, bears the opus number 151. On the completion of his musical apprenticeship, Hiller spent seven years in Paris (1829 to 1836), where he devoted himself chiefly to classical music, especially to the study of Bach and Beethoven, and gave numerous concerts. There his house became a social centre of artists like Cherubini, Rossini, Chopin (of whom he was one of the first friends and appreciators during his exile there), Liszt, Berlioz, and others; with Mendelssohn he had been always intimate.

In the winter of 1836-37, returning to his native town, he was appointed director of the Frankfort Cecilia Verein. His next move was to Milan, where his successful opera of "Romilda" was produced. The winter of 1839-40 found him at Leipzig, where he produced his oratorio "The Destruction of Jerusalem," which deservedly ranks as one of his best and most successful works. Returning to Italy, he married there in the summer of 1841, since which time he has lived in turn at Dresden, Frankfort and Leipzig, in which latter town he directed the famous Gewandhaus Concerts, in the winter of 1843-44. Dr. Hiller afterwards spent four years in Dresden, where he brought out his two operas, "Der Traum in der Christnacht" (The Dream in the Night of the Nativity), in 1844, and "Coradin der letzte Hohenstaufen" (Coradin, the last Rose of the Hohenstaufen), in 1847. In the same year he accepted the office of music director at Düsseldorf, where he remained three years, removing thence, in 1850, to Cologne, where he was invited to undertake the office of Capellmeister. Here the already existing Concert Institute flourished greatly under his vigorous management, where, also, he founded the Rhenish Music School. In the year of 1851-52 he went to Paris, where he directed the Italian Opera. He passed the following spring in London, and returned in November of the same year to Cologne, where he has since constantly resided, with the exception of occasional journeys, of which the last was to Russia.

Of his numerous compositions, the most notable, besides those incidentally mentioned above, are his various collections of songs,—especially the "drei Bücher neue Gesänge,"—some piano-forte sonatas, two concertos for the same instrument, several excellent studies for the violin and piano, Impromptus, rhythmical studies, an operetta without words, *à quatre mains*; and, of vocal pieces for solo, chorus, and orchestra, the "Gesang der Geister über dem Wasser" (Song of the Spirits above the Water), and "O weint um sie" (Oh, weep for her), after Byron; "The Night of the Nativity," "Heloise," the "Loreley," "Night," "The Morning of Palm Sunday," the "33rd Psalm," and "Whitsuntide," may be cited as the most important. His great choral works are "The Destruction of Jerusalem," already mentioned, and the oratorios "Ver Sacrum" and "Saul;" the opera "Die Katakomben" (The Catacombs), and his Oriental dramatic cantata, "Nala and Damayanti" (op. 150). Among his instrumental compositions his Symphony in E flat is particularly admired.

Hiller is a man of rare intellectual culture and resources, and one of the most distinguished in the field of musical literature and criticism. He is a charming writer, and lends all his influence to the side of what is pure and high and earnest in his art. All he writes is at once genial, entertaining, and instructive. His criticisms, which frequently appear in the "Cologne Journal," are always valuable; his reminiscences of "Chit-Chat with Rossini" are delightful. Many of his occasional essays and critiques have been published in volumes, under the titles, "Aus dem Tonleben unserer Zeit" (Out of the Tone-Life of our Times), and "Musical and Personal."

His last book, full of interest, published a few months ago, bears the title of "Briefe an eine Ungenannte" (Letters to a Nameless Lady.)

The "Song of Victory" is a sacred cantata, a psalm of joy and gratitude, composed after the conclusion of the Franco-German war in 1870. It is for soprano solo, chorus, and full modern orchestra; it consists of eight musical pieces or numbers.

No. 1 is a strong and jubilant chorus, which reverentially sets forth the ground for the rejoicing in a short, slow introduction, in bold chords, "The Lord great wonders for us hath wrought" (in C major, 3-4 measure). At the words, "Sing and be joyful," the movement grows more animated, and changes to a fiery allegro, in 4-4, at "Mighty is our God," very effectively and brilliantly wrought out, but subdued for a time to an impressive pianissimo at the thought, "There is none that searcheth or understandeth."

2. Treble solo, with chorus, "Praise, O Jerusalem" (adagio, A flat). The solo is very modern in the wide, strange intervals and the declamatory character of its melody, as well as in the peculiar rhythmical divisions of the accompaniment; it is one to task a voice of great powers.

3. Chorus, "The heathen are fallen in the pit" (andante con moto, in F minor, changing to F major, B flat minor, and ending in F major). This is the most elaborate, original, and graphic number in the work. Strange and almost uncouth in its wild, chant-like opening, it has a certain terrible fascination in the bold and restless modulation and the relentless unswerving of its rehearsal of the terrors and the triumphs of war.

4. A short treble solo, "See, it is written in the book." Snatches of mournful recitative, the melancholy prelude to the lamentation over the fallen and the lesson of affliction.

5. Treble solo, with chorus of first and second treble and alto voices, "He in tears that soweth, reapeth a joyful harvest" (andante espressivo, in A major, 3-4). This little episode forms a gentle relief amid the more boisterous choruses of victory and praise, which are resumed in

6. A six-part chorus (sostenuto), "Mighty is our God." With the recurrence of the thought of the inscrutableness of the divine judgments, the harmony grows mysterious and awe-inspiring.

7. Treble solo and chorus, "Praise ye the Lord" (allegro, E flat). Is of a pleasing, cheerful character; and the final chorus, with solo (No. 8), mostly in C major, develops into a clearer, more triumphant, festive strain than any that precedes.

Noël. Christmas Cantata, by Saint-Saëns.

(From "Notes" to the Festival Programme Book.)

The name Camille Saint-Saëns has not yet found its way into the biographical lexicons of music; nor has a pretty careful search through musical journals and reviews, French, German, English, yielded any considerable information concerning his early life, education, and career, although his compositions (of the period since he suddenly became famous by winning the prize for the best cantata, at the Paris Exposition in 1867) have been themes of frequent praise or critical discussion. We have read that he was born in Paris on the 9th of October, 1835, which makes him in his forty-second year. He was a pupil of the Conservatoire, and has resided principally in Paris all his life, though travelling frequently in Germany, where he is highly esteemed, having made his mark as a piano virtuoso and composer at Leipzig with one of his own concertos, and having been highly honored at the "Tonkünstler" (Musical Artists') meeting, in Weimar, in 1870. But he has been longest and chiefly known as the very able organist at the Madeleine, in Paris, a position which he has held for nearly fifteen years, and which he has just resigned, to go upon a concert tour in South Germany and Switzerland.

To be a great organist, in any worthy sense, one must acquire a mastery of counterpoint and fugue; and this young French musician seems to have made a deeper acquaintance with the consummate art and with the matchless masterworks of J. S. Bach than has been common with his countrymen. The fruits of this study appear, not only in the singular union of a certain subtle polyphonic element, a capacity for thematic development, with the strange ultra-modern, "Frenchy," and sensational originality of his orchestral works, but also in his transcriptions for the piano-forte of various movements from the violin sonatas, the cantatas, etc., of Bach, some of which have been presented in this city in the concerts of Mr. B. J. Lang.

Saint-Saëns seems to be a prolific composer in nearly all musical forms, with the exception, we believe, of opera. The best known are his original and odd "Poèmes Symphoniques" for orchestra, which seem to follow in the wake of Berlioz, employing all the modern instrumental means of heightening musical, or at any rate, sensational effect. The first three of these, "Le Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaeton," and the "Danse Macabre" (Dance of the Dead), have become somewhat familiar to our Boston audiences. In a fourth work of the kind, produced at the opera in Paris a year or two ago, on the subject of "The Deluge," he employs a chorus and four solo voices, with the orchestra, for his stupendous musical scene-painting. He has published three concertos

for piano, with orchestra, which are eminently original and striking, especially the second, in G minor, which has been played here both by Mr. Lang and Madame Esipoff; also numerous string quartets, trios, and all forms of chamber music. His latest composition, Op. 50, now in press, is a symphonic poem on "The Youth of Hercules."

The short Christmas oratorio now to be performed, "Noël," is comparatively an early work (Op. 12). It ventures boldly upon the same ground with the first part of Handel's "Messiah" and the second part of Bach's "Christmas Oratorio," with what success each listener may compare for himself, and judge. It is scored for five solo voices and chorus, with accompaniment of the orchestral strings alone, and organ, besides a harp in a single number. The absence of the real orchestral oboes, English horns, bassoons, etc., will hardly be entirely made good by reed stops of the organ in the introductory pastoral symphony (No. 1), which is in the same 12-8 measure with the one above described, by Bach, and manifestly modelled on it, however short it may fall of the same deep inspiration, the same intrinsic loveliness and sweetness; and furthermore, he follows Bach in introducing the symphony again as prelude and accompaniment to the last quintet and chorus, as Bach did with the closing choral of his second part.

2. "There were shepherds," and the announcement of the angel, are in recitative, divided between tenor, alto, soprano and barytone solo, leading into the first short chorus, "Glory, now, unto God in the highest."

3. Air for mezzo-soprano, "Firm in faith," simple and melodious, with graceful accompaniment.

4. Tenor air and chorus, "God of all," the air declamatory. The accompanying harmonies to the chorus on the words, "Who upon the earth descended," have the harshness of an antique, ecclesiastical flavor.

5. Duet, "Blessed," between soprano and barytone, an elaborate, in part florid, pleasing composition.

6. Chorus, "Wherefore are the nations raging," is one of the most stirring and impressive numbers. It is in D minor, a series of short ejaculations of the voice parts, single or united, very energetic, the strings keeping up an independent *agitato* accompaniment, while the organ fills out the harmony. Strangely, perhaps explained by the cathedral service, this bold and graphic movement ends with a change of key and measure (B flat major, 3-4), in the ascription, "As it was in the beginning," etc., a gentle and melodious strain.

7. Trio, "Thou art from first to last," for tenor, soprano, and barytone. Here comes in the harp, with airy arpeggios, lending grace and buoyancy to one of the finest pieces in the work.

8. An interesting quartet follows, "Alleluia," led in by the alto, which gives all the text, dwelling particularly on the words, "And for his poor and lowly hath he mercy;" then comes in the barytone, and instantly the two sopranos, all bearing on the theme in a rich tide together, but leaving it to the alto to end the strain alone, with one more reminder of "the poor and lowly."

9. Quintet and Chorus, "Arise, now, daughter of Zion" (in G, 12-8). The pastoral symphony (abridged) returns as prelude, and fragments of it recur at intervals throughout the chorus, the voice parts at length borrowing its phrases, which gives greater unity to the work as a whole. Not in vain had he studied the Christmas Oratorio of Bach. There follows only a short, plain anthem-like, final chorus, with alleluia, good and solid, but of no pretension beyond simple service.

Music in New York.

MAY 21.—The programme of the last Philharmonic concert of the season, (April 28th), was unusually interesting, and the fact that the house was not filled is not creditable to musical New York. The bill opened with the grand Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" by Gluck, with the ending composed by Richard Wagner. This was followed by Beethoven's violin Concerto played by Dr. Leopold Damrosch, whose place at the conductor's stand during the concerto was taken by Mr. Matzka. Dr. Damrosch did full justice to this great composition, and after hearing his masterly interpretation we can only regret that he plays so seldom in public. His tone is invariably pure and his shading and expression admirable. He played as if possessed by the spirit of the music, and gave a sympathetic as well as a comprehensive performance. The third and last number on the bill was the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven with chorus by the Oratorio Society and solo by Mme. E. Pappenheim, soprano, Miss A. Henne, contralto, Mr. G. Simpson, tenor, and Mr. E. A. Stoddard, baritone.

On April 26th, Mr. F. Bergner gave his annual concert at Steinway Hall, with a very enjoyable programme, in which the following artists took part: Mlle. Henriette Corradi, Messrs. L. Damrosch, G. Matzka and Master H. Rietzel.

Beethoven's Sonata in A, op. 69, was performed by Mr. F. Bergner, Violoncello, and Master H. Rietzel piano, and a Quartet, op. 33 by J. Rheinberger for piano, violin, viola and violoncello was performed by Master Rietzel and Messrs. Damrosch, Matzka and Bergner.

Mme. Esipoff has given her farewell concert here and it is announced that she will sail for Europe during the present week. At her farewell matinée at Steinway Hall

on Saturday last, Bach's celebrated triple concerto was performed; in this Mme. Essipoff had the co-operation of Messrs. Wm. Mason and F. Boecovitz. The programme also included Schumann's variations for two pianos, performed by Mme. Essipoff and Mr. Mason.

Mme. Essipoff does not need the verdict of America to make her a great artist. She was such when she came to us, but she is fairly entitled to our gratitude for her invaluable service to art in the wonderful interpretations she has given here of the pianoforte music of every school.

We have heard players (but only the greatest) who surpassed her at times, or who reached beyond her in certain special merits, but, judging by the sum of her artistic qualities and the average excellence of her playing, we do not hesitate to rank her as one of three really great pianists who have visited our shores of late years, and left an enduring impression upon the musical history of the country.

A. A. C.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 26, 1877.

Fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

The musical festival of last week, with its six Oratorios and concerts and continual rehearsals, was of absorbing interest. It was successful beyond the most sanguine hopes of all concerned. Never before has there been so much enthusiasm, never such constant crowds in attendance and such general expression of delight and satisfaction. It was indeed, in every good sense, a Festival; one in which all united, givers and receivers, on the ground of pure and noble music; one in which listeners and interpreters recognized and felt the holy spell of Art. The enterprise had been wisely planned, skillfully organized and carried out with admirable energy. The programmes, if not in all respects so rich as some we have had before, were yet full of interest, mingling the new with the old, and the most of it easily appreciated, while the old error of a too long and exhausting surfeit was happily avoided. Three grand old favorite Oratorios,—two by Handel, one by Mendelssohn: two parts of the Christmas Oratorio of Bach for the first time,—the rarest, choicest novelty of the whole feast; a specimen, too brief, of the famous Psalms by Marcello; then the new Choral works by Hiller, Saint-Saëns and our own Parker;—these, with the excellent corps of solo singers, all American, and all artists; with the noble chorus of six hundred voices, to whose preparation CARL ZERRAEN had given himself heart and soul; with Mr. LANG at that great Organ, and with a truly admirable orchestra of 66 instruments, which proved on the whole quite as effective as the orchestras of 100 upon former occasions,—together formed an irresistible attraction to most music lovers here and for some distance round about. To be sure, the two miscellaneous afternoon programmes were hardly of the high character we have sometimes had before. There was no Ninth Symphony, no Symphony at all; the work of the orchestra was limited to a couple of Overtures, a selection from Beethoven's *Prometheus*, and the accompaniment of solo singers, in whose contrasted powers and qualities so much personal interest was naturally felt. Yet, with the exception of a very few details, even these were remarkably fine programmes of their kind,—far better than the like in most of the Birmingham and other English festivals.

FIRST CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING,
MAY 16.

The Festival opened with a superb performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, before a most appreciative audience that filled every seat and corner of the Boston Music Hall. This most popular of all ora-

torios was wisely substituted for the more miscellaneous programme that was first announced. It is the Oratorio most sure to draw; the one which the Society all know by heart and are almost sure to sing it well; and it is all-important that the first start in such a Festival shall be an inspiring, unmistakable success. It was a foregone conclusion that it would be so. Seldom, if ever, on the whole, has the *Elijah* been so splendidly brought out here. The choral work was magnificent, chorus after chorus giving more palpable and more inspiring proof of the great progress the Society has made within the last three years. The enthusiasm, alike of singers and of audience, culminated in the stupendous "Rain" chorus: "Thanks be to God," which it is safe to say was never before given here with such precision, such verve, such grand sonorous volume, carrying all before it; that downward rush of the violins, too, near the end of it had a thrilling effect. The grandeur and the graphic splendor of all the stronger choruses was felt; and equally the loveliness of such gentler ones as "He watching over Israel."

The quartet of principal soloists was excellent. Miss CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG, to be sure, is somewhat out of her most congenial and accustomed sphere in music of so large and serious a character; her voice seemed thin and hard and worn in several passages, and once or twice, as in the Angel Trio, slightly out of tune. But she is an accomplished and artistic singer, and she gave herself to the task with right good will. The recitatives and Aria of the Widow were beautifully and expressively rendered, and "Hear ye, Israel," "Holy, holy," and the sentences of the Boy, were brilliant and impressive. Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY, now one of the noblest contralto singers in the world, comes back to us in the full ripeness of her golden voice and art. All that she did that night was admirable and absolutely satisfying. The pathos of "Woe unto them" could hardly find expression more sincere and truthful; and "O rest in the Lord" was given in tones of such rich and even volume, such a pure and perfect cantabile, and such chaste and simple fervor, that it required all her judicious amiable firmness to resist the call for a repetition. As the arrival of Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS was delayed by a rough passage from Hamburg, the tenor solos fell to our excellent WM. J. WINCH, whose voice never was sweeter, nor his style more pure, finished and expressive. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY always makes a grand and stately representative of the Prophet. This time his ponderous bass voice, particularly the upper range of it, was hardly in its best condition; and in some passages he gravitated back to something of that old leaden heaviness which he has mainly overcome of late; but most of his sentences were grandly delivered, the pathetic Arias were sung with feeling and refinement, and the swift, strong, uncontainable: "Is not his word like a fire?" was given with great energy and certainty, making the "divine rage" of the music felt.—In the double Quartet these four artists were assisted by Miss SARAH C. FISHER, Mrs. JENNIE M. NOYES, Mr. WHEAT and Mr. J. F. WINCH, and Miss Fisher joined Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary in the Angel Trio. With the exception of the Trio, all the concerted pieces were uncommonly successful in the rendering.—And so the first night of the Festival was a decided and a fruitful triumph.

SECOND CONCERT, THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Another crowded house,—hardly less crowded than the night before. All the principal vocalists appeared in the following programme:—

Overture—"Athalie," op. 74.....Mendelssohn
Air from "The Creation." "Rolling in foam-
ing billows,".....Haydn
Mr. M. W. Whitney.

Aria from "Semiramide," "Ah, quel giorno!" Rossini
Miss Phillips.
Scena from "Don Giovanni," "Non mi dir," Mozart
Miss Kellogg.
Aria from Requiem Mass. "Ingemisco,".....Verdi
Mr. Charles R. Adams.
Psalm XVIII. "The Spacious Firmament," Marcello
Solos by Mrs. Jennie M. Noyes.
Assisted in the quartet by Mr. W. J. Winch, Mr.
B. F. Gilbert and Mr. C. E. Hay.
Adagio from "Prometheus," op. 43.....Beethoven
Song from "Naaman," "I dreamt I was in
heaven,".....Costa
Miss Cary.
Concert aria. "Ma che vi fece,".....Mozart
Miss Thursby.
Cantata. "Noël." [Christmas]......Saint-Saëns
Solos by Miss Kellogg, Miss Cary, Miss Phillips,
Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. J. F. Winch.

The points of most marked interest in this concert were the first hearing of "Noël," the first appearance of Mr. ADAMS, and the Mozart Aria as sung by Miss THURSBY. To begin with the last named, it was a triumph for the fresh, pure, birdlike young Soprano. The Aria itself,—another of the twelve concert arias of which five or six have been given in the Symphony Concerts—proved one of the most beautiful, original and brilliant of the lot. It teems with happy thoughts in the modest, genial orchestral accompaniment. It soars high in the final Allegro and revels in bright florid figures, and the young lady sang in the most crystal clear, sweet tones, with utmost fluency and brilliancy; her intonation perfect, and her style sympathetic where the passage called for that. Miss KELLOGG vocalized fluently and gracefully in the "Letter" Aria, but hers is not the Donna Anna sphere of song. Miss CARY sang a flat, sentimental piece as well as she sings everything; there was immense applause for her. Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPS seems better fitted for the stage than for the concert room. Her voice is rich and musical, except when she startles one with those exaggerated deep tones; those sudden jerks of emphasis go far to spoil the effect of her otherwise pure and artistic singing. In the *Semiramide* music she is perfectly at home.

Mr. ADAMS was most warmly greeted as he presented himself with a quiet manly bearing, and an air of experience and distinction, such as one might look for in the American singer who has held the place of leading tenor for nine years in the Imperial Opera at Vienna. There was the stamp of the artist manifest ere he had sung three measures. His is the robust kind of tenor, of large compass, evenly developed, under complete control, and intrinsically very sweet in quality, though, probably owing to the "sea change" from which he had scarcely yet escaped, a certain huskiness obscured his middle tones. He sings superbly, in a frank, large, masterly dramatic style, each tone fraught with meaning and intention. The high B flat was splendid, and his baritone notes are musical and solid. Nothing could be finer than his musical declamation, or his enunciation, for which this impassioned *Ingemisco* from Verdi's Requiem, affected as the composition is and overstrained, afforded him considerable scope. Recalled with hearty plaudits, he sang it even better than before. By the way, it was odd to notice, among the conceits of Verdi, the bit of pastoral accompaniment which he attaches to the mere mention of the word *ovae* (sheep),—a *Pastorale* before the throne of Judgment!—This brief taste of Mr. Adams left a desire for more, and it seemed long to wait until the night of *Samson*.—Mr. WHITNEY was in better voice this time and sang the Air from *The Creation* with great majesty and breadth, descending in the final cadence (where Haydn ascends) to a deep tremendous D, which, of course, "brought the house down."

Of Marcello's 18th Psalm, or the fragments culled from it and here put together, with full orchestral accompaniment, by Lindpaintner, for the use of the

Parisian and other Conservatories, we have briefly remarked elsewhere :

It is a portion only, and the smaller portion, the first movement out of several, of that Psalm which George Sand in her famous novel makes Consuelo sing before the great composer, under the direction of the old maestro Porpora, beginning, "I cieli immensi narrano" ("The heavens are telling.") Marcello's music covers all the many verses of each Psalm; the selection here made has greater unity as well as brevity. The words of Addison's noble hymn, "The spacious firmament on high," etc., are found to suit the music admirably. It is in a cheerful, flowing, even, narrative vein of melody, so simple that it almost sings itself; and being written for alto, first and second tenors, and bass voices, without soprano, and harmonized with admirable art, it has a singularly rich, full, hearty sound, as refreshing as it is unusual. The alto solo, however, is so little, that we wonder how Madame Sand came to make so much account of it.

And did it occur to George Sand that she was making a Contralto of her budding prima donna? The piece, though well sung, made no very marked impression; the heavy orchestration seemed to overload a work so purely vocal and so modest; and, pleasing as the extract was, it is by no means the best part of the Psalm, nor is this Psalm so good a specimen as could be found among the fifty. The solos were fairly sung by Mrs. NOYES; as was a quartet of soli in one place, reminding us of Haydn's "The heavens are telling."

Much greater interest was excited by the short Christmas Oratorio (or Cantata) by Saint-Saëns, which, though in no sense a great work, shows both originality and learning, and has numerous effective points. As an early composition (op. 12), it may be regarded as a revelation of rare talent, if not genius, for our day. We have imperfectly described it on another page. Had Bach's Christmas music been heard first, every one would have perceived that the young Frenchman had been studying Bach, and would have recognized in the instrumental prelude a palpable imitation of Bach's Pastoral Symphony,—the same 12-8 measure, the same sort of phrasing, the same contrasting of pastoral reeds with strings, etc. Only here the orchestra has only strings; the reeds are represented on the organ; and so distinctly, with such clean outline, such outspoken character and individualization in Mr. Lang's admirable management of it, that we would hardly trust our orchestral oboes and English horns to do it better. Saint-Saëns lets the organ reeds begin it by themselves,—a very realistic suggestion, it would seem, of the Abruzzi peasants heard in the streets of Rome at Christmas time; the strings join later. Bach, on the contrary, gives the first subject to the strings, forming a prelude to the second, a sort of Cradle song, by the reeds. Bach's is ideal, pure, perfect poetry and blissful piety as well as perfect art; he calls up all the beauty, the mysterious heavenly stillness, the spirit, and the promise of that holy night. The ideality continues in Bach's recitative: "There were shepherds," etc. Nothing could be more poetic, more suggestive, more original. But with Saint-Saëns, if the Pastoral was realistic, the narrative and annunciation, distributed among the four solo voices, may be called conventional; much of it is kept upon a monotone like church chanting. The chorus: "Glory, now, unto God, etc., and on earth peace," is concise and effective, and quite skilfully composed. The simple Air: "Firm in Faith," in detached phrases, with graceful instrumental figures between them, was beautifully sung by Miss Cary. Miss Kellogg and Mr. J. F. Winch did justice to the Duet: "Blessed, ever blessed," which, but for the tedious continuity of staccato chord accompaniment by the organ, has a good deal of beauty; the latter portion, however, which is for a while legato, and in which the two voices come together: "God all gracious," is highly interesting. There is nothing more im-

pressive in the whole work than the stirring chorus: "Wherefore are the nations raging?" and nothing more lovely in contrast, though the connection seems strange, than the gentle, flowing ascription to which its turbulent *agitato* mood so unexpectedly gives way.

In the Trio with florid harp accompaniment (finely played by Mme. MARZEX) there is much that is poetic and original, and it was well brought out. Of the "Alleluia" Quartet, the Quintet and chorus: "Arise now" (where, after Bach's example again, the pastoral symphony comes back as prelude), and the short final Chorus, we have nothing to add to what we have said already. Solo singers, chorus, orchestra and organ did their work satisfactorily throughout, and the work as a whole made all the impression, we suspect, it ever will make; for knowing, as we all do, works so infinitely nobler on the same theme, we may well doubt whether, with all its clearness and taking qualities at first hearing, it will be likely to improve upon acquaintance. That it has given a great deal of pleasure here this once, is past doubt.

THIRD CONCERT, THURSDAY EVENING.

1. Christmas oratorio. Parts I and II....J. S. Bach
Solos by Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. W. J. Winch and Mr. J. F. Winch.
2. Recitative—"Deen and deeper still,"
Air. "Wait her, angels,"
From "Jephtha".....G. F. Haendel
Mr. W. J. Winch.
3. Air from "Eli," "I will extol thee, O Lord,"
M. Costa
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
4. Hymn, "Redemption".....J. C. D. Parker
Solo by Miss Cary.
5. Air from "The Prodigal Son".....A. S. Sullivan
Mr. J. F. Winch.
6. Cantata, "A Song of Victory".....F. Hiller
Solo by Miss Thursby.

The two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio were far more successful, both in their presentation and reception, than we had dared to hope, in spite of the steady growth in public favor here of the Passion Music. So far as we could read the signs, the great majority of the audience, that very nearly filled the Hall, were charmed and deeply moved by nearly every number of the music, so poetic, so ideal, so sincerely Christian in its spirit. It is more easily understood than the Passion music; but there was much to imperil its success. It had had too few chances of rehearsal, while it is a kind of music in which our singers are not much at home. Then it needed the additional accompaniments by Franz to fill out Bach's intention; those unfortunately arrived only the day after the feast. Then the Arias, on the old model, with their two long parts and a *da capo* to the first again (which Franz, in his arrangements of many of them with pianoforte, has happily abridged) could hardly fail, with all their beauty, to prove wearisome to unaccustomed ears. But we were agreeably surprised in hearing the entire performance go so reasonably well. The Chorals (five of them) and the two great Choruses were sung with spirit and a fair degree of precision; the soloists, instead of struggling painfully with their exacting tasks, made the beauty of the music readily appreciable; and the orchestration was passably eked out with parts from England, and, in one or two numbers, from Theodore Thomas, while the organ throughout, handled with discriminating tact by Mr. Lang, went far to make the harmony, if not the counterpoint, complete.

—The opening chorus, than which nothing could sound more glad and jubilant, had a most inspiring influence. All felt its power; all were delighted at the free and hearty childlike way in which this learned old musician could rejoice and shout, and all so musically, and as if unconscious of his own consummate Art. The only drawback was in the awkward English version of the text; the first words: "Christians, be joyful" was not easy for the voices, compared with the original: "*Jauchset*,

frohlocket!" Miss CARY's delivery of the recitative: "See now the Bridegroom" and the Air: "Prepare thyself, Zion," was in the rich heart-felt tones, and the chaste, even, pure *cantabile* style required, with just enough of quiet rapture in the florid passage preceding the *Da capo*. The serious Choral: "How shall I fitly meet thee" was well sung, as were all the Chorals,—all inimitable specimens of Bach's inexhaustible genius for polyphonic harmony,—and had a refreshing and uplifting influence. Mr. W. J. WINCH gave the narrative sentences of the Evangelist in a pure and sweet style of recitative, reverentially and simply. The unison Choral for Sopranos: "For us to earth He cometh poor," alternating line by line with a beautiful orchestral strain, as well as with reflective sentences of Bass recitative, was perhaps not quite so clearly brought out as some other numbers of the work, yet enough so to interest by its originality of form as well as by its intrinsic beauty. The long and florid Bass Air: "Lord Almighty," in 2-4 measure, found adequate expression in the at once solid and elastic voice of Mr. J. F. WINCH. And the Choral: "Ah! Dearest Jesus," with the trumpet interludes, brought the First Part to a delightful close.

We cannot add much to the mere hints in our last paper in description of the work. And we have just anticipated most that we had to say about the lovely Pastoral Symphony with which the Second Part begins. It was well, perhaps, that we heard it almost directly after the "Noël" of the Frenchman—only dinner and a short walk intervening. Although the reed parts were somewhat blurred, and less distinct than those of the other on the organ, yet the exquisite beauty of this *Pastorale* seemed to be felt by all. It is too ideal, too artistically perfect, to be compared at all with the one we had heard in the afternoon. It is woven out of the most vital fibre, instinct with life in every phrase; every instrument is a melody, each sings the same thought, the same motive out of its own heart, in its own way, as if each originated it and they divinely blended. There is the same ideality and poetic freshness, the same imaginative realization of the scene and the events described, in the recitatives: "There were Shepherds," etc., etc. Nothing conventional here, nothing for a moment commonplace! It is all charm and wonder and presentiment.

—But our space is exhausted, and we must complete the record in our next.

MADAME ESSOFF's Six Pianoforte Recitals, at Union Hall, were eagerly welcomed as giving an opportunity to hear and appreciate this great pianist in a smaller room. The attendance was large throughout, in two or three instances quite filling the hall. As the recitals came every afternoon in the week (from Monday, May 7, to Saturday, May 12), it could hardly prove convenient to many of her admirers to attend them all. We were able to be present only twice; first, at the first Recital, when she played specimens of "The Ancient Masters," none of them very ancient, but all interesting. Beginning with Beethoven, she chose one of his smaller Sonatas (*quasi Fantasia*) the companion piece to the "Moonlight," which she played exquisitely; but it was not a great one for the only representative of Beethoven. Then, going back to Bach and Handel, she gave beautiful renderings of the little pieces and transcriptions below named. The Mozart Rondo, too, was finely done, if sometimes with too much emphasizing of the melody; yet Rubinstein's playing of it will be remembered as much finer. The flowery fantasy by Hummel was indeed exquisitely given. And the little things by Gluck, Rameau, Scarlatti (extremely difficult), with the little gem of a Minuet from Boccherini, were singularly perfect. All the rare qualities of touch, clear, fluent, finished execution and poetic grace, which have been repeatedly remarked upon, pervaded the entire performance.—In the programme of "Etudes" there was every sort of style happily presented, and every sort of difficulty overcome with ease and elegance. We only wondered at the

want of any steady tempo, the wholly *ad libitum* treatment, in the arpeggio piece of Chopin, many of whose wide chords, too, were contracted, probably by reason of her small hand. The Etudes by Moscheles, by Hummel, Henselt, and especially by Liszt were wonderfully well done.—For the rest, we must content ourselves with setting down the unique series of programmes in their order.

Recital No. 1.—The Ancient Masters.

Sonata—Quasi una fantasia, op. 27, No. 1. Beethoven
Airs—(Transcription par Camille Saint-Saëns, J. S. Bach

[a] Largo.
[b] Recitative et air, (de la 30e cantate).
[c] Introduction et air, (de la 16e cantate).
Gavotte—D minor (de la Suite Anglaise).....J. S. Bach
Prelude et Fugue—(C sharp major).....J. S. Bach
Variations—"The Harmonious Blacksmith," Haendel

Gigue—F minor.....Haendel
Rondo—A minor.....Mozart
Gavotte—(arranged by Brahms).....Gluck
Larghetto e Cantabile—(de la fantasia), op. 18, Hummel

Theme et Variations—A minor.....Rameau
Nocturne—B major.....Boccherini
Menuet in A major, (from the String quintet).....Field
Sonata—A major.....Scarlatti

Recital No. 2.—Schubert—Mendelssohn—Schumann.

Sonata—G minor, op. 22.....Schumann
Allegro—Andante—Scherzo—Finale.
Andante et Scherzo—Op. 7.....Mendelssohn
Impromptu—(De la Rosamonde).....Schubert
Five Songs, without words.....Mendelssohn

[a] Book IV., No. 1, Andante. [b] Book VI.,
No. 6, Allegretto. [c] Book IV., No. 5,
Volklied. [d] Book V., No. 6, Früh-
lingstid. [e] Book VI., No. 4,
Spinnerlied.

Menuet—(de la Sonate, op. 32).....Schubert
Prelude et Fugue, (avec choral), op. 35.....Mendelssohn
Impromptu—C minor, (Op. 194).....Schumann
Fantasietueck—Op. 111.....Schumann
Vogel als Prophet.....Schumann
Chant Espagnol.....Schumann

Recital No. 3.—Chopin Recital.

Sonata—B minor, op. 58.....Chopin
Allegro maestoso—Scherzo—Largo—Finale.
Nocturne—D flat, op. 27.....Chopin
Etudes—Op. 25.....Chopin

[a] A flat. [b] F minor.
Mazurka—A flat.....Chopin
Valse—Op. 64.....Chopin
Polonaise—A flat, op. 53.....Chopin
Marche Funèbre—(de la sonate, op. 35).....Chopin
Barcarolle—Op. 60.....Chopin
Impromptu—Op. 29.....Chopin
Tarantelle.....Chopin

Recital No. 4.—Les Etudes.

Etude—C major. Op. 25, Book 1.....Chopin
Etude—E major. Op. 25, Book 1.....Chopin
Etude—Chromatique, G major. Op. 70.....Moscheles
Etude—A flat major.....Thalberg
Etude—A minor.....Scazzari
Etude—C sharp minor. Op. 25.....Hummel
Etude—C sharp minor. Op. 25.....Chopin
Etude—Les arpeges. E flat major.....Chopin
Etude—F sharp major. "Sioloau j'etals".....Henselt
Etude de Concert. D flat minor.....Liszt
Etude de Concert. F major.....Liszt

Recital No. 5.—La Danse.

Sarabande—de la suite en Re mineur.....J. S. Bach
Bourrée—A minor.....J. S. Bach
Gavotte—D minor.....J. S. Bach
Gigue—D minor.....Hassler
Menuet—E flat.....Mozart
Polonaise Melancolique.....Schubert
Les Patineurs.....Liszt
(Illustration, sur les motifs du ballet du Prophète de Meyerbeer.)

Dances Hongroises.....Brahms
No. 3 F major. No. 7, F sharp minor.

Mazurka—E flat.....Leschetizky
Valse—A flat, op. 27.....Tschalkowsky
Saltarello.....Stephen Heller
Galop Chromatique.....Liszt

Recital No. 6.—American Composers.

Fantasia, op. 41.....Fr. Brandels
Melodie, op. 32.....Fr. Brandels
Gavotte, B-minor.....Arthur Foote
Gigue—(de la suite en Re pour orchestre).

Bach-Parsons
Valse, op. 1.....W. H. Sherwood
Mazurka, op. 6, No. 4.....W. H. Sherwood
Intermezzo, op. 52 (Kiel).....Ernst Persabo
Menuet (from Schubert's 1st string quartet, op. 29).

Ernst Persabo
Marche Funèbre.....John K. Paine
Sketches for the piano, op. 26.....John K. Paine
[a] Way-side Flowers.
[b] Under the Linden.
[c] Village Dance.

Tarantelle, op. 91.....R. Hoffman
Silver Spring, op. 4.....William Mason
Caprice—"Pastorella e Cavagliere," op. 32,
L. M. Gottschalk

Transcription—"Home, Sweet Home,"
L. M. Gottschalk
Fantasia grotesque—"The Banjo".....L. M. Gottschalk

Foreign Notes.

(From the London Musical Times, May 1.)

The annual special performances during Passion Week of sacred music in all the more important towns of Germany presented this year some features of unusual interest. The performance on Good Friday of Johann Sebastian Bach's grand interpretation of the "Passion," according to the evangelists St. John and St. Matthew respectively, has—thanks in a great measure to the impetus given in that direction by Mendelssohn—become so much a matter of course with German choirs that in order to particularize we should have to furnish a list of more than half the towns comprised in the German empire. We will content ourselves by stating the fact that at St. Thomas's church in Leipzig, for the services of which the work was originally composed, the St. Matthew "Passion" received, as usual, a splendid rendering under the direction of Herr Reinecke. There are, however, among the old masters of church-music not a few whose claims to a revival, if not equally great with that of Sebastian Bach, are at least considerable, and become the more pronounced the greater the dearth among the productions of the present day of works bearing the stamp of original genius. Modern music is still under the immediate influence of the resuscitated masterpieces of Bach, which have come to us endowed at once with the freshness of youth and the solidity of mature age—an influence the importance of which, for the future development of the art, it would be difficult to over-estimate. Nor is there such an abundance even of works of secondary importance among the religious compositions of the day, that similar beneficial results might not be anticipated from the reproduction of the works of masters belonging to a grand period of the art, when musical inspiration was mainly derived from the intense religious feeling of the composer and the devout contemplation of his chosen subject. It is a healthy sign of the time, therefore, to notice among the Passion performances in Germany this year the names of Heinrich Schütz (born in 1585, the immediate precursor both of Bach and Handel), Melchior Franck, Joh. Gottfr. Schicht, Graun, as well as those of the Italian masters—Durante, Jomelli, Lotti, and others. Schütz's "Passion Oratorio" was performed in church on Good Friday both at Cologne and Darmstadt, and created a deep impression upon the audience. On the same day Graun's Passion Cantata "Der Tod Jesu" was given at St. Peter's church, in Berlin, while at other German towns Bach's great Mass in B minor was produced during Passion Week. Among religious works of recent date may be mentioned the performance at Berlin, Zürich, and elsewhere, of Kiel's Oratorio "Christus," a work which seems to attract greater attention at every hearing.

On the occasion of the recent fiftieth anniversary of the death of Beethoven—which in every German town was marked by special performances, consisting entirely of selections from the works of that great master—his Opera "Fidelio" was performed at the court theatres both of Berlin and Munich. At the latter place the Opera was preceded by a spoken prologue, succeeded by the march and chorus from the "Ruins of Athens," and the crowning with wreaths of flowers of a colossal bust of the immortal master.

The ceremony of uncovering the tablet in memory of Joseph Haydn—which has been affixed, at the expense of the Vienna *Gesangverein* "Arion," to the house at the small town of Rohrau wherein the composer of the "Creation" first saw the light of the world—took place on Easter Sunday. Deputations from various musical societies of Vienna were present on the occasion, and after the customary speeches the ceremony was appropriately brought to a close by a numerously attended concert in the evening.

At Leipzig the last of the Subscription Concerts of the season at the *Gewandhaus* took place on March 22. The soloist of the evening was the violin-virtuoso, Herr Leopold Auer, from St. Petersburg, whose playing—according to the opinion expressed by the Leipzig journals—though not entirely free from mannerism, and a certain feminine quality of tone, was yet deservedly admired on the part of a numerous and critical audience. The excellent "Euterpe" Concerts have likewise come to a close with the tenth concert of the season; Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony (without the aid of realistic scenic effects) and Weber's "Euryanthe" Overture having been the prominent features. The usual examinations for the admission of pupils to the Royal Conservatorium of Leipzig were held on the 5th of last month, the new term of instruction at that institution having commenced on the 9th ult.; foreign pupils are, however, admitted for some time after that date.

We read in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* that the recent first performance at Hamburg of Goldmark's Opera "Queen of Saba" resulted in a complete success of the new work. The composer, who was present, had the satisfaction of being repeatedly summoned before the curtain, to receive the enthusiastic plaudits of the numerous audience. The Opera is highly spoken of by the local Press, and has since received repeated representations on the Hamburg stage.

SAINT-SAËNS'S Opera in three acts, entitled "Dalla," will, according to the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*, be performed during this month at the court theatre of Weimar.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Jack and I. C. 3. c to E. Cellier. 40

"And Jack should be a sailor."
A fine, hearty song of memory and good fellowship.

Little Nell. S'g and Cho. Bb. 3. d to E. Kiel. 30
"She is dead, our little Nell,
No sleep so beautiful and sweet."
Sweet ballad, in popular style.

My Laddie far away. Eb. 3. g to E.
Miss Lindsay. 30

"Ye'll know him by his golden hair,
And by his voice so gay."

Some low tones which fit it for an effective Alto song, of which there are none too many.

Come to me Darling. D. 4. d to E. Johnston. 40

"Come to me, Darling, come over the sea,
I'm looking, and longing, and waiting for thee."
Full of deep feeling. 12-8 time.

Benedictus in Db. 4. d to F. Havens. 40

Come, said Jesus. Ab. 4. E to F. Havens. 30

There is a Fountain. E. 4. d to E. Havens. 35
Three of Havens's fine Quartets for Choirs.

Rappelle Toi. [Do not forget.] [Non ti scordar.] A. 4. c to E. Rupia. 40

"Ti parlo d'amore."
"When Nightingales are sounding."
"Lorsque l'ombre l'invite."

A tri-lingual song, having the Italian grace without its usual difficulty.

The Diamond Ring. F. 2. d to F. Tony Pastor. 30

"Ritide fa rei
Ritide fa rei do!"

Comic and pretty.

Instrumental.

Mermaid's Song. [No. 11 of Blossoms of Opera.] F. 1. Andre. 25
Simple and sweet.

Very Easy Sonatinas. By Albert Riehl. ea. 40

There are 3 numbers, of which Nos. 1 and 2 contain each 2 Sonatinas, and No. 3 has one, all of the 2d degree.

California Mazurka Brillante. F. 3. Solano. 40

A California Mazurka should be more brilliant than the rule, and so it is, but quite mazurka like.

The Flash. Galop de Concert. Illustrated Title. Eb. 4. Mora. 50

Fire! Fire!! Fire!!!

Alpha Sigma Chi Waltz. 3. Livingston. 50

Very graceful set of Waltzes,

General Yeoman's Grand March. Bb. 3. Spencer. 40

Brilliant march, with a pretty air from the "Child of the Regiment" in the Trio.

Song of the Birds. [Chant des Oiseaux]. C. 3. Sudds. 40

A whole grove full of birds warble in this elegant composition, which is sure to please.

The Sailor's Farewell. Reverie. G. 4. Meyer. 40

A sort of sober, rich stream of melody flows through the piece, which is quite "satisfying" to the player.

Parade March. Eb. 3. Schlettfarth. 40

A fine march for parade or the march.

The Beautiful Hudson Waltz. Eb. 2. Nelson. 30

An easy, tasteful and not too long piece, which will be a most pleasing "lesson" to those commencing waltz practice.

Little Jennie March. F. 2. Parrott. 30

Includes a very sweet air, and is pleasing throughout.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 943.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 5.

The Destruction of Chopin's Letters, Keepsakes, etc., in Warsaw.

We translate the following from the new *Life of Chopin*, by Moritz Karasowski, new of Dresden, and an old friend of Chopin's family. Of this interesting work, which is truly a biography, and not a rhapsody like that by Liszt, we shall have more to say, and shall probably present our readers with further extracts, containing facts not generally known before, and shedding new light on his character and works. The first volume covers his early life in Poland, with various artistic excursions to Vienna, Dresden, etc., down to the year 1831, when the capture of Warsaw drove him an exile to Paris. For this period,—which included the composition, almost simultaneously, of his two Concertos—M. Karasowsky had the advantage of many of Chopin's letters preserved in his family, and the volume is enriched with nearly fifty of them. But the still more interesting letters which he wrote home from Paris were, unfortunately, destroyed; and of the manner of that destruction we give the author's narrative, with which he opens his second volume, as follows.

After Chopin's death, the various articles he had about him in his rooms in Paris were put up at public auction. Miss J. W. Stirling, a Scotch lady, his pupil and enthusiastic admirer, bought the furniture of his two saloons, with the mementos that were found there. She took it all with her to her home and with it formed a sort of Chopin-museum.

In this interesting collection was a portrait of the genial artist, painted by his friend, Ary Schaffer; a Pleyel grand piano, on which Chopin usually played; a service of Sèvres porcelain, with the inscription: "Offert. par Louis Philippe à Frédéric Chopin 1839;" a costly, sumptuously inlaid casket (a gift from Rothschild); finally carpets, covers for tables and fauteuils, nearly all of them wrought by the hands of his fair pupils.

Miss Stirling had provided in her will, that after her death all these mementos should fall to the mother of the artist whom she so revered. Accordingly they were carried, in 1858, to Warsaw to the dwelling of the mother. After her death, in 1861, they came into the hands of Chopin's sister, Mme. Isabella Barcinska. This lady occupied the second story of two contiguous houses which form just the boundary line between the "Neuen Welt" and the "Krakauer Vorstadt," and which belonged to Count Andreas Zamoyski.

At the very beginning of the political disturbances, which preceded the insurrection in January, 1863, some extremely excited young men (quite contrary to the general feeling) had resolved to threaten the life of every governor. Now although these unfortunate attempts, prompted by patriotic fanaticism, uniformly failed, still they were repeatedly renewed. Inflamed to the utmost by the bloody contest that was raging throughout the land, they finally projected such an attempt against the person

of Count von Berg, who, after the recall of the Grand Duke Constantin Nikolaiewicz, had become the supreme authority in the kingdom of Poland.

On the 19th of September, 1863, at 6 o'clock in the evening, he was returning in his carriage, surrounded by an escort, from the Belvedere to the royal palace. When the carriage came to the place where the "Neue Welt" and the "Krakauer Vorstadt" meet, there was a loud report from the fourth story of Count Zamoyski's house, followed by some Orsini bombs. At once there was a great commotion on the street; but there was no one killed, only some horses of the escort were wounded. A few minutes after there appeared a section of the military, which at that time stood always ready for marching orders on the Saxon square. The soldiers surrounded the two houses; all the women found in them, whether they were dressed or undressed, were dragged down into the street, and then set at liberty; the men, on the contrary, were taken under military guard to the citadel.

Like a stream of lava, bearing all before it, with its annihilating heat, so rushed the infuriated soldiery from one story to another and threw down everything unsparingly. Furniture, pianos, books, manuscripts, in a word *all* that was found in the house, was thrown through the windows into the street. Pieces of furniture too large for that were first hacked up with axes, the legs hewn from the pianofortes, etc. As these two houses stood in the finest part of the city, they were inhabited only by people in good circumstances, and one can imagine what a mass of furniture they contained, when he considers that of grand pianos alone there were actually from fifteen to twenty found among the other articles.

When the enraged soldiers found themselves in the second story, which Chopin's sister occupied, the entire remains of the great artist, that had been preserved with the greatest piety by the family, were all destroyed. The piano on which he had learned to play (from the manufactory of Buchholtz), the first confidant and reproducer of his youthful works, was hurled by the vandals into the street.*

When the night came on, the soldiers built a wood-pile of these articles upon the square, at the foot of the monument to Copernicus, and brought forth from their barracks kettles, which were filled with wine, rum, alcohol and sugar from the plundered shops. They brewed for themselves punch, which they drank to the sound of merry songs. To keep the fire up, they finally threw into the flames all the pictures, books and papers, among which were found also Chopin's letters to his family written eighteen years before. Eye-witnesses as-

* Fortunately the Pleyel instrument, which had been sent from Scotland in 1858, was not among the other mementos, but was in the possession of the niece of Chopin, Mme. Ciechemska, who lived in the country.

sure us, that an officer gazed for a long time at Chopin's portrait painted by the hand of his friend, before he ruthlessly consigned it to the flames.

The bright light, which overspread the city, shewed the amazed inhabitants that the hour of military terrorism had come.

The loss of all these memorials is not so painful as the annihilation of the letters, in which Chopin had poured out his whole soul, full of love for his family, of patriotism for the land of his birth, of enthusiasm for his Art and admiration for all that is beautiful and noble. Extremely interesting, and of value for the historian of culture, would have been the letters which Chopin wrote from Paris at the time when he was daily receiving laurel wreaths as an artist, and came into close contact with the highest persons, as well as with the Coryphæe of Art in Paris; for he described all those experiences most vividly and truly to his parents, so that they could form clear ideas to themselves of all those persons. It is also to be lamented that the lively spirit and the sparkling wit of these communications are lost to the world. In fact a single stroke of Chopin's pen often depicted the most interesting and important of his contemporaries, with whom he had intercourse, more strikingly, than the long, elaborate descriptions of many a writer.

Robert Schumann.

BY FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.*

(Concluded from Page 25.)

During the years 1850 to 1854, he wrote his "Rhenish Symphony," the overtures to the "Bride of Messina" and "Hermann and Dorothea," his ballad "The King's Son," for chorus and orchestra, and many vocal and pianoforte works, besides larger compositions that he had previously sketched. In 1853, Robert and Clara Schumann travelled through Holland,—an artistic tour that resembled a triumphal procession, so great was the enthusiasm with which they were received. On their return to Düsseldorf, the morbid symptoms of Schumann's malady returned with redoubled force. He busied himself, notwithstanding, in collecting his essays from the "Neue Zeitschrift," and during the publication of this literary work ("Music and Musicians") began to make a collection of all that had been written about music by poets of all nations, from the earliest ages to our own day. But illness forced him to desist; the pains in his head became distracting; he took an unhealthy interest in spiritualism; auricular delusions robbed him of sleep for two weeks; and, on the 27th of February, 1854, he endeavored to end his misery by plunging into the Rhine. The unhappy master was saved by some boatmen, brought home, and conveyed, a few days after, to the private hospital at Endenich, near Bonn. Every possible care that reverence and affection could bestow, was lavished on him in vain; here he remained until the 29th of July, 1856,

* Being the Introduction to "Music and Musicians," Essays and Criticisms by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated, edited, and annotated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER. pp. xxiii, 418, 12mo. New York: Edward Schuberth & Co., 1877.

when kind death gave him repose from his sufferings.

Tragic close to so uneventful though beneficent a life! Yet Schumann, blest with the gift of musical imaginativeness that has added a new beauty to the lives of his fellow-men, and enriched the world with another elevating joy, can scarcely be termed unhappy. The great poet, the great composer, possesses such opulence of sensuous and intellectual faculties, that his lot would appear rather that of a demigod than of a mere mortal, but for the compensating trials of suffering or infirmity. Though Schumann's genius was not so largely appreciated as it deserved to be during his life, his was the calm of a respected existence, the admiration of a distinguished circle of friends. And, as his friend Hiller writes: "What love beautified his life! A woman stood beside him, crowned with the starry circlet of genius, to whom he seemed at once the father to the daughter, the master to the scholar, the bridegroom to the bride, the saint to the disciple." And, happily for us, Clara Schumann still lives, a noble example of conjugal and maternal fidelity and devotion, the woman whose virtue, genius, patience, fortitude, and artistic disinterestedness, the world, to its own honor, still delights to honor.

In a letter to me (in 1871) Madame Schumann expressed her opinion that the time had not yet arrived for a complete philosophical and analytical biography of Schumann, and suggested to me the idea of translating his complete works. She wrote:—"I have long been occupied with the plan of a new and correct biography; those by Wasielewsky, Reissmann, and others, are wanting in many points, and partially incorrect. I could have wished Schumann to have been placed more truthfully before the public as a man; his works speak sufficiently for him as a musician, while his writings testify to the discrimination of his judgment, and the variety of his talents. But the purity of his life, his noble aspirations, the excellence of his heart, can never be fully known, except through the communications of his family and friends, and from his private correspondence. I have not yet collected sufficient materials for such a plan; but perhaps you, who display so much appreciation of my husband's character and works, might find it a not ungrateful task to translate his writings, which give so much insight into his heart, at least to the reader who is himself qualified to understand."

After having completed the laborious yet interesting task of translating Schumann's entire collection of essays and reviews, as arranged by himself, I was naturally desirous of publishing them in full, in the precise chronological order in which they were published by Schumann. I was dissuaded from this by experienced advisers, who thought that so voluminous a work on the subject of music only, would find its way with difficulty to the appreciation of the general public in England or America. I finally decided to publish at first a series of selections from my translation,—about half the entire work,—in the order in which the papers stand in the present volume. A second volume, including the remainder of Schumann's collection, will follow in due course of time.

Robert Schumann made his first public appearance as a critic, in 1831, when he published his famous article on Chopin's Opus 2, in the "Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung," which article he afterwards placed at the head of his collected essays and reviews (see page 4 of this volume). He describes the circumstances and feelings that, in 1834, led to the establishment of the "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik," in his own introduction, placed at the beginning of the present volume. Previous to that time, other critics,—Rochlitz in the "Allgemeine Zeitung," Marx in the "Berliner Zeitung," Thibaut, Reissstab, Hoffmann, C. M. von Weber, and others, had accomplished much in the domain of musical æsthetics, literature, and, to a

certain extent, of criticism also; but this latter had been, apart from that of the distinguished writers above-mentioned, principally confined to the discussion of technical subjects. This kind of criticism was felt to be one-sided and narrow, by minds of Schumann's stamp, who were warmly desirous that the poetry and æsthetic significance of their art should be generally recognized and honored. Under his editorial banner, therefore, some of the best musicians, connoisseurs, and æsthetic writers of the day assembled, including Von Zuccamaglio, Friedrich Wieck, Carl Banck, Kossmaly, Julius Knorr, the painters Lyser and Simon, Fischhoff, Dr. Krüger, Schunke, Oswald Lorenz, Becker, August Kahlert, and a number of others.

The Davidite Society, which appears so often in Schumann's criticisms, was an invention of his own fancy. It may be that Richter's Walt and Vult partly suggested the idea; but Schumann felt that different works and individualities appealed to different sides of his nature, and he expressed the varied sympathies thus awakened by the invention of opposite personalities. Florestan embodies the impulsive, passionate, humorous side of his character, Eusebius represents its dreamy, reflective attributes, while Master Raro appears as the reasoning, philosophical mediator between those two extremes. Friedrich Wieck is also occasionally personified as Master Raro. Those articles, in the subject of which Schumann felt wholly interested, he signed R. S., and where he was touched in a comparatively superficial manner, he signed with the figures 9 or 12. Among other members of the Davidite Society, who aided Schumann, either practically or by their encouragement, in his opposition to the Philistines of art and criticism, we find Carl Banck entitled Serpentinus, and Ludwig Schunke Jonathan; Madame Voigt was Leonora or Aspasia; Mendelssohn, Meritis; von Zuccamaglio was Wedel the village sexton; Clara Wieck appeared as Cecilia, Zilia, or Chiara. The influence of Schumann's views on his associates, and the unity of their aim, is quite striking, when we turn to those pages of the "Neue Zeitschrift," published during his editorship; though, to quote Goethe on a similar situation, "By Apollo! it must have been a serious thing to dance to such a pipe!" At one time, Schumann contemplated writing a musical romance, to be called "The Davidites," but never carried out his plan; and, as time wore on, he gradually dropped his own fanciful literary pseudonyms.

At the close of the year 1834, Wieck and Knorr already gave up their connection with the "Neue Zeitschrift;" in the same year, Schumann lost his dear friend Ludwig Schunke, who died of consumption (see page 131), and became sole proprietor, as well as editor, of his paper. In 1836 he was advised by many friends to give up editorship, and devote himself entirely to composition; they even told him that his literary talent had diverted public attention from his achievements as a composer; but Schumann refused to yield to their counsels, arguing that to do so would be to deprive artists of that spontaneous and disinterested support which they ought in justice to receive. In 1840, however, he began to feel it his duty to allow his literary and critical labors to fall into the back-ground; and, four years later, he resigned his editorship into the hands of Oswald Lorenz. After that time, he contributed only a few articles to the Zeitschrift; among these we find his generous early recognition of the then promising talent of Johannes Brahms.

It would be difficult to over-estimate the value of Schumann's labor as a critic. His influence was not destructive or depressing; it was beneficent and inspiring. The claim of some of his German admirers, that he has served the world even more as an art critic than as a composer, goes far beyond the truth. His art criticism, though it will remain one of the best models of this kind of literary labor, has al

ready fulfilled its mission, at least in Germany, while the influence of his achievements as a composer, on musical progress, is not yet wholly understood by the public at large; and the compositions themselves will remain as long as any musical immortality remains, to delight, with an elevated pleasure, every nature capable of understanding them. On the other hand, it cannot be truly said that we have passed beyond Schumann's critical point of view. A man of genius is always in advance of his time. Was it not Schumann who wrote—as early as 1846—of Wagner's "Tannhäuser,"—"It is deep, original, a hundred times better than his earlier operas; and I consider the composition and instrumentation extraordinary, far beyond what he ever accomplished before!" The musical opinions of so highly distinguished a musician as Schumann, must of course appear of the greatest importance to, and carry great weight with, every one who is interested in music; supported by a solid basis of thorough knowledge and practical experience, enlivened by the glow of enthusiasm and lofty creative faculties, his criticism is equally removed from dry technical analysis, as from vague æsthetic speculation unsupported by science. His just, generous recognition of merit in his brother composers, has fully proven how utterly free was his kind and genial nature from the base cankers of envy, jealousy, or cynicism. He understood and carried out the true mission of the critic,—to discover and encourage real merit; to frown down, to ridicule, if need be, all influences, personal or otherwise, which are erroneous in themselves, and deleterious to art; to point to the remediable or involuntary fault, and at the same time, to the best means of correcting it. Schumann's writings are a complete refutation of the often repeated assertion, that the artist must necessarily be an unjust judge of the achievements of his brother artists; a most illogical assertion, it seems to me. Are artists in words, for instance,—are Lessing, Sainte Beuve, Hazlitt, Schelling, Taine, Hunt, Schlegel, Baudelaire, Botta, Gautier, etc., untrustworthy judges of the works of other authors, merely because they labor with similar tools? No; even allowing for partizan bias, or even for individual vanity, the poet still remains the best possible judge of the poet, the composer of the composer, the painter of the painter; all genuine artists feel this at heart, and work more with each other's approbation in view, than for that of the general public. Schumann's criticism, which, if it errs at all, does so on the side of indulgence, has only once been accused of injustice,—in his attack on Meyerbeer's "Huguenots." But no one can deny that Meyerbeer sold his great gifts to the merely pleasure-seeking crowd; he dedicated his talents, not to the service of artistic progress, but to those superficial aims which Schumann despised. He, one of the truest priests of art, burned with divine indignation when he found another priest setting up a golden calf, round which the populace might dance their delighted mazes. Schumann never denied Meyerbeer's great qualities, he only protested against the misuse of them; and let us not forget that amid Schumann's many titles to our gratitude, the world may thank him in great part for its early comprehension of the works of Berlioz, Bennett, Chopin, Robert Franz, Henselt, Gade, and many others.

From his reviews and criticisms—based as they are on the firm foundation of thorough knowledge, enlivened by the vital breath of poetical and philosophical reflection, and by such an occasional flash of humor as sheds a clear light on many questions, whose solution we may vainly seek by the gleam of the study lamp,—a code of musical æsthetics might be gathered; his "Rules for Young Musicians" contain a treasure of golden advice that will become proverbial; and his "Aphorisms" abound in fine and truthful reflections, whose meaning, however,—à la Jean Paul,—does not lie on the surface.

Schumann, familiar with the works of Scott,

Byron, Heine,—the modern romantic school,—was so possessed by the spirit of Jean Paul Richter, that the rich obscurity and overflowing disregard of form, so remarkable in that author, have left their traces on Schumann's literary style, as well as in his music. He acknowledged, indeed, in a letter to his master, Heinrich Dorn, that Jean Paul and Sebastian Bach had exercised unbounded influence over his mode of intellectual labor until the age of thirty, when he became more independent. Richter's influence on Schumann may be accounted for in his wonderful power of rather suggesting than depicting emotions and moods, for which it is difficult to find expression in words, and of which music is the fullest and fittest exponent.

Schumann's readers will find this influence very perceptible in some of the papers that form this volume, especially in Florestan's Shrove-tide Speech, in the charming letters of an Enthusiast to Chiara—doubly interesting from their personal character—in many of his proverbial rules and observations—in the little rhapsody over the seventh concerto of John Field, the gifted and erratic Irish composer (page 267), and in the humorous, fanciful inventiveness of some of the reviews, such as those of dance music, at pages 102 and 325, where criticism is interwoven with a slight narrative. His notices of the first published works of Rubinstein and Robert Franz, his sketches of the performances, and occasionally of the personal traits, of some of his friends and contemporaries, such as Ernst, Liszt, Camilla Pleyel, Clara Novello, Niels Gade, Sterndale Bennett, and others, possess more than merely historical value, considering the source from which they emanate; and musical students will remember that the long analytical review of Berlioz's symphony, "Episode de la vie d'un artiste" (page 228), had the startling effect, at the time of its publication in Germany, of a revolutionary artistic manifesto.

But I will no longer detain my readers on the threshold; and now take leave of them, certain that all who admire Schumann's rare creative genius in his own exquisite art, all who appreciate his distinction as one of the profoundest tone poets of our age, will gladly recognize, in this collection of his writings, that the essentially subjective character of Schumann's musical thought did not exclude variety of talents, geniality, and a nobly disinterested perception and acknowledgment of the merits of his brother artists.

FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.
New York, April, 1876.

The Violin Manufacture in Italy, and its German Origin.

An Historical Sketch; by Dr. EDMUND SCHEBEK. Translated from the German by WALTER E. LAWSON.

(Concluded from Page 11.)

V.

As regards Kerlino, of whose make a violin—or, as some persons who have seen it declare, a viola reduced to the size of a violin, bearing the date 1449, is still in existence, it is evident, from the initial letter of his name, which is unknown to the Italian language, that he is not of Italian descent. Judging from the root, Kerl, the bearer of the name could only have been of Breton or German origin. But how could he have been transplanted from Brittany into Italy? On the other hand, there is a great probability in favor of the emigration of himself or family from Germany; for, at that time, the German lute-makers gravitated towards Northern Italy, as we observe in other cases. The name Gerle, or Kerle, is often met with in Germany. In the middle of the 17th century it was borne by a celebrated organist. It is possible that Johannes Kerlino, the first of known violin-makers, was a member of the family of lute-makers, Gerle, which flourished in Nuremberg about the year 1460; and that, for the—in Italy—unpronounceable German G, a K was substituted. In the collection of instru-

ments on show at the South Kensington Museum, in London, in August, 1872, there were two violins bearing the name Karlino, with the remark, "very old," but no date. It is very probable that this was the result of an error, as sometimes the a is pronounced like e in the English language. But even if this were not the case, the supposition of the German nationality of the violin-maker now under consideration must still appear well-founded, as Karl is also a German name.

This hypothesis takes a more decided form than as regards Kerlino—although the most ancient—in the case of that master who, upon the instruments made in Italy, spells his name Duiffopruggar, and on those manufactured in France, Duiffoprugcar. However enigmatical the name may appear in this manner of spelling, the solution seems very simple when it is written according to German orthography—Tiefenbrucker.*

Tiefenbrucker was long known by name, through a portrait engraved in 1512 by Pierre Voërriot,† and Gerber also refers to him (*Neues Tonkünstler-Lexikon*, 1812), but only as far as he was enabled by the existence of the portrait. Even up to the present time, it has been impossible to ascertain the particulars of his life and works. It is only known that from Bologna—the town from which his first works are dated—he was called to Paris by Francis the First, where he furnished a number of instruments for the royal orchestra; and that, later, he settled in Lyons.

Until quite lately his only known productions consisted of lutes and violas, but at the present time more and more violins of his make are gradually brought to light, placing beyond dispute his importance in creating an epoch of violin manufacture in Italy. Some have been found in St. Petersburg, Brussels, Bologna, London, Bucharest, and in several towns on the Rhine. Two of his violins, the property of Mr. Niederheitmann, of Aix la Chapelle, were for a considerable time on view at the Vienna Exhibition. I here give some inscriptions from violins that are known to me: Gasparo Duiffopruggar Bonnoniensiensis, Anno 1511 (the oldest), and 1517 (the latest). The violin which was formerly to be seen in Brussels bore the date 1539. From a bass viol the following label is quoted: "Gaspar Duiffoprugcar à la Coste Saint Sebastien à Lyon." A lute of the Lyons period, which I met with at the Neustift monastery, bore the simple signature: Duiffoprugcar à Lyon."

This is not the place to enter into technical details; but, judging from the few specimens which I myself have met with, and from the description of others, it seems really a matter for astonishment that he should have done so much, especially when we take the period into consideration, and regard either the pleasing form, the convenience of performance, the design of the separate parts, the careful choice of wood, the exquisite workmanship, or the beautiful varnish. Even the principles of the flat (flache) model, the adoption of which has added so much to the reputation of Stradivarius, were present in his instruments. In the case of well preserved instruments of his make, the tone is remarkable for grandeur and sonorousness. It must, however, be remembered that Tiefenbrucker is not to be judged by a single specimen; for we perceive in the varying forms and details that he—like Stradivarius, during his first period—spent considerable time in experiment.

A great peculiarity of his instruments consists in the external decoration. The neck sometimes ends in the ordinary scroll form, sometimes it takes that of a salamander (emblem of Francis I.), sometimes that of a man's head—occasionally a representation of his own, in which thoughtfulness and energy may be traced. The breasts are generally ornamented with coats of arms in colors, or regal crowns ex-

* As an addition to the orthographical evidence offered by Dr. Schebek, it may be remarked, that the collection of musical instruments in the South Kensington Museum includes a lute by a certain Magnus Tiefenbrucker, and also the photograph of a violin manufactured by Gasparo Duiffoprugcar, presumably the father of the fore-mentioned.—W. E. L.

† In Mendel's *Musikalisches Conversations Lexikon*, now in process of publication, we read—"Gaspard Duiffoprugcar, one of the most celebrated lute and string instrument manufacturers of the 16th century, was born in the Italian Tyrol, in 1514. After having travelled considerably, he lived for a time in Bologna and Paris, but eventually settled in Lyons."

On comparing dates, the reader will immediately become aware that an error has crept into this statement; for, whereas, Dr. Schebek speaks of violins of Tiefenbrucker's manufacture of the year 1511, his birth is here, curiously enough, fixed in 1514. No doubt can arise as to identity, while there is such a coincidence in other respects.—W. E. L.

cated in gold; the backs, either with views or plans of towns (for instance, Rome or Paris), in inlaid wood work, or with oil-paintings (the Madonna or other holy persons); and for this purpose he chose real art works for his patterns—the holy Luke or the holy John after Raphael, and the Madonna after Coreggio or Andrea del Sarto—the latter it is believed by the master himself. The beads round the edge are sometimes either singly or doubly inlaid, with or without arabesque-like figuring, and the sides of such instruments are often ornamented in a similar manner, or with devices in burnished gold; the following thoughtful motto being frequently met with, though occasionally with omission of the first verse:

"Viva fui in sylvis, sum dura occisa securi.
Dum vixi tacui; mortuus dulce cano."*

After Kasper Tiefenbrucker there still lived, as makers of lutes in Italy, Leonard, Wendelin, and Magnus, members of the same family—the latter, until the beginning of the 17th century. Like other members of the trade, they, in all probability, also busied themselves in the manufacture of violas; but only one instrument of the kind is known to me, and that was made by Wendelin, and is to be seen in the Modena Museum, in Vienna.

To render apparent the influence which the above-mentioned masters, and possibly others, of German descent, have exerted in the foundation of the classical violin manufacture in Italy, as also to show the technical development of this manufacture from one school and one master to the other, it would require, as I have already observed, a collection of the dispersed material in a certain place, and for a certain length of time; and also a revival of the subject by the most learned men of all participating circles. We might then look forward to results such as have been already achieved in other provinces by means of special exhibitions.

From the slight historical sketch which I have here attempted to give, the reader will draw a conviction of the once honorable position which the Germans held in this branch of art. At the present day the prospect is not so pleasing. In the production of quantity the Germans are undoubtedly in advance of all nations, not excepting the French, but as regards the higher violin manufacture, they have not—with certain exceptions—made themselves in the least conspicuous; they rank, in this respect, not only beneath the French, but also below the English, by which nations the good method is followed, at least by a few—for instance, by the family Lupot-Gand, of Paris, for nearly a hundred years.

In the art industries, in the strict sense of the words, noticeable endeavors have been made of late years by Austria and Germany to reach again the position occupied by them a hundred years ago. Shall we not, then, in the violin manufacture, which, as regards object and labor, deserves to be ranked with the art industries, endeavor to follow the example of our forefathers?

* I lived in the forest, and was killed by the hard axe.
Living, I was silent; dead, I sing sweetly.

Death of Petrella, the Composer.

ROME, ITALY, April 19, 1877.—The news of poor Enrico Petrella's death you received last week by the Italian telegram. The Marchese d'Arcais devotes the whole of his *Appendice* in the 16th of April number of the *Opinioni* to this popular composer. It is an interesting article, and will be a valuable one forty or fifty years from now, when some art student or musical biographer is hunting up accounts of Petrella's life, as has lately been done in Italy, especially in Perugia, about Morlacchi, for Petrella's fame is not likely to last longer than that of the Peruginese composer. Petrella was not a Verdi, nor a Wagner, but as D'Arcais says, Petrella's music has its own character. In this day, when all Italian composers imitate either the one or the other of those leading composers, Petrella showed in his compositions that he had his own mode of feeling and expression; his operas have their own individuality. Unluckily, Petrella began to write, and met with great success, before he had studied very profoundly. He possessed the gift of music, and had great originality. Inspiration in art is a great deal, but nowadays, especially, it must be reinforced by doctrine. The increasing musical culture of the public requires that composers should have something besides "the God-given." Petrella admitted this, and he did that which few artists or composers are apt to do, set himself hard to work at musical studies even after he had acquired his

reputation, and the effect of his application can be seen in his later works. Every one says he was singularly free from self-conceit and vain glory, as he was also from envy. He must have had a lovely nature. On his death bed, although in the extremest state of poverty, the only words on his lips were grateful ones. Kind, loving, thankful words to his friends, to the people of Genoa, who did everything for him; to his townspeople, the Neapolitans, who were equally kind; to every one. Not one word of bitterness, of reproach, of weak lamenting. He met his death like a Christian and a gentleman.

Petrella's opera bouffe, *Precauzione*, which is placed beside the *Barber of Seville* by his admirers, is full of good humor and fun. I once, however, I like the best, and it is one of the most popular of his operas. It has an unusually good libretto, too. Peruzzini is the author *Marco Visconti, Assedio di Laida, Duca di Scilla, Contessa d'Amalfi, Promessi Sposi, Manfred* and *Giovanni di Napoli* hold a firm place on the Italian stage. When he died he was engaged on two operas that were ordered—*Diana*, by the Casa Lucca, and *Salambo*, by the Casa Ricordi. The last is hardly begun.

We hear of large sums of money received by artists, composers and authors, but how seldom do we hear of an artist or author dying rich; nor is it because they are always improvident. People forget that when a large sum comes it is to pay for the work of two or three or more years; that frequently part of the money has been already spent in advance. Every friend of Petrella I know, tells me he was not a thrifless man; liberal, generous, open handed, yes, but not a spendthrift. He simply had no capital but his brains; his gains came in irregularly and behind-hand for his needs. Thus he lived simply and comfortably part of the time, but died poor, miserably poor. As soon as Genoa, and Naples, and Italy and the King, heard of Petrella's severe illness and poverty, all hands were full of money for his help, and all the journals called on the government to do something for the man whose works are an honor to his country. Great or successful generals have received in all ages the generous, lavish gifts of peoples and sovereigns; but great artists, whose labors are much more beneficial and humanizing, have often been left to die in misery.

As I have already said, Petrella was not wasteful, but it simply took every soldo he made to support himself and family. D'Arcais tells of the almost infantile joy Petrella displayed when, after a long period of strict economy and even worse, need and debt, he received a handsome sum of money for the opera *Contessa d'Amalfi*. He immediately ordered a luxurious dinner at the Hotel della Liguria, Turin, and rented a villa in the country for his summer *villeggiatura*. That was the extent of his extravagance. Petrella was excessively good natured and could not say no. While he was enjoying this notable *villeggiatura*, an impresario of a little theatre at Turin, Musella by name, wished to put one of Petrella's operas on his stage, *Elena di Tolosa*. Of course he had to have the maestro's consent, but had not the money to pay for it. Petrella's friends warned him that Musella intended to pay him a visit and to ask the favor. So the maestro gave orders that when Musella came to the villa he should not be admitted. Musella knew that if he could only gain sight of Petrella he would be sure to accomplish his end. So he disguised himself as a beggar and placed himself directly in the road that Petrella took daily for his afternoon walk. As soon as Petrella appeared, Musella, in dirty rags, went down on his knees in the mud and cried out in the true beggar's whine, "Ah, maestro, maestro, abbiate pietà da noi!" (Ah, master, take pity on us!) Of course Petrella was conquered, he gave the required consent, and *Elena di Tolosa* was sung at the little Turin theatre without costing the impresario a penny.

Petrella, though kind and good-hearted, generous and even gentle, was apt to be quick tempered, and to fly into a rage for a mere nothing, but these flashes passed as swiftly as they came. D'Arcais tells an amusing incident: One day the composer went off in one of these bursts of passion; he scolded, gesticulated, "grew exasperated with his own arguments," as the traditional Irishman in the old story. He seized a glass and dashed it into atoms. In the very height of his fury he went to the piano. The next thing they looked for was to see the fine instrument a ruin, broken into pieces. To the surprise of every one he sat down on the music stool, rested his hands gently on the key-board, played a few harmonies, and, after improvising a while, in a perfect good humor, he said, smilingly:

"At last I have found the end of the duetto for

which I have been hunting so long!"—*Correspondence Philad. Bulletin*.

Handel and Haydn Society.

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Handel and Haydn Society was held last evening in Bumstead hall, the president, Mr. C. C. Perkins, in the chair. There was a good attendance. After the usual routine business the treasurer's annual report was read. This stated that the old account showed a balance of \$54.23, but there was a floating debt of \$3000. During the past year \$1115 was received from assessments and \$369.30 from investments, by which the debt was wiped out. The two Christmas oratorios—"The Messiah" and "Joshua"—paid all their expenses, and left enough over to swell the balance on hand to \$223.40, with which the account for the year closes. The expenses for "The Messiah" were \$1509.75, of which \$535 was for soloists, and the receipts \$2445. The performance of "Joshua" cost \$1638.82, of which \$735 was for soloists, and the receipts were \$2209. The report was accepted and placed on file, after a little grumble by Mr. John A. Nowell at the price paid to the Music hall society for rent.

The librarian's report was read, accepted and placed on file.

The president then presented his report. He said the past season had seen such noble work and excellent progress that the society had reason to be prouder than ever before of its membership. Their spirit of devotion was attested by the fact that there had been forty-four rehearsals during the year, at which the average attendance was three hundred and eighty. Few societies, Mr. Perkins said, can boast of members more loyal than ours. He alluded quite eloquently to the influence of music in promoting fraternity among its devotees. Expressing his dissent from the idea that because emotions excited by music so soon pass away the moral effect must be transitory, he said that as the waters of the Nile quickly subside after an overflow, but leave a deposit which enriches the soil for years after, so the emotions excited by music, though quickly subsiding, left men with kindlier feelings, deeper convictions, and a warmer love of country. The Handel and Haydn Society was thus a powerful influence for good in the community. The subject of the coming performance of "Elijah" in the Tabernacle was introduced with the remark that the society was about to take a new departure,—that for the first time five thousand people would be enabled to hear the best music at prices which would bring it within the reach of many to whom the doors of Music hall had been closed. Should it be found that a popular desire exists for such music, this first attempt to satisfy it would assuredly not be the last. Referring to the late triennial festival, Mr. Perkins said that, although the expenses slightly exceeded the receipts, it was yet in consideration of the fact that it was carried through without any financial guaranty whatever, and that the music was rendered solely by American singers, a success of which the society might well be proud. He stated that the receipts for season tickets were \$3250; for the first performance, \$2735.50; for the second, \$2123; for the third, \$694; for the fourth, \$1505; for the fifth, \$2999.50; for the last, \$2310.50; from various sources, \$448.15; total, \$16,251.65. The expenses, as already stated, were slightly in excess of the receipts, which was to be regretted, because it was hoped the society would be able to send a substantial check to the Old South preservation fund. Mr. Perkins stated further that the examination committee had held nine meetings and examined 103 candidates for the chorus, of whom 58 were accepted and 45 rejected.

Officers for the ensuing year were elected as follows:—

President—C. C. Perkins.
Vice-president—George H. Chickering.
Secretary—A. Parker Browne.
Treasurer—G. W. Palmer.
Librarian—J. H. Stickney.
Directors—G. T. Brown, J. D. Andrews, W. F. Bradbury, A. H. Wilson, A. K. Hebard, H. G. Carey, J. A. Pray, R. B. Rundlett.

This is the regular ticket, excepting Mr. Rundlett, who was chosen in place of W. O. Perkins.

The nineteenth of the by-laws was amended by the addition of the following: "The board of government may, previous to any concert in which the society is advertised to sing, suspend from participation in that concert such members as are, in the opinion of the board, for any cause incapable of singing the music to be performed."

The meeting adjourned until Tuesday evening, June 19.—*Advertiser, May 29.*

BACH'S CHRISTMAS ORATORIO, Parts I and II., (says the *Evening Gazette*), will remain the most delightful reminiscence of the festival. The audience listened to it with remarkable attention, and, what was more, appeared to enjoy every bar of it. There is but little of dryness in those portions of the work performed; on the contrary, it is all wonderfully fresh, fluent, inspiring, and, above all, elevating. It also abounds in grace, intense expression, and a melodiousness that proved a

genuine surprise to those who entertain the common error that Bach never condescends to stoop to anything more tuneful than a fugue. If the festival had done nothing more than brought this masterpiece into notice here, it would have done enough to merit the lasting gratitude of the musical community. We cannot enter into a detailed description of the work, and can merely allude to the delicate beauty of the "Slumber song," the massive and imposing grandeur of the chorals, the suave grace of the air, "Haste, ye Shepherds," and strong dramatic coloring of the whole. Mr. W. J. Winch sang the tenor solos with all of his usual tenderness and with more than his usual fire, and won for himself deserved and discriminating applause for the beauty of his singing in the trying bravura toward the close of his principal air. Mr. J. F. Winch did ample justice to the bass solos, though we could have wished for something more of fire in his first air. Miss Thursby acquitted herself admirably in the little she had to do, and Miss Cary sang the "Slumber song," "Sleep, my beloved," with superb feeling, despite the temporary confusion at the close of the second part, caused by a momentary inattention to her score. The chorus singing was thoroughly good, remarkably so for a first performance. The first impression made by the oratorio will insure it a welcome and a frequent rehearing.

WAGNER AND HIS MUSES.—"The genuine Muses are chaste;—chaste, primordial, proud. They despise toilet arts; each gives herself alone, they borrow not from one another. What will you say, then, of a painter who would heighten the effect of his pictures by a Bengal light? Of a Phidias who should exhibit his figures to the sound of music? And here? Music in union with scene-painting, ballet, pyrotechnics! And this coquette, rigged out in all imaginable frippery, calls herself the German (the *echt Deutsche*) Muse!—Look you, it makes me mad!" We borrow this from Herr Fappert's "Wagner Lexicon," or "Dictionary of Impoliteness." Many of the sharp and pithy sentences which he has strung together alphabetically in it, are equally true and hit the nail upon the head.

Musical Correspondence.

MILWAUKEE, MAY 24.—As the musical season is rapidly drawing to a close, a brief resumé of what has been done in Milwaukee may perhaps prove of some interest to the readers of the Journal. The greater part of the winter brought few musical attractions, owing to the hard times of the past three or four years having materially reduced the number of travelling artistic organizations, and up to the end of February an unusual dulness prevailed. The Musical Society, an institution which has been in existence upward of twenty-five years, and of which Milwaukee is justly proud, has given two regular and two extra concerts, together with three or four soirées, the latter bringing light programmes, all under the direction of Mr. Eugene Luening, a native of Milwaukee, who graduated a few years ago from the Leipzig Conservatory. The programmes of the regular concerts brought a number of classical selections, such as the *Fidelio* overture in E, and portions of Symphonies, performed by the Society's orchestra. The principal soloists were: Mrs. J. B. Walker, a Soprano of more than ordinary vocal resources, and an artist in every sense of the term. She has been a resident of Milwaukee for some years, and is now engaged in teaching singing. Miss Lina Allardt, of Detroit, sang twice, and made a very favorable impression. Gustave Bach, the young violinist, performed a violin solo at one of the concerts; and on another occasion the Finale from the 1st act of Wagner's *Lohengrin* was performed by the Society's forces, vocal and instrumental.—Col. Jacobs (tenor) as *Lohengrin*. The Society also gave a concert on the 50th anniversary of the death of Beethoven, performing the Mass in C in Immanuel Church.

The Euphemia Society, a private organization, under the musical direction of Mr. Julius Klausner, a son of Prof. Klausner, of Farmington College, has given a series of classical concerts at the residences of members, with Mr. A. O. Boddin, the young baritone, among the principal vocal attractions. The

last entertainment brought Beethoven's *Eroica* symphony for four hands on a grand piano, performed by Messrs. Gumpert and Dodge, and a movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, by Mr. Hardege, all graduates of Leipzig.

Mme. Essipoff and her company gave a brilliant concert in February to a large audience, and received an enthusiastic welcome. Her programme was not as classical as I had hoped, Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata being followed by a number of smaller compositions by other masters. Her performance was characterized by a magnificent technique and intense, poetic feeling, something akin to Rubinstein.

Miss Emma Abbott favored us with a concert in April, and had a full house, everybody being anxious to see and hear the young artist, who sang here a number of times some years ago when a resident of this city. She made a favorable impression, notwithstanding the fact that her voice is somewhat uneven, and she will undoubtedly be one of the principal attractions of the concert room for some time to come. Signori Brignoli and Ferranti shared the honors of the evening with Miss Abbott. Ole Bull had the kindness to remember us with one of his "positively farewell" concerts. His playing was a sad disappointment to those who heard him a few years ago, though his Scandinavian compatriots, who comprised a good share of the audience, were enthusiastic enough. Ole Bull was assisted by Miss Thursby, a magnificent Soprano, who was really the principal attraction of the evening, Mr. Tom Karl, the Tenor, Mlle. Martinez, Contralto, and Mr. Liebling, pianist, recently from Berlin.

Theo. Thomas and Miss Cary appeared before a crowded house, with a magnificent programme. The grand orchestra had not favored us with a call for several years, and received an enthusiastic welcome.

But the greatest attraction of the season centred in the concerts of Miss Julia Rivé, the young pianiste from Cincinnati, who gave two entertainments here, in February, and April. About three years ago I saw notices of her playing in one of the Gewandhaus concerts in Leipzig, (I think it was in the *Neue Zeitschrift*, and it paid her a very high compliment), but I never heard her until this season, when she appeared for the first time. Miss Rivé undoubtedly has a brilliant future before her, and though the youngest of the great pianists who have visited us, will have a world-wide reputation. Personally she is the most modest and unassuming artist I have ever seen, but the fire of genius burns brightly within her and her performances here were of the highest order. Here first concert was not well attended, owing to insufficient announcement and unfavorable weather. The second concert met with more liberal encouragement, though the political election held on that day had an unfavorable effect on the attendance. On this occasion, Miss Rivé was assisted by Miss Annie Louise Cary, who sang "O don fatale" from Verdi's *Don Carlos*, "Sing, smile, slumber," by Gounod, and a ballad, "It was a Dream," by Cowan. Miss Cary was of course enthusiastically applauded, and compelled to supplement her programme numbers with two additional pieces. But Miss Rivé carried off the honors of the evening by her unprecedented performance of two entire Concertos, the Beethoven C minor, with Reinecke's Cadenza, and the Liszt E flat (Mr. Liebling of Chicago playing the orchestral parts on a second piano); the former especially was given with a chasteness of expression and pure devotion to the composer, which established her at once in the favor of the audience. Miss Rivé also played the Tausig arrangement of the Strauss Waltz: "Man lebt nur einmal in der Welt," and Liszt's second Hungarian Rhapsody, the latter in response to

a tumultuous encore. I have never heard the latter composition played so effectively. I hope she may be induced to give us some piano recitals during the coming season, though that is exceedingly doubtful. Miss Rivé has received a flattering offer of an engagement to play in Paris during the coming winter, and if she accepts, that puts an end to her concerts in this country for the time being. She gave three recitals in Cleveland last week, and may go to California for a short season early in June.

FRA DIAVOLO.

CHICAGO, MAY 31. Last Thursday evening the Beethoven Society, under the direction of Carl Wolfsohn, gave a performance of Hoffmann's "Legend of the Fair Melusina." The accompaniment was by piano-forte, only, extremely well played by Miss Agnes Ingersol. The solos were taken by Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Frank Hall, Mr. Jas. Gill, and Mr. Martin. All except the last named did well; while Mr. Gill (who is a fine singer and teacher) showed himself an artist, although unfortunately his voice is hardly heavy enough for McCormick Hall. The Chorus numbered about a hundred and fifty, and on the whole sang not badly, better, I should say, than on the previous occasions this year. Still it was very far from finished chorus singing, and is not to be compared with the standard of excellence set up by the Apollo Club. Several members of the society have taken violent exceptions to my criticisms on their style of performance; on the other hand a number of the more intelligent ones have fully admitted the justice of my comments. The truth is the rehearsals are at fault. The chorus contains quite a number of unsuitable singers, and the discipline is very lax, especially in the matter of attendance at rehearsals. For this reason the enthusiasm of the good ones is exhausted in the effort to make the bad ones sing well by *unconscious absorption*.

As I have already intimated in former letters, some of the Beethoven Society set up the defense that it is the mission of their society to interpret new works; and that, unlike the Apollo Club, they do not spend their time in the study of *pianissimo* and mere effects. Hence they point with pride to the fact of their having given during the present season four works: Rheinberger's "Toggenburg," Gade's "Comala," Verdi's Manzoni Requiem, and now Hoffmann's "Melusina." But when they look over the list for the year, they will discover, I think, that the Apollo society has given quite as much music of the larger kind, and a good deal of the smaller besides, and in all of it has held the chorus up to a standard of excellence as much superior to their work as the playing of the consummately graceful artist Mme. Essipoff is to that of ordinary piano-teachers. I would not say this were it not for the sake of pointing the moral of it all, which lies simply in the determination of the Apollo conductor to secure good results, and in the discipline of the society, which enforces attendance at rehearsals and especially sub-rehearsals.

Mr. Wolfsohn is engaged in a series of historical piano recitals, of which the seventh and last of the present season occurs next Saturday, June 2d. This one is devoted to Beethoven, and will include some Bagatelles, a Fantasia, and the three sonatas, op. 7, op. 57, and op. 111. The recital last week was devoted to Schubert, and brought the following:

Sonata in A minor.
Impromptu in A flat.
Moment Musical in G.
Impromptu in B flat, (air and variations).
Elegie in B.
Fantasia in C major.

Mr. Wolfsohn deprecates criticism on the style of his playing, and takes to himself the intention of

interpreting—desiring to be appreciated for his good intentions; and this appreciation I hereby tender him.

I scarcely know whether the cause of music has been advanced in Chicago by the remarkable elevation of the standard of piano playing which has taken place within a few years here. Several, who cut quite a swell as solo pianists here a few years ago, are now left far behind. We have, however, one pianist, Mr. Emil Liebling, who in point of technique and artistic ability is to be ranked very high. Only a day or two ago he played Chopin's second Concerto (the one in F minor) as an illustration in connection with Mr. Mathews' lecture on "Chopin, Schumann, and Wagner." The accompaniment was on the organ by Mr. Eddy. This beautiful work went delightfully, and Mr. Liebling's playing seemed to me thoroughly artistic. I did not find then the coldness I have before accused him of. Equally well were played the Schumann pieces which occurred in the same programme:

* Novellette in B minor,
Vogel als Prophet,
Traumewirren.

Mr. Liebling always plays without notes, and on this occasion apparently with perfect accuracy.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue, and the programmes are as fine as ever, and as well played—which is saying all I could possibly say in praise of them.

The Apollo Club have a festival next week, June 5, 6, and 7, on rather a smaller scale than that of your Handel and Haydn, but still far beyond anything we have had here before. The chorus numbers about five hundred. The choral numbers will include Gounod's "By Babylon's wave," Sullivan's "On Sea and Shore," part of Gluck's "Orpheus," the first part of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and the most of "Israel in Egypt." The soloists are: Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Winch, and Mr. Myron Whitney. The orchestra is to be that of Theodore Thomas. I have no doubt the quality of the performance will be fully equal to anything ever done in America. But we shall see.

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

LEIPZIG, MAY 11. I enclose a translation of an article which lately appeared in one of our Leipzig papers, which I thought might be interesting to your musical readers.

After the well deserved and great success of the Imperial Opera singer, Madame MARIE WILT, on the Leipzig stage, we take from the *Allgemeinen Monatshefte* the following biographical information, received from the pen of the Countess Eufemia Ballestrem:—Marie Wilt was born in Vienna, her parents, who were poor, died whilst she was still very young. The sister of Baron Pratobevera, Mme. Fanny Premier, adopted the child, and with a motherly interest, carefully educated her. Marie early developed a love for music, and Mme. Premier placed her under the instruction of the Piano-master "Lenz" in Vienna; she also began to sing children's ballads with expression and marked talent. At the age of fifteen she was a ready and thoroughly artistic pianist. Her voice, which was already powerful and beautifully clear, promised to be of extraordinary compass; and, in order to be certain of the quality of it, Mme. Premier had it tested by a singing master of reputation, but his opinion was not encouraging.

Soon after Marie Premier married a building contractor, Franz Wilt who through the excellence of his workmanship, had made a name for himself. Notwithstanding her family were decidedly opposed to a singer's career, and a weakness of the lungs prevented her for a time from using her voice, still Marie Wilt, following her irresistible inclination, joined the singing society conducted by Johann Herbeck—and as a member of it appeared for the first time before the public in the part of "Jemima" in Schubert's *Lasarus* with great success. The Professor of the Vienna Conservatory, Dr. Ginzbacher, at that time, gave especial attention to her cultivation for concert-singing, and in 1864 she sang in a concert with Desiré Artot, who was so charmed with her beautiful voice, that she warmly urged her to devote her talents to the stage. This recommendation of the cele-

brated artist was for Mme. Wilt the "Sesame," that opened wide to her the doors of the Opera. Obstacles were overcome, everything yielded then to the sole purpose of perfecting herself for the operatic stage.

Already in 1862 she was so far advanced, that through the assistance of the Countess "Schönfeld" and the, at that time, celebrated actress Henmann and the present "Cultus minister" Dr. Schmayer, she appeared in Graz for the first time as Donna Anna in *Don Juan*, with tremendous success. From this time on her life has been a "chain of triumphs," her star grew in brightness, and the name of Marie Wilt was sounded across the sea. She appeared in Berlin and London and received the most brilliant offers of engagements for England, France, Spain, Italy and America. Afterwards she appeared in Venice eight times in *Norma*, creating the greatest excitement. Finally in Vienna she sang as "guest" in *Trois Jours* the role of "Leonore," which led to her permanent engagement at the Grand Imperial Opera house. This took place in 1867 and since that time Marie Wilt has been the "Prima donna assoluta" of the Vienna opera.

Not only in opera is she unsurpassed, but has proved herself an excellent concert singer, and one who is always greeted with the greatest enthusiasm. Her repertoire is larger than that of any other singer in Europe, consisting of: *Norma*, *Lucretia Borgia*, *Leonore*, in *Trois Jours*, *Elvira* in *Ernani*, *Donna Anna* and *Elvira* in *Don Juan*, *Queen of the Night* in *Magic Flute*, *Countess* in the *Marriage of Figaro*, *Ortrud* in *Lohengrin*, *Valentine* and *Margarethe* in the *Huguenots*, *Bertha* in the *Prophete*, *Elizabeth* in *Tannhauser*, *Alice* and *Isabel* in *Robert le Diable*, *Eglantine* and *Euryanthe* in *Weber's Euryanthe*, *Recha* in *La Juive*, *Constance* in *Die Entführung*, *Floriligne* in *Così fan tutte*, *Rezia* in *Oberon*, *Selica* in *L'Africana*, *Ophelia* in *Hamlet*, *Aida* in *Aida*. Such a repertoire could only be possible for an artist with such a marvellous voice. She sings with the greatest ease three octaves, reaching G, each note thoroughly cultivated; no distinction can be detected in the perfection of one note from the other. In addition to her finished singing, Marie Wilt possesses the highest order of dramatic execution; not to speak of the immense volume of voice which rings clear as a bell above the most powerful orchestra. Thus is Marie Wilt indisputably the first singer in Germany, and a worthy successor of Schröder-Devrient. And as in every day life she is a very sociable and amiable woman, tolerant and free from envy, one whose good qualities rival her great talents, so must all those who honor Art and its followers hold Marie Wilt in grateful remembrance. G. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 9, 1877.

Fourth Triennial Festival of the Handel and Haydn Society.

(Concluded from Page 31.)

—We were interrupted in the midst of our description of the third concert, in speaking of Bach's Christmas Oratorio. We spoke of the ideal beauty of the *Pastorale* and the opening recitatives in the Second Part. Here occurred Miss THURSBY's only participation in this work, the single page of the announcement by the Angel: "Be not afraid," of which her delivery was most pure and brilliant. The wonderful Tenor Aria: "Haste, ye Shepherds," so tender, yet so extremely difficult, and florid in the latter portion, received a tasteful, highly finished, fervent rendering from Mr. W. J. WINCH; this was the most arduous task for any solo singer. Beautifully soft and harp-like sounded the accompaniment to the Bass recitative (well declaimed by Mr. J. F. WINCH) exhorting all to sing "with one accord, beside that cradle holy." And then the cradle song of the mother: "Sleep, my beloved," the loveliest melody of that kind ever invented, and wrought out with most perfect art! Miss CARY's voice and singing were entirely worthy of it; chaste and deep in feeling, and faultless save in a single slip at the end of the second part through momentary inattention to the score. The sublime chorus: "Glory to God," wonderfully elaborate as it is, and so involved, in the independent movement of each voice part and instrument, was quite effectively given by the great choir and produced a marked impression. It must be heard again and again to appreciate a tithe of all its beauty and its grandeur; they are inexhaustible. This chorus formed the ex-

citing climax of the work. Then for a calm and peaceful close, the return of the Choral, which has been heard twice before, but now in a new rhythm, the 12-8 of the *Pastorale*, whose lovely second theme is brought in after every line, was just the most exquisite and perfect thing that ear and soul could crave.

Mr. Winch never sung with more feeling and refinement than in the recitative and Air from *Jephtha*. Miss Thurstby had fair field for her bright tones and her brilliant florid execution in the Air from Costa's *Eli*: "I will extol thee," and was immensely applauded.

Singers and audience were wrought up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm by Mr. Parker's "Redemption Hymn." It was the sensation of the Festival. It was sung perfectly, chorus and orchestra joining their best out of a hearty sympathy and respect for the composer. The Alto solo was admirably sung by Miss Cary, and then—we will let our friend of the *Courier* describe the scene that followed:

After Miss Cary had curtsied her acknowledgments of the tumultuous applause, cries of "Parker, Parker" began to be heard from various parts of the hall in ever growing crescendo. The modest composer, apparently rather overwhelmed by these demonstrations, was at last prevailed upon to rise from his seat in one of the back rows on the floor and make a half timid bow. But this was not enough; hardly a hundred people had seen him, or even knew where to look for him; the applause and cries continuing unabated, Mr. Zerrahn's tall figure was seen striding down the side aisle, like inexorable fate, bearing down upon Mr. Parker's seat; escape was impossible, and the successful composer was mercilessly captured, and led up to the conductor's desk on the stage, from whence he bowed his thanks amid cheers and hand-clapping, the ladies of the chorus fluttering their handkerchiefs as if the signal had been given by an electric battery. Mr. Parker may be proud of having written one of the best choral fugued movements ("Art thou not it that hath cut Rahab, and wounded the dragon?" that contemporary compositions can boast of. The fugued chorus is almost a lost art, and to have written so strongly effective an one is no mean triumph. The composition, as a whole, is admirably written, and shows at times no little melodic invention. Mr. Parker is much to be congratulated.

We too congratulate and say Amen! The subject of that fugue, by the way, (it is no disparagement to say it), is strikingly like the opening of Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in E minor. The unity and consistency of Mr. Parker's entire composition, as well as its general euphony, rich harmony and even flow, ensured its good impression—Mr. J. F. Winch's noble voice and power were rather wasted on the uninteresting Air by Sullivan.

Hiller's "Song of Victory," imposing, grandiose in plan, in its elaborate structure and employment of all modern means, was very variously received. Some were carried away by it, and some shook their heads; to the most its very brilliancy and (so to say) grandiloquence proved wearisome. Its impressiveness, as a whole, was hardly in proportion to the grandeur of design, the wealth and boldness of the harmony, the ingenuity of form, and the considerable melody displayed in it. That it is the work of a most accomplished musician, one of the masters of our time, armed and ready at all points, there can be no question. But Hiller here, as elsewhere, seems to fall just short of what we call creative genius; the vitalizing spark is wanting. Had we room to go into detail, however, it would be easy to point out many a passage strikingly effective, beautiful, and even original. Some of the choruses are worthy of their subject, jubilant and full of exultation, while some are bizarre and bordering on the barbaric. The final chorus: "Praise the Lord with lute and harp, with tabors, cymbals and dances," seemed the literal reproduction, or "materialization" of that text, so full was it of gay and happy sounds, so buoyant, childlike and like Father

Haydn. The choruses were commonly well sung; but the orchestration, always heavy, was still more over-weighted, as was sometimes the vocal melody itself, with the bloated *rimbombo* of a big bass tuba. Miss Thurstby made the most of her several soprano solos; and in the final chorus her silvery, pure voice soared and revelled, holding out the highest tones with exquisite beauty and quite rapturous expression.

FOURTH CONCERT, FRIDAY EVENING, MAY 18.

A very large audience assembled to hear Handel's *Samson*,—not the whole of it by any means, which would have taken about five hours, seeing that this performance, in which the cuts and omissions amounted to a full half of the Oratorio, lasted two hours and a half. The fact is, *Samson* is an endless series of recitatives and arias, many of them most beautiful and characteristic, but relieved by comparatively few choruses; and in his semi-dramatic plan of treating all the words of somebody's adaptation of Milton's "Samson Agonistes," so many solos, for a concert room, become intolerably prolix. The retrenchment, to be sure, was made chiefly from the solos, and this left a fairer proportion of choral numbers. Still, even these had to be reduced, because the text of several of them is really quite unrepresentable. What would happen, in these days of Woman's rights, for instance, should the whole H. and H. sisterhood and brotherhood unite in singing:

To man God's universal law
Gave pow'r to keep the wife in awe,

And then continue, in full fugue:

Thus shall his life be ne'er dismay'd,
By female usurpation sway'd!

But, on the other hand, the very excision of so much, so frequently, here a bit and there a bit from the same long stretch of recitative, also aggravated the sense of lengthiness by the slight confusion and uncertainty about the place which it occasioned both with listeners and singers. A more serious drawback was the imperfect state in which this, like all the Handel scores, is found with regard to orchestral accompaniment, middle parts of the harmony being too frequently wanting, or but imperfectly supplied upon the Organ.

Nevertheless, in spite of all these drawbacks, there was much that was grandly impressive, much that was fresh, characteristic, varied, beautiful in melody, while nearly all was enjoyable. The solos were mostly excellent. Miss KELLOGG was eminently in place in the soft, inveigling, fondling, pleading melodies of Dalilah; she cooed and warbled "With plaintive notes" mostly gracefully and tenderly; and, in another and a nobler vein, her "Let the bright Seraphim" was spirited and brilliantly effective. Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPS sang "Return, O Lord of Hosts," and indeed most of the music of Micah in an earnest, thoughtful manner, and with good expression; and it was well suited to her rich voice. Mr. ADAMS had a fine opportunity to illustrate his admirable art of recitative in the part of Samson. He is a model in enunciation and in musical declamation; all his phrasing perfect, never missing the dramatic point. You feel that you have an artist before you always, one who has been thoroughly trained, one who knows himself, his business and his vocal means. Some of his middle tones were still a little husky; and yet they are large tones, full of essential sweetness. Never, unless it were in Braham's time, have we heard so beautiful, so refined, so touchingly eloquent a rendering of "Total eclipse;" had he been blind, as Milton and Handel were, he could hardly have conveyed the spirit of the poetry and music more imaginatively. In his dialogue with Dalilah all his replies were tel-

ling. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY sang "Honor and arms" superbly, and was in capital voice and trim for all the music of the boastful Harapha; pity only that it was so bare in accompaniment! Mr. J. F. WINCH gave an agreeable and faithful rendering of the part of "aged Manohah." Several of the more stirring choruses were well sung, others not so well; the singers showed signs of fatigue; so much work in a crowded hall, and in the first intense heat of summer, readily accounts for it.

FIFTH CONCERT, MAY 19.

Saturday afternoon brought another miscellaneous programme,—mainly solos, with the intervention of chorus in two short instances:—

1. Overture—"Hero and Leander," op. 11.....Rietz
Festival Orchestra.
2. Scene from Lohengrin. The Legend of the Grail.....Wagner
Mr. Charles R. Adams.
3. Aria from Don Carlos, "O Don Fatale,"....Verdi
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
4. Aria from Semiramide, "Bel Raggio,"...Rossini
Miss Clara Louise Kellogg.
5. Aria from La Juive, "Se oppressi ognor," Halévy
Mr. Myron W. Whitney.
6. Airs from Orpheus—"Chiamo il mio ben,"
b. "Addio o miei sospiri,".....Gluck
Miss Mathilde Philipps.
7. Fantasia for piano-forte, op. 15. (Instrumented
by Liszt Schubert
Mr. B. J. Lang.
8. Four-part Song. (Unaccompanied). Farewell
to the Forest".....Mendelssohn
Festival Chorus.
9. Song—"Die Allmacht,".....Schubert
Mr. Adams.
10. Aria from Le Pré aux Clercs, "Dell' Eta mia
primiera,".....Herold
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
11. Aria from Il Profeta, "Pieta,".....Meyerbeer
Miss Philipps.
12. Quartet from Fidelio, Canon.....Beethoven
Miss Thursby, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams,
Mr. Whitney.
13. Solo and Chorus from Stabat Mater, "Inflam-
matus,".....Rossini
Miss Kellogg and Festival Chorus.

The crowd on this occasion surpassed all; hundreds of people stood throughout. The single Overture was not a fortunate selection; it made but an indifferent impression when it was first given in a Symphony concert, but then the beauty of its slow introduction, at least, was felt; this time that was thrown away amid the bustle of people crowding in and all the rest was but half heard and tedious. The one thing wanting in the Festival was some important orchestral features in the course of its programmes.

Miss Kellogg was at her best, naturally, in "Bel raggio," and reaped a rich harvest of applause and flowers, huge baskets full. For Rossini's "Inflammatus" she has not the thrilling majesty of voice or style, though technically it was finely executed. Miss Thursby sang the florid aria from *Le Pré aux Clercs* with the utmost brilliancy and fluency and clear birdlike sparkle (may we say) in the bright highest tones. It was an exquisite piece of vocalization, and received with great enthusiasm and with floral tokens. Miss Cary's selection from Verdi's *Don Carlos* was a highly dramatic one, and exhibited her glorious rich voice, her telling declamation, and her singularly even, ripe, sustained cantabile, to full advantage. Cheers and flowers for her, too, without stint. Miss Philipps chose her most effective concert pieces in the two Airs from *Orpheus*, displaying great fire and facility in the bravura of the second one.—Among the men the palm belongs to Mr. Adams, whose delivery of the Scene from *Lohengrin* had all the intensity and the romantic tone-coloring, with all the nobility of expression which Wagner could have asked for; his *Lohengrin* upon the stage must be something worth the while. Not less noble was his rendering of the majestic, awe-inspiring song of the divine Omnipotence by Schubert, though it was only half appreciated, the audience being unprepared for it, not having the words before them. Mr. Whitney sang the Aria from "The Jewess" with sustained dignity

and feeling. Seldom, if ever, have we had the Quartet from *Fidelio* so finely sung here, (in spite of the weak Italian translation), and yet it was about the first time that we ever knew it to pass without a call for repetition. The rare conjunction of four such voices and such singers in a gem like that should, by good rights, have been made the most of.—We could not feel that the Liszt-Schubert Fantasia, brilliant as it is, but so long, and beginning to be a trifle hacknied, was just in the right place in that programme, though on the part of Mr. Lang it was finely played, and fairly on the part of the orchestra.—The rich, cool, broad effect of the whole choral mass of voices was refreshing and inspiring in the part-song by Mendelssohn; but it was never written to be sung by more than a club, or a handful of singers, and the effort must be rated as sensational, rich as the sensation was; voices never blended more euphoniously, it must be said.

Among the other floral tributes of this concert—for it seemed to be the time of general rewards of merit—was an enormous beautiful harp of flowers presented to CARL ZERRAHN (by the tenors and basses of the chorus, as we understand), and a rich basket to Mr. LANG, who had done such faithful and efficient work at the great Organ, as well as at the piano in the rehearsals of the chorus.

SIXTH CONCERT. SUNDAY EVENING.

Handel's great choral Oratorio,—one mountain-chain of colossal choruses, towering one above another,—brought the Festival to a noble close. It was a grand experience. For the first time here was this sublime work brought out completely and worthily, and for the first time was it heartily accepted as a whole by a great audience. This time it was truly appreciated, for this time it was adequately presented. It was a triumph for the brave conductor, Zerrahn, and for all his co-operating forces. We have on former occasions, indulged in such full, almost minute, description of this Oratorio, that we need not enter into many details now. Suffice it to say that from the opening tenor recitative: "Now there arose a new king over Egypt," (enunciated as only Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, with his rich voice and perfect art, can do it), the double chorus: "And the children of Israel sigh'd" (in bondage), and the whole series of miracle choruses, each itself a miracle of Art, were so sung as to bring each a vivid scene before the mind: for the startling succession of these choruses is a kind of musical scene-shifting, a vast unfolding drama; sometimes the imagery is so strong, so bold, so graphic, so intensely irradiated, or so deeply shaded, so exciting, as to take the listener's breath away. The violins, too, did their part well, suggesting the swarming of "all manner of flies" after the strong unison "He spake the word." Of course the "Hallstone" chorus was received with uncontrollable enthusiasm and had to be repeated; and it was perhaps the flutter of this excitement that threw the singers a little off their balance in the wonderful, marvelous modulations of "He sent a thick darkness." Even that most intricate of double choruses: "He led them through the deep as through a wilderness" was sung with a clearness in all the parts such as we have not heard before; through the mazy wilderness of much rehearsal the conductor's baton surely led them.—But we may not go through them all. Next in grandeur to these miracle choruses, which form the principal matter of the First Part, is the sublime song of Moses and the Children of Israel: "The horse and his rider," which begins and ends Part Second with a blaze of glory. This too was given with great spirit and precision, making Handel's power seem inexhaustible.—There is yet a third class of choruses,—short one-page sentences of double chorus, which ever and anon stand before us like solid mighty monuments to mark the progress of the work. Nothing can be grander than these are; such a wealth and electric power of harmony is condensed into each one of them. "He rebuked the Red Sea, and it was dried up." "And Israel saw that great work"; and especially "And in the greatest of thine excellency," where the most daring and startling of discords is employed with the most wonderful, nay the most strictly musical, effect: these and more are among the most characteristic features of the work.—And then there is a fourth class, of a more ecclesiastical character, single choruses, mostly *alla breve*, or in *tempo giusto*, which, if less exciting, add a new and graver element of variety, and offer welcome moments of repose. Such are: "And believed the Lord," "And I will exalt Him," etc.

We said the work was given complete; it was even more than complete. The several additional solos, introduced in the Appendix by Sir George Smart, were all sung after the traditional English custom. This was very well from one point of view, as giving to the solo singers opportunities but sparingly allowed them in the plan of Handel's work; and that great child, the public, brought up and spoiled on solos, always asks like Oliver "for more." But, on the other hand, the work itself is weakened by these interpolations. They come in, after a great chorus has told the story sublimely, leaving nothing to be said, and say it over again in what must seem a feeble and prolix manner.

The soloists, however, for the most part, did themselves great credit. The great success in this kind was the Duet (part of the real work): "The Lord is a man of war," in which the two basses, Mr. WHITNEY and Mr. WINCH, were superbly matched, and won immense ap-

plause. It was a mistake, however, to repeat it; such a thing could hardly sound so well a second time; all needed repetition is provided in the structure of the piece itself; and it could only lengthen the performance, weakening what came after. Mr. ADAMS sang "The enemy said: I will pursue" very finely; and his recitatives, of course, were all that could be desired. But in the somewhat bewildering Duet (with Miss THURSBY): "Thou in thy mercy," he seemed not quite familiar with his music. The lady's soprano was most brilliant in the part of Miriam with the last chorus, and she sang finely. Miss CARY was capital in the quaint Air: "Their land brought forth frogs"; and the tranquil melody of "Thou shalt bring them in" was admirably suited to her voice and style.

Here we must pause abruptly. The Festival was supplemented by an extra performance of *Elisa* in the vast Tabernacle building before 5000 people, and with Mme. PAPPENHEIM and Mr. ADAMS, each more than answering every expectation. This will give us further opportunity for some concluding general observations on the Festival.

A REMARKABLE VIOLIN SCHOOL. We have always wondered that, in a community where so much attention is paid to music, and where almost every girl and boy is taught to thrum the piano, so few acquire, or even seek to acquire, the art of playing on the violin. The piano, to be sure, is a more representative instrument, enabling one pair of hands to grasp the whole harmony of a composition, or a compendium thereof. But the violin, with the other members of its family, viola, cello, etc., is the more social instrument, bringing together groups of kindred spirits who can play in parts, and read together the quartets, etc., of the greatest masters, or play Sonata duos, trios, etc., with the pianoforte. And the string instruments are infinitely the most expressive; their tones lie nearer to the soul, spring more directly from the human breast. They are the heart of the whole orchestra, the most essential part of music, next to the human voice. It is a graceful, manly, healthy exercise to play the violin; if it be very difficult to play it like an artist, so much the worthier of a manly aspiration. If it is often only vulgar fiddling, it is, on the other hand, with those truly schooled, the most gentlemanly of instruments.

And, we maintain, that it is equally the most womanly. We have many times expressed our interest in female violinists. Who that has seen and heard Camilla Urso, or Teresa Liebe, or Mr. Eichberg's accomplished pupil, Persis Bell, could fail to feel that the violin seemed peculiarly fitted to the female constitution and capacity. How graceful the attitude and motions of a young woman skillfully handling the bow! Her finer sense of touch, her delicate tact, her instinctive feeling out of the pure truth of tone, give woman a great advantage in this art; and the several examples we have had, from time to time, in the concerts of the Boston Conservatory of Music, have shown that this was no mere dream.

Wonderfully we had it all confirmed of late in a remarkable Exhibition (to which we have hitherto had time only to allude) of the Pupils of the Violin Classes under the direction of Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG. This occurred at Tremont Temple, which was crowded with astonished and delighted listeners, on the afternoon of May 8. Twenty-four pupils,—fourteen of whom were very young girls and young ladies,—four and twenty fiddlers—took part in the performance of the following programmes, which gives all their names:

1. 7th Concerto, first movement.....Rode
Miss Marion Osgood.
2. Sonata for Violin and Piano, Op. 137, No. 1,
Schubert
Allegro molto: andante.
Misses Belle Botsford and Jessie Wheaton.
3. Elegie.....Ernst
Miss Lillian Shattuck.
4. From Operetta "Box and Cox,".....Sullivan
Master Robert Chandler.
5. Adagio from 2d Concerto.....De Beriot
Miss Theresa C. Campbell.
6. Souvenir de Bellini.....Artot
Miss Edith Christie.
7. Meditation, Violin and Organ.....Eichberg
Miss Lillian Chandler.
8. Cavatina, Op. 85, No. 3.....Raff
Miss Abbie Sheparison.
9. Second Concerto, first movement.....Spohr
Mr. Edwin A. Sabin.
10. Air Varié, No. 7.....De Beriot
Miss Lettie Launder.
11. Andante for four Violin parts.....Eichberg
With accompaniment of Piano and Organ.
Miss Abbie Sheparison, Miss L. Launder,
"Edith Christie, "M. Osgood,
"Belle Botsford, "M. Grélaud,
"Th. C. Campbell, Mr. E. Sabin,
Mr. Jasper Monroe, "M. L. Merriman,
"Julius Heyser, "A. Fiske,
- Miss L. Shattuck, Miss L. Chandler,
"G. D. Crocker, "J. Wheaton,
"J. Birchmore, "C. A. Blake,
Mr. J. C. Park, "M. Wright,
"W. J. Henshaw, Mr. F. L. Eaton,
"R. Chandler, "H. L. Moody.

These performances, throughout, were almost faultless in purity of intonation, and marked by free, firm, easy handling of the bow, sure attack and precise, clean, tasteful execution, even with the little ones, a girl and boy who seemed almost too small to lift the instrument. Many of the pieces, it will be seen, were tasks for concert artists; and we can hardly trust ourselves to speak

as we feel of the really artistic style in which such things as Ernst's *Elegie*, and the elaborate variations and embellishments of the *Souvenir de Bellini*, and indeed nearly all the other solos were executed by young ladies far short of being out of their teens. Mr. Eichberg's Andante for four violin parts, in which the whole twenty-four played together, sounded wonderfully rich and clear and even, and gave the keenest pleasure.

We believe all these pupils began the practice of the violin in this Conservatory and under Mr. Eichberg's own immediate instruction. Surely there can be no doubt of its being by far the best violin school in this country. We have only to judge it by its fruits. The opportunities it offers are invaluable; and these examples should inspire a much more general impulse to become violinists, if not professionally, at least for social pleasure and refinement. We need not despair now of seeing the materials for good orchestras grow up in our midst in all the towns and cities; and classical quartet evenings, both in concert hall and private parlors, will in time become more frequent.

The Wagner Festival.

(From "Punch.")

Having been a considerable time accustomed to play the Trilogy with one finger on the accordion, I was naturally anxious to hear the same work of art performed by a band of two hundred at the Albert Hall.

Herr Richard Wagner wrote to me in his best low Bavarian:—

"Ich bin gleich nach gekommen London mit der Trompeten und Drummen, der brassen, der Winden und der Fiddelstücken. Du bist ein Musik-Kritiker. Wie viel! Leben Sie wohl.—B. W."

Then—

"Postscriptum.—Inbilden ist ein Postoffische Ordern für ein Thaler. Herren Hodge und Essex wollen Sie Trinkmotsche geben. Wenn beide der Herren are at home. Sie der whole somn all-at-once will poketen! I Stocken Sie es in Ihre Tasche! Ich trinke to our Nea-merre-meeting! Hoch!"

To which I replied (in Saxon-Bavarian, which we both understood)—

"O mein intimer Freund, Ich see sou bloosen stürst! Vots ein Thaler! Getout!! Weran denken Sie? Das ist nicht genug. Ich weisse wie viel Ihre es ist! Ich take nicht der Trink-motsche akseptanz wenn Ich bin drei. Wenn drei, trinke. Komprenny! Lieben Sie wohl mein Herr von Thaler nicht von Thaler, aber zwei, drei was as many moren Thaleren as es liken-to-standen! Hoch!"

Why, I couldn't even get up a torchlight procession in Orme Square with one thaler. It wouldn't run to one torch and a cab fare. So that all my schemes for worthily celebrating the grand occasion fell to the ground. I had composed a Festival Hymn, to be sung to an air of Bellini's under Wagner's vinder in Orme Square (where he is stopping with Herr Toole, who "always comes home to tea," which ran (or would have run, if it had once got a fair start) like this,—

"Orme! Orme! Orme! sweet Orme!
Ho! Mynheer von Wagner, there's no place like Orme!"

This was set to a bed chamber-kandlestickeren "motive," and would have been simply a masterpiece; but, no matter, there's the masterpiece still on my chimney-piece. The world knows nothing of its greatest men!

Being a trifle near-sighted, and a little uncertain about Wagnerian waggeries generally (I haven't seen him for years—and the idea of offering me a thaler!), I requested a friend of mine, who has the reputation of being a very well-informed man, to ask me (in your interest) to dinner. He mistook my meaning, and came and dined with me. We were Wagnerites both—Wagnerisserites. My Well-Informed Man said he would tell me everything. Down to the Hall we went in a hansom. Then we got out, and, amid the cheers of the Monday populace and the courteous salutes of the A Division (Wagnerites to a man), bowing left and right, entered the *salle*.

"Der Walküren!" exclaimed the crowd directly they saw us. We intimated to Herren Hodge and Essex that we wished to be alone. They replied that with nearly eight thousand people in the Hall this would be almost impossible. "But," they politely added, "'after the opera is over' you can have it entirely to yourself."

"Now," I said to my Well-Informed Man engaged, mind, on purpose, just as a Q. C. has a solicitor below him to give him his facts), "Tell me all you know."

Oh, sir! Oh, my dear sir! Never again with you, Roblu—I mean, never again with my Well-Informed Friend. A humbug, sir, a humbug!—but, to proceed.

Two ladies walked on to the platform. Immense applause. "Whom are they applauding?" I asked of Well-Informed Friend. Did he reply at once, sir? No. He referred to his programme. Why, I could have done as much. At this moment a buzz went round the house, and from box to box was mysteriously telegraphed the words "Frau Materna." "Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend suddenly, "that's Frau Materna! She was at Bayreuth."

"Which is Frau Materna?" I asked, sternly, for there were two. Is it the magnificent lady in a brilliant dress, or is it the retiring young damsel in blue?

"Well," replied my Well-Informed Friend, deliberately, "well—it's either the stouter of the two—or the other."

And I had asked this friend to accompany me on the strength of knowing all about it! Why, sir, I had imagined that this person had been your correspondent at Bayreuth last year.

Suddenly, a burst of enthusiastic applause. I could not see whom they were applauding. I appealed to my Well-Informed Friend. "Is it Wagner?" I asked.

"Well," he replied, slowly, "I fancy it must be Wagner."

"Is he there?" I asked, authoritatively—for you see I had treated this man, and treated him well, on the strength of his being Your Own Well-Informed Correspondent at Bayreuth.

"Well," he began, "I rather think he—" But before the egregious humbug could commit himself to an assertion, a mysterious whisper passed round—"It is Wilhelmj!"

"Ah!" exclaimed my Well-Informed Friend, suddenly waking up, "that's Wilhelmj!"

I frowned; he cowered. So we sat, I frowning, he cowering, until an enthusiastic greeting announced the appearance of Herr Wagner.

A lady near me gave a great start.

"Is that Wagner?" she exclaimed; and then added, in a tone of considerable disappointment, "Why he is quite a respectable-looking, quiet, elderly man!" And so he is—now.

My Well-Informed Man, while pretending to read the German portion of the *Tannhäuser* (the humbug!), kept losing his place (I watched him), and was always looking over other people's shoulders to see when they turned over, and what page they were at.

Still I clung to him. I had heard him talk so much of Wagner. In your interests, sir, I clung to him. I still hoped that he might be the gifted creature I had supposed.

Between the parts I took my Well-Informed Man into the lobby, pulled out my note-book and said, "Now, tell me all about it. First, I suppose you knew all these singers to speak to at Bayreuth?"

My Well-Informed Man paused for a moment, trembled, turned pale, then throwing himself on his knees, while the perspiration streamed off his agonized face, he cried, "Spare me! Oh spare me! I never was at Bayreuth!"

I suppress the rest of this painful scene. I pity that man's family. He was at once confided to the care of Policeman B flat (a great Wagnerite), and I saw no more of him.

A sadder and wiser man I returned from the *Rheingold*, that overpoweringly wonderful work. The music hall of the future is evidently paved with good "motives." I recognized the genius of the idea, and fell into the spirit of it cordially. Before it was a quarter over didn't I feel an irrepressible "drink-motive?" Later on, wasn't I powerfully moved by a "more-drink-motive?" Then by "go-away-before-the-crowden-motive?" Were not the Linkmen both actuated by a "threepenny-bit-motive" when they dashed wildly off in search of a cab for yours truly? And wasn't I (still Wagnerian) impelled by a "save-my-two-and-sixpence-motive" when I didn't stop for the cab, but set off to walk? Didn't the "drink-motive" recur strongly again and often-times during the remainder of the evening, not to mention the "supper-motive" and the "cigar-motive," uniting together to form one irresistible "stop-at-the-club-till-three-in-the-morning-motive."

Before retiring to rest, I dropped a line to my old friend, "*Mein Intimer Freund*, your Rhine-gold has the ring (*Der Ring des Nibelungen*) of the true genius-metal. But with such a stock of Rhine-gold, why offer me a thaler? No matter. Success to you, *Mein Herr!* The 'sleep-motive' overcomes yours ever,

HOOKEY WALKYER.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Hard Times. Song and Cho. F. 3. b to F. Cobbia. 30

"For no employ can labor find,
And hope has not a gleam."
Expresses the prevailing depression, and so is timely.

Luna. Bb. 3. c to F. Gabriel. 50

"Afloat! Afloat! In my silver boat,
Queen of the Night, and of Phantasia!"
A capital little tone-poem, with, for a subject, the sailing of the Moon through Night's azure sea.

Soul for Soul. Bb. 3. b to F. Wiegand. 40

"O eyes, that pierce me thro' and thro',
And draw my very soul away."
Full of fire and deep emotion. Should be a fine concert song.

Life's Golden Morn. Ab. 3. E to F. Vandercook. 30

"Come and kiss me ere I die,
Speak once more ere I am gone."

Quite sad, but very melodious.

Not unto us, O Lord! F. 4. b to F. Ellis. 50

"For thy loving mercy."
Graceful and musical, and will be a good solo for church service.

Why? G. 4. d to F. Cowen. 50

"When the reapers rest to bind
Summer into sheaves."

Francillon's suggestive and fine words are accompanied with good music. A high-class song.

Cow-Bells in the Lane. Fine Lith. Title. Will S. Hays. 40

Ab. 3. E to F.
"The little, low-roofed cottage
That stood upon the hill"

Capital song by a well-known and successful composer.

Down South where the Sugar Cane grows. Illus. Title. Bb. 3. F to E. Will S. Hays. 40

"I'm getting old and feeble now."
One of the old kind of plantation songs. Simple and musical.

Instrumental.

Two Marches, from the Opera, "The Folk-
unger," by Kretschman. ca. 40

Eriks' March. Db. 3.
Coronation March. Bb. 3.

Brilliant Marches, to which favorite opera airs add interest.

Clear Lake Reverie. Ab. 3. Kidder. 30

The title is typical of the character of the music, which contains a clean, clear, pure and sweet melody.

A Kiss for Thee (Un Beso Para Ti) Polka. Solano. 40

Quite different from the celebrated "Il Bacio" (which is a waltz) but of something the same beauty.

Verano la, "Lucia." C. 2. Andri. 25

Aria Sonnambula. G. 2. Andri. 25

No. 12 and 13 of "Blossoms of Opera." Easy and pretty.

El Dorado March. A. 3. Messer. 30

We should be happy to march there to such good music, but,—where is Eldorado?

Compositions performed by Mme. Essipoff. No. 12. The Fishers. (Chanson des Pêcheurs). Ab. 4. Leschetitzky. 40

Elegant. The difficulty consists largely in various light bounds by the left hand.

Marche Religieuse. C. 3. Gounod. Solo. 40

A fine piece for Reed Organ as well as for Piano, on which the "singing" touch is required.

Quadrilles for Violin and Piano. by S. Winner. ca. 50

"By S. Winner" always means, "easy and popular" as these are. There are 9 Quadrilles, of which the one to be noticed is

No. 3. Polacca Quadrille. (Home Set). D. 3. Pretty air, and very simple piano part.

The Violin parts of these Quadrilles are published separately, for 25 cents each.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 944.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 6.

Translated for this Journal. Chopin's First Meeting with George Sand.

(From Karasowski's Life of Chopin.)

... Made happy by the hearty reception he had found in the house of the great German artist (Schumann, in 1838), and after he had laid a wreath upon the monument of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Chopin left Leipzig, buried in deep thoughts.

He believed that now his wandering life was at an end, and that with the fulfilment of new obligations a new life would forthwith begin. The remembrance of his beautiful betrothed raised him on roseate wings of imagination to an ideal land, and conjured up before his spirit's eye pictures of inexpressible delight and blissful hopes.

Alas! the rough reality was soon to wake him from these tender dreams, and strike a deep and agonizing wound to his heart. A short time after his return to Paris, Chopin received intelligence that his betrothed, Marie, had preferred to marry a Count instead of an artist and a man of genius.

This event had for Chopin very serious consequences. In the hope of suppressing and forgetting the injury that had been inflicted on him, he threw himself—after he had seen the annihilation of his fair hopes of an ideal marriage—into the arms of a woman, who exercised a very baneful influence over him.

It had rained all day: Chopin, whose sensitive nervous system suffered greatly under the alternations of the weather, and to whom dampness was intolerable, found himself in the gloomiest humor. None of his acquaintances had called on him in the course of the day; no new book had amused or stimulated him; no melodic thought had knocked at his door, demanding a form.

At last, when it was almost ten o'clock, it occurred to him to visit the salon of the Countess C., who had her *jour fixe*, when an agreeable and intellectual circle always assembled about the amiable lady of the house.

As he mounted the carpeted stairway, a feeling came over Chopin, as if he were haunted by a shadow, which diffused a violet fragrance;—a presentiment flashed through his soul, as if something peculiar and strange stood before him. Already he was on the point of turning round and starting homeward; but then he laughed himself out of his own superstition, and sprang over the last steps cheerfully and quickly.

When he looked about in the salon, after greeting the lady of the house, he found a numerous company, and, besides well known faces, some that were strange to him. They had become divided into groups, and were chatting with genuine French grace and liveliness about the theatre and literature, political affairs and the events of the day. Chopin, that

evening more inclined to listen than to talk, seated himself in a corner of the salon, and let the beautiful and brilliant arrivals—for there were many charming ladies also at the Countess C's—glide by before his eyes.

After a portion of the company had withdrawn, and only the more intimate friends of the Countess remained, Chopin, just in the mood of telling musical fairy tales, sat down at the piano and improvised. All listened breathless: till finally, absorbed completely in himself, and looking only at the keys, he had forgotten all about his hearers. When he had closed his improvisation, he raised his eyes and remarked a lady, simply dressed, who, leaning on the instrument, seemed to wish to read his very soul with her dark, fiery eyes.

Chopin felt, that he blushed under the fascinating gaze of the lady: she smiled a little; and when the artist rose from his seat, to withdraw himself from the company behind a group of camellias, he heard the peculiar crepitation of a silken dress, from which streamed an odor of violets, and the same lady, who had regarded him so searchingly at the piano, approached him accompanied by Liszt.

With a deep, euphonious voice she spoke to him: said a few words to him about his playing, and more yet about the subject-matter of his improvisation. Frederic heard her, feeling moved and flattered. Surely it is the finest reward for the poet or the artist, to know that he is understood; and while words full of sparkling *esprit* and indescribable poetry flowed from the eloquent lips of the lady, he felt himself understood, as he had never been before.

This lady was the then most celebrated female writer of the French,—Aurora Dudevant, whose romances, which appeared under the name *George Sand*, were of course not strange to him.

When Chopin entered his dwelling that night, he still heard with the spirit's ear the charming speech, he still saw with the spirit's sight those flashing eyes of George Sand.

He wrote to his parents about her: "I have made the acquaintance of a great and important celebrity, Madame Dudevant, who is known under the name of George Sand. But her face to me is not sympathetic and has not pleased me at all; indeed there is something in it that repels me."

But Chopin met the genial lady again. He forgot, in her attractive talk, which almost always contained the most delicate flatteries for him, that she was not handsome. Her love for him—for George Sand loved Chopin with passionate ardor—gave to her earnest and somewhat manly features a certain tenderness, which made her beautiful; her love made her timid, almost meek toward him, and so, without knowing it, she touched his heart.

At first Frederic was grateful to the genial lady for her love; afterwards he loved her, if perhaps not so passionately as she loved him,

yet deeply and sincerely. The wound, which Marie's faithlessness had inflicted on his heart, healed over. The consciousness of being loved by the most renowned authoress of France, a lady of European reputation, filled his soul with joyful pride. He felt himself no more alone, not homeless, for in Aurora he possessed not only a loved one, but a gifted friend on whom he could depend; in her heart a home, from which no stroke of fate could banish him.

At this time he withdrew more from general society, and lived most of the time only to his Muse and to a small circle of friends. Always select in his intercourse, from this time he became still more so; but his more intimate acquaintances he received always with the best humor and with the genuine Chopin amiability.

Franz Liszt, Ferdinand Hiller and Baron von Stockhausen are perhaps the only yet living witnesses of those interesting *soirées intimes* at Chopin's rooms in the Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Liszt writes of them:

"Chopin's chamber was lighted only by a few wax candles, which burned around those Pleyel pianos, which the genial artist was particularly fond of on account of their subdued, silvery, clear tone and their deep touch, which enabled him to woe from them sounds that seemed to belong to one of those Harmonicas, of which romantic Germany preserved the monopoly, and which its old masters constructed so ingeniously, marrying glass to water.

"Left in the shade, the corners seemed to take away all limits from that chamber, and extend it even into the darkness of empty space.

"In a sort of twilight you could see perhaps a piece of furniture, covered with a white shroud, lift its obscure form like a ghost, come to listen to the tones that had conjured it up.

"The light concentrated about this piano fell upon the floor, gliding over it like a flowing wave, uniting itself with the flames of the fireplace, which from time to time shot forth red or golden rays.

"A single picture, the portrait of a pianist and like-minded friend, seemed invited to be the constant listener to the tones streaming back and forth, which sighing, exulting, murmuring, complaining, died away upon the waves of the instrument.

"The polished surface of the mirror, with a happy play of accident, doubling the picture before our eyes, reflected the fine oval and the silky locks, which so many painters have copied, and which have been reproduced for friends innumerable by copperplate engraving."

—Among the guests in that room one often found Henri Heine, the German poet, of whom Enault has said, that sarcasm had dried up his heart, and scepticism had swallowed up his

soul; Meyerbeer, the creator of the greatest dramatic musical works of that time; Liszt, who astonished by his magnificent and fiery piano playing, who understood the poetic soul of the Polish artist and who has since erected with his pen a monument to him; Ferdinand Hiller, at that time also a renowned pianist, who felt a hearty and true friendship for Chopin; Ary Schaffer, the most classical among the romantic painters; Eugene Delacroix, who sought the harmony of colors in the enchanting music of Chopin; Adolph Nourrit, the celebrated singer, who afterwards, overcome by melancholy, put an end to his own life; Baron von Stockhausen, ambassador of the king of Hanover at the French Court, an admirer and pupil of Chopin. Besides these there were also a small number of his countrymen, at the head of whom stood Niemcewicz, a venerable grey-beard, who had a great yearning for his fatherland, and who cherished only one wish, that of being allowed to rest from all the sorrows of life in his native soil; Mickiewicz, the greatest Polish poet, who always dreamed of his beloved Lithuania, and who has sung its beauties in words worthy of a Homer. Also Witwicki, a favorite poet, Matuzynski, Fontana, Grzymala; finally Musset's "*la femme à l'œil sombre*," who was afterwards to poison the whole life of our artist. * * * *

A. W. Thayer's Life of Beethoven.— German Criticisms.

[We are happy to be able to assure our readers that the long delayed third volume of this most interesting work (Vol. I. was published in 1866, Vol. II. in 1872) will go to press—in German, like the others—by the beginning of next month. Meanwhile we have been kindly furnished with translations from some of the best German criticisms which appeared after the publication of the second volume, which we have pleasure in presenting.]

The "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," for Dec. 18, 1870, writes:—

We have before us the work of A. W. Thayer (L. v. Beethoven's Life) which we are sorry to say is still unfinished, only one volume having as yet appeared. This however on account of its thoroughness, carefulness of preparation, and its simple clear statement of facts, undoubtedly holds the first place amongst all the biographies of Beethoven which have yet appeared.

The "*Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung*" of Oct. 18, 1871, writes as follows about the second volume of this work:—

As an Englishman has succeeded in bringing out the best biography of Goethe, so also it seems to have been reserved to one sprung from the same race as Albion's sons, viz: the American Thayer, to hand down to the German people the best biography of Beethoven; this is at any rate true so far as the outward life of the great composer is concerned.

Since the first volume of Beethoven's life by Thayer was given to the public, five years have rolled away; but the very first perusal of this work must have convinced all lovers of the great master, even his most ardent admirers, that the author possesses all the qualifications and acquirements which are indispensably necessary for an exact description of the external life of Beethoven. Never-tiring love

for his work, astonishing industry, the most complete giving up of himself to the accomplishment of the task so steadfastly set before him, great aptitude for literary work, deep power of perception and critical penetration; these are some of the prominent qualifications which here as in the first volume will agreeably impress every reader; and so much the more, as the worthy author, in true self-appreciation, has limited himself to the mere unfolding of the master's outward life, without seeking to enter upon the subject of his musical creations.

The first volume of the work closes with the year 1795, in which Beethoven brings out the three Trios of his first Opus. The second volume gives the continuation of the third book: "Beethoven's early life in Vienna, 1792-1800," commenced in the first volume. It then goes on with the fourth chapter, giving afterwards the whole of the fourth book: "Beethoven on the summit of his creations," up to the repetition of *Fidelio*, 1800-1806; this is contained in nine chapters. The book closes with nine Appendices.

Apart from the rich abundance of novelty which throughout the whole book must awaken the deepest admiration; apart also from the delicate irony which exposes the endless errors by which so many biographers have done Beethoven grievous wrong; apart from these and other beauties, one leading feature of the author's power of investigation comes out most prominently; we quickly perceive that the biographer has laid out for himself the very difficult task of following the life of the great master step by step according to time and place. The result is that in this work we have displayed for the first time a rational utilization of the biographical notices of Wegeler and Ries, whilst all other biographers labor under a most frightful chronological confusion. All other historians are troubled with a most uninteresting disconnectedness of arrangement, whilst here the unfolding of the narrative of this great master's life takes a clear, distinct form. The author's most intense painstaking is crowned with perfect success, clearly proving the truth of the old Greek proverb: "Love of toil is the father of glory."

I will now, however, turn to some of the particulars. At the commencement of the volume we have Beethoven presented to us as a young man of 25 years of age; we accompany him on his professional tour to Prague and Berlin, and discover a strong motive for the production of the "Heroic Symphony" in the person of General Bernadotte. As early as the fourth chapter of this book (4th chapter, 3rd book), we have the most surprising results placed before us. Up to this time everybody thought it necessary to accept with Schindler, as a fact, that Beethoven in this professional journey awakened in Leipzig the most astonishing excitement by his productions. Ludwig Nohl also repeats the same in his life of Beethoven, without making the slightest criticism on it. Our author, however, after the most minute investigation feels himself compelled to deny most emphatically the whole narrative, for, although all possible sources of information were most closely scrutinized, not the slightest intimation of such successes of Beethoven can be discovered. In this work it is related for the first time, that the young composer, during his stay in Prague, made the acquaintance of the lawyer Dr. Kanka, who at a later period was exceedingly helpful to him.

In a letter from Beethoven to his brother, the apothecary, dated Feb. 19, 1796, among other matters occurs the following passage: "Prince Lichnowski will soon return to Vienna; he has already set out from here; if you should require any money apply to him without hesitation, for he is still in my debt." The author, who is indebted to Mrs. v.

Beethoven for this letter, hereupon remarks: "How Prince Lichnowski could be in Beethoven's debt we cannot definitely settle." Now amongst a list of subscribers to Beethoven's Trio, Opera I, at one ducat each, the prince makes a great display, subscribing for twenty copies. Is the supposition far fetched that Lichnowski had not paid the same in the year 1796. The next chapter offers to us an exquisite bouquet of hitherto unknown events culled from the most brilliant period of the composer's life, 1798-1799. It is perfectly astounding how one man could open up so many and so wide spread sources of information as those from which Thayer has collected his narratives.

Of Beethoven's intercourse with his rivals, Joseph Wölfl and Steibelt, with J. B. Cramer and Tomascheck, with Count Browne, who up to this time had been quite unknown as a great patron of the composer, with the celebrated contrabassist Domenico Dragonetti, concerning whom previous biographies have contained nothing at all; of his relations with Mosel and others; of all these we here read many most interesting facts; the interest of which is deepened by many a hitherto unknown feeling of the composer's soul being poured forth in words. For professional composers the following anecdote, taken from Wölfl's life, may be both instructive and amusing. When the great master was once asked why he did not write with so wide a span as he played, he replied: "What would the world, which already holds me for a fool, say if I offered to ordinary men compositions which are suitable to my own long fingers."

The following chapter: "Beethoven's social intercourse in Vienna" also increases to a considerable extent the reader's pleasure, by the exceedingly interesting richness and novelty of its contents. But we must resist the temptation of touching upon much of this; we can only invite the admirer of Beethoven to read, wonder and delight in the beauties presented. Here we have the touching picture of the friendly intercourse which existed between Beethoven and the Court Secretary Nikolaus Zmeskoll von Domanovec; there the description of the first glowing admirers of the young composer, the professional violinists Heinrich Eppinger and Wenzel Krennholz, and the amateur violinist and banker Häring. There are also many other characters introduced which are tolerably well known to us through the other biographies; but their relation to the composer we here learn for the first time in its true light. Amongst these male forms, suddenly start up, here and there, appearances from the female world, of whose existence in the circle of Beethoven's acquaintances we had hitherto not the smallest idea. We learn here the important fact that Beethoven's friend during his orchestral career in Bonn, the brilliant Magdalen Willmann, fair in form and bewitching in song, who had an engagement during this period in the Court Opera at Vienna, held him so fast bound in her fetters that he asked her hand in marriage. The reason why the charming songstress so mercilessly repulsed Beethoven, who was really serious in his intention of marrying her, Thayer learned from a niece of the former in the following characteristic words: "Because he (Beethoven) was so ugly and half cracked." The life of this much appreciated artist, (afterwards Mrs. Galvani) was, however, cut short all too early by the inexorable hand of fate, in June, 1802. The following chapter: "Beethoven's character and person," closes the third book.

The author has taken care that with the continuation of the narrative our admiration should increase in something like geometrical progression. The very first chapter of the fourth book entitled: "The year 1800" affords eloquent proof of this. The interest becomes so absorbing that the reader, even if

no very special admirer of Beethoven, is drawn restlessly along from one chapter to another, until at the close of the picture he darts forward to seek for more, like a hungry wolf in search of prey. It is to be hoped however that the worthy author will not leave the famishing wolf to snap his teeth upon air for another five years. In the second volume the description is made so attractive, piquant, and interesting, that even the female mind, in literary matters somewhat weakly sentimental, can enjoy and digest with pleasure the contents of this work.

[Conclusion next time.]

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

England may justly be classed amongst the musical countries of Europe. The English have valid claims to be regarded as a musical people. These affirmations will doubtless be demurred to by many who have not given the subject a calm and impartial consideration. We possess historical, literary, and musical evidence more than sufficient to establish the fact. Inauspicious circumstances have at various periods in our country's history diverted the minds and the inclinations of the people from the pursuit of music, such, for instance, as foreign and civil wars, religious persecutions, fanatical prejudices against art and artists, diversity in popular habits and social customs, revolutions in taste, and changes in fashion; but whenever England has enjoyed repose, and her people have been unrestrained in the selection of their favorite pastimes, they have evinced a disposition to avail themselves of the genial fascinations of music. They have fostered and cultivated the art, and have thus afforded undeniable proofs that a genuine love of music is inherent in the national character.

The national music of England, apart from that of Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, is melodious, pathetic, and vigorous. The music of the Church by native composers, for simplicity of design, for melody, for learned harmonical contrivance, and for sublimity of expression, is unsurpassed. The glees and madrigals of England have a world-wide celebrity. The choicest songs of this country may vie in beauty with the airs and romances of Italy, Germany, and France.

To the honor of being amongst the first European nations who attempted the composition of dramatic music England may also lay a fair claim. For excellence in this department of the musical art she has yet to acquire European fame. This country has nevertheless produced many native dramatic composers who have earned considerable distinction.

In their origin, all artistic efforts are strange and crude. We consequently perceive in the earliest attempts at the lyric drama in England, as in all countries, a style uncouth and barbarous. The result of a critical examination, and an impartial comparison of England's dramatic music during the 17th century with that of Italy at the same period, is highly creditable to this country, in which then flourished one of the greatest musicians of any age or nation—the illustrious Henry Purcell, the founder of English Opera.

The germs of the lyric drama of England may be discovered in the *masques* represented in this country during the 16th and 17th centuries. A performance—the earliest on record—took place at Greenwich in 1512. At Whitehall an entertainment of the nature of a *masque* was represented in 1530. "It wanted only machinery," says Burgh, "to fulfil the idea of a complete 'masque,' such as were afterwards written by Ben Jonson and others, and which, with a constant musical declamation in recitative, mixed with air, would have formed an *opera* exactly similar to the musical drama of Italy in the ensuing century." These incipient melodramas were composed for special occasions, and for the exclusive amusement and recreation of royal and noble persons, at whose palaces and mansions they were privately performed. Three years before the birth of Shakespeare—viz., in 1561—a regular play was written, by Lord Buckhurst, in which was introduced instrumental music, performed before each act, on viola, cornets, flutes, oboes, fifes and drums. According to Sir William Dugdale, who wrote in 1656, the Kenilworth *masques*, arranged for Queen Elizabeth's entertainment, were represented with great splendor.

As poetry became more polished and her sister art more developed, pieces of greater musical and dramatic interest were produced. A musical play entitled "Damon and Pythias," approaching very nearly to the modern notion of an English opera, was, in Queen Elizabeth's reign, written and composed by Richard Edwards. The performers in this play sang as well as acted. Ben Jonson's *masques*, which were greatly in advance of those which had preceded them, were set to music by Alfonso Ferrabosco and Nicolas Lanier. Hogarth suggests that they bore a closer resemblance to the regular Italian Opera than the so-called *operas* which were represented on the English stage during the greater part of the last century. Milton's *masque* "Comus" was originally set to music by the author's friend Henry Lawes, who has received from his contemporaries perhaps greater praise than has been accorded to any other composer. His genuine English style does not appear to have derived aid from Italy. Lawes was well acquainted with the simple grandeur of Tallis, Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, and Bull, his eminent countrymen, and no doubt formed his style from the study of their works. The vocal music of Lawes is, at least, as tuneful as that of his Italian contemporaries, with which it will bear a favorable comparison.

Up to this period no *public* performances of dramatic music had taken place, and whatever enjoyment it afforded was monopolized by princes and nobles. The people regaled themselves after their own manner by singing and dancing, and playing on the lute and virginals, the regals and dulcimer, and other popular musical instruments on all festivals and at merrymakings, which were then more frequent and less ceremonious than in the present day.

Many of Shakespeare's plays were written with a view to the introduction of vocal and instrumental music. "The Tempest," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As you Like it," and "Twelfth Night" are full of songs. Ben Jonson, Myddleton, Beaumont and Fletcher, Shirley, Dryden, and other dramatists of the 16th and 17th centuries, also furnished in their plays opportunities for the introduction of vocal music. Here we have the origin of English Opera. From 1647 to 1656, the public performance of every department of the drama was strictly forbidden. Singing and dancing during that time were likewise prohibited. According to the religious belief of a certain section of the English public, to indulge in such pleasures was to commit sin.

Sir William Davenant sought to overcome the prevailing prejudices against dramatic performances, and at length was successful in obtaining a patent to open a rude kind of theatre at Rutland House, Charterhouse-square, near Smithfield, for the purpose of producing "*An entertainment in declamation and music after the manner of the Ancients*." The title and style of this novel species of musical entertainment were borrowed from the Italians, who originated the *Opera*, with the like view and purpose, at the close of the 16th century.

The "Siege of Rhodes" was the first "Opera" sung in "Recitatif Musick;" it was produced in 1656. An anonymous author in 1692, referring to the "Siege of Rhodes," says: "It is indeed a perfect opera: there being this difference between opera and tragedy, that the one is a story sung with proper action, the other spoken. It is true," adds the writer, "that the 'Opera' wanted the ornament of machines, which they value themselves so much upon in Italy, and the dancing which they have in such perfection in France." The music of this first English opera was composed after a strange manner, the vocal portion being the joint contribution of Mathew Lock, Captain Henry Cook, and Henry Lawes, while the instrumental music was composed by George Hudson and Charles Coleman. There were seven instrumentalists, whose names are recorded: and among the singers were Captain Cook, Mathew Lock, and the father of Henry Purcell, the celebrated composer. There were also "Singing Operas," entitled by Colley Cibber "Dramatic Operas." "The Tempest" was composed by Mathew Lock. "Psyche" was a joint production by Draghi and Lock. John Banister wrote the music for "Circe." The two first-named operas were produced in 1673, and the last in 1676. These ancient English operas comprised spoken dialogue, and songs and choruses interspersed.

Henry Purcell, the glory of English musicians, was born in 1658, twenty-six years before the birth of Handel. He was the contemporary of Stradella and Alessandro Scarlatti of Naples. By the pro-

duction of his first opera, "Dido and Eneas," in 1677, at the age of nineteen, he immediately established a reputation as a dramatic composer of the highest class. He was soon occupied in the composition of other operas. Nat Lee's "Theodosius" was Purcell's first publicly performed work. In 1690, Shakespeare's "Tempest," of which Dryden made a version, offered to Purcell an opportunity to display his talent for dramatic music. He set many pieces to music which yet retain their original popularity. When selecting a composer for his "Albion and Albanus," Dryden unaccountably passed by Purcell and made choice of Grabu, an incompetent Frenchman, whose demerits were as obvious in his day as they are in ours. "King Arthur," the joint production of Dryden and Purcell, was composed in 1691. It is full of music as charming as it is erudite. The "Frost Scene," for a bass voice and chorus, is, without exception, one of the most dramatically expressive compositions that can be found in music. Among many favorable specimens of Purcell's pathetic style of melody may be instanced the songs, "What shall I do to show how much I love her?" "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly," "Fairest isles," and "From rosy bowers"—"*the last song the author set, it being in his sickness*." "Tell me why, my charming fair," a *dialogue* in the "Prophetess" for bass and soprano, is very beautiful, and would bear revival. The "Prophetess; or, The History of Diocletian," was composed in 1690. In his dedicatory epistle to the published score of this opera, Purcell thus expresses himself: "Music is yet but in its nonage, a forward child, which gives hope of what it may be hereafter in England, when the masters of it shall find more encouragement. 'Tis now learning Italian, which is its best master, and studying a little of the French air to give it somewhat more of gaiety and fashion." It may be presumed from the foregoing extract that Purcell was well acquainted with the music of the then best Italian masters; but, on comparing his music with theirs, it is quite evident that the English composer, however zealously he may have studied the works of his Italian contemporaries, depended solely upon his own original powers and his national instincts for his inspirations, and for the formation of his purely English style.

For vocal expression Purcell is yet unrivalled. According to an eminent authority, "The highest quality of Purcell's music is its genuine English character." "He was fully aware that the vocal music of every country must be founded upon the peculiar accent in modulation of its spoken language." Purcell studied with attention, and with the feeling of a true poet, the genius and character of his native tongue, and he invented a style of *recitative*, or "speaking music," adapted to its lyrical capacity. This differs materially from the musical declamation of Italy, which, however well fitted to the soft musical language of that country, is not natural to that of England. The "Indian Queen," produced in 1692, "Tyrannic love," and "Bonduca," are other Operas by our renowned countryman of considerable dramatic and musical merit. "Ye twice ten hundred deities," "Britons, strike home," "Come if you dare," from Purcell's now obsolete Operas, when well sung, are sure to receive from a British audience a British welcome. England lost her greatest musician in 1695, at the early age of 37—fifteen years before Handel's first visit to England. It is interesting to contemplate what might have resulted to English music had Purcell lived to be in intimate communion with Handel, who so considerably enlarged the boundaries of his art.

Every Englishman should be proud of the name of Henry Purcell; for a man more highly gifted with musical genius never lived.[?]

"Purcell! the pride and wonder of the age,
The glory of the Temple and the stage!"

"Who e'er like Purcell could our passions move!
Who ever sang so feelingly of love!"

Those who impartially study his music, and consider the time when it was written and the low condition of the art in England at that period, cannot fail to be amazed at the extent of his musical acquirements, and the remarkable powers of invention he evinced. These will bear testimony to the truth conveyed in Dryden's epitaph:—

"Sometimes a hero in an age appears,
But scarce a Purcell in a thousand years."

In order to understand the condition of England's Musical Drama during the eighteenth century, and to fairly estimate her efforts towards its progress, it will be convenient to take a cursory survey of the

state of that branch of Musical Art during the same epoch in other countries.

Italy. In early times the pupil of Flanders, originated "Opera in Musica" with the invention of *Recitative*, or "Musica parlante," at the close of the sixteenth century. The origin of *Recitative* may be traced to the impassioned language and exaggerated tones used by the people of Italy and of other Southern climes when engaged in animated discussion. The first Operas were composed entirely in *Recitative*. When the voice was sustained by a single instrument it was called "simple recitative." The Italians considered that the transition from musical speaking to measured song was easier and more natural than from the ordinary conversational voice, and they therefore adopted that mode of recitation and declamation. In the infancy of Opera, and in its adolescence, the boundaries which separated secular from sacred music were undefined: the music of the Church and stage were almost identical. Opera soon took root in the fertile soil of Italy: it was cultivated by many musicians in her several states, and it received countenance and support from the princes and nobles, then the only patrons and encouragers of art. Operas were produced in quick succession in Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, each city having an operatic school of its own. They rapidly acquired a world-wide renown for their composers, their singers, and their country. Italy gave birth to the best Masters in composition, the best instructors in the vocal art, and the best vocalists. The Italian school of musical composition and vocalization was regarded as the best in the world. Musicians and singers travelled to Italy from England, Germany, and France for the purpose of study, and in order to hear the recognized *chefs d'œuvre* of Italian Opera, hoping thus to improve their own style of melody, musical construction, and vocalization. After a time Opera in Italy became vulgarized, demoralized, and deteriorated. It was satirized by English and Italian writers. "As the waters of a certain fountain in Thessaly," wrote an English essayist of the early part of the eighteenth century, "from their benumbing quality, could be contained in nothing but the hoof of an ass, so can this languid and disjointed composition (the Opera) find no admittance but in such heads as are expressly formed to receive it."

But even the biting satire of Addison and other English writers was exceeded by that of the noble Venetian composer, Benedetto Marcello, who, in 1730, published his "Il Teatro alla moda," in which every character employed in the theatre is severely subjected to the satire of the witty writer and musician. Trivialities and gross absurdities had gradually crept into the Opera which destroyed its former dignity. Musical reformers, however, arose, and brought it again into favor and regard.

Let it not be forgotten that while the famous Italians, Stradella, Cesti, Alessandro Scarlatti, Gasparini, Antonio Lotti, Vivaldi, and others were occupying themselves with Opera in Italy, Henry Purcell, the Englishman, was composing pure English music, which, for erudition, beautiful expressive melody, and fine dramatic effects, was unsurpassed by his foreign contemporaries. Other English composers were similarly employed. In the "Orpheus Britannicus" will be found a song composed by Henry Purcell as a compliment to the famous Mrs. Bracegirdle, for her singing the mad song in John Eccles's Opera, "Don Quixote."

Krieger, Keiser, Matheon, Telemann and other German musicians were laying the foundation of Opera in Germany, while Lulli, Desmaréts, Rameau and others were working in the same direction in France. The dramatic music of both Germany and France at that period was inferior to that composed in England by Henry Purcell. Operas in Germany and France were, in the first instance, borrowed from Italy in the form of translations and adaptations of Operas which had become celebrated in that country.

Students of musical history cannot fail to observe the occurrence and recurrence of periodical revolutions in musical taste, in all countries, which have generally ended in the institution, so to speak, of new musical dynasties. The introduction of the Italian manner in English music, at the opening of the eighteenth century, may be considered as one of these. England desired Italian Opera, and Thomas Clayton, an English musician, of more pretension than ability, professed to supply it, but in an English dress. He set to music a translated Italian libretto, and produced his Opera, "Arminio, Queen of

Cyprus," in 1705, with English singers. His work is below criticism, and was soon crushed beneath the weight of its utter insignificance and worthlessness. Its performance was nevertheless tolerated for a few nights, and was followed by Marc-Antonio Bononcini's "Camilla," and the "Triumph of Love," by Saggiore, sung in English. A volume, containing the three Operas, published by Walsh, affords evidence of their quality. Clayton's "Rosamund" appeared and failed in 1707. "Pyrrhus and Demetrius" was afterwards produced on the English stage; the English and Italian performers singing in their respective languages. In 1710 "Almahide" was sung entirely in Italian. Thus was inaugurated Italian Opera in England. It soon became fashionable, and little else was listened to for sixteen years. *Ballad Operas* by Galliard, Mottet, Carey, and Eccles were occasionally performed, but they made no lasting impression. It is well known with what despotic sway Handel reigned supreme in Italian Opera, and with what success he fought his rivals Bononcini, Attilio Ariosti, and others, who presumed to dispute his authority. At length the enthusiastic admiration for Italian Opera began to cool. The "Beggars' Opera" now took firm hold of the English public, and in 1727 Italian music became unfashionable. The "Beggars' Opera," which for six years retained the favor of the English people, was succeeded by a series of Ballad Operas of ephemeral popularity. Some lines, published in 1730, entitled "Old England's Garland," or the "Italian Opera's downfall," bear testimony to another revolution in the musical drama of England; they run thus:—

"I sing of sad disorders that happened of late,
(O strange revolutions, but not in the State;
How old England grew fond of old tunes of her own,
And her Ballads went up and our Opera down.
Derry down, down, hey derry down."

The once admired English Operas of Dr. Arne are as obsolete as those of his foreign predecessors, contemporaries, and immediate successors. Arne was a prolific and successful contributor to the rich repertory of English music. His first Opera, "Rosamund," produced in 1733, obtained for its composer a prominent niche in the Operatic Temple of Fame. His early works were composed in a style specially his own. It was gracefully melodious, sweet in expression, and simple in construction. His "Artaxerxes," which was first represented in 1762, was heard with delight for eighty years. It was the first complete English Opera on the Italian model. Arne was unable to withstand the influence of Italian music, and he combined with charming music purely English, *airs* in imitation of the prevailing florid Italian school, of which the *Aria di bravura*, "The soldier third," is a favorable specimen. The part of the *Princess Mandane* was for many years selected for the *début* of young ladies who aspired to be Prima Donnas. The professional career of Dr. Thomas Arne forms one of the landmarks of English Opera of which England may boast. Dr. Samuel Arnold, Thomas Linley, and Charles Dibdin were his immediate successors. They produced many serio-comic Operas in the form and fashion of the period. Songs and duets succeeded to the spoken text, a characteristic of legitimate English Opera which yet prevails. Elaborated, concerted finales were as yet unknown. The so-called English Operas of those days were greatly admired, and they afforded enjoyment not only to professional musicians of distinction, but to the aristocracy and people of England generally, who had long been familiar with the music and singers of Italy. An English School of Music then existed, and its influence extended from Henry Purcell to Henry Bishop.

There is a form of melody, unmistakably English, whose characteristic is sweetness combined with pathos. There are also casts of melody whose features are bold and manly. Both styles of British song never fail, when faithfully interpreted by fine and expressive voices, to touch a sympathetic chord in British hearts.

[To be Continued.]

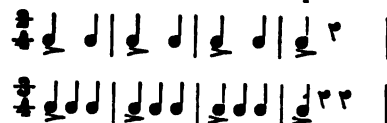
For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Rhythm: A Study.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Rhythm is a subject which does not receive the attention of teachers so much as it deserves. In the following paragraphs I confine myself to the natural rhythms, which consist of tones only, and not of tones and rests and syncopations, the variety

of which is endless. All rhythms are either *twos* or *threes*, or combinations of them. The fundamental rhythms are double measure and triple measure:



In common time we already have a combination of two measures of double measure. In 6-4 time two "threes;" in 9-4 three "threes;" in 12-4 time, four "threes," that is $2 \times 2 \times 3 = 12$; or more properly, putting the unit 3 first, we have $3 \times 2 \times 2 = 12$. Thus with one tone to each unit of time we have six rhythms, four of which are compound:

- Double measure—Simple rhythm of 2a.
- Triple measure—Simple rhythm of 3a.
- Quadruple measure—Compound rhythm of 2a.
- Sextuple measure—Rhythm of 3a x 2.
- Nine-beat measure—Rhythm of 3a x 3.
- Twelve-beat measure—Rhythm of 3a x 2 x 2.

2. An exhaustive catalogue of rhythms may be arrived at by taking successively each of these measures as a unit of time and carrying it through all the kinds of measure. For instance take 2 for a unit and we have rhythms as follows:

$$2 \times 2 = 4a = \text{musical notation for 4a}$$

$$2 \times 3 = 6a = \text{musical notation for 6a}$$

$$2 \times 4 = 8a = \text{musical notation for 8a}$$

$$2 \times 6 = 12a = \text{musical notation for 12a}$$

$$2 \times 9 = 18a = \text{musical notation for 18a}$$

$$2 \times 12 = 24a = \text{musical notation for 24a}$$

3. Taking 3 for a unit we have in figures $3 \times 3 = 9$, $3 \times 4 = 12$, $3 \times 6 = 18$, $3 \times 9 = 27$, and $3 \times 12 = 36$. In notes:

$$9a = \text{musical notation for 9a}$$

$$12a = \text{musical notation for 12a}$$

$$18a = \text{musical notation for 18a}$$

$$27a = \text{musical notation for 27a}$$

$$36a = \text{musical notation for 36a}$$

4. Taking 4 for a unit we have in figures $4 \times 2 = 8$, $4 \times 3 = 12$, $4 \times 4 = 16$, $4 \times 6 = 24$, $4 \times 9 = 36$, $4 \times 12 = 48$. In notes:

$$8a = \text{musical notation for 8a}$$

$$12a = \text{musical notation for 12a}$$

$$16a = \text{musical notation for 16a}$$

$$24a = \text{musical notation for 24a}$$

$$36a = \text{musical notation for 36a}$$

$$48a = \text{musical notation for 48a}$$

5. When we come to six for a unit we find that the previous tables afford two sizes essentially dif-

ferent. In §2, there is a 6 which is 2x3; in §3, there is a 6 which is 3x2. In notes:

$$2 \times 3 = \text{musical notation} \quad 3 \times 2 = \text{musical notation}$$

Taking the first of these we have rhythms of 6x2—12, 6x3—18, 6x4—24, 6x6—36, 6x9—54, 6x12—72. In notes:

$$12s = \frac{2}{4} \text{ musical notation}$$

$$18s = \frac{3}{4} \text{ musical notation}$$

$$24s = \frac{4}{4} \text{ musical notation}$$

$$36s = \frac{6}{8} \text{ musical notation}$$

So also for the 54s and 72s. It will be seen that in the 36, I changed the unit note to an eighth for the sake of having the means of so connecting the notes as to show the nature of the rhythm.

6. The other variety of sizes are easier: they have for the simple measures the unit



For the compound measures the unit is (eighth note)



This taken twice gives 36s, three times 54s, and four times 72s.

7. Taking 8 for a unit we have the rhythms: 8x2—16, 8x3—24, 8x4—32, 8x6—48, 8x9—72, 8x12—96.

The unit derived from a quarter note is



In the compound measures the grouping should be such as this:



9. Were we to continue this process with 12 for a unit we should have no less than three units:

$$12s = \text{musical notation}$$

$$12s = \text{musical notation}$$

$$12s = \text{musical notation}$$

A well taught pupil ought to be familiar with all these kinds of rhythm; for although to the ear the following rhythms, for instance, sound alike,



yet their mental effect is different to the player, and owing to the connection in which they would occur they would also be different to the hearer. The same is true of all the others; there are no two alike.

A feasible way of doing this is to apply these rhythmic tables to scales and arpeggios, giving one table or half a table at a lesson. This idea of putting exercises into rhythmic forms or the purpose of educating the pupil to rhythm and at the same time more fully absorbing the mind in the exercise then practicing, is the invention of Dr. Wm. Mason, and in my opinion is one of the most useful

discoveries in recent piano teaching. The idea of extending such rhythmic treatment through regularly constructed tables is believed to be new with the writer. At any rate it is a good idea, subject only to the following very important limitations:

In the first place the progress from one table to the following is to be slow, the same table being continued with different scales through several successive lessons until the pupil has become perfectly master of it, so as not only not to make mistakes, but as not even to feel anxiety about the rhythm. The idea being to "rub it in" until the rhythmic computation completes itself without difficulty, and without conscious effort. For this reason the long rhythms, those with 6 or more for a unit, will not ordinarily fall to the lot of pupils until they have become considerably advanced.

In the second place it is to be observed that the long rhythms naturally lead to fast playing, and to many rapid repetitions of the same scale; and this, if not properly compensated for by *slow practices* without accents, leads to an unfinished style of performance. I suppose a firm and solid technique will require nearly half the scale practice to be *slow* and *leaky*.

For the benefit of those unacquainted with the Mason and Hoadley books it ought to be noticed, that in thus applying rhythmic treatment to scales, they may be played one octave or two, or three, or four; and that the scale is to be played over and over without stop until the rhythmic form completes itself by the accent returning to the note where it began. This in some of the forms leads to very many repetitions.

Story's Tragedy of Stephanía.

(From Anne Brewster's Roman Letter, of May 23, to the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

I did not go to the afternoon services, although it was so tempting a sight; my intellectual inclinations drew me in another direction. I made one of a select party invited to the Villa Story, at the Maccao, to hear Mr. Story read his grand tragedy of *Stephanía*. Fine *funzioni* are no novelties in Rome; but it is not every day in one's life that we can hear a distinguished, clever man read his own poems.

The story of the Emperor Otho III., and Stephanía, wife of the Roman Consul Crescentius, is a grand mediæval one; it is a wonder that it has never been taken for the subject of a tragedy before. One reason, I fancy, is, that few, even educated men, are familiar with the mediæval history of Rome,—a history that is bristling with the sharpest, keenest, most dramatic tragedies; with remarkable women—Medea and Lady Macbeths by the hundreds. I was not at all surprised to find two or three literary men present at the Sunday reading entirely ignorant of the powerful incident in history which Mr. Story has taken for his tragedy. They listened with an interest that was delightful to observe.

The history of Otho III. and Stephanía is told in the chronicles with a brief severity, concise and swift as a Greek tragedy. Rome was very rebellious in that mediæval time, as, indeed, she has always been, about German rule. The German Emperors had no end of trouble in placing and holding the Popes of their liking in the chair of St. Peter.

In 988, Crescentius, the Roman Consul, a bold, brave, grand man, one of the few fine characters that day possessed, placed on the Papacy a John XVI. Otho III., of Germany, came in haste to Rome to replace the dethroned Pope, Gregory V., his cousin. Gregory and Otho were both young Germans. The Emperor was only 23 and the Pope 28 when they died. You can see the Pope's tomb or sarcophagus in the crypt of St. Peter's. I have often stood beside it, read its rude, barbarous Latin epitaph, and studied there the gaunt but grand history of that far-off day. Gregory V. was the first German Pope, and although very young, must have been a most powerful and remarkable man. The sarcophagus is a long white marble one, ornamented with clumsily-executed Christian bas-reliefs. One is of Christ, a very young man giving the keys to St. Peter, who is also represented as young—out

of compliment, probably, to the young Emperor and his cousin Pope. The epitaph was translated for me by a friend, and is most curious:

"He who lies in this earth, and who had fine eyes and a handsome visage, was Pope Gregory, fifth of the name. He was called Bruno before, and was of the royal race of the Franks, son of Otho, and his mother was Judith. He was a German by nation, and was educated in the city of Vuangia (Worms). While still young he sat in the apostolic chair for two years and eight months. He was rich, and divided each Sabbath day his vestments with the poor, in number equal to the Apostles, nor more nor less. He was familiar with the Frank, the Vulgar, and the Latin tongues; he instructed the people in three idioms. Otho committed to his care the flock of St. Peter, and he himself was consecrated Emperor by the hands of his relative. And after the Emperor was despoiled of the terrestrial flesh he was placed at the right side of his namesake (Otho II.) He died the twelfth day of the Kalends of May."

It was this Gregory V. that Crescentius drove out of Rome. Crescentius was one of those heroic, liberty-loving Romans that tower up in mediæval history once in a while, such as were Arnold of Brescia, Colo de Rienzi, etc. In after years Otho III. attacked Rome, re-entered the city, seized John XVI., treated him with the barbarous cruelty common in that day, and replaced his cousin in the Papacy. Crescentius shut himself up with his family and followers in the Castle of St. Angelo, which Otho found impregnable. The Emperor sent a treacherous flag of truce, with offers of pardon and safe conduct out of Rome to the Consul and his men if they would yield, and this he vowed on his knightly word.

Crescentius yielded, and Otho's first act was to have the brave, handsome Consul and his followers beheaded and their bodies hung on the outside walls of the castle! This was in 998. History says the beautiful wife of Crescentius, Stephanía, obtained her husband's mangled remains, and, aided by some friends, buried them secretly at the Church of St. Pancrazio, on the Janiculum. Baronius says he saw the epitaph of the murdered Crescentius on the tomb in that church. It cannot be found now, however, as I have hunted for it in vain. Baronius, however, gives the touching epitaph in his annals. It is in Leonine Latin verse, and can thus be freely translated. It is most touching, and we may well imagine his poor wife weeping over it and vowing the terrible vengeance she so faithfully fulfilled.

"Worms, O man, putrid, ashes—do not seek gold—only these are enclosed in this narrow box. He who rendered all Rome happy is collected in this small, poor place! Handsome of person was Crescenzio; lord and duke; born of noble race. In his time powerful was the land that the Tiber washes; which has now returned obediently to the rule of the Pontiff. Changeable, fickle fortune disturbed his life and brought it to a fatal end. Whoever thou mayest be, who breathest the breath of life, pour out a lament over his fate. Recall that, as thou art, he was."

After his treachery, Otho repented, and performed the cruellest, bitterest penance; but his life was most inconsistent. His cousin died, and Gerbert Sylvester II., that strange, mysterious Pope, the Faust among pontiffs, the first Frenchman that ever sat in St. Peter's chair, was elected. Otho came again to reduce rebellious Rome, and, notwithstanding his paradoxical penitences, committed many horrors. One January day in 1002 he arrived at the little castle of Paterno, from the turret of which he could look over the wild, devastated Campagna, and on that Rome where he and every German emperor longed to establish the seat of their empire. The young emperor was worn out with fever, fasts, hard penances; mad in mind and very ill in body. A nun was brought to him, who it was said was a most skillful leech. It was Stephanía in disguise. She ordered him to be wrapped in a smoking deer's skin and gave him a draught. The skin had been steeped in poison, and *toxique* was in the draught! The young emperor died in the most horrible agonies. This is the stern, tragic story history tells.

Mr. Story has taken this incident and managed it with wonderful skill. Stephanía in his hands is more human; she and the Emperor love each other, and this gives rise to a vacillation of purpose and action on her part that is Hamlet-like in its subtlety. The whole play marches on with intense dramatic interest. There is a beautiful lyric—a passionate song—in the third act:

"He struck at my life with his love;
I will never forgive him."

are the first two lines. It is to be hoped that Mr. Story will never give the public his new tragedy until it is first acted upon the stage, as it is essentially an acting play.

Clara Novello.

(From the Same.)

This week has been a wonderfully lucky one to me. Besides hearing Mr. Story read his play, I also have heard a great singer. On Monday afternoon late the Countess Gigliucci, the once famous Clara Novello, and her daughter, came into my reception. All the visitors had gone but one, who was admiring with me the artistic effect of the setting sun out doors, and the lighted lamps in the rooms, and the glow that hung over a huge vase full of the celebrated Farnesina roses—the last of their race are those roses; they went from Parma to Spain, from Spain to the Farnesina; they no longer exist anywhere but in that lovely garden; if the barbarous Tiber project is carried out they will end now, and no more superb roses will bloom there. As I said, the Countess came in to bid me good bye for the season. We admired the roses and the sunlight and lamplight, and I said: "Appropos to great and difficult things, you are leaving Rome and I have never heard you sing, Countess."

"Next year you shall."

"But suppose the Pope and the Farnesina, the old box trees and the roses and"—

Here the young people stopped the gloomy passage of ill luck I was about to utter and my supposition was left unfinished. "Well, then," I continued, "let me urge another argument. I have had one great gift yesterday—a poet read his play to me. To-morrow I am to have a second almost impossible gift, admission to the private peerless Torlonia gallery, the greatest in the world, that only twenty persons have ever seen. Now give me on this blessed twilight a still greater impossibility and a still greater gift, a song."

The Countess never sings out of her own salons, and has not for years; but some good power was ruling for me. She did sing to me, then and there, "Sombres forêts," from Guillaume Tell. And such singing! Such style! Such purity of voice! It was like an exquisite violin note. Such execution! Feeling, expression! It was wonderful indeed! I wished the whole world to hear that delicious music; to see the rich, Roman sunset, and enjoy the semi-solitary charm of the beautifully lighted rooms. A marvelous voice, rare flowers, and an exquisite light combined! What could there be better on earth?

ANNE BREWSTER.

The Modern School.

(From RICHARD GRANT WHITE's article, in the *Galaxy*, on "Three Periods of Modern Music.")

In all the works of the great composers of the modern school—the only real school—of music, from Bach to Beethoven, including Haydn, there is a supreme dominant feeling for beauty of form, shown chiefly in melody, but hardly less apparent in harmony. Indeed, without this feeling they would not have been great. The rule is absolute: no form, no art; for art is proportion, symmetry. Melody is a series of musical proportions; like a series of arches the lines of which are harmonious. These melodic ideas they elaborated with the utmost care. It is generally supposed that ideas in art come spontaneously; and, of all, this might seem truest of musical ideas, which are not like those expressed in language, in painting, in sculpture, or in architecture, required to conform themselves to a type or a purpose. They do come indeed to the musical artist, but not spontaneously in the form in which he presents them. They would not come up if they were not in the soil; but the soil must be cultivated and the growth must be pruned and trained into seeming naturalness and spontaneousness of beauty. Milton's lines—

Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud, uplifted angel trumpets blow.—

seem like a splendid spontaneous outburst of poetical expression. But we know that their splendor and their spontaneous seeming is the result of elaboration, of erasure, of interlineation, of recasting. The thought we may believe came in a moment, but it was worked with consummate care and art into the form in which the poet gave it to the world. So it is even with melody, the most spontaneous-seeming part of music. We may be sure that even Mozart, most fertile of all composers in melody, the greatest master of instrumentation, elaborated his themes and his treatment of them, if not on paper, at least in his mind before he put his conceptions into score. And the reason, the occasion for this elaboration was the desired attainment of the highest possible perfection of form. I need hardly say to any musician that I am not speaking of technical form, either of harmonic progression or of the cast of a composition, as

for example the sonata form, the symphonic form, the dramatic form, but of the form of intrinsic absolute value which appeals to the general craving for and appreciation of beauty.

Modern music was presented under these conditions until about half a century ago, when beauty of form and emotional expression began to be disregarded in favor of finish and brilliancy of execution. This was brought about in a great measure by the mechanical improvement of the pianoforte and the extension of its scale. This improvement and extension were made, it is true, in part to meet the demands of performers; but on the other hand, they made performance possible. I believe that there has been no more pernicious influence upon music than the transformation which the piano-forte has undergone since Beethoven's time, and its diffusion over all the world. I do not refer to the cruelties which it is daily the means of inflicting upon inoffensive families and true lovers of music, but to the effect that it has had upon composition and upon performance. The former it has helped to be at once flashy, dull, intricate, and shallow; the latter it has led to be astonishing. Brilliancy, a crowd of notes, sonority, all without beauty of form or emotional suggestiveness—this is the music which the modern grand piano-forte has brought upon us. Orchestral leaders and performers are not content unless they have a very full score to "interpret." They must have a big brilliant noise. The pitch has been raised until singers shriek, in order that the tone of the instruments may be brilliant. Our ears must be shot through and through with piercing shafts of sound. The time is quickened until *allegro* has become *presto*, and *presto* a maddened, indistinguishable rush. Even Theodore Thomas loses some of the majesty of the final movement of the "Fifth Symphony" by too quick a movement; and in the Trio of the Scherzo he drives the basses into a headlong scramble up and down the scale. When the clear succession of notes becomes indistinguishable, musical form, and with it musical beauty, is lost; and the performance becomes a mere victory over musical difficulties. And this quickening of the time is exactly what should not have taken place. Our orchestras have increased in size and in volume of sound since the days of Mozart and Beethoven. As larger bodies, therefore, their movement should be a little slower to produce the effect which the great composers had in mind. But in our rage for brilliancy we have hastened the movement; as if we should make an elephant gallop like a horse. Moreover we have fallen into the fatal error of making the finish, if not the difficulty of execution, superior to the presentation of beauty in form and in expression.

This condition of musical taste has been accompanied or followed—we cannot surely say as effect from cause—by a withering of the creative musical faculty in all its fairest, highest branches.

As to the other composers who were Schumann's contemporaries, they wrote in a condition of hopeless incapacity, except as to their acquired mastery of their craft. They are ever uncertain themselves what they would be at. Compare them with the real composers. Those men knew they had something to do, and they did it. They felt they had something to say, and they said it. These are always about doing something; they are ever entangled in some complicated toll of sound, out of which they cannot find their way; they are hanging by the very eyelids upon some discord that they are afraid to resolve; they are always sounding a note of preparation, announcing that they are about to do something, which they never do. Their music is written in the paulo-post-future tense.

Under such circumstances it is not surprising that music, ceasing to be merely beautiful and emotional, has, in its decay, sprouted a fungus and monstrous intellectuality. Wagner's musical figures have become as intricate, and often as ugly, as those of a Chinese puzzle; and the entertainment is to see how they fit each other and the words to which they are adapted. In his orchestral work we have the most masterly instrumental coloring; a knowledge and an elaboration which is unsurpassed, and also uninspired. It is great technical work and no wonder that professional musicians admire it. But what is its real value? Take, for example, the finale to the overture to the "Meisteringer." It is very impressive materially, and as a work of instrumental art. It becomes tremendous from mere muscular activity and accumulation of physical force. The violins rush frantically up and down the finger-board; the violoncellos are ready to jump over their bridges; the trumpets blow blood out of their eyes; and there is general frenzy. But what is all this burly-burly about? What are the ideas? Look at them. There are, after all, but three, or it may be four, notes in a chord, and a melody is—well, a melody; an unmistakable sort of thing, one would think, although so hard to define. What is there here of harmony or of melody that would be valuable for its own sake? Strip this music of all its instrumental elaboration, tone down its noisy self-assertion, and look at the bare ideas as they can be played with two hands upon a piano-forte, or with four strings in a quartet, and what are they worth? Would a circle of cultivated musical people sit entranced by them if they were played upon an old harpsichord? No, I take it. And if not, their worth is little.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 23, 1877.

Music in the Boston Public Schools.

The Eighth (annual) Musical Exhibition of the High and Grammar Schools was held on Saturday afternoon, June 2, in a new place,—the Moody and Sankey "Tabernacle," which not only had seats for many more hearers than the Music Hall—say 5000,—but allowed nearly twice the usual number of pupils to participate in the performance. The youthful chorus numbered full 2000 voices. The exercises were conducted by Mr. JULIUS EICHBERG, Director of Musical Instruction in the Schools; Mr. J. B. SHARLAND, Special Instructor, officiated as Organist; Mr. LARKIN DUNTON, Master of the Normal School, as Chief Marshal.

The scene was beautiful and imposing; of this there was abundant guaranty in the living presence of so many happy, sympathetic, and appreciative thousands, with all the picturesque display of dress and color,—the vast cavern of a building contributing not much towards it. But there were vines and wreaths and superb masses of flowers to cover up its nakedness, so that it was no penalty to sit there. The two thousand singers were arranged tier above tier against the long side wall opposite the revivallists' platform, joy, enthusiasm, intelligence, refinement lighting up their faces. Against the middle of the wall was placed a small organ, not particularly effective in so vast a place. The Conductor's desk was raised high in the middle front, embowered in greens, between which and the organ was the orchestra. The programme was as follows:

PART FIRST.

1. Voluntary on the Organ.
2. Solo and Chorus, from "Athalie," Mendelssohn
"Heaven and earth display," etc.
The Solo sung by Pupils of the High Schools.
3. Overture to Roy Elias, Mendelssohn
By the Orchestra.
4. Choral in Union, Each
"Now night comes softly stealing,"
Sung by the full Chorus.
5. Chorus, Meyerbeer
"Thy flowery banks, O lovely river,
Thy sparkling stream and golden strand."
6. Hallelujah, from the Christmas Song "Chant
de Noël," Saint-Saëns

PART SECOND.

7. Overture, "Jubel," Weber
8. Four-Part Chorus, "Night," Schubert
Sung by the Pupils of the High Schools.
9. To Thee, O Country, (By request), Julius Eichberg
10. Evening Song, Mozart
"Mid the evening's quiet splendor,
Lori, to thee my thanks I render," etc.
11. Chorus, from "Masanella," Auber
"Come, come with me, and I will give thee
All that can thy hopes entwine."
Arranged by J. Eichberg.
12. The One Hundredth Psalm.
"From all that dwell below the skies," etc.

The musical effect, or rather the sonority, in that vast space, of all that mass of instruments and voices was probably very much dependent upon where the listener chanced to sit. Where we were placed, just in front of one end of the long choral lines, only the nearest voices told for their full value; we heard a very rich, sweet, fresh, well modulated body of Contralto; the rest was comparatively feeble and obscured by distance. The orchestra, too, was ineffective, the violins scarcely audible. This was particularly noticeable in the two Overtures, which we have no reason to doubt were well played. The chorus seemed to be completely under the Conductor's control, responsive to his every hint of light and shade; time and tune excellent throughout, for aught we could perceive. There was great certainty and promptness of attack; there was precision; there was life, just phrasing, and expression. They all seemed to throw themselves into the character and spirit of each song. And, what was a very agreeable thing to note, in comparison with only a few years since, the much more subdued, refined, yet frank and open quality of tone that characterized the general mass of voices; of course it was more so with the girls than with the boys.

The selection from *Athalie* made a deep impression, in spite of the absence of human tenors and basses, which had to be represented by the orchestra and organ; and lovely was the contrast when the older pupils (of the High Schools) sang the solo part in unison. The Bach Choral, also dependent on the instruments for harmony, shed sweetness and repose over the perhaps half restless multitude. The *Hallelujah* by Saint-Saëns, a very different affair from Handel's, as different as a modern Frenchman from that strong old Saxon giant,—having almost more of a routine Cathedral service character,—made a pleasing, if not a very profound effect. In Mozart's "Evening Song," a heavenly strain of melody and harmony, the voices blended marvellously well; and Schubert's "Night," in four-parts, made an exquisite impression.

Of course, the rousing applause and the demands for repetition were in favor of the gayer and more brilliant choruses of Auber and Meyerbeer, and of Mr. Eichberg's patriotic hymn to his daughter's words.

The whole exhibition proved, even more signally than any before, that the teaching of vocal music in our schools is no sham; that the work is well organized and earnestly performed; that the great mass of the pupils not only have their voices and their sense of rhythm disciplined, but they learn to read simple music and to sing by note,—learn something of music in itself; at least enough to render their ears and souls sensitive to future opportunities. And here it is but justice to remember how much of this is due to the first steps so wisely taken in the earliest stages, in the Primary Schools, under the admirable system and superintendence of the man who seems, more than any other we have known, to have a genius for this work, Mr. LUTHER W. MASON,—to him, in preparing the soil so ably and successfully planted by others we have named. Nor are the labors of the Standing Committee on Music, with Mr. C. C. PERKINS at its head, to be overlooked as an important factor in these fine results, witnessing which one ceases to wonder where all the voices come from which fill up the ranks of so many choral associations that have sprung into life of late.

"Elijah" at the Tabernacle.

The Triennial Festival was supplemented by a repetition of *Elijah*, next to the *Messiah* the most popular of Oratorios, and at popular prices, under the ample roof of the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle. This bold experiment was signally successful in attracting an immense audience, and in pleasing all, beyond their expectation, both with the inspiring spectacle and with the effect of the noble music. To say, however, that either choruses or the orchestral or the organ accompaniments, all of which were given with great spirit and *aplomb*, had nearly the intensity of sound, the telling sonority that they had in the Music Hall, would be going too far. The effect was better than we had expected, and yet far short of what was desirable. The tones were distinct, to be sure, in all the parts; you could hear them all,—at least from the voices; but you heard them feebly, as from a distance, and as if they only touched you lightly, as it were, *en passant*, seeming to say: "We cannot stop for you, we are bound to reach others far away." Candor compels one qualification of this remark. Much depended on each hearer's relative position towards the sounding masses. We heard the first part from a point in the middle front of the floor, directly before the orchestra, where, while the solo singers were heard quite satisfactorily, and the brass instruments a little too well, the rest was as we have said; the "Rain" chorus, however, was superb in spite of all. During the second part we sat as far back as we could get,

—still on the floor—with the front wall of the platform behind us for a reflector; and there, we must confess, we heard everything much better; we had not to catch the sounds, for they caught us. We can quite subscribe, therefore, to the *Courier's* statement of the case:—

The building is too large for any but a very exceptionally large chorus and orchestra to make any intense musical effect in. Added to this great size, the Tabernacle is so cut up overhead by crossing beams and rafters as to reduce its sound-reflecting power almost to zero—especially with the orchestra and choral body occupying the position it did on Tuesday evening. The chorus sat in the shape of a truncated wedge, opposite to and facing the regular platform, and the only immediate reflector of sound was the wall behind it; on the sides the sound had nothing to condense it. This want of sonority in the building had one happy result: as there was absolutely no echo, every note of the music, even in extremely complex passages, could be heard with entire distinctness—the ear could easily detect every single element in the music. But the wholesounded dull, far-off and uninspiring; it appealed more to the intellectual than to the sensual ear; it was unable to give the listener that nervous shock which is one of the indispensable conditions of music producing its entire effect upon the human system. *Elijah* in the Tabernacle is as effective as a string-quartet in the Music Hall; both can be distinctly heard, and intellectually comprehended, but neither can be physically felt to an adequate degree.

In the array of solo artists the Handel and Hardy Society were singularly fortunate—we should rather say, were wise and generous. Madame PARFENYEV (her first appearance, we are told, in Oratorio) even reached a higher point in favor than she had done in the Wagner Operas and in *Fidelio*. In voice—sure, true, ample, sympathetic and far-reaching; in style and finished, even execution; in feeling and expression, she has hardly been surpassed in the same music. Her appearance, too, was at once genial and serious; and all was done most conscientiously and carefully, and with an intelligent conception of her part. The Widow's music, though taken rather slower than usual, or than we thought quite natural, was made exceedingly impressive on her part. "Hear ye, Israel" was superbly sung, though here too we felt that she mistook the tempo in the second part of the Aria, which should be considerably faster, leaving it to the chorus, in taking up the exhortation "Be not afraid," to swing back to something nearer to the original movement. Her "Holy holy," also, was, next to Jenny Lind's, the nearest to the sublime that we remember. Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, in the tenor solos, more than made good any disappointment in the Festival. He had recovered all his voice, and his delivery of "Ye people, rend your hearts," and "If with all your hearts," was in the most broad and noble style that we have ever heard. He took the Air much slower than most singers, but we are sure that he was right in that. It was in all respects a thoroughly artistic effort. As much may be said of his "Then shall the righteous shine;" and in the Quartets his voice was a tower of strength. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was all herself in the Contralto parts, singing "O rest in the Lord" with rich and true expression; and Mr. J. F. WINCH was careful and successful in the music of the Prophet. Miss SARAH C. FISHER's sweet and clear Soprano was heard to good advantage in the "Angel's Trio" (with Mme. Pappenheim and Miss Phillippe), which had to be repeated, as well as in the part of the Youth. The assistants in the concerted pieces, all of which went remarkably well, were Mrs. JENNY M. NOYES, Mr. B. F. GILBERT, Dr. E. C. BULLARD, and Mr. D. M. BABCOCK.

The Society was encouraged by this experiment (which we trust has more than made good their small pecuniary loss by the Festival) to announce the *Messiah* at the same place on Wednesday evening of this week, having secured Miss THURBER, Miss LARY, Mr. ALFRED WILKIE (late of Chicago) and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY for the solo artists. Of this another time.

The Singing Clubs.

Our Part-Song Clubs seem, by their last programmes, to aspire to something higher and more serious than mere part-songs, at least for mere male voices. *Paulo majora canamus* may now be their motto.

This observation is superfluous in the case of THE CECILIA, which from its first beginning, in connection with the Harvard Symphony Concerts, has been a numerous chorus of mixed voices, and has devoted itself mainly to the larger tasks, most of the time with orchestral accompaniment. Since its reorganization as an independent body, with Associate members, it has given more of its time to part-songs—mostly very choice ones; but it has also treated its friends to excellent performances of Gade's "Crusaders," Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, and Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen,"—these with piano accompaniment—and finally, in its third concert (May 23 and 25) it has resumed Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," this time with a small orchestra such as could find room in a corner of Horticultural Hall. The choruses went very finely, particularly on the second evening, when the Hall was less hot and crowded, and the skeleton of an orchestra, though certain instruments of the full score were wanting, certainly helped to a better understanding of the work. The arduous (in both senses) part of the Peri was given, at the eleventh hour, to Miss MARY TURNER, almost a novice in such music, with a good high voice, of much endurance, who sang remarkably well for one of so short training and experience. Miss ITA WELSH sang the contralto part of the Angel, etc., in her most charming voice and manner. The soprano part of the Maiden was given, the first time, in a refined, artistic style by Mrs. G. K. HOOPER, who kindly took the place of Miss LILLIAN BAILEY, who had not quite recovered from a hoarse cold, but who sang the part in her fresh, charming voice and manner in the second performance. Miss J. A. WYATT, in the mezzo-soprano solo in the second part; Mr. C. C. NOYES, in the deep contralto of the concerted pieces; Mr. WM. J. WINCH, tenor, Mr. J. F. WINCH, baritone, and Mr. ALVIN R. REED, bass, severally acquitted themselves with credit. The performance as a whole was very much enjoyed, doing great honor to the Conductor, Mr. LANG, and to all concerned. If there was any drawback to the enjoyment on the part of any, it was owing to the great length and the sometimes cloying beauty of Schumann's work, and to the great heat of the room. We are curious to know what good work the Cecilia, now so happily established, will set itself about after the summer's rest.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB, which has recently taken to itself a wife, as it were, in the shape of a very select complement of female voices, making an admirable mixed chorus, has also distinguished itself, on its first appearance in that form (Music Hall, Wednesday evening, June 6,) by the production of a Cantata by Schumann: the *Pilgrimage of the Rose*. The solo parts were taken by Mrs. HATTIE GATES as Rosa; Miss E. D. BARRETT, the Queen; Mrs. JENNIE M. NOYES, alto; Mr. W. H. FESSENDEN, tenor; and Mr. G. R. TITUS, bass, as the Grave-digger. We cannot regard the work as comparable, except in a few numbers, to the *Paradise and the Peri*. It belongs to Schumann's later and more morbid and exhausted period. It is sentimental to excess; how in any other mood could he have chosen so romantically weak a subject. Of course it abounds in beauties; but there is a vagueness and a restlessness in its rhythm, particularly in the phrases of accompaniment, (played on the piano, as originally written, by Mr. PETERSEN), and a morbid mannerism in his harmonies, which renders much of it peculiarly cloying and unsatisfactory. Of the fine voices and singing of Mrs. Gates, Miss Barrett, and Mrs. Noyes,—indeed of all the soloists—we might say much in praise. Mr. Fessenden had music almost too finely suited to his exceedingly delicate and tender style. All the choruses were admirable, showing the great efficiency of Mr. OSGOOD's training.

The Cantata was followed by an unusually interesting selection of part-songs, etc., as follows:

Midsummer Night. Male chorus.....	Rheinberger
Early Spring. Mixed chorus.....	Mendelssohn
a. Calm Sea. Male chorus, {
b. Birdling. Female voices, { Rubinstein
My Love is far away. Mixed chorus.....	Osgood
When Evening's Twilight gathers Round. Male chorus..... Hatton
a. Sweet May. Female voices, { Barnby
b. Down in a Dewy Dell. Fem. voices, { Smart
Come, follow me to the Greenwood Tree. Canon for three tenor voices 1785.....	Dr. Hayes
Oh, my love's like a red, red rose. Mixed chorus	Garrett

These were all very finely sung; and that by Rheinberger had enough matter in it,—original and beautiful matter, with rare skill in harmony and counterpoint—to justify the repetition it received; although it seemed to us too much like an attempt to crowd half an Oratorio into a part-song, nor was its unity as a whole quite clear to us. Mr. Osgood's part-song was enthusiastically received, and justly. The steady improvement in the material and training of this Club is obvious enough.

THE APOLLO CLUB, adhering to its original intention as a Club of male voices, has also found a task worthy of its unsurpassed vocal material and trained perfection, in Mendelssohn's *Antigone*, which was given entire at the last concert, with the connecting text of Sophocles read (in English), it is said very finely, by Prof. CHURCHILL, of Andover. All who were present speak of the performance altogether as the best achievement of the Apollo, giving unqualified delight,—so far as possible without an orchestra.

Musical Festival in Chicago.

CHICAGO, JUNE 12.—The Apollo Festival came off according to contract with a very large attendance, amounting, I suppose, to six or eight thousand people at every concert. It took place in the Moody and Sankey Tabernacle.

The first concert gave for chorus numbers:

- a. "Calm Sea".....Rubinstein Apollo Club.
- b. "Ye Spotted Snakes".....Macfarren Ladies' Chorus.
- c. Hunting song.....Benedict Full Chorus.

The second part consisted of the first half of "St. Paul." The orchestral selections were Gluck's overture to Iphigenia. Brahms's variations on a air by Haydn, and two selections from "Der Ring des Nibelungen" by Wagner (a, Siegfried's death; b, Ride of the Valkyries.) Miss Cary sang "Awake Samaria." The orchestra of course I do not need to comment on. It was as usual, except perhaps that it rose above its ordinary excellence, even, in Brahms's beautiful variations on Haydn's air, which is one of the most lovely and interesting works of the new school I have heard. I found also Wagner's music at "Siegfried's death" singularly impressive.

The chorus throughout this first evening did finely. Much of the superior workmanship of the Apollo society was visible throughout. The shading especially was the best I have ever heard from a chorus of that size. There was an elasticity about the singing that one rarely hears from a large chorus.

Mrs. Smith and Mr. Winch were both in bad voice and are to be condoled with rather than criticized.

The second day brought a matinee of school children assisted by the orchestra, Mrs. Smith and Mr. Whitney. The latter sang "O ruddier than the cherry" in a way that I fancy one will seldom hear equalled. The children did on the whole cleverly, although the quality of tone was coarse and strident. I called the attention of the singing teachers here to this matter some years ago, and referred them to the teaching in the Boston schools where a much milder tone prevails—or did when I had the opportunity of hearing. One of the items of the matinee was the orchestra's performance of a theme and variations by Mozart, which were played with infinite tenderness and refinement.

The second concert came Wednesday evening. The choral work included Gounod's "By Babylon's Wave," Arthur Sullivan's "On Sea and Shore," two part-songs by the Club, and the bridal chorus from Lohengrin. The former was in its way the best singing of the festival. I do not think it a great way; but as a performance it was immense. Sullivan's work did not go perfectly, and fell rather flat. I confess it seems to me somewhat commonplace. Among the orchestral selections were two movements of Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony.

The third concert brought this programme:

- 1. Symphony in D.....Beethoven
- 2. Scenes from 2nd act of (Iphigenia).....Gluck Miss Cary, Chorus and Orchestra.
- 3. Israel in Egypt.....Handel

The symphony was played delightfully, although much marred by late-comers. The "Orpheus" scene seemed hardly worth while, although pretty in its way. Of "Israel" rather more than half was given. As the abridgement may be of interest in Boston (where the art of mutilation is not understood) I give the list sung:

CHORUSES AND SOLOS.

Recit.—Now there arose a new King.....Mr. Winch
Double Chorus—And the children of Israel sigh'd.
Double Chorus—He spake the word.
Double Chorus—He gave them hailstones.
Chorus—He sent a thick darkness.
Chorus—But as for his people.
Double Chorus—He rebuked the Red Sea.
Double Chorus—He led them thro' the deep.
Chorus—But the waters overwhelmed.
Duet—The Lord is a man of war,

Basics of the Apollo Club

Double Chorus—The depths have cover'd them.
Double Chorus—Thy right hand, O Lord.
Air—The enemy said.....Mr. Winch
Double Chorus—The Lord shall reign.
Recit.—For the Horse of Pharaoh.....Miss Cary
Double Chorus—The Lord shall reign.
Recit.—And Miriam the Prophetess.....Miss Cary
Solo and Double Chorus—Sing ye to the Lord.

By this time the chorus was tired, and, to tell the truth, "Israel" did not get out of Egypt so very successfully

after all. Of course by the division of the chorus the volume of tone was much less; and four hundred were already too few for the vast space of the Tabernacle. Then the chorus was re-seated between the rehearsal and the concert, and this also affected the result. Certainly the work was not as well done as the rehearsals promised. Still there were good points in it, and with any other conductor than Mr. Tomlins we should have considered the result as on the whole satisfactory.

The festival is due to Mr. Tomlins, and enables me to form a more complete idea of him. I have frequently spoken in these columns of his superior work as chorus master. The present occasion brought him out in a higher plane, where his "pretty" effects would not save him. Whether he has the musical breadth for a successful conductor of oratorio, is a question I could not pronounce upon without seeing him under more favorable circumstances—that is to say, with a chorus not tired, and that had not been trained entirely within the previous six weeks, as half of this had (for a supplementary two hundred voices were added only about five weeks before the festival.)

You have already seen that this was not a festival in the sense you understand the matter in Boston, or as they have them in Cincinnati. It will take us ten years yet before we can have a festival here with say three full oratorios and suitable condiments. Next time I hope the Beethoven society will be invited to join. For although I cannot always admire their work, I can and do appreciate the real musical value of the society and especially of their conductor. As a pianist Mr. Wolfsohn comes immediately into comparison with the virtuosos, with whom he cannot measure technically. As an orchestral conductor he is immediately measured with Theo. Thomas, and then where is he? As a chorus conductor he has not the peculiar genius that Tomlins has, yet as a musical scholar, and an unselfish worker for the progress of good music he is one of the foremost men here—perhaps the foremost, and as such he has my profound respect and sincere regard. On the other hand, Mr. Tomlins, also, is not unskilful of musical education; as a musician he is not technically so well informed as Wolfsohn. But I happen to know that his ideas on the subject of chorus work are broad enough and far-reaching enough to entitle him to the rank of educator.

There are one or two little items that show how the West grows. At Beloit, Wis., a town of about 4000 people, is a college. The senior class has engaged Miss Rivé, the pianist, Miss Clara Stacy, a soprano here, and Bach's orchestra from Milwaukee to give a concert there at commencement time.

Item two. Thomas's orchestra plays or has played at Elgin, Ill., a little town of 8000, about forty miles from here. Mrs. Lois Hillis, an energetic teacher there, raised a subscription.

Item three. They were trying to get Thomas at Oberlin, O., for commencement time. That's rather better than the day of brass bands, isn't it?

At one of Mr. Eldy's organ recitals lately, Miss Ella White made a great effect in an aria from Prof. Palestrina's "St. Peter." "Ye men of Judea." The same day she also sang beautifully "He was despised."

At another recital Mrs. Stacy is said to have made a fine effect with Reinecke's "Miriam's Song of Triumph." This latter I did not happen to hear. Yours,

DEA FREYCHUETZ.

WORCESTER, MASS. The pupils of the Worcester County Music School were treated to a very pleasant piano-forte recital at the music rooms Saturday afternoon, by A. W. Foote of Boston. Mr. Foote is a thorough musician, and interpreted the music on the programme in a very satisfactory manner. Miss Ellie Sumner also sang several songs in her usual charming manner. The following is the programme:

Italian Concerto.....J. S. Bach.

A. W. Foote.

Spring Songs.....Gounod

Miss E. J. Sumner. Mendelssohn

"Kammenoi—Fetrow," Op. 10, No. 23.....Rubinstein

"Duns le bleu,".....August Dupont

Waltz in D flat.....Ch. M. Widor

A. W. Foote.

Prelude, Sarabande, Menuet, Gavotte,.....Foote

A. W. Foote.

Songs. Und schlaft du, mein Mädchen.....Jensen

Am Ufer des Flusses des Manzanares. Jensen

Miss E. J. Sumner.

Fantasy and Fugue in G minor.....Bach-Liszt

A. W. Foote.

—Worcester Press, May 26.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

What do the Roses say in their Dreams. G. 3. d to E. Babcock. 40

"Do they echo the songs of the eager streams, Running so near, —running so clear?"

Very sweet words by Miss Anna C. Green, and nice music. If one sings the small notes, it is in the 4th degree.

Little Bruno. D minor. 4. d to E. Molloy. 40
"He was only a little lad, Barefoot and brown."

Very affecting and sweet. You cannot help liking it.

Sunshine and Cloud. Song and Chorus. G. 3. d to F. Foster. 30

"There's never a life so happy, But has had its time of tears."

Very sweet sentiments to fine music.

Shadows. G. 4. d to E. Babcock. 30

"A Zephyr stirs the maple trees."

The difficulty is in the varied accompaniment. The melody is easy, simple and tasteful.

Sing me a Song. Bb. 3. F to F. Cloy. 30

"And Earth is lying all asleep, Beneath the silver light."

Mr. Cloy's taste shows plainly in the music, and "Amanda" has written a sweet poem.

Saved from the Storm. C. 4. b to E. Barri. 40

"For me thou'lt pray in the chapel gray, Navitas Salva Domine!"

Unusually good descriptive song.

The Shadow of the Cross. (L'ombra della croce.) Legend. G. 4. b to E. Barri. 50

"Qual l'ombra qual divin segui."

"And so in glad and gloomy hours." Quite out of the common course, and of striking beauty.

Instrumental.

The Huntsman. Reiter Stuck. G. 3. Spindler. 35

One of Spindler's (all well deserving the title of) favorites.

Solon Shingle's Grand March. D. 3. Mack. 50

With a portrait of the dedicatee, and (even to his popularity, it will help the sale of the fine march.

Alpine Shepherd's Lament. Fantasia. G. 3. Mack. 60

An easy and elegant fantasia, with a fine lithograph title.

Four Evening Pictures, by Gustav Merkel, Complete, 75

No. 1. Twilight. In Dammertunde. E. 4. 35

"2. Fairy Tale. Marchen. Bb. 4. 35

"3. Serenade. Standchen. A. 3. 25

"4. Evening Song. Abendlied. F. 3. 25

Fine pictures, that cannot fail to please and reward the purchaser and player.

Black-Hawk Waltz. Eb. 3. Waisk. 40

Sparkling Waltz. Fine lithograph title of dancers who cannot by any Indian-uity be called savage.

Spindler's Favorites. No. 1. Blue Eyes. (Blau Augen.) G. 3. 40

Spindler's favorites are everybody's favorites, and this tasteful thing will be no exception.

Sailor Chorus from Flying Dutchman. C. 4. Spindler. 40

Wildly beautiful.

Three Sonates Faciles et Brillantes, by F. Kuhlau, each 65

Sonate No. 1. A. 3. Very graceful piece, which is capital for study.

Beside the Sea. 5th Nocturne. Ab. 4. Maylath. 35

"Nocturne" is perhaps a misnomer, as the piece is restless and unquiet, like the waves on rocky shores. But it is good music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. a to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 945.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 7.

A. W. Thayer's Life of Beethoven.— German Criticisms.

(Concluded from Page 43.)

In the next chapter, Thayer begins to explain the long series of errors which have been constructed with such care around the two brothers of Beethoven. The author gives us in this chapter as the result of his powers of investigation, the very probable supposition that Beethoven studied quartet music with the composer Emanuel Aloys Förster, at that time so deservedly celebrated.

The next chapter brings us to the year 1801. Besides the most interesting information concerning the origin and arrangement of the *Prometheus* music, in which we find also great exactitude with respect to time and place; besides the letters of the composer given in other works, but here gaining additional interest on account of their correct chronological order; in addition to these matters of interest, we have also here laid before us a hitherto unknown letter addressed to Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel in Leipzig.

The following chapter contains biographical explanations of the letters of 1801. Here the author pours forth from his "horn of plenty" such a glorious mass of fresh facts, that we are almost overpowered.

The fourth chapter gives an account of the year of suffering, 1803. The following chapters of this truly deserving work throw fresh light upon the author's skill in the art of solving problems, and are one continuous stream of entirely new matter. All the fresh letters which the author here brings before our notice are very interesting to all admirers of Beethoven, illustrating as they do, more fully, the nobility of his character and affording us new and brilliant glimpses of the outward life of the great master. But all this is only what we might reasonably have expected when such a man as Thayer set his hand to the work; for whatever he undertakes is accomplished with a thoroughness which must satisfy even the most critical reader.

The nine parts of his appendix also contain very important additions. To these belong the communications from Czerny and Louis Drouet concerning Beethoven's life, which form the natural introduction to "Beethoven's character and person."

So far as the description of Beethoven's outer life is concerned, our author succeeds in laying before the reader the most surprising discoveries, and in maintaining them with great plausibility.

In conclusion let me add that, though this book, like every other human production, is marked by some defects, it is a most superior work; and the trivial defects are quite swallowed up by the wonderful excellencies it possesses. And I can only hope that the much

esteemed author will quickly give us his continuation of the biography of this immortal composer.

The "*National Zeitung*," of Oct. 24, 1871, writes:—From among recent musical literary productions we single out A. W. Thayer's "*Ludwig v. Beethoven's Life*," translated into German from the original manuscript. When five years ago the first volume of this work lay before us, we hailed it as one of the most valuable productions of the Beethoven literature.

After many attempts had been made, and as many failures, an American at length took it into his head to make the life of the great master an object of the closest and most minute personal investigation. With the energy, tenacity and practical forethought natural to his race, he devoted himself to an undertaking which offered as the sole reward for overcoming difficulties and obstacles almost insurmountable, offered him the simple satisfaction of feeling that he had to the best of his ability assisted in the spread of truth. The first matter for him to settle was the limit to which his material allowed him to go. He has only to deal with facts; and therefore all professional and scientific leanings, as also all æsthetic critical discussions, must be laid aside. The reader must not, then, expect to find in this work the subject completely exhausted in all respects. What is offered to us is simply a narration, made after the most careful investigation, of the great master's life, and an account of his productions arranged in chronological order. Putting all other matters aside, the author confines himself to a narrative of bare facts given in a plain practical style.

As he himself declares, he has only accomplished the difficult and laborious preparatory work; he has but laid the foundation upon which some future historian of Beethoven may erect a fair and stately structure. We owe, then, to Mr. Thayer the warmest and deepest thanks for the earnestness, zeal, love, unshrinking perseverance and patience with which he has prosecuted a task which will never perhaps receive its full meed of appreciation.

The sources of information respecting Beethoven as a man and a composer, which are available to the general public, are but few and scanty. The most valuable part of his correspondence consists of a few letters addressed to the friends of his youth (which however are scattered over a very long period of time), and also some letters to his publishers. Besides these we possess a number of notes and scraps of letters to all sorts of persons, of the most varied contents, which for biographical purposes are of no great value. Beethoven was not at all communicative, and on very rare occasions was he disposed to speak about himself. We possess, further, solitary expressions of his views and opinions in albums and sketch books, scattered about here and there as chance would

have it. In the communications of Wegeler and Ries, who were both friends of the composer, we have a vein of information of the greatest value; for these biographers relate what came under their own personal notice. The biography of Schindler is a much more uncertain source; and any other information we can glean lies scattered over the widest field of literature. All this material Thayer has brought together with most praiseworthy conscientiousness and has reduced to the most perfect order. He has also carefully sifted it and has enriched it by the most assiduous and unwearied inquiries from the contemporaries of the composer.

The second volume of Thayer's work comprises the decade from 1796 to 1806. The arrangement of the matter contained in this work has an almost lawyer-like appearance of exactitude and regularity; and he who expects to have his emotions pleasingly excited, or his idle moments agreeably amused in reading this book, will find himself utterly disappointed.

The author starts with the supposition that the reader possesses a clear comprehension of the importance of the subject; he engages him in the most laborious and minute investigations; spares him the examination not even of the minutest object, if it has the appearance of being able in any degree to assist in unfolding the truth. We have not only the final results set before us, but also the external and internal proofs of everything advanced; the author making us throughout the partners of his toil. If in spite of all his painstaking he has only been able to glean a few meagre notices, as the biographical gain of many a year of the composer's life, this is fully explained by the scantiness of all the sources of information available to us. One especial service rendered by the work of Thayer is the severe criticism with which he has handled all the legends concerning Beethoven. The inclination so common to most biographers to deify their heroes is quite wanting in him. Although, however, he treats his subject with such moderation, it loses nothing by this treatment, but rather the very simplicity of the description adds beauty and grandeur to the theme.

Niels W. Gade.

BY ROBERT SCHUMANN.*

The following might lately (1848) have been read in a French paper:—"A young Danish composer excites much interest in Germany at present; he is called Gade, and often wanders, with his violin on his shoulder, from Copenhagen to Leipzig and back; he looks as if he were Mozart himself." The first and last parts of this information are correct; a little romance is mixed up with the rest of the sentence. The young Dane really came a few months ago to Leipzig (in the ordinary traveller's style, however, violin and all), and his Mozart head, with hair as thick and heavy as if cut in marble,

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agreed very well with the good opinions which his "Ossian" overture and his first symphony had won beforehand among our resident artists.

Little that is eventful can be told of his life. Born in 1817 in Copenhagen, the son of an instrument maker of that place, he possibly dreamed away his first years surrounded by more instruments than men. His first instruction in music was obtained from one of those commonplace teachers who esteem mechanical industry beyond talent, and it seems that mentor was not very well satisfied with the progress of his pupil. He learned a little about guitar, violin, and pianoforte, without accomplishing much on either instrument. Later, he met with more able masters in Wersshall and Berggreen, and the esteemed Weyse also gave him kind advice. Compositions of very different kinds were the result, and their author thinks very little of them; no doubt many of them were the overflowings of an uncommon imagination. He afterwards entered the royal orchestra at Copenhagen as violinist, and here had an opportunity to listen to the secrets of the instruments, which he has since related to us in some of his compositions. This practical school, denied to some, used without understanding by many, was doubtless the principal agent in educating him up to that point of mastery in instrumentation which must undeniably be conceded to him. Through his "Ossian" overture, which, on the approval of Spohr and Schneider, was crowned with the prize awarded by the Copenhagen Musical Union, he attracted the attention of his music-loving king; he then received, like many other talented men in Denmark, a really royal stipend, intended, in his case, to assist him in a foreign journey; thus, for the first time, he turned towards Leipzig, where he has been introduced, for the first time, to a larger musical public. He is still here, but intends shortly to visit Paris, and Italy afterwards. We will, therefore, take advantage of the moment, in which he is yet freshly present to us, to give a brief sketch of the artistic originality of this man, who has favorably impressed us, to a far greater degree than most young composers of to-day.

He who, from Gade's resemblance to Mozart, which is really quite surprising, should straightway conclude that these two men resembled each other musically, would be greatly mistaken. We see quite a novel artistic character before us. It really begins to look as if the nations bordering on Germany desired to emancipate themselves from the influence of German music; this might annoy a German nationalist, but it could only appear natural and cheering to the more profound thinker, if he understood human nature. So we see the French-Pole Chopin, Bennett the Englishman, Verhulst the Hollander, besides the representatives of Hungarian music, giving promise and performance that must lead them to be regarded as most worthy embodiments of the artistic tendency of their native lands. And though they all seem to regard Germany as their first and favorite teacher of music, we cannot wonder that they try to speak their own musical language to their own nation, without becoming untrue to their former instructor. For no land can yet boast of masters that equal our greatest ones: who will declare the contrary?

In the further North of Europe we also see national tendencies displaying themselves. Lindblad in Stockholm transcribes old folk-songs for us, and even Ole Bull, though by no means a man of the first rank of talent, has tried to make the tones of his own home at home with us. Perhaps the appearance of so many distinguished modern poets in Scandinavia has given a powerful impulse to musical talent there, if the artists of that country have not been sufficiently reminded by their lakes, mountains, aurora borealis, and antique runes, that the North may well dare to speak its own language.

Our young composer has also been nourished by the poetry of his fatherland; he knows and loves all its poets; old legends and traditions accompanied him on his boyish wanderings, and Ossian's giant harp resounded from the shores of England. A decided Northern musical character makes its appearance for the first time in Gade's music, and especially in his "Ossian" overture; but Gade will be the first to acknowledge all that he owes to German masters. They have rewarded the great industry with which he has devoted himself to the study of their works (he knows nearly all, by all) by the gift they bestow on those who remain true to them—the consecration of mastership.

In the "Ossian" overture we can detect the influence of Mendelssohn in certain instrumental combinations, and in the symphony we find much that reminds us of Franz Schubert; but a very original turn of melody is observable throughout these—a national character such as has not hitherto displayed itself in the higher forms of instrumental music. But the symphony excels the overture in every respect, in natural power as well as in the mastery of technicalities.

We only hope that this artist may not be crushed, as it were, by his nationality; that his imagination, "illuminated by the Northern lights," as some one has said, may prove its richness and variety, and that he may study other regions of life and nature. Every artist should be advised, first to win, and then to reject, originality; let him cast off the old skin, serpent-like, when it begins to compress him too closely.

But the future is dark; much happens otherwise than as we expect; we can only express our hopes of the worthiest and finest things to come from such remarkable talent. And as if his very name—like that of Bach—had had an influence in making a musician of him—odd accident—the four letters of his name are those that designate the four violin-strings. Let no one jest away this little sign of the Muse's favor; or the other, that his name, by means of four clefs, may be written in one note,* which cabalists will find easy to discover.

We may expect a second symphony by Gade this month; it differs from the first, in being lighter and softer. While listening to it, we think of the lovely Danish beech-woods.



(TR.)

* This note is A in the treble clef, which becomes G in the tenor, D in the mezzo-soprano, and E in the baritone clefs:—

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 44.)

Prominent among the English dramatic composers of the eighteenth century stands William Shield. He was born at Durham in 1749, and six years later was taught by his father to play on the violin; he also received, when very young, some lessons in harmony from Avison. He subsequently became an orchestral violin performer, and the principal viola at the Italian Opera House under the leadership of William Cramer. In after years he was engaged at Covent Garden Theatre as musical director, and, upon the death of Sir William Parsons, the master of King George the Fourth's private band, he was appointed to that office.

Shield was a musician of genius. He did not, it is true, discover new paths in the domain of English Opera, neither did he go beyond the requirements of the musical age in which he flourished; but in its then recognized style he displayed very remarkable powers of composition. He was regarded by his musical contemporaries as "one of the greatest ornaments of the English school of music, equal to Arne, and inferior only to the unrivalled Henry Purcell." He enhanced the beauty of English verse

by allaying it to music in agreement with its expression and spirit—music so tender and pathetic, so vigorous and manly, so melodious and natural, and, moreover, so purely English, that even at the present time, accustomed as we have long been to music, both of native and foreign growth, cast in a higher mould, more richly endowed, and more elaborately constructed, we yet listen to it with satisfaction and pleasure. Shield studied the genius of his native tongue, and adapted his music to its particular accent; thus he illustrated in his vocal compositions the principle of music being "married to immortal verse."

Our gifted countryman travelled to Italy in 1791, and heard in her chief cities the then best specimens of operatic music and singing. He returned from Rome a year later, with his musical mind invigorated, and his taste more refined and cultivated, but with an undiminished love for the pure, unadulterated British school of music, the style to which he always adhered. Shield was fortunate in his singers. Braham, Incledon, Mrs. Billington, and other then famous vocalists, who exercised their wondrous powers of vocal expression and execution when interpreting the music of the admired English composer, doubtless stimulated him to higher efforts, and enabled him to realize his conception of the florid, as well as the pathetic school of vocalization. An *Aria di Bravura* in his Opera of "Marian," composed to display the bird-like quality of Mrs. Billington's voice in its highest flights, its marvellous compass and brilliancy of execution, would tax the vocal powers of the most cultivated among modern *prima donne*. This song was accompanied on the oboe by Parke, the then most celebrated performer on that difficult instrument. In addition to almost innumerable single songs in every style, Shield composed for, and adapted to the English stage, about twenty Operas and Operettas, among which may be noted "Rosina," "Marian," "The Woodman," "The Poor Soldier," "Robin Hood," "The Flitch of Bacon," "The Noble Peasant," "Fontainebleau," "Lock and Key," "The Crusade," "The Travellers in Switzerland," "Omni," "Lord Mayor's Day," and "Patrick in Prussia."

To the probable, and reasonable, inquiry whether these musical dramas are fairly entitled to be placed in the category of Operas and Operettas, it may be answered in the negative according to the Italian idea; and in the affirmative in accordance with the English impressions of Opera which then prevailed. They were English Operas, so called, composed in the fashion of the period. In the Italian Opera the dialogue was sung throughout in *Recitative*; but in the English the dialogue and monologue were spoken. In the former the airs, duets, and trios followed the musical declamation; in the latter, songs, duets, and glees, so called, succeeded to the spoken text. Concerted pieces, elaborated as in modern Operas, were then unknown. The English Opera, says Macfarren, was "a speaking drama with epical songs, glees, and choruses," and not what it has since become, "a continuous lyrical work in which the entire action is illustrated by music." The following is Dryden's definition of an Opera. "An Opera," he says, "is a poetical tale of fiction represented by vocal and instrumental music, adorned with scenes, machines, and dancing." According to Dr. Burney and other critics of his time, "English Dramatic Opera" is a drama that is either declaimed or spoken, and in which songs and symphonies are introduced; "it differs from Italian Opera, in which there is no speaking, and in which the narrative part and dialogue are set to music." The Opera orchestra in Shield's time was limited to a few instruments; viz., violins, violas, basses, and flutes or oboes. Clarinets were not included. The instrumental accompaniment to the voice was very slight, and the orchestral score was very meagre. Shield's Operas, printed in oblong form in two staves, the higher containing the voice part, and the lower the figured bass, may sometimes be met with, but they are scarce. Some of his most charming and enduring songs are occasionally reprinted in modern form, and may without difficulty be obtained.

A considerable advance towards the modern idea of English Opera is due to the musical genius of Stephen Storace, who contributed many successful dramatic compositions to the English stage, which, as regards increased dramatic effect and fuller orchestral instrumentation, far surpassed the English Operas of his predecessors. He was, moreover, the first native composer to introduce into Opera the "Finale," so called, in which concerted vocal music assists in the development of the scene. Storace's parentage was Italian, but England was both the

land of his birth and of his adoption. He was born in 1768, and he died in 1796. "The Haunted Tower" was Storace's first Opera. It was produced in 1789. His "Siege of Belgrade," represented for the first time in 1791, attracted crowded audiences for sixty nights in succession. "The Pirates," was first performed in 1792. The "Finale" to the first act of this Opera was considered to be the composer's masterpiece. Colman's "Iron Chest," with Storace's music, appeared in 1796. There is a nearer approximation to the modern type of Opera in this dramatic work than in Storace's previous Operas, both in the overture and in the concerted vocal pieces, of which there are many excellent specimens.

On perusing the two latest Operas of Stephen Storace one cannot fail to notice that the composer was not insensible to the captivating, all-powerful influence of Mozart, yet retaining his own individuality of style and expression. The quartet, for soprano, contralto, tenor, and bass voices, "Five times by the taper's light," with which the "Iron Chest" commences, was for many years very popular. It was then regarded as a kind of novelty in English Opera, and was greatly admired. It is excellently, though simply composed. A very melodious and well-written quintet, "The sun has tipt the hills with red;" a charming duet of small proportions, "Sweet little Barbara;" a trio, "Listen," with chorus, and the finale to the second act, afford indisputable evidence that Storace possessed a very remarkable talent for stage-effect, which required only a longer life, accompanied by a larger amount of experience, to ripen into surpassing excellence. Storace ended his brilliant, though brief, professional career with his life, at the age of thirty-three, when his musical judgment had scarcely reached maturity. Had this estimable young composer lived to share the light of modern musical thought, he would no doubt have produced dramatic works of a yet higher stamp than those with which he delighted the critical audiences of his time. He caught cold, it is said, at a rehearsal of his "Iron Chest," and was carried from the theatre to his bed, from which he never again arose. Braham, the greatest tenor singer of his own time, and perhaps of any other, made his first appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in Storace's posthumous Opera, "Mahmond;" or, the Prince of Persia," on the 30th of April, 1796. He was supported by Signora Storace—the sister of the composer—Mrs. Bland, the most accomplished ballad-singer of her day, Michael Kelly, and Suett. In this very charming Opera, which, in consequence of his illness and untimely death, its composer left unfinished, we find a still further progress towards the modern style of Opera. A very florid air, in B flat, composed for and sung by Braham, remains to record the marvellous compass of his unparalleled voice and his unexampled execution. A lovely romance, "The shades of night," afforded him scope to display his touching pathos. Two "Finales" in this Opera, specially worthy of notice and admiration, should be highly interesting to musical students as demonstrating the rapid advance of native Opera towards the close of the eighteenth century. The style of Storace's melodies differs materially from that of Purcell, Arne, and Shield. Although they bear in some degree the impress of the Italian type of air, they possess the recognized features of unadulterated English tune. Storace, avoiding plagiarism, wisely availed himself, as all great musicians have done, of the accumulated experience of his predecessors and contemporaries famous in his own and in other countries. He often adapted Italian music to the English stage, and could hardly resist its fascinating influence; but he ever remained faithful to the English school of melody, founded on the tone and accent of the English language.

By the death of their lamented composer, Storace's once popular dramatic works were soon consigned to forgetfulness. The difficult vocal passages he had composed, to display the special powers of certain distinguished singers, were not even attempted by their successors of less merit. This alone would account for the speedy neglect which Storace's Operas experienced. Another cause, yet more powerful, may be traced to the rapid revolutions of fashion in musical taste. After the lapse of ten years or so, music which had been lauded for its novelty and beauty was condemned for its staleness and rapidity. Quondam novelties in melody and harmony were, in turn, superseded by others more in accordance with the fashion of the day: these, again, were doomed to a similar condition. In like manner the contemporaneous music of the Continent

has suffered neglect as remarkable as our own, and is, for any practical purpose, as dead.

John Braham on his return from Italy, after a succession of operatic triumphs unprecedented in the history of the lyric drama, produced between 1802 and 1812 many English Operas, whose success was as much, or perhaps more, attributable to the transcendent talent of the vocalists who took the principal parts in them as to the music, which, for the most part, was of the most ephemeral kind. Mrs. Billington, Signora Storace, Braham, and Incledon were the eminent vocalists who then delighted the large audiences who flocked to hear them. Mrs. Billington and Braham were unrivalled, and as great on the Italian as on the English Opera stage.

Incledon, a native of Cornwall, was a very remarkable singer. He was no musician, in the true sense of the term, his musical knowledge being very limited; but he was gifted with a "silver-toned" tenor voice of astonishing power; he was alternately tender and vigorous in his expression; and, when interpreting the pathetic or national songs of Charles Dibdin, he was irresistible, and charming by his sentiment, his energy, and earnestness. The once celebrated duet, "All's well," from the "British Fleet," sung by Braham and Incledon, and by all the then amateur tenors of the British Empire, yet lives, and is even now occasionally sung.

Signora Storace's voice had been highly cultivated in Italy. She was very admirable in operatic parts that required fluency of voice and sprightliness of manner. A very florid duet in "Mahmond," sung by Storace and Braham, remains as evidence of her brilliant voice and style. Domenico Corri, Reeve, and others, assisted, about the same period, to keep English dramatic music alive, despite the powerful attraction of the Italian Opera, supported, as it then was, by the most eminent Italian vocal talent which money could purchase, and, in addition, by the countenance, patronage, and encouragement of the nobility and gentry of England.

Henry Bishop, who was born in London in 1786, was a prolific contributor to the British lyric drama. He was a man of genius, and, when self-reliant, composed music in a style specially his own, which was thoroughly English in form and feature. "He is conspicuous in the musical history of this country," says Macfarren, "for having produced compositions of very high merit at the period when the art was less cultivated here, in comparison with the rest of Europe, than at any other time, and when his music alone gave consideration to the English name." "He combined," says the same excellent authority, "pure, expressive, and forcible English melody with the depth and solidity of the German school; and in every department of the art he has given the public some enduring specimen of beautiful music." After a few successful efforts in dramatic music, commencing in 1806, Bishop composed his first Opera, "The Circassian Bride," for the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, which unfortunately was burnt down the night after its first performance, on the 23rd February, 1809. The "Maniac," which was produced in 1810, increased the composer's growing reputation. The "Chorus of Banditti," with which this Opera opens, is very fine and dramatic, as well as the Finale to Act I., "The tiger couches in the wood." In estimating the merits of Bishop's dramatic music it should be compared with the music which then existed, and not with that which has since been composed, although even with such music it may, in many respects, bear favorable comparison, especially as regards his finely composed and tuneful concerted vocal music for three, four, five and six voices, with and without the addition of a chorus. Among numerous splendid specimens of this style of music may be named the grand Finale to Act I., of the "Law of Java," produced in 1822; the settee, "Stay, prythee stay;" the opening settee, "Listen, he must be near;" the quintet, "Though he be now a grey friar," in the "Miller and his Men" (1813); the settee, "Oh, bold Robin Hood," in "Maid Marian" (1822). In Bishop's numerous Operas, and other musical pieces for the stage of less proportions, composed, and produced at Covent Garden Theatre, between 1810 and 1824, will be found much fine concerted vocal music, the major part of which has outlived the Operas they once adorned. Bishop was appointed Musical Director and Composer of Covent Garden Theatre in 1810; and, during the fourteen years he held that important musical office, he proved by his industry that he was not insensible to the golden chances it afforded him to bring his works before the public. "The Knight of Snowdon," "The Virgin of the

Sun," "The Ethiop," "The Renegade," "The Anti-quary," "The Slave," were then produced. The influence of the German school of dramatic music was beginning to be felt in this country in the early part of the nineteenth century, and could not fail to effect so accomplished a musician as Henry Bishop. He has been charged with giving up "his personal identity" during his artistic career, and being infected, so to speak, with the more modern manner of Rossini and Weber. He could not possibly divest himself of his speciality of musical style, which was derived from his peculiarity of temperament and constitution; but he evidently agreed in opinion with Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, referring to a sister art, said that "the greatest natural genius cannot subsist on its own stock," and that "he who resolves never to ransack any mind but his own, will be soon reduced, from mere barrenness, to the poorest of all imitations; he will be obliged to imitate himself, and to repeat what he has so often repeated." "The mind," he adds, "is but a barren soil which is soon exhausted, and will produce no crop, or only one, unless it be continually fertilized and enriched with foreign matter." Handel, anticipating these views, did not hesitate to fertilize and enrich his transcendent powers by the attentive study of his great Italian predecessors and contemporaries. Musical ideas, it must be admitted, issue more richly and more copiously from the most cultivated musicians, who, possessing an extensive acquaintance with the finest works of the best masters of every age and country, have "the most materials" for composition, and therefore "the greatest means of invention." He nourishes his musical mind upon the food bequeathed by his predecessors in the art, and avails himself of the discoveries they have made, and the experiences they have acquired, and, in turn, he leaves to his successors the results of his own. In this manner art legitimately and surely progresses.

Bishop understood and recognized the musical spirit of the age, and appreciated the progressive condition of music at the early part of the present century, especially with regard to orchestral instrumentation. He fully estimated, in the Operas of Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Rossini, and Meyerbeer, and in the one Opera of Beethoven, a fuller development of dramatic effect, the introduction of richer harmonic combinations, the increased resources of the orchestra, the more frequent and effective use of the chorus, and dramatic scenes more amply elaborated, and he at once accepted these modern improvements, and applied them, in principle, to his operatic compositions. "Every period of ten years," says Forkel, John Sebastian Bach's biographer, "has some forms or turns of melody which are peculiar to it, but which generally grow out of fashion before it expires. A composer who desires that his works should descend to posterity must take care to avoid them." Imitating the example of many great painters and musicians, Bishop modified, to some extent, his old manner in his later works. It must be confessed that these have not the charm which attaches to his earlier compositions.

Bishop retired from the Musical Directorship of Covent Garden Theatre in 1824, and then became the Composer and Director of the Music at Drury Lane Theatre. Carl Maria von Weber, the illustrious composer of "Der Freischütz," almost overwhelmed by his great reputation, was engaged to compose an English Opera for Covent Garden. As a counterpoise to "Oberon," Bishop was called upon to compose "Aladdin" for the rival theatre. Despite its charming music, and the great fame of its composer, "Oberon" achieved only a partial success. Bishop's Opera was a failure, and deservedly so, for it is certainly his worst Opera. On perusing it, very little can be found of a redeeming character. The subject was worn out, the text was of the most trivial kind, and the music was deficient in spontaneity, evidently written "to order"—and was totally devoid of spirit. It was a vain attempt to meet the requirements of modern ideas in dramatic music. Poor Weber, in the full blaze of triumphant celebrity, was already standing upon the threshold of eternity. Under such interesting and exceptional circumstances as then surrounded him, it was a crucial ordeal for any English composer, however famous he might be, and with all his powers in full vigor, to be placed in competition with such a composer as Weber. None might hope to pass with success so severe a test.

Bishop's Operas have not been heard on the Continent, and even their fame has hardly reached beyond the limits of English-speaking countries. The

music of England, however pleasing to English ears, in the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries, was perhaps not calculated to satisfy foreign minds and ears. The form of English Opera, so different from that of Italy, France, and Germany, would be distasteful to the people of those countries, who are contented with their own music and consider none other its equal. Then, again, the English language is difficult of pronunciation; and to translate it would be to destroy its point and to sacrifice its music. These causes, added to an ignorant and unjust prejudice against the music and musicians of England, fostered and countenanced to a very considerable extent by the people of this country itself, have in earlier times delayed the introduction of English Opera into foreign countries. As a rule German music has met with but scant favor in Italy, while Italian music alone has been cosmopolitan. Bishop's Operas would not bear revival more than those of Handel, Hasse, Porpora, Jomelli, Scarlatti, Leonardo Leo, Paisiello, Pergolesi, Galuppi, or Sacchini. They are all dead and buried. But choice selections from them will always be welcomed with pleasure by all true lovers of music.

Henry Bishop contributed to the lyric stage of England between sixty and seventy Operas and lighter musical pieces. He received the honor of knighthood in 1842, from Queen Victoria's own hand, in recognition of his high artistic merits. Sir Henry Rowley Bishop, at the death of Dr. William Croft, was elected to the Musical Professor's chair at Oxford in 1848, and died in 1855. From the year 1836 to 1834 there was an interregnum, so to speak, in the direct line of English dramatic composers. During this blank period for National Opera, English musicians and theatrical managers were engaged in producing foreign works translated for and adapted to the English stage to suit the modified taste of English audiences. It was a period devoted to Opera in English, in contradistinction to English Opera. Rossini's last and finest Opera, "Guillaume Tell," composed in 1829, which had not been a success at Paris, was presented to an English audience in a mutilated form, under the title of "Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol." Auber's "Masaniello" and "Gustavus," Marschner's "Vampyre," Paer's "Freebooters," Ferdinand Ries's "Robbers," and other foreign Operas, besides "Der Freischütz" and "The Barber of Seville," were for the first time made known to the English-Opera-going public in an English dress. In 1832 the German Opera in its completeness was first brought to this country, and "Fidelio," with the gifted Schröder-Devrient as the devoted Leonora, drew large audiences in that direction. The charming Malibran, in 1833, attracted admiring crowds to listen to her fine singing, and her impressive acting in a translated version of Bellini's "La Sonnambula." It was said by an esteemed authority that the introduction of foreign Operas, mutilated in some instances, and translated into English, "retarded the public taste in this country, and indisposed English audiences to listen to complete musical works, and thus induced the long delay in the manifestation of the loftiest dramatic pretensions by English composers." A new era in the history of English Opera was soon to be inaugurated, with brilliant prospects looming in the future. This new and hopeful revival commenced in 1834, under exceptionally favorable auspices.

[To be Continued.]

Rubinstein in London.

(From the Times.)

Herr Anton Rubinstein's recitals in St. James's Hall, the last of which was given to an enormous audience, have been even more successful in a pecuniary, if not in an artistic, sense than they proved a twelvemonth ago. Crowds of amateurs and connoisseurs have flocked to them, and if applause could make the most retiring of virtuosos proud, the Roumanian pianist has had enough to turn his head. But Herr Rubinstein is by no means the most retiring of virtuosos; on the contrary, he is the most demonstrative and, we may say it with deference, the most egotistical, of our time. Instead of being absorbed in the work he is interpreting, the work would rather seem to be absorbed in him. He may well be styled "the Lion Pianist," for no lion (symbolically speaking) on occasions ever roared louder. Yet at times he can be as gentle as a soft breeze. Witness, for example, his performance of Mozart's exquisite *Rondo* in A minor; witness the trio belonging to the Funeral March in Chopin's B flat minor sonata, with other things that might be

named. Nothing can be more simple, unobtrusive, and poetically beautiful than his delivery of these. We wish, indeed, that Herr Rubinstein would give us more excerpts from Mozart of the same kind. Many are to be found in the solo sonatas, which, without reckoning the two fantasias, are twenty in number. Then, again, it is delightful to hear him play one of the placid and graceful "notturmes" of John Field, Clementi's favorite pupil, and a celebrity in Russia, before Herr Rubinstein was thought of. In these, as in other pieces of a similar character by Chopin, Henselt, Schumann, Mendelssohn, etc., (not forgetting Rubinstein), he shines with a special grace, producing a tone from the instrument, combined with the most admirably perfect phrasing, which shows him to be a *singer* by instinct.

His method of dealing with Beethoven is less unreservedly to be commended. This most profound of "tone-poets" cannot be trifled with—cannot, in short, be made the medium of self-display on the part of the executant who presumes to interpret his thoughts. But Herr Rubinstein does so with Beethoven, interpreting the "immeasurably rich master"—as even Wagner devoutly styles him—with the most independent nonchalance, as though Beethoven had not written up to his standard of "virtuosity." Yet Beethoven has written much to demand the most scrupulous attention from executants more gifted, if that be possible, than Herr Rubinstein himself—which scrupulous attention Herr Rubinstein does not invariably vouchsafe. He plays always without book, and doubtless, for that reason, is not always exact. Take, for instance, the so-called *Sonata Appassionata* in F minor. Nothing can be more perfect than the way in which he gives the *andante* with variations, nothing more hazy than his delivery of parts of the first movement; while the whole of the *finale*, which, though marked by the composer simply *allegro non troppo* (*non troppo* surely means something), is taken by Herr Rubinstein at such a pace that when the *coda*, marked *presto*, comes, it is little better than confusion. Then, to go to smaller things, Weber's "Invitation à la Valse," also included in the programme of the last recital, was utterly ruined by the extravagant speed of the "virtuoso," who seemed to be possessed with the sole idea of getting through it as quickly as possible. We have heard this familiar piece better rendered by many a second-rate performer. In Liszt's monstrous "transcription" of the "Erl King," where poor Schubert is almost smothered, Herr Rubinstein is quite at home; but in Schumann's "Carneval" we find too much display at the expense of the composer—especially in the "Davidsbündler March." Four pieces of Herr Rubinstein's composition, which brought the last recital to an end, were not merely attractive in themselves, but magnificently executed. No music suits the highly endowed pianist so well as his own, which he treats with a devotional reverence that might be advantageously extended, on special occasions, to that of other composers.

On Monday afternoon, at the Crystal Palace, a concert was given in Herr Rubinstein's name, the programme of which comprised a symphony and other works from his pen. The symphony was the one in D minor (entitled "Dramatic Symphony," introduced to a London audience last year at a concert given by the Philharmonic Society, and performed under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cusins. This symphony is as long as the "No. 9" of Beethoven, and the first two movements are in the same key; but here the resemblance between the two works ceases. Beethoven keeps us for upwards of an hour in breathless interest, because he has a great deal to say, and all he has to say is worth attention; whereas Herr Rubinstein takes us by the buttonhole for a period just as extended, having little or nothing to say worth saying. So long a work, and one so comparatively destitute of interest, is almost without parallel, even in these later days when the "heavenly length," with which Schumann credits a novel by Jean Paul Richter and a certain symphony by Schubert, has led so many misguided composers to imagine that length and depth are synonymous. The symphony was splendidly played by Mr. Mann's fine orchestra, under the direction of the composer—evidently a conductor of the first class. In his performance of Beethoven's fourth concerto (G) Herr Rubinstein was by no means at his best; and such extraordinary rhapsodies as the *cadenzas* interpolated in the first and last movements we have rarely heard. Beethoven was nowhere—extinguished, in fact, by the overwhelming "virtuosity" of his interpreter. This preponderating self-assertion among our executants when engaged in performing the works of great masters

is becoming intolerable. We can only liken Herr Rubinstein's *cadenzas*, thus impeding the course of Beethoven's ethereally beautiful concerto, to Bottom, among the Fairies. Later on in the programme Herr Rubinstein gave one of Schubert's "Soirées de Vienne," disarranged by Liszt; a charming romance of his own, played to absolute perfection; and the most familiar polonaise of Chopin, the rendering of which last, for the most part, was little better than a caricature. Why, for example, the hands of the pianist should be lifted above his head, only to fall down upon a succession of chords that any school-girl might strike without moving her fingers from the key-board, escapes our comprehension. It may be what it is of late the fashion to designate as "higher development;" to us it seems nothing but superfluous gesticulation, unworthy one gifted with such wonderful mechanical power as Herr Rubinstein possesses. It pained us to witness it, if only because the chords thus struck had not half the sonority which a more legitimate, if less showy, process might have given. Probably some may think that Herr Rubinstein was achieving a feat of extraordinary difficulty; but those more familiar with the matter were perfectly aware that he was doing nothing in particular. The other pieces by Herr Rubinstein contained in the programme were a duet from his apocryphal opera, *Die Maccabäer*, admirably sung by M^{me}. Lemmens-Sherrington and Herr Henschel, and the ballet music from his *Feramosa*, which had already been heard at the Crystal Palace. Mr. Mann conducted the orchestra in Beethoven's concerto. The applause bestowed upon Herr Rubinstein was frequent and unanimous.

M^{lle}. Tietjens.

(From the London "Standard.")

Serious illness, whatever deeper purpose it may serve, furnishes at least a test of the esteem in which the patient is held by friends, or, in the case of a public character, by society at large; and if any doubts could have existed as to the popularity of M^{lle}. Tietjens they would have been set at rest by the expression of sympathy from all parts of the country and from all classes, which the news of her alarming condition has called forth. If only a small proportion of those who have been moved by the dignity and pathos of M^{lle}. Tietjens's great tragic impersonations were to inquire in person as to her chances of recovery, the doors of her house would be constantly besieged by a mob, or rather by a crowd, in which no small number of notabilities would be included. Among those who have proved their interest in M^{lle}. Tietjens at this critical moment the most illustrious person in the realm will not be forgotten. Her Majesty, whose heart is always keenly alive to a tale of suffering, in no matter what shape, desired, a couple of days ago, that special information as to M^{lle}. Tietjens's state should be telegraphed to her at Balmoral. The Queen's anxiety will be shared by a very large number of her subjects. Everyone who cares for admirable singing in combination with admirable acting, and who is not unmindful of the perfect manner in which the two arts blended into one have been cultivated by M^{lle}. Tietjens, must be grieved to hear of the painful malady by which that very favorite artist has now for some weeks past been afflicted. But it is not only as a great operatic artist that M^{lle}. Tietjens deserves praise. She is entitled to the warmest eulogies for the simple reason that, not content with frequently delighting the public, she has made a point of never disappointing it. An opera-goer does not always feel quite inclined to go to the opera, but an opera singer must often feel very much inclined indeed not to sing. The caprices of great vocalists are, indeed, proverbial. "Indisposition" in the operatic vocabulary is commonly interpreted as signifying unwillingness to appear; and it does, indeed, sometimes happen that such indisposition can be promptly cured by causing the indisposed one to be replaced in a favorite part by a dangerous rival. The remedy could never have been applied in the case of M^{lle}. Tietjens, both because she has never had a dangerous rival, and also because she has never pleaded ill health as an excuse for not fulfilling her engagements. Until she was attacked by the illness which at last prostrated her, and rendered it necessary for the operating surgeon to be called in, she may, and must occasionally have been unwell; but she never took the public into her confidence on the subject. When the name of M^{lle}. Tietjens appeared in the bill, every one felt certain that M^{lle}. Tietjens would appear on the stage.

Accordingly, none of those stories have ever been told of her that one remembers in connection with so many great singers of the past. It is said of a distinguished tenor, who had often sung with Mdle. Tietjens, not only in Mr. Mapleson's time but also in the days of Mr. Lumley, that by affecting "indisposition" he helped to bring on the terrible malady from which he died. He was engaged at the State Operahouse in the capital of a despotic country, where private medical certificates count for nothing, and where every singer claiming to be indisposed is rudely required to remain at home until the physician charged with the duty of verifying such cases calls to see him. Having declared himself indisposed, the distinguished tenor thoughtlessly went to a banquet, where the medical officer, unhappily, met him. Humiliation, stoppage of salary, pique, rage, and signs of incipient madness followed one another in rapid order; the moral of the story being that there are some theatres at which singers should not plead indisposition unless they are prepared—at least for a time—to put on a dressing gown and keep their room. The *prima donna* is, as a rule, more liable than the tenor to illness in the form of caprice. For one "robust tenor" who complains of his throat, and especially of that portion or appurtenance of his throat known surgically and operatically as the larynx, at least half a dozen sopranos might be reckoned. The most approved moral method of restoring distressed sopranos to health has been already mentioned. Occasionally, however, physical measures have been found necessary, and thus when Mdme. Mara refused to sing for Frederick the Great, that inconsiderate monarch sent a guard of soldiers to her house, with orders to seize her and bring her to the theatre, no matter in what condition. Apart, however, from all question of nervous ailments, by which artists of delicate organizations may well be affected, and ailments of a purely fantastic kind, it does no doubt happen, now and then, to singers, as to other persons, to be unfit for the work required from them; and Mdle. Tietjens must often have been in such a position when, by the effort of superior energy and determination to keep her work, she managed, in spite of difficulties, to go through her allotted part. Some notion of her courage in this respect may be formed from the fact that this very season she sang, and went on singing until the day arrived when she not only was obliged to admit to herself her inability to reappear, but was compelled to place herself in the hands of the doctor, and, worse still, of the surgeon. Mdle. Tietjens had never sung better than she sang this year as Norma and as Lucrezia Borgia; and her performance of these parts—which, apart from artistic requirements, make great demands on the physical powers of those who undertake them—was separated by only the briefest interval from her confinement to a bed of pain. For the sake of Mdle. Tietjens herself, but also for the sake of the public, we may hope that she will soon be restored to her ordinary health; for she cannot be replaced. In the course of a long and constantly successful career Mdle. Tietjens has played almost every celebrated part that has been written for the soprano voice; and she has certainly distinguished herself in every style. She is probably the only great artist on the operatic stage who in *Don Giovanni* has appeared as Zerlina, a character she first impersonated at the age of sixteen; as Donna Elvira, who at every German theatre is considered the principal female personage in the work; and as Donna Anna, which in England is associated with the highest lyrical and dramatic genius, and which during the last twenty years has never found adequate representation except at the hands of Giulia Grisi and of Theresa Tietjens. Mdle. Tietjens has of late years limited herself so exclusively to those tragic characters in which she is entirely incomparable, that the public probably forgets it was she who introduced Martha on the Italian stage, and that, in the first Italian version of *Raust* at Her Majesty's Theatre, she was the original Margherita. Her friends will be deeply grieved should she not have many further opportunities of adding to her already long list of admirable impersonations.

Salzburg and Mozart.

During the Salzburg Musical Festival, Mozart's admirers will be afforded an opportunity of taking part in a small, but not on that account less pleasing, act of homage to the immortal master. As most persons are aware, it is to the generosity of his Highness Prince Starhemberg, that the International Mozart Foundation (*Mozartstiftung*) is indebted for the possession of the lit-

tle pavilion in which Mozart wrote *Die Zauberflöte*, in 1791. The pavilion then stood in the middle large courtyard of the Freihaus, Vienna, and was lent by Schikaneder to the great master expressly for the purpose. It will now be erected at one of the most beautiful points of the Kapuzinerberg, and thrown open to the public during the Musical Festival. No more fitting spot could, in truth, anywhere be found. In the midst of God's magnificent scenery, to which Mozart was always devotedly attached, the little sacred relic will now find a permanent resting place, and undoubtedly form one of the most interesting sights of Salzburg. Who will not feel a desire to visit the very building in which Mozart's genius produced a work sufficient of itself alone to establish the composer's immortality? But there is something else which will make it worth while to visit the pavilion. In April, 1874, the Committee of the Mozart Foundation took the initiative in forming a collection of *Portraits and Autographs*, to include not only celebrated men, artists and others, contemporaries of Mozart, but likewise poets, composers, writers on musical matters, and critics, belonging to the present day. The notion met with the warmest support, and the Institution already possesses a respectable number of autographs, portraits, etc. The collection will be placed in an album in the Mozart Pavillon, and will certainly not fail to interest the admirers and the disciples of art. There are already portraits of Dr. Ludwig Ritter von Köchel, Leopold Schefer, author of the *Latendivier*, Roderich Benedix, the well-known comedy writer, Friedrich Ritter von Henkl, author of *Thoughts upon Music and Composers*, and Emanuel Geibel, who with his portrait forwarded the following verses:—

"Mag die Welt vom einfach Schönen
Sich für kurze Zeit entziehen.
Nimmer trägt sie's auf die Dauer
Schnöder Unnatur zu fröhnen."

"Zu dem Gipfel treibt sie's heimwärts
Den die echten Lorbeern krönen.
Und mit Wonne lauscht sie wieder
Götter's Liedern, Mozart's Tönen." *

A contribution which strikes us as especially worthy notice is that from J. Rieter-Biedermann, the well-known Leipzig music publisher, a warm promoter and true friend of the International Mozart Foundation. It is David F. Strauss's sonnet (copy) on *Die Zauberflöte*:

"Dem Gotte gleich, der aus den Thoren streichen
Der Menschenkinder Weltgeschichte schiebt,
Hast Du aus einem nährischen Gedicht
Ein Tönwerk erschaffen sonder gleichen."

"Schon warst Du nahe jenen ernsten Reichen
Wo jede Lebenskuckung uns zerbricht,
Das Haupt umstrahlt von jenem reinen Licht,
Vor dem die bunten Erdenfarben bleichen."

"Da schien der Menschen Thun Dir Kinderspiel,
Du sahst den Haas in ew'ge Nacht verbannt,
Die Liebe sich zur Weisheit mild erklären."

"Dank Dir, verkürter Meister! Nah' dem Ziel,
Hast Du uns liebend noch herabgesandt
Vorklänge von der Harmonie der Sphären." †

Besides the above, the following gentlemen have, also, sent their portraits:—Herr Bauernfeld, with the motto: "*So wollt' ein Pützchen was gewahren, den Epigonen, die den Genius verehren*;" Baron von Hülsen, Intendant-General of the Prussian Theatres Royal; Baron Perfall, Royal Intendant-General, Munich; Baron Johann von Vesque-Pützlingen, known as J. Hoven, and many others, whose names we unfortunately cannot give for want of space. As a matter of course, the collection is still open, and further contributions will be most thankfully received.

* Though the world may for a short time turn from the Simply-Beautiful, it will never consent to serve permanently frivolous monstrosity. It is again impelled towards the pinnacle crowned with genuine laurels; it again listens with ecstasy to Goethe's songs and Mozart's strains.

† Like the god who out of the tricks of fools weaves the history of the children of this world, hast thou created an incomparable tone-work out of a stupid story. Already wast thou near the solemn realms, where every delusion of this world is dissipated, thy head surrounded by that pure light before which the varied colors of earth grow pale. Men's actions appeared to thee child's play. Thou sawest hate banished into eternal night and love gently transformed to wisdom. Thanks to thee, Master, in thy apotheosis. Near the goal, thou hast lovingly sent to us below a foretaste of the harmony of the spheres.

Our Church Music.

There is much good sense in an address on this theme delivered in this city, during Anniversary Week, by the Rev. HENRY G. SPAULDING, before the Conference of Unitarian Ministers. These are his conclusions; we copy from the *Christian Register*:

Briefly stated, the four cardinal points of good church-music are as follows:—

First, it should be both broad and simple in its construction,—neither sacrificing breadth for the sake of

simplicity, nor losing simplicity in too great breadth.

Second, it should be at once stately and animated, never degenerating into frivolity, and never stagnating through the want of movement. The uplifting of many hearts on the wings of sacred song demands not the beetle's droning flight, but the joyous up-soaring of the sky, lark, and at times even the mighty sweep of eagles' pinions. We want tunes that we can sing not only with the spirit but *with spirit*,—music that compels us to sing it spiritedly. Much of our old psalmody drags and plods, or halts and limps, as if it had been composed in one of our Boston east winds, and had the chronic rheumatism in all its crotchets and quavers.

Then, third, we want an *eclectic* style of church-music. We should aim to be inclusive rather than exclusive in our choice of tunes. We should go to neither of the two extremes of the music of a cathedral service or that of a camp-meeting, but combine in due proportion the excellences of both styles. The music of the sanctuary should find us at one time on our knees confessing and adoring; again with upturned faces looking into heaven, and then again with steadfast gaze ahead and the earnest preparation for battle. And in saying this I am saying all that need be said on the mooted question of congregational versus choir-singing. *Have both kinds, and have each good in its kind.* Have a choir, whether it be boy-choir, girl-choir, chorus-choir or quartet, that is in full sympathy with the congregation, and insist that the members of it shall be spiritually-minded enough to be more interested in the services in which they take so important a part, than in the Sunday newspaper which they bring to read during sermon time. Have a choir, too, that will sing for the congregation and not to them; just as you expect your minister to pray for you, and not to or at you. With such a choir, and with a congregation that will meet for musical practice and rehearsal, that it may learn to do its part well, you have the ideal arrangement for church-music,—an ideal that is not beyond the reach of any religious society that cares to be something better than a Sunday-club, or aims at a higher mission than that of a Sunday lecture audience.

And then, fourthly, we want to use more generally than we have hitherto done, hymns and tunes *that go together*. There is much more in this suggestion than appears on the surface. A new departure in our church-music means, first of all, the use of the new and richer tunes already adopted with such success in other denominations. But these are tunes which call for hymns that are real hymns,—sacred lyrics and not merely sacred poems; hymns that in a single word are *singable*; and no hymn that is not singable ought ever to be admitted into our hymn-books. Tunes that come up to the standard of the church-music of to-day demand hymns that are in harmony with the religious sentiments of which the tunes themselves are an expression. You will look in vain for a good tune to go with a purely didactic hymn,—one of those hymns in whose every other line you hear the crack of Duty's whip, or catch a feeble echo of a long-drawn exhortation to be good. Nor can you find any music adapted to another class of hymns not yet wholly banished from our collections; hymns that are either pantheistic reveries about the Over-soul, or introspective and transcendental soliloquies. Tunes that the heart will join in must be set to words that deal with the feelings and affections of the heart. At one time we want a gladsome song of praise that brings us through nature near to nature's God. But we want at other times, and much oftener, too, songs that speak of God in Christ, so much nearer the soul than God in nature is,—songs like this beautiful hymn written by our respected friend, Hon. John D. Long:—

I would, dear Jesus, I could break
The hedge that creeds and hearsay make,
And, like thy first disciples, be
In person led and taught by thee.

I read thy words,—they are so sweet;
I seek the footprints of thy feet;
But men so mystify the trace,
I long to see thee face to face.

Wouldst thou not let me, at thy side,
In thee, in thee so sure, confide?
Like John, upon thy breast recline,
And feel thy heart make mine divine?

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

"God Save the King." I see that the Rev. S. P. Smith, author of the Hymn: "My country, 'tis of thee," says of the tune: "It is, as most of you know, the English 'God save the King.' Perhaps the tune belongs to England, perhaps to Germany, perhaps to some other nation."

It may perhaps be of interest to Mr. Smith to know, that there is no *perhaps* in the case.

The tune was composed by Henry Cary, author of "*Chrononhotontholagos*" and of the song: "*Sally in our Alley*." Its date was about 1740, and it came into universal favor in England, at the time of the Pretender's attempt in 1745 to recover the English crown.—It was, by the way, the victory over Charles Stuart, which Handel commemorated in *Judas Maccabeus*.

A. W. T.

LONDON. A correspondent of the Philadelphia *Bulletin* writes (June 14):

An American is fairly stunned by the number of operatic celebrities here at almost one time. Think of Adeline Patti, Zare Thalberg, Albani, Nilsson, Nandori, prima donnas, and Wachtel, Santley, Tamberlik, Nicolini, Scolari, and Fancelli, tenors and baritones, singing in one city within a week. They are distributed between Covent Garden Opera House and Her Majesty's Theatre, Haymarket. The repertoire for the week comprises *Aida*, *Tannhäuser*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *The Flying Dutchman*, *L'Étoile du Nord*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, *Il Trovatore*, *Der Freischütz*, *Otello*, *Robert le Diable* and *Elisetta*.

The Musical Season at Steinway Hall.

The *Music Trade Review* gives a list of the principal works performed at Steinway Hall during the 120 concerts of the past season, together with the names of the composers represented, and those of the principal performers:

Of symphonies there were sixteen: Beethoven was heard in all of his except the 1st, 8d and 9th; Berlioz in "Romeo and Juliet," Dramatic Symphony, Op. 17; Gade in the C minor; Haydn, D major; Liszt, "Faust" Symphony; Mendelssohn, 8d Symphony (Scotch); Mozart, G minor; C. C. Müller, 1st Symphony; Raff, in No. 3, "Im Walde;" Rubinstein, "Ocean;" Schumann, No. 3, in E flat.

Of suites, symphonic poems, and selections from symphony and opera for orchestra, we heard Bach's Suite in D major, No. 3; Beethoven, "Larghetto" from 2d Symphony, "Funeral March" from Third, "Allegretto" from Seventh, Adagio from "Prometheus," Entr'acte and "Larghetto" from "Egmont," Serenade, Op. 8 and Op. 97 (instrumented by Liszt); Bizet, "L'Arlesienne;" Boccherini, "Sicilienne;" Bruch, Vorspiel "Loreley;" Gade, "Novelletten," Op. 53; Glinka, Scherzo from "Kamarinskaja;" Gluck, Ballet Music from "Paris and Helena;" Gounod, "Marche Funèbre d'une Marionnette;" Handel, "Largo" (arr. by Hellmesberger); Haydn, Serenade; Hoffmann, parts of "Frithjof;" Idassohn, "Serenade," No. 2; Liszt, "Rhapsodie" No. 2, and "Les Preludes," C. C. Müller, "Romance," "Nocturne;" Mendelssohn, Scherzo from "Reformation Symphony;" Meyerbeer, Polonaise from "Struensee;" Rubinstein, "Ballet Music" and "Wedding Procession" from "Femors;" Saint-Saëns, "Rouet d'Omphale," "Phaeton," "Danse Macabre;" Schubert, music to "Rosamonde;" Schumann, "Overture, Scherzo and Finale," Op. 52, "Traumerei," "Bilder aus Osten," Interlude and Invocation from "Manfred;" Svendsen, "Coronation March;" Tchaikowsky, "Airs de Ballet;" Voigt, "Nachtgesang;" R. Wagner, Introductory to "Die Walküre," Centennial March, Kaiser March, Tannhäuser March, Introduction to "Rheingold," Third Act "Lohengrin," Introduction and Finale to "Tristan and Isolde," "Funeral March," "Götterdämmerung," "Vorspiel," "Siegfried's death," and Finale from "Götterdämmerung;" Weber-Berlioz, Invitation to Dance.

Of overtures there were Auber's "Le Cheval de Bronze," Bargiel's "Medea," Op. 22; Beethoven, Consecration of the House, "Leonore," Nos. 1 and 3, Coriolan, Op. 62, "Fidelio," No. 4; O. B. Boie, "Festival Overture;" Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, "Diane de Solange;" Cherubini, "Ali Baba," "Anacreon;" Gernsheim, "Waldmeister's Brautfahrt;" Gluck, "Iphigenia in Aulis;" Hornemann, "Aladdin;" Leutner, "Fest-overture;" Mendelssohn, "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Fingal's Cave," "Schöne Melusine;" C. C. Müller, "Nathan der Weise," "To the Union;" Faine, Shakespeare's "As You Like It;" Rossini, "William Tell;" Schubert, "Alfonso and Estrella;" Suppé, "Pique Dame;" Sullivan, "Light of the World;" Ambrose Thomas, "Raymond;" Wagner, "Tannhäuser;" Weber, "Oberon," "Freyschütz" and "Euryanthe."

Of piano-forte concertos, with orchestra, there were: Beethoven, No. 4, G major, and No. 5, E flat; Chopin, "Krakovic," Op. 11, in E minor, and Op. 21, F minor; Grieg, Op. 16; Henselt's Concerto; Liszt, Fantaisie Hongroise, No. 2; Mendelssohn, G minor; Mozart's Concerto for two pianos and orchestra; Rubinstein, D minor; Saint-Saëns, No. 2, G minor; Schubert-Liszt, Fantaisie in C; Schumann, Op. 92; Weber, Op. 79.

Of violin concertos and solos we heard Bach's Gavotte, Beethoven, Op. 61, and Romanze in G; De Beriot's Third and Seventh Concertos, and "Romanza et Adagio;" Handel's "Largo;" Leclair, Gavotte from Sonata, "Le Tombeau;" Leonard,

Fourth Concerto; Mendelssohn's Concerto; Mozart "Adagio;" Ole Bull, Fantaisie on Bellini's "Romeo et Giulietta," "Concerto," and "Siciliana e Tarantella;" Paganini, Concerto and "Le Streghe;" Prume, "Fantaisie Pastorale" and "La Melancolie;" Raff, "Cavatina;" Rode, "Concerto;" Rust, "Sonata;" Spohr, Adagio from Ninth Concerto, and "Gesangs-scene;" Tartini, Sonata in G minor; Vieuxtemps, "Fantaisie," "Fantaisie Caprice," "Int., Cadenza and Adagio," "Souvenir de Donizetti," "Airs Variés," "Ballade et Polonaise;" Vivien, "Duets;" Wagner-Wilhemj, "Romanze;" Wieniawski, "Rondeau Brilliant," "Polonaise," "Caprice Fantastique," "Capriccio Waltz," "Legende."

[Conclusion next time.]

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 7, 1877.

Music in Boston.

The musical season,—a remarkably rich one,—which we all supposed had reached its culmination and its close in the Triennial Festival, has had its after-summer in a succession of concerts great and small, consisting of two Oratorios ("for the people") in the Tabernacle, several Conservatory concerts for the winding up of the season, musical honors to the President of the United States, etc., etc.

"THE MESSIAH" AT THE TABERNACLE. The success of *Elijah* led to a repetition of the experiment of Oratorio at popular prices, before five or six thousand people, and with improved conditions as to musical effect,—especially the transferring of the great chorus and orchestra to the opposite side of the long building, and placing them upon the platform. The Tabernacle was again completely full, and the irrepressible enthusiasm of a fresh audience,—a multitude, many of whom never had heard an Oratorio in their lives before—was refreshing to those to whom Handel's *Messiah* was an old story.

The *Messiah* has always been associated with the great Christian festival, when the days of the year are at the shortest. It was a new experience to hear it at the opposite solstice, on the eve of Midsummer's Day, the mid-most, longest day of Nature's festival. One's thoughts involuntarily sought the open air on such a night, and cared more to look up at the stars through cool waving foliage, than to sit pent up in any crowd listening to any music indoors. But the performance was so good, the music in itself so inspiring, and indeed new-born forever, that one was soon reconciled to his rich opportunity.

The chorus and orchestra certainly sounded much better from the platform than they did before in the *Elijah*. This we think would be the general testimony, though not perhaps of some hearers who were placed at disadvantage. There was greater resonance, greater intensity of sound, as well as distinctness of outline; and the strings of the orchestra made a much more positive impression; the ear did not have to go after the music. The choruses, with hardly an exception, were sung with remarkable spirit, unanimity and precision (several of them, as well as several solos, were prudently omitted). Every chorus, and indeed every number of the music, was provocative of such applause as we have seldom, if ever, heard at any Oratorio. The greatest outbursts, and most perturbation, were after the "Wonderful" Chorus,—even more than after the "Hallelujah,"—and after the great bass Air: "Why do the nations rage;" for truly Mr. M. W. WHITNEY surpassed himself that night, both in his majesty of voice and manner. The tenor airs and recitatives were in new hands,—Mr. ALFRED

WILKIE, who to a sweet, not very powerful, but sympathetic, flexible and well trained voice unites a cultured style and chaste, intelligent expression. His highest tones, to be sure, were brought out with effort and sounded somewhat dry and hard. "Thou shalt break them" was rather too much for so delicate an organ; but "Comfort ye," and especially "Behold and see" were highly satisfactory. Doubtless in a smaller place this gentleman would sing with less constraint.

Much as we admired the flexible and lovely voice, the musical nature, the artistic fervor and sincerity of Miss THURSBY, we were not prepared for so adequate a rendering as she gave us of the great Soprano numbers in the *Messiah*. Her pure high tones in the announcement following the pastoral symphony were electrifying; in "Rejoice greatly" her voice revelled with a hearty bird-like freedom, grace and brilliancy; and in the sublimer and the more pathetic melodies she displayed a breadth and largeness of style, doing all with great deliberateness and self-possession, as well as with earnest fervor, which we had not dared to hope for from a novice in this high field. The Contralto songs could not have been in better hands than Miss ANNIE CARY's; and never has she seemed more ripe and perfect in voice, method and expression, than in this rich cantabile of Handel. But why must the second half of "He was despised," which is much the best half, always be omitted?—The short ecclesiastical quartets (alternating with chorus) near the end: "As by Man came death," etc., we have very seldom heard so finely sung.

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The closing exhibition of pupils of the Violin Classes (JULIUS EICHBERG, Director), took place at the Union Hall on Friday afternoon, June 8. This was not an affair of all the four and twenty pupils, like the exhibition in Tremont Temple, which we have described. The very youngest took no part; it was a concert of the more advanced, and it was classical in character. This was the programme:—

Quartet in D major. Allegro moderato, Adagio cantabile.....	Haydn
Misses Lillian Shattuck, Abbie Shephardson, and Mr. Edwin A. Sabin,	
with the assistance of Mr. Wulf Fries.	
Cavatina. Op. 85, No. 3.....	Raff
Miss Abbie Shephardson.	
Hungarian Airs.....	Ernst
Mr. Willie Nowell.	
Air Varié, No. 6.....	De Beriot
Miss Lettie Launder.	
Souvenir de Bellini.....	Artot
Miss Edith Christie.	
Elegie.....	Ernst
Miss Lillian Shattuck.	
Second Concerto, first movement.....	Spohr
Mr. Edwin A. Sabin.	
Air Varié. Op. 15.....	Wieniawsky
Mr. Albert van Raalte.	
Chaconne for Violin.....	Bach
Misses Shephardson, Shattuck, and Messrs. Van Raalte, Nowell, and Sabin.	

The Haydn Quartet movements were played in a firm, graceful and artistic style. So indeed were all the pieces. It seems needless to particularize, farther than to say that we were charmed by the something like genius in the performance of the youngest, the maiden with the sweet, calm, poetic face, who played the reminiscences from Bellini; struck by the ripe and masterly manner in which Mr. Van Raalte made easy work of all the difficulties of Wieniawski's Variations; and so well pleased by the others that we hardly dare to express a preference between them. But the triumph and most significant feature of the occasion, was the excellent interpretation of the great Chaconne by Bach, by five pupils, of both sexes, playing in unison. Since Joachim played it to us, all alone, in his chamber, we have hardly enjoyed it more.

—Here is indeed a Violin School, and we trust that many will be drawn to it.

MUSIC AT WELLESLEY COLLEGE. In this almost new collegiate institution for young ladies, where piety and learning, classical and scientific, go hand in hand, æsthetic influences are by no means excluded. The beautiful locality,—three hundred acres of richly wooded hills and dales, kept like a garden, with their stately edifice in the midst of it,—a most symmetrical and noble pile of architecture, the chef-d'œuvre of Hammatt Billings,—and a picturesque broad lake behind it, on which the three hundred healthy maidens, organized in separate crews, with officers and uniforms and banners, row their little fleet each summer evening,—this in itself is education of the taste and all the finer sensibilities to harmony and beauty. But artistic culture likewise is brought in, and principally Music. Classical chamber concerts are given in their beautiful chapel before all the pupils; and for these the services of many of the best Boston artists have been employed in turn, under the judicious management of the musical director of the College, Mr. CHARLES H. MORSE. Verily, if there be any danger of pedantry or narrow, formal piety, in such a school, here are freer influences which must go far to correct and make it wholesome.

By invitation of Prof. Morse and his associates, we shared the privilege with several gentlemen, of being present at the last concert of the term, the twentieth of the year, on Friday evening, June 22. After a hospitable reception, which included a survey of the extensive building,—its spacious halls, fine library, chapel, museum, etc., and a delightful ride upon the lake, rowed by one of the vigorous young crews aforesaid,—we were conducted into the chapel, where we listened to the following choice programme, interpreted in their best style by ERNST PERABO and BERNHARD LISTEMANN:

Overture to Egmont.....Beethoven
(Arranged for two hands by Adolph Henselt).
Phantasia for Piano and Violin. Op. 150, C major, Schubert
(Introduction—Allegretto—Andantino—Allegro vivace.)
(First time in this country.)

Piano Solos:—
a. Morceau, Op. 32-1, G major.....W. Bargiel
b. "Dervish Chorus," from the "Ruins of Athens," Op. 113, E minor.....Beethoven
(Transcribed for two hands by Saint-Saëns.)
c. Romance in A major, No. 2.....J. K. Paine
d. Rondo giocoso, C major, No. 4.....
(From Four Characteristic Pieces, Op. 25.)
Album Leaf.....R. Wagner
(Transcribed for Violin by August Wilhelmj.)
Piano Solos:—
a. Toccata, Op. 26, C minor.....Ad. Henselt
b. Album Leaf, Op. 7-2, F major.....Th. Kirchner
c. Marcia fantastica, from Op. 31, in B flat major.....W. Bargiel
d. Romance, from Soirées à St. Petersburg, Op. 44-1, E flat major.....Rubinstein
e. Barcarole, A flat major. Transcribed by Franz List.....Schubert
Concerto in E minor for the Violin. Op. 64, Mendelssohn
(b. Andante—c. Allegro vivace.)

Not unsuspecting of a certain glamour which the spirit of the hour and place may have shed over all, we are yet prepared to say that never have we heard both these artists when they seemed so entirely at their best in each and every work performed. They were favored of the Muses; and, no doubt, such an audience was inspiring:—three hundred young ladies applauding with such fresh enthusiasm, as if each fine masterpiece of music were a new and wondrous revelation to them,—applauding with a physical vigor and endurance worthy of such gallant oarsmen! Without attempting to characterize the several numbers of the programme, or go into any details, let it suffice to say that all was good and well received; that the principal novelty of the evening, the *Phantasia* by Schubert, an elaborate and difficult work, of which the latter and the largest half consists of a very remarkable series of variations on his own well known song "Sei mir gegrüßet," proved exceedingly interesting; and that Mr. Listemann's performance of the middle and last movements of Mendelssohn's

Violin Concerto was altogether masterly and heartily appreciated by his young audience.

In further exemplification of the kind of music heard at Wellesley, we append a few of the preceding programmes. The fourteenth concert (April 20) was a Piano Recital by Madame MADELINE SCHILLER, as follows:—

Sonata in A major, Op. 2-2.....Beethoven
(Allegro vivace—Largo appassionato—Scherzo, Allegretto—Rondo, grazioso.)
Suite in E minor, Op. 72.....Raff
(Prelude—Minuetto—Toccata—Romanza—Fuga).
Grand Polonaise in B flat, Op. 22.....Chopin
Impromptu in B flat, Op. 142-2.....Schubert
Variations on "Ludovic," Op. 12.....Chopin
Andante in E flat.....Hummel
Transcription, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn-Liszt

Then followed three chronological programmes of Solo Pianoforte and Vocal Music, with biographical notices of the composers, performed by teachers and pupils of the college:

Fifteenth Concert, May 4.

Preludes and Fugues for the Well-Tempered Clavichord.....John Sebastian Bach, 1685—1750
a. No. 1—bk I, in C major.
b. No. 2—"I," C minor.
Mr. Dunham.
Aria, "My heart ever faithful".....J. S. Bach
Miss A. L. Gage.
(Teacher of Vocal Culture.)
{ a. Fugue in G.
b. Air and Variations (The Harmonious Blacksmith).....Handel, 1685—1759
Mr. Morse.
Aria, "He was despised and rejected" (Messiah), G. F. Handel
Mrs. Ellison.
Sonata in E flat, (No. 7, Hallberger ed.), Joseph Haydn, 1732—1809
(Allegro—Adagio—Tempo di Menuetto.)
Mr. Morse.
{ a. Canonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair,".....J. Haydn
b. "Vol che sapete" (Figaro).....Mozart, 1756—1791
Miss Gage.
Concerto in D minor (First movement).....Mozart
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Mr. Dunham.
Song—"Adelaide,".....Beethoven, 1770—1827
Miss Gage.
Sonata in D minor, Op. 31-2.....Beethoven
(Allegro—Adagio—Allegretto.)
Mr. Morse.

Sixteenth Concert, May 18.

Rondo from the Sonata in D, Op. 53, Schubert, 1797—1828
Mr. Morse.
Songs.....Schubert
a. Gretchen am Spinnrade, ("Faust.")
b. Ave Maria.
Miss Gage.
Rondo Brilliant in E flat, Op. 29, Mendelssohn, 1809—1847
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Mr. Lewis.
Aria, "Hear ye Israel," ("Elijah").....Mendelssohn
Miss Gage.
Piano Solo.....Chopin, 1809—1849
a. Etude in E major, Op. 10-3.
b. Mazurka in B minor, Op. 33-4.
c. Waltz in E flat, Op. 18.
Mr. Lewis.
Songs.....Schumann, 1810—1856
a. "Du bist wie eine Blume."
b. Humility.
Miss Gage.
Concerto in A minor, Op. 54.....Schumann
(Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
Mr. Swan.

The seventh programme is not at hand, but here is one of the "Beethoven Society," a domestic institution of the college, of which we wish we could reproduce the singularly tasteful print and paper, with its well chosen German motto: "*Musik ist der Schlüssel zum Herzen*:"—

Andante con moto—Fifth Symphony.....Beethoven
Mr. Morse and Miss Gage.
Chorus—"The Lord is our Good Shepherd," from the Motet, Op. 39-3.....Mendelssohn
Piano Solo—Intermezzo.....H. von Bülow
Miss Lathrop.
Chorus—"Slaves of the lamp,".....Bishop
(Solo by Miss Shearn.)
Chorus—"Ave Verum, (new).....Saint-Saëns
Kindersinfonie.....Joseph Haydn
(Allegro—Menuet—Allegro.)
Piano, Miss Turner and Miss Rood.
Chorus—"Charité".....Rossini
(Solo by Miss Fitzsimmons.)
Chorus—National Hymn.....Eichberg
And here is the nineteenth, by the pupils:
Quintet in E flat, Op. 44.....Schumann
(Allegro brillante—Marcia—Allegro non troppo.)
Arranged for four hands by Clara Schumann.
Misses White and Lyon.
Sonata Op. 10-2, in F.....Beethoven
(Allegro—Allegretto.)
Miss Rood.

Piano Solo—a. Moments Musical, Op. 34-6.....Schubert
b. Nel cor più.....Beethoven
Miss Gale.
Songs—a. "Il mazzolin delle Viole,".....Pissuti
b. The little Shepherds.....Molloy
Miss Pratt.
Duo Concertant for two Pianos on a March from Weber's "Preciosa".....Moschels-Mendelssohn
Misses Lathrop and Phoebeus.
Sonata, No. 14, in E flat.....Mozart
(Andante Cantabile—Finale).
Miss Nelson.
Piano Solo—Ende vom Lied.....Schumann
Miss White.
Song—"Beautiful bird, sing on".....Howe
Miss Fitzsimmons.
Piano Solo—a. Funeral March, from Sonata Op. 26, Beethoven
b. Fairy Tale, from Suite Op. 162.....Raff
Miss J. Bill.
Cavalry March.....Schubert
Misses Chase and Gale.
Overture to Leonore, No. III, Op. 72.....Beethoven
Misses Lathrop, Turner, Nelson and Phoebeus.

Well for Wellesley! May it prove a wellspring, etc., etc. We have copied these, and other programmes, well aware what danger it involves; for probably there will pour in upon us files of programmes from no end of schools and colleges, all of which in some degree have caught the inspiration, all emulous of such examples, and all, if not coveting, at least consenting to like recognition. Does it not show that musical ambition and devotion, in a rather high direction, has begun to enter largely and penetrate deeply into the education of our country?

URBANA, O. Here is a programme of choice sacred music given at a private residence, May 28, by the Urbana Choral Society, (Rev. Frank Sewall, President, James G. Wentz, Sec.), during the recent Conference of New Church Ministers:

Chorus—Sicut locutus est. From the Magnificat in D.....J. Sebastian Bach
Aria for Bass—Quia fecit mihi magna—From the same.....J. Sebastian Bach
Chorus—Behold the Lamb of God. From the "Messiah".....Handel
Duet. Soprano and Baritone—In his hands. From the 96th Psalm.....Mendelssohn
Chorus and Quartet. Hostias; Sanctus; Benedictus; Hosanna. From the Requiem Mass, Mozart
Aria for Tenor—Come unto me.....Coenen
Chorus—He watching over Israel. From the "Elijah".....Mendelssohn
Aria for Soprano, with Cello accompaniment. The Angel's Serenade.....Braga
Chorus—"Thanks be to God." From the "Elijah".....Mendelssohn

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—A concert was given by the New York Mozart Club, on Friday, May 11,—Prof. F. L. Ritter, Director,—with this programme:—

Quintet. E flat, op. 16.....Beethoven
Messrs. A. Eller, Piano; J. Eller, Oboe; Boehm, Clarinet; Schmitz, Horn; Reuter, Bassoon.
"Adelaide,".....Beethoven
Mr. Bischoff.
Albumblatt, { Violin.....Wagner
Les Lutins, { Violin.....Bazzini
Mr. Arnold.
Halls' Songs.....F. L. Ritter
Mr. Bischoff.
Concertstück. Oboe.....A. Klughardt
Mr. J. Eller.
Siegmonds Liebeslied, "Waldküere,".....Wagner
Mr. Bischoff.
Septet. C minor, op. 28.....A. Fesca
Allegro con spirito. Andante. Scherzo. Finale, allegro con fuoco.
Messrs. A. Eller, Piano; Arnold, Violin; Gramm, Viola; Reineckius, Violoncello; Uthoff, Double Bass; J. Eller, Oboe; Schmitz, Horn.

B. D. ALLEN'S "EVENINGS WITH THE MUSICIANS." Worcester City and Worcester County—"the heart of the Commonwealth"—is happy in being the abode of such an earnest and intelligent musician and teacher as Mr. Allen. He never wearies in well doing, making continual researches into the history of Music, bringing forth treasures new and old from the repertoire of all schools and periods, wherewith to enlarge the knowledge and improve the taste of his many pupils, both by copious examples and discriminating comments. Since last September, when we copied his first programme, he has continued his lectures, with musical illustrations in many schools and forms, into the past month. The remainder of the programmes are as well worth recording as the first; and we doubt not many readers will be glad to find them in their order brought together here. They were delivered in the course of the Worcester County

Music School, and the attendance has been uniformly good.

Second Evening, Oct. 27, 1876.

CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC.

I. Flemish.

- Canon.....William Dufay, about 1400.
Canon, composed for Louis XII, of France
Josquin des Pres. 1445-1521
Ave Maria.....Jacques Arcadeit. 1550

II. Italian.

- Hymn.—Alla Trinità Beata.
Unknown composer. 14—
Sentence—We adore Thee,
Giovanni Palestrina. 1514-1594
The Eighth Psalm.....Benedetto Marcello. 1680-1739
Quis est homo—(Stabat Mater),
Emanuel Astorga. 1681-1736
Solo, from the 31st Psalm
G. V. Pergolesi. 1710-1736
Requiem Aeternam.....Luigi Cherubini. 1760-1842
Pro Peccatis, from Stabat Mater,
Gioacchino Rossini. 1792-1868

III. German.

- Gloria, from the Imperial Mass,
Joseph Haydn. 1732-1809
Tuba Mirum, from the Requiem,
W. A. Mozart. 1756-1792
Sanctus, from Deutsche Messe,
Franz Schubert. 1797-1828
Offertory, Alma Virgo.....J. N. Hummel. 1778-1837

Third Evening, Nov. 28, 1876.

THE MADRIGAL AND POPULAR MUSIC OF THE "OLDEN TIME."

- Madrigal—When all alone, my pretty love,
G. Converso. 1575
Carols—(a) The First Nowel.....Traditional
(b) The Boar's Head Carol.....1521
Madrigal—Now is the month of Maying,
T. Morley. 1595
Glee—How merrily we live.....M. Este, About 1575
Madrigal—Come again sweet days,
J. Dowland. 1597
Ballad—Sally in our Alley,
Popular air of the 17th century.
Madrigal—Flora gave me fairest flowers,
J. Wilbye. 1598
Instrumental Music, principally of the 16th and
17th centuries,
(a) The Carman's Whistle, (b) Old Noll's Jig,
(c) Saraband, (d) Slow March, (e) James
the Second's March, (f) The Rogue's
March, (g) The College Hornpipe.
Madrigal—Welcome sweet pleasure,
T. Weelkes. 1608
Song—My lodging is on the cold ground,
17th century
Madrigal—Since first I saw your face.....T. Ford. 1612
Glee—(a) Here's a health, (b) The Walrus,
J. Savile. 1667
Madrigal—The Silver Swan.....O. Gibbons. 1612
Song—Down among the Dead Men.....16th century
Solo and Chorus—Haste thee, Nymph,
G. F. Handel. 1730

Fourth Evening, Dec. 19, 1876.

THE ORATORIO.

- Latin Hymn—"Orantis Partibus."
Chorus, from "L'Anima e Corpo," Cavaliere. 1600
Aria, from "San Giovanni Battista,"
Stradella. 1645-1679
Concluding Chorus from the "St. Matthew
Passion,".....Bach. 1685-1750
Aria, from "Joshua,".....Handel. 1685-1759
Chorus, from "Der Tod Jesu".....Graun. 1701-1759
Trio, from "The Creation,".....Haydn. 1732-1809
Solo and Chorus, from "The Mount of Olives,"
Beethoven. 1770-1827
Duet, from "David,".....Neukomm. 1778-1858
Quartet and Chorus, from "The Last Judgment,"
Spohr. 1784-1859
Chorus, from "Christus,".....Mendelssohn. 1809-1847
Concluding Solo and Chorus, from "Paradise
and the Peri,".....Schumann. 1810-1856

Fifth Evening, Jan. 23, 1877.

PROTESTANT CHURCH MUSIC AND SACRED SONGS.

- Judgment Hymn.....Martin Luther. 1483-1546
Anthem—Lord, for Thy tender mercies' sake,
R. Farrant, died 1583
Motet—O come, ye Servants of the Lord,
Dr. Christopher Tye, died 1553
Anthem—Praise the Lord, O my Soul,
R. Creghton, D.D. 1639-1736
Trio—Suscepit Israel, from the Magnificat,
J. S. Bach. 1685-1750
Songs—(a) A Morning Song, Dr. Greene. 1606-1755
(b) The Hymn of Eve, Dr. Arne. 1710-1778
Anthem—The Lord descended from above,
Dr. Hayes. 1739-1797
Miriam's Song—Sound the loud Timbrel, Avison.
Anthem for Easter.....S. Chapple, born 1776
Duet, from Hymn of Praise,
Mendelssohn. 1809-1847
Eight-part Song—Say, Watchman,
A. Sullivan, Contemporary.
Chorus—O how amiable are Thy dwellings,
J. Barnby, Contemporary.

Sixth Evening, Feb. 19.

THE OPERA.

- Un Ballo in Maschera. Cavatina.....Verdi
Semiramide. Overture.....Rossini
Lucia di Lammermoor. Sestetto.....Donizetti

- Orphée. Air.....Gluck
Horatius Cocles. Overture.....Méhul
Marco Spada. Quatuor.....Auber

III. German.

- Der Freischütz. Scene and Air.....Von Weber
Tristan und Isolde. Isolde's Liebestod.....Wagner
Così fan tutte. Quintet.....Mozart

Seventh Evening, March 22.

THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

- Corrente e Canzone,
Girolamo Frescobaldi. 1581-1640
Andantino,
Abbate Michael Angelo Rossi. 1620-1660
Gigue.....Giovanni Battista Lulli. 1633-1687
Arietta, "Par dicesti".....Antonio Lotti. 1647-1740
Stello.....Domenico Scarlatti. 1683-1757
Fuga.....Nicolo Porpora. 1686-1767
Gavotte,
Padre Giovanni Battista Martini. 1706-1784
Presto con Fuoco.....Balthasar Galuppi. 1706-1785
Siciliana, "Ogni pena"
Giovanni Battista Pergolesi. 1710-1736
Vivace e Toccata,
Pietro Domenico Paradisi. 1712-1795
Aria from "Nina,".....Giovanni Paisiello. 1741-1816
Sonata, in three movements,
Ferdinando Turini. 1749-1812 (?)
Chorus—"Sleep, noble child,"
Maria Luigi Cherubini. 1760-1842
Sonata in D. (Three movements),
Muzio Clementi. 1782-1832
Solo and Chorus, "La Carità,"
Gioacchino Rossini. 1792-1868

Eighth Evening, May 3.

- Miss Lillian Bailey, Soprano; Mr. C. R. Hayden,
Tenor; Mr. H. G. Tucker, Pianist; Mr. L. R.
Goering, Flutist.

I. THE OLD FRENCH SCHOOL.

- { Le Revell-Matin.
{ La de Croisy.....Couperin. 1714
Air, from Hippolyte and Aricie.....Rameau. 1733
Minuetto.....Schobert. 1730-1768
Air from Richard.....Grétry. 1785
Romance, Le Rozier.....Roussseau. 1783
Gavotte and Variations.....Rameau. 1731
{ Colin prend sa hotte.....French Arab Song
{ Margaraton va-t à l'an.....French Dance Song
{ Lisetto.....French Negro Song

II. THE MODERN FRENCH SCHOOL.

- Romance pour Flute. Op. 37.....Saint-Saëns
{ Melodie. Charmantes Hironnelles.....Boieldieu
{ Romance. Un Secret.....Alary
Polonaise. C minor.....Chopin
Jewel Song, from Faust.....Gounod
Barcarolle.....Heller
Duo, from Le Prisonnier.....Della-Maria

Ninth Evening, June 8.

- Miss E. J. Sumner, Soprano; Miss C. H. Munger,
Contralto; Mr. Merrill Gassett, Tenor; Mr.
C. A. Allen, Bass.

THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.

- With all the Heavenly Host,
Ancient English Christmas Song.
"The King's Hunting Jigg,"
Dr. John Bull. 1563-1628
Song—Mad Tom.....Seventeenth Century.
Sonata in three movements,
Dr. Thomas Augustine Arne. 1710-1778
Glee—Swiftly from the Mountain's Brow,
S. Webbe. 1740—
Piano Solos:—
(a) Bagatelle, "Jacquenetta,"
G. A. Macfarren. 1813—
(b) Sketch, in A flat. Cipriani Potter. 1792-1871
(c) Nocturne, in E flat,
Wm. V. Wallace. 1814-1865
Duet—As it fell upon a day,
Sir H. R. Bishop. 1783-1855

- Piano Solos:—
(a) 2d Concerto, 1st movement,
John Field. 1782-1837
(b) 4th Concerto, Barcarolle,
Sir W. S. Bennett. 1816-1876
Glee—Mark the Merry Elves,
Dr. J. W. Calcott. 1766-1821

Tenth Evening, June 21, 1877

- Miss E. J. Sumner, Vocalist; Mr. C. H. Eichler,
Violinist; Mr. Wulf Fries, Violoncellist; Messrs.
A. W. Foote and G. W. Sumner, Pianists.

THE GERMAN SCHOOL.

- Piano Solos:—
(a) Preambule.....J. S. Bach. 1685-1750
(b) Fantasie.....G. F. Handel. 1685-1759
(c) Minuet.....Joseph Haydn. 1732-1809
Aria—Non so più.....W. A. Mozart. 1756-1792
Trio in E flat. Op. 1, No. 1,
L. Van Beethoven. 1770-1827
Andante and Presto,
Lied—Lob der Thürene, Franz Schubert. 1797-1828
Trio in C minor. Op. 6,
F. Mendelssohn-Bartholdy. 1809-1847
Andante and Finale.
Songs:—
(a) Spring's Profusion.....Robert Franz. 1815—
(b) Swiss Song.
Duo for Cello and Piano. Op. 70,
Robert Schumann. 1810-1856
Adagio and Allegro.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Haunting Eyes. Fine Lithograph Title.
C. 8. d to F. J. R. Thomas. 40
"Oh, those eyes! their lovely shadow,
Stole the life of light away."
The words are by Constine Newton, who writes
well. The music is worthy of the author, and
the picture good enough for anybody.

- When I am Low. Song and Chorus. F.
8. c to F. Keens. 30
"My heart is sad, and hopes are gone."
Poetry by Byron, and good music.

- O, Darling, tell me "Yes." C. 4. E to G.
Lyhna. 30
"One little moment more, Mand,
One little moment more."

- Very nice song indeed, on a favorite subject.
'T is where my darling Ada dwells. Song
and Cho. D. 3. d to G. Gianetti. 30
"My bark shall sail in sunless night,
As fearless as in sunlit day."

- Bright and varied music and good chorus.
Miller's Daughter. (Mrs. Weston's Songs,
No. 9). Eb. 3 c to F. Barker. 40
"That I would be the jewel,
That trembles at her ear."

- Words by Tennyson, and a good melody.
The Amphion. A Collection of English Songs.
Sands of Dee. Eb. 4. d to G. Cloy. 40
"The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the strand."

- Words by Charles Kingsley. Very affecting ballad.
Drifting. Contralto Song. C minor. 8.
c to B. Grace Elliot. 35
"Nothing to each that the world can reach,
Nothing lost—but a heart."

- A true Contralto song, and an effective one.
Instrumental.

- Romance. Ab. 3. Giese. 30
A graceful romance, easy and pleasing.
Out in the Green. (Hinsans ins frische Grun).
F. 3. Giese. 40
The left hand does considerable "singing" in
this fresh and pleasing piece.

- Prelude in D♭. (Op. 28, No. 15). D♭. 5.
Chopin. 30
As performed by Mme. Essipoff.

- Come il Fant. Waltzes. 8. Moses. 50
Good title, as the Waltzes are about "as they
ought to be," and they certainly "ought to be"
extensively used. A Cello may be used in one
place.

- Little Bells. (Gustav's Glockchen). Eb. 3.
Koelling. 40
They ring prettily, these little "Gustav's Bells!"

- Diabolins Polka. C. 3. Missler. 35
There is nothing Diabolous about the music,
which is very neat and spirited.

- Recollections of '76 Mazurka. D♭. 3. Green. 35
A rich and pleasing melody, carried principally
in octaves by the right hand, a fact which makes
it a difficult piece for small hands, but easy for
large ones.

- Polka Graceuse. Op. 25. F. 3. Havens. 30
Silver Ray Polka. Op. 40. G. 3. " 30
The above have the common title of "Deux
Polkas de Salon," and are characterized by an
exceedingly graceful movement.

- Home, Sweet Home. Op. 145. D♭. 6.
Sidney Smith. 75
Not sweet Home, under Smith's management,
but bright, sparkling, brilliant, wide-awake home,
with fireworks in it. Good concert piece.

- Dauntless March. For Piano or Organ. D. 3.
Sudda. 35
A spirited and yet stately composition, which
has the extra merit of being attractive on two
instruments.

- ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 6. c to E," means "Key
of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival-Play.

[We translate here the concluding chapter of a little book by H. M. SCHLITZNER, Director of the Conservatory at Augsburg, a cultivated musician and an admirable critic. The volume is made up of his letters from Bayreuth to the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*, in which he records his impressions after each day's performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy and Introduction. We think it embodies, on the whole, the best account that we have yet seen, both in the way of description and of critical appreciation, among so many good ones, of Wagner's master effort. We wish some publisher and competent translator might be found for the entire work, which exceeds the narrow bounds of our fortnightly Journal.]

—We find ourselves at the end of the gigantic work. Congratulating ourselves on having happily survived it, and registering a vow of renunciation for all time of all repetition of the enjoyment, we will now attempt a *resumé* of the impression of the entire work, and try to see what prospects for future artistic realization these bold innovations, which Wagner has here for the first time brought partially before the world, may offer. Wagner, we know, is proclaimed by the Hotspurs, who follow his flag from various motives, as the greatest poet and greatest composer of his time, as the perfecter of all dramatic-musical strivings. Possibly he believes all that of himself; he has at least given abundant proofs of bold self-consciousness. But let it remain undecided, whether he is fond of hearing himself compared to Aeschylus and other men not altogether insignificant. Whether, as poet, he stands immediately next to Schiller and Goethe, the experts may determine. But, in our deepest, firmest conviction, the place next to Mozart and Beethoven is to this hour unoccupied. The performance of the Nibelungen Trilogy, apart from the manifold shortcomings in the more or less successful representation itself, could not yield any real satisfaction, not to speak of enjoyment. Even the most glowing of his followers had to confess, that helpless dreariness and dullness, infinite exhaustion and prostration were the lot of all who attended the festival plays. The dramas of our great poets also move and thrill us, penetrate and stir us; and it would be terrible to think that people could always go away from the temples of Art only humming or laughing. It will ever remain the highest task of poetry and music to reach what is deepest in man and make him bow beneath the weight of imperishable impressions. But true and genuine Art elevates and refreshes at the same time, for in its inmost nature it conceals the balm for the griefs it brings. With Wagner's dramas it is quite otherwise.

Who has carried away from the *Rheingold* anything but nervous irritation and physical prostration? What artistic or dramatic idea was there to compensate us for the torturing prolixity of this prelude? In the first drama, Siegmund and Sieglinde interest us perhaps, and at the end the noble Walkyrie; but we

cannot feel our whole soul warm for the guilty pair, the victims of a dark fate; and before Brünnhilde's destiny is finally fulfilled, we have long since been blunted for all impressions. *Siegfried* offers no moment that could lift us above the commonplace of life; and in the *Götterdämmerung*, of which the text, in point of invention and execution, may be designated as the best and most consistent portion of the Trilogy, it is at bottom only magic draughts that govern destinies. Even the underling thought of the whole, that all for wretched gold and the guilt that cleaves to it both gods and men must be brought low,—(in the murderous drama all the actors, from Wotan down to the horse Grane, find annihilation,—only the insignificant Guttrune remains alive)—has nothing for us that really takes hold of us, at all events nothing to fill our soul throughout four evenings.

What chiefly enchains us in other poems, the mild relations of sympathy and love, the feelings and emotions of the acting persons, is almost wholly wanting in Wagner's drama. He succeeds better in describing wild passion and fiery lust, than in expressing in tones the tender blissful feelings of the soul. Cheap effects may always be obtained by a thick laying on of colors. To our heart, which surely has some claims upon a drama, too little is offered in the four Nibelungen evenings, to enable us to begin to talk of satisfaction. Not the slightest interest is awakened in us for the fate of the *soi-disant* Gods; their uncouth progeny, governed by the most unbridled sensuality, soon become repulsive to us; to the men clings not a trace of moral character. Only in a few rare moments is any warmer sympathy excited: as when in the second act of the *Walküre* the love of husband and wife, and in the third that between child and father, breaks out; when Siegfried yields himself up to the magical charm of the forest, and when Brünnhilde is awakened by him out of her long sleep. For the almost entire want of scenes and traits which work upon our inmost feeling, we are not compensated in the long run by beautiful decorations and costumes, which one very soon sees to satiety, nor by the bold scene shifting and the interesting writs of identification (*Leit-motives*) which chase one another restlessly about in the orchestra; least of all by lengthy scenes, spun out with evident fondness, in which sensuality is raised to boiling heat and voluptuousness goes up in steaming, stifling vapors. How far a stage play may go in this direction, we will not here inquire; we are far from wishing to preach up absolute virtuousness and the divesting of the drama from any sort of sensuous delight. In pictures, under certain circumstances, even the nude can appear chaste and pure; yet there is a great difference between such noble works of plastic Art and those which purposely present voluptuous scenes merely to excite sensual

passion. With Wagner it is too strikingly the case, that the description of wild, reeling sensual ecstasy is often what he aims at; he understands that like a virtuoso, and with a faun-like zest he riots in such exciting tone-pictures. By this means his Art becomes immoral and corrupting, an ideal for hysterical women and nervously exhausted men. The conception of love or sexual relations in his operas is unspeakably unsound, unnatural and loathsome. One must actually find a peculiar satisfaction in risking swoons of the senses, when he can resolve to hear such music often.

Wherein chiefly lies for so many hearers the peculiar charm, and for the followers of the classical direction the weakness and repulsiveness of Wagner's music? For the most part, probably, in its harmonic treatment and peculiar modulation; but also in its formlessness and its extravagant instrumentation, exhausting all means of effect. The ideal matter, the musical thought and inspiration, are always only slight with Wagner. He is a very skillful workman; but what he gives is after all only ingenious mosaic, in which his reckless sort of counterpoint and modulation mocks at all laws of Art. The inexplicable tone combinations, which one meets with him, have an inexplicable effect upon the laity, fearfully exciting to the nerves, while they confound and fail to satisfy the connoisseurs. Besides, often as you hear it said, do not believe that Wagner has created so much that is new in harmony, in imitation and in instrumentation. Most of his effects are found singly in older works. What makes his compositions appear new is the unartistic heaping up of all conceivable means of effect; the startling, often ugly combination of instruments, which only when heard from a cellar, as if from a distance, do not offend the finer ear; the planless groping in all keys; the modulation never arriving at repose and reeling from one deceptive cadence to another; and the continual use of altered (i.e., augmented and diminished) chords. The great masters of the past purposely employed their effects always sparingly; hence the extraordinary effect which they produce even when often heard. Wagner, heaping effect upon effect, appears here too as a spend-thrift; but the consequence of these perpetual stimulants is a speedy satiety which sets in against his music, and a rapid wearing out of even the most brilliant combinations.

But even more than all these sickly symptoms of his composition, the lack of melody in his operas will always stand in the way of their popularity. Just on that side where an opera composer ought to have superabundance, with him we find the most striking poverty and impotence.

Do not speak to us of the sporadic melodies into which he now and then exceptionally goes astray. To be sure, we find such, but, for the wide compass and the pretentious nature of his

operas, far too few. Wagner who gives with full hands what he does possess, would not be a miser in melody, if there were really melodic treasures in his possession. And then, divest his melodies of their harmonic and melodic accessories—and what remains? Allusions to what is well known, nothing conspicuous for originality or grace. Wagner, who constantly appeals to Schopenhauer, is unfaithful to his teachings, the moment he has to do with melody; for this wise man says: "In the compositions of the present time more regard is paid to harmony than melody; but I hold to the opposite view and regard the melody as the heart of the music, to which the harmony bears the relation of the sauce to the roast meat." And about the Opera especially he has these very remarkable words: "It ought never to forsake its subordinate place, to make itself the principal affair and music the mere medium of its expression, which is a great mistake and sheer perversion. At bottom it is but the product of the somewhat barbaric idea of heightening the æsthetic enjoyment by the accumulation of means, by the simultaneousness of wholly different impressions, and by the strengthening of effect through the multiplication of the co-operating masses and forces; whereas music, as the mightiest of all arts, by itself alone, can completely fill the soul that is susceptible. But instead of this, during such extremely complicated opera music, the mind is importuned at the same time through the eye, by means of the most motley pageantry, fantastical images and the liveliest impressions of light and color; with which the fable of the piece has most to do. By all this the mind is drawn away, distracted, stunned, and rendered by no means susceptible to the holy, mysterious, interior language of tones. It all works directly counter to the attainment of the musical end."

Wagner's efforts to renew the life of Opera in subject matter and in form, are highly meritorious. Hitherto a single means of expression (music) has been made too much the end, while the end of expression (the action) has been made the means. Yet the relation of the two does not admit of being precisely reversed, unless the musical Art is to renounce all it has achieved for centuries and grant only a very subordinate position to what has always borne the burden of all dramatic music, the human voice.

Poetry and Music, essentially hostile rather than friendly, can only work together to the same end through mutual concessions. Had Wagner had as much melodic invention as he has dramatic fire and intellectual reflection, he would never have thought of the Music Drama—essentially a monstrosity—and would have contented himself with bringing what is a hybrid in its very nature nearer to all possible perfection. As we have just spoken of Schopenhauer, we may mention an interesting anecdote we lately read. A gentleman from Zürich, a zealous admirer of the great thinker, paid him a visit in Frankfurt am Main. As he took his leave, the philosopher said to him: "A certain Wagner in Zürich keeps sending me his writings. Please tell him he had better spare me; he understands nothing of music."

We have spoken repeatedly of the poetic form in which Wagner clothes his poems, and have shown how no other measure offers greater and more whimsical difficulties for musical treatment than the so-called *Stabreim* (alliterative rhyme). Granting that the poet knows how to fit together his alliterations often very poetically and with graceful ease, and not taking into account the senseless un-German passages, which unfortunately occur in almost every Opera poem, every page of the Nibelungen text affords proofs that knotty, twisted and uneven passages, scarcely intelligible even to the reader, offer almost insuperable difficulties not only to the composer, who through the never changing movement of the verses is doomed to endless rhythmical monotony, but also to the singer. Nothing shows more clearly the wide departure which Wagner has taken from song music proper, than this tendency to the old alliterative rhyme, whose centre of gravity consists mainly in an arbitrary play with syllables and words, vowels and consonants, entirely worthless for a text for singing. While the Italian poets and the best German librettists have constantly endeavored to furnish the singer with soft, euphonious sentences, rich in vowel sounds, so as to make his task more easy, here is required the enunciation of a text, which sticks already in the reader's throat, and which, apart from its general unintelligibility, is also musically fatiguing, because it admits of scarcely any but three-fold rhythms.

Heretofore it has been held sovereign law, in an opera text, to compress the action as much as possible; because, through the greater space which the music by its very nature always occupies, the progress of the work must drag somewhat in any case. Now whether what is sung consists of recitatives, arias or duets, etc., or of unmelodic "infinite melody;" whether the orchestra is treated only as an accompaniment, or as a principal person in the conversation; whether the centre of gravity be placed in the human voices or in the instruments; always the word sung demands more time than the work spoken. Hence in a good libretto all that is unessential, all unnecessary repetitions had to be excluded, while reflexions and philosophical inquiries had to be renounced as far as possible. But Wagner, we know, will write no operas in the traditional sense; so all these rules never trouble him. The drama of the future, therefore, has become a drama of long-windedness for the present. Such never ending, wearisome, indifferent jabbering, chewing over and over what is already familiar, the stage has never seen except in the *Ring des Nibelungen*; never was the action dragged out to such length; or, to the dismay of the hearers, expanded to such breadth through unessential and uninteresting episodes; never was a public and its claims to artistic enjoyment so recklessly disregarded and kept upon the rack, as here. Often have we heard the text-book of the *Nibelungen-Ring* celebrated as a master-work of dramatic poetry. But it was by those who knew it only from reading it. The reading of a play very often produces a wholly different, even an opposite effect from its performance on the stage. Readers of the Wagner poems might feel no shock at many

faults in them, which to the public, present at the representations, were intolerable. One who was never weary of praising the book, must have been of another mind after attending the performance. A judgment on the text or music for an opera is only possible after its right to live has been tested on the stage. And just as little as from a book, can an authoritative judgment pass upon an opera from a piano-forte arrangement or a score. Poetry and music singly, each in and for itself, may appear excellent, yet both united fail of all effect.

The song as such, the voice part, in the Nibelungen Trilogy, is likewise a monstrosity, a brutal mockery of all that the world has hitherto recognized as beautiful and desirable. It throws us back at once three centuries into the time when the first attempts at Opera were made. These too consisted solely of recitatives. But the singing voice, not enslaved and crushed by the instrumentation, was at least able to predominate: a perfected declamation, a simple *Cantilena*, satisfying to the ear, a natural and unconstrained conduct of the parts, was even then regarded as the composer's most important task. And notwithstanding, when we read, in the enthusiastic descriptions of these performances, that an Italian public at the end of the 16th century listened to the *Musica Dramma* (this designation also is an old one) of Caccini, Peri and Monteverde in the highest rapture, we can scarcely believe it. These *Dramas per musica*, sung in the *stile rappresentativo* or *recitativo*, certainly bored the hearers then, as much as the Trilogy has bored us today; the reports of such proceedings were just as deceptive, as many which were sent out to all the world from Bayreuth; and the great mass of the 17th century, in its opinions and expressions about Art, was just as much terrorized and tricked into a hypocritical enthusiasm, as that of the nineteenth, while in its heart it certainly thought quite otherwise.

But not only do we see ourselves transported back to these beginnings of dramatic efforts. Wagner's treatment of the voice parts resembles in a fearful manner that of the Madrigalists of Orlando Lasso's time. Then it was the practice to print vocal works in several parts under the title: "To be sung or used on instruments." One could, for example, set a five-part song with 8 voice parts and 2 instruments, or with one voice part and four instruments, according as the fitting voices or instruments were available. This barbaric manner of song writing is what Wagner has brought back to us; for his voice parts are in fact only middle parts, without independent personality, only made to fit as well as may be into the thematic wild beast hunt of the orchestra. Drop out the part of Wotan altogether, or let a bass trombone blow it, the effect will be all the same, and the singer not be missed a moment.

As a further musical absurdity it must be mentioned, that the ideal contents (the musical subject matter) of the Trilogy reduces itself to an immense number of leading motives (*Leitmotive*), which float up and down and cross one another in the orchestra, incessantly, as if caught in a process of fermentation. Down in that "mystical abyss" it boils as in a witches' cauldron; down there, in fact, you have to seek for the main matter; but the attention is continually drawn thereby away from the action and to mere accessories. And as a further consequence of this arrangement, the musical interest, to which there is less and less that is new offered as the work goes on, and which sees itself continually referred to the same old motives, towards the end grows weaker and weaker till it finally dies out. But what musical enjoyment has a hearer, who cannot understand and follow the leading motives at all? If poetically the *Götterdämmerung* is the most successful part of the Trilogy, musically it is the weakest and most tiresome, the poorest in invention, since it is made up almost exclusively of old and long since played out phrases. Of all Wagner's vagaries this on the field of the *Leit-*

motu is the most unfortunate; for in no way could he more evidently betray the weakness of his creative power to the world, than through this helpless mania of wishing to enchain a theatre public with tone-figures which for the most part say nothing, and which keep repeating themselves through four long evenings?

Not less pernicious than the musical are the scenic innovations,—with the exception of the removal of the prompter's box. The excessive importance attached to decorations, machinery and effects of light, is oppressive and unartistic; and the darkened auditorium is a worthy side-piece to the under-ground orchestra. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have always made a certain effect in the Munich performances; in Bayreuth by the second evening the exhaustion and satiety were universal. Whence came it? In Munich, during the intolerable length of the representation, one could at least occupy himself with his surroundings, with his fellow sufferers; but in Bayreuth every help was cut off. There, if one found not a mild comforter in sleep, he could only count in despair the bald pates which glimmered faintly through the deep twilight of the auditorium.

(To be Continued.)

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Continued from Page 52.)

But for the discouraging distrust, and chilling indifference to native musical talent, which, with rare exceptions, have been perseveringly maintained by our own countrymen, as well as by foreigners, and of which our illustrious musical ancestors, Lawes, Purcell, and others have so bitterly and justly complained, it is more than probable that, with fair opportunities to display their powers of composition, our eminent musicians, who have at all times shown themselves equal to their Continental brethren in musical erudition, would have become as conspicuous for excellence in music for the stage as for the church. Encouragement is essential to the attainment of success. To aspiring genius it is as morning dew to vegetation; without its refreshing influence art droops and withers. It is undeniable that a baleful and unjust prejudice against our native music and musicians has been oftentimes engendered and sustained by the musicians of this country themselves. Instead of boldly asserting and maintaining for native musical talent a fair claim to prominence and acknowledgment, they have, in too many instances, yielded a precedence to inferior foreign musical compositions and performances, and acknowledged in them a super-excellence, which, in numberless cases, has had no real existence. British musicians have also delayed the universal recognition of merit in English music, and done injury to the cause of native talent, by their assumption of foreign names and titles, in order, as it would appear, to conceal their nationality. This evil, so detrimental to our national character as musicians, should receive every possible discouragement, and the severest condemnation. We know that a long-nurtured prejudice against the native musical productions of this country exists: if we would remove it, we must inspire confidence in others by displaying it ourselves.

In the preceding chapters English Opera has been viewed in its infancy, its youth, and in its progress towards manhood. It has now to be regarded under another aspect—in its approach to maturity, and in its ripeness.

However admirable and popular had been, in their day, Bishop's Operas, and those of his countrymen, of his own and an earlier period, it began to be tacitly admitted, before the first quarter of the present century had been reached, that they had grown out of date, that foreign Operas had superseded them, and that, for native Opera again to invite with success the nation's regard, it must be presented under new conditions. It was acknowledged that modern English Opera must conform, more or less, to modern ideas, and be constructed upon principles adopted by the musicians of the Continent, and, moreover, in accord with the increasing general cultivation of the musical art in all countries, without surrendering such special qualities as might be deemed essentially national.

That British composers, with no near prospect of

witnessing the representation of their Operas, should occupy themselves in their composition was not to be expected. Not having in England, as in France, Italy, and Germany, national theatres—wholly or partially supported by Government—for the performance of national Opera, the musicians of England have had to wait favorable opportunities for producing their dramatic compositions. As none appeared in view when the operatic reign of Henry Bishop was over, legitimate English Opera then closed her eyes, and slumbered.

In the summer of 1834, otherwise musically memorable, appeared the prospect of a bright present, and a brilliant and hopeful future, for native Opera. At this period the new "English Opera House," in the Strand, which had been rebuilt to replace its unfortunate predecessor, destroyed by fire, was completed. With this consummation the hopes of English musicians revived. The old English Opera House, so called, had been erected by the famous Dr. Samuel Arnold, the composer of many English Operas and Oratorios, towards the close of the last, or the commencement of the present century, as a home for native Opera, and with the design to connect with it a National School of Music. This desirable plan was, however, frustrated by the proprietors of the Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden, who obstinately opposed the grant of the Lord Chamberlain's license. It was subsequently obtained, and many English Operas, and Operas in English, were performed there. The proprietor of the theatre was Mr. S. J. Arnold, the dramatist, a son of the late Dr. Arnold. Following the laudable example of his father, he desired to encourage and uphold national Opera at his new establishment, and, with the trumpet of faith and hope, he summoned the composers of England to enter the lists in honorable competition. The first to respond was Edward John Loder of Bath—then about twenty-three years of age. He had been studying music at Frankfurt under Ferdinand Ries, and, returning home towards the completion of the new building, received from Arnold a libretto of his own writing, with a commission to set it to music. The book, entitled "Nourjahad," was devoid of interest, and presented no scope to the ambitious young aspirant for operatic fame to introduce into his Opera dramatic situations which might suggest effective concerted music. The songs, duets, trios, and choruses were charmingly composed, and displayed considerable talent for dramatic music, but they were to some extent independent of the plot, and, on that account, perhaps of more commercial value to the publisher, a desideratum too often taken into consideration by English composers, to the injury of dramatic consistency. The success of "Nourjahad" was so qualified as almost to amount to a failure. Loder's ability was acknowledged by musicians, but his Opera failed to attract the public. After several performances, to audiences which "grew small by degrees and beautifully less," to the evident discomfort of the establishment's treasury, the piece was withdrawn. Despite the non-success of Loder's first Opera, it opened a new field of operation for the dramatic composers of Great Britain. "Nourjahad" was followed, in 1835, by Loder's "Dise of Death." His "Francis I," is an Opera made up of independent, unconnected songs, duets, and trios, which the composer had supplied to D'Almaine and Co., by contract, and which had already been published. It met with no success.

"The Night Dancers," Loder's best and most charming Opera, was successful at the Princess's Theatre in 1846, and again in 1850; and on its revival at Covent Garden, under the Pyne and Harrison management, in 1860. "Raymond and Agnes" (1853) is another Opera of considerable merit, which it is hoped may, at no distant period, be re-suscitated. But for his erratic life, and his inattention to professional engagements, Edward Loder would, no doubt, have made a more impressive and enduring mark upon the history of English music.

We now come to a very distinguished name, that of John Barnett, who is remarkable as being the first British musician who composed an English Opera constructed upon modern principles. He was born at Bedford, in 1802. His musical disposition was manifested almost in infancy. When a boy, he attained celebrity as a theatrical contralto singer. He was soon before the public as a composer of songs, many of which became rapidly popular. Barnett was successful in his first essay at dramatic music in 1825, and, in consequence, he received a commission to compose "The Carnival of Naples," for Covent Garden Theatre, in 1830. A small comic Opera, written by Buckstone for Mrs.

Fitzwilliam, called the "Pet of the Petticoats," composed by Barnett for Sadler's Wells Theatre, in 1832, attracted to that out-of-the-way establishment all the professional and non-professional world of harmony, to hear music then novel in character, and charming as it was novel. At the urgent request of Braham, Barnett set to music an operatic arrangement of the fine old comedy, "A Bold Stroke for a Wife." Through no defect in the music, but because the piece was ill suited to musical purposes, it failed on its first appearance. The composer had no time for the composition of an Overture, and borrowed for the occasion Weber's brilliant Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits," then comparatively unknown. The critics were severe upon the Opera, and the *Post* pronounced the Overture to be the "worst part" of it. Having, by diligent study, patient perseverance, and practice, acquired considerable experience in the technical arrangement of dramatic music, Barnett, with ardent ambition, and high aims, awaited his opportunity to exhibit the results of his ripened powers in the composition of an Opera of greater pretensions than he had as yet attempted. The opportunity was forthcoming in 1834.

It had been arranged by Arnold that Loder's "Nourjahad" should be immediately succeeded by an Opera by John Thompson, of Edinburgh, called "Hermann; or, the Broken Spear," the parts of which were already copied; but, through the irresistible influence of Henry Phillips, Arnold consented to lay it aside for John Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," which was in process of completion, and in which Phillips desired to sing. This charming Opera, the production of which marks an epoch in the lyric history of England, had, in its inception, assumed the miniature proportions of an Operetta. It was founded upon the subject of the Ballet, "La Sylphide," which was rendered famous, first in Paris, and afterwards in London, by the exquisite dancing of Mdle. Taglioni. With the growing expectations of the composer, and the prospect of its early appearance on the stage, the work increased in dimensions and importance, and the Operetta became an Opera. The Overture, which has since been entirely re-written, was completed only two days before its performance. The Opera, ably supported by Miss Romer as the Sylph, Wilson, the Scotch tenor, as Donald, and Henry Phillips as the Wizard, gained an immense success. The several scenes in which the dramatic interest of the plot is developed are enriched by characteristic and effective music; and in like manner is the entire action of the Opera supported. Macfarren describes the "Mountain Sylph" as "an Opera in the modern form, in which the music throughout illustrates the action; in which an extensive technical design embodies a continuous dramatic expression." The name of the composer, already distinguished as one of England's most able musicians, was rendered yet more renowned by the successful production of this, his first important Opera. The hundredth night of its performance was celebrated by a grand banquet, given by the manager to the composer, author, singers, and all the other principal persons who were engaged in its representation. Barnett's German proclivities, and the influence which the dramatic music of Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, and Spohr had exercised upon his imagination, are clearly discernible in the construction of this Opera, the arrangement of its concerted vocal music, and his rich instrumental score. In availing himself of the experiences of the great foreign masters of his own time, as well as those of an earlier period, Barnett manifested a true comprehension of his vocation, while he exhibited a firm reliance on his own genius by adhering to a speciality of style, as transparent in his new, as it had been in his earlier compositions.

"Fair Rosamund" was Barnett's next great Opera, and it was also the first English Opera upon an English historical subject. It was composed in 1835, and produced at Drury Lane Theatre, under Bunn's management in 1837. It had a run of fifty nights. Many causes combined to deprive this able work of the complete success which its high merits should have secured. The composer, by skillfully interweaving with his own original music melodies and snatches of melody of the Old English national type, as in his "Mountain Sylph" he had combined ancient Scotch tunes—the scene of that Opera being laid among the Highlands of Scotland—had aimed at imparting a national tone to his national subjects. This intention was, in "Fair Rosamund," not justly apprehended. A Ballet, of nearly an hour's duration, introduced by the despotic will of Bunn, for the sole purpose, as it appeared, of engaging the

services of a numerous and expensive *corps de ballet*, wearied the audience. The nightly encore of a Madrigal, composed in imitation of the music of the sixteenth century, proved that, while the excellence of the composition was appreciated, the national love for the English part-music of olden times had not died out. Barnett produced his "Farinelli" at Drury Lane Theatre in 1839. The hero of the Opera, who was born in 1702, and died in 1782, was the most renowned male soprano singer of his time. By an apparently strange inconsistency, the part of "Farinelli" was given to Henry Phillips, the then best *baritone*. A quarrel between Bunn and Phillips occasioned the retirement of the latter from the theatrical establishment, and the representation of "Farinelli" was entrusted to Michael Bulfo, composer, singer, and lyric actor. By an unaccountable fit of nervousness and over-anxiety to succeed, he broke down on the first night of his appearance. It was, nevertheless, performed fifty or sixty times. Barnett's last Opera, "Kathleen," has never been performed, although it was rehearsed for performance at the St. James's Theatre, of which its composer was for a short period the proprietor. Barnett, from some unexplained cause, withdrew from the perilous position of theatrical manager a wiser, although a poorer man, having lost the savings of many years of unremitting professional labor. At the same time, retiring altogether from the metropolis, he established himself as a provincial teacher of singing at Cheltenham. Success having crowned his many years of persevering industry in his vocation, the now venerable composer and esteemed musician is, at the age of seventy-five years, enjoying his *otium cum dignitate*, yet not wholly unemployed, at his charming country residence near Cheltenham. For many years Barnett has preserved a kind of sullen musical silence. That his Operas should have been overlooked by those who have professed to uphold English Opera must seem as unaccountable to his countrymen and to strangers as it is discreditable to us as a musical nation.

George Alexander Macfarren has perhaps done more than any other composer to sustain the native Opera of England. He is not only an English composer, but a composer of English music. This is evidenced by his selection of subjects for some of his most important works: "Charles II." (1849), "Robin Hood" (1860), "She Stoops to Conquer" (1864), "Helvellyn" (1866), "May Day," and "Christmas." In the four Operas and two Cantatas above named, Macfarren has given to his music a local coloring, so to speak, suggestive of the Old English national associations he has desired to revive. The sports and pastimes of the middle ages in England, which the composer has dramatically introduced to the accompaniment of characteristic music in imitation of the ancient national festive dance-tunes of the period, have powerfully assisted to impress a special English character upon his national Operas. Macfarren's intimate acquaintance with every style of music of every country and period, his practical experience in every department of the musical art, and moreover his profound knowledge of all that relates to the national music of Great Britain and Ireland, have specially qualified this accomplished English musician to possess the musical belt of England as champion of her music and as the unflinching maintainer of its rights.

Macfarren was born in London in 1813, and received his musical training at the Royal Academy of Music, of which he is now the honored Principal. He was first brought to public notice as a dramatic composer in 1838, by the production of his "Devil's Opera." His next Opera, "Don Quixote," performed under the management of Bunn at Drury Lane Theatre in 1846, exhibited even higher musical and dramatic qualities than its predecessor, but, strange to relate, it did not obtain an equal popularity. An eminent musical critic, referring to the production of Macfarren's "Charles II.," remarks: "This was his first genuine English Opera, or, more strictly speaking, his first Opera built upon an English subject, and thus admitting a certain approximation to the English style of melody. That style, it must be understood, was essentially the old style; the influence of foreign dramatic music, German, French, and Italian, upon our composers, during a long series of years, having almost totally annihilated the legitimate English school which Bishop had been the last to enrich, and the first in his 'Aladdin' to repudiate. 'Charles II.' was a successful exemplification of how much could be effected by the aid of this national element, without in any way compromising the higher requisites of operatic forms." It

must be admitted that there exists no recognized modern English school of music, and that neither is there any modern foreign school worthy of admiration or adoption. No composer of any pretension to eminence in any country is now-a-days the follower of any particular school of music. He works now independently of all schools—he follows only the instincts of his nature, and the natural bent of his genius. Conventionalism in music has burst its bonds. Music has become cosmopolitan. Nevertheless, by a moderate adherence to the style of our national English music, founded originally, no doubt, upon the tone, accent, and rhythm of our language, and by occasional reference to the acknowledged Old English school of music, a distinctive, special character may be given to our native compositions, when desirable, which may fairly claim to be genuine English music. Although it may be sensibly affected by a variety of influences, its national character may be thus not only preserved, but strengthened.

The English language is an aggregate of many foreign languages, in connection with the aboriginal. "There is, perhaps," says Max Müller, "no language so full of words evidently derived from the most distant sources, as English. Every country of the globe seems to have brought some of its verbal manufactures to the intellectual market of England. Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Celtic, Saxon, Danish, French, Spanish, Italian, German—navy, even Hindustani, Malay, and Chinese words, lie mixed together in the English language." It is not the less English on that account. Our language is enriched by the combination. In like manner our music, not being a servile imitation of any particular style, but, on the contrary, an amalgamation of all styles, may claim the wide privilege of our language, and be nevertheless essentially English. The thoughtful musician of every country, bee-like, should extract musical honey from the exotics of foreign lands, as well as from his native fruits and flowers. Thus he may form a style of his own; and, avoiding mannerism, impress an unmistakable individuality upon his works, as Gounod, Meyerbeer, Gluck, and others have done.

Macfarren's charming Opera, "Helvellyn," offers a perfect and practical illustration of the foregoing reflections. It is an Opera of the highest rank, which has too long been permitted to "waste its sweetness on the desert air." This genial work, as elegantly melodious as it is musically and dramatically classical, embodies with a large amount of passionately effective music, an undercurrent of pure English tune which imparts a national tone to its scene and subject. Limited space precludes the possibility of entering minutely into the merits of Macfarren's other Operas—which can only be briefly mentioned. The following are amongst the more important: "Robin Hood" (1860); "The Sleeper Awakened." This Opera, composed under promise of performance, which, however, did not take place, was produced as a *Serzatta*, in 1850, at the National Concerts, held at Her Majesty's Theatre. Macfarren's smaller and earlier dramatic pieces are, "The Maid of Switzerland" (1832); "Genevieve" (1834); "I and my Double" (1835); "The Old Oak-tree" (1835)—the three latter Operas were represented at the English Opera House—"Love among the Ruins" (1839), at the St. James's Theatre; "Agnes Bernauer," at Covent Garden Theatre (1839); "Emblematical Tribute," a Masque for Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Wedding, at Drury Lane Theatre; and "Fraya's Gift," a Masque for the Prince of Wales's Wedding, at Covent Garden Theatre.

William Sterndale Bennett was not a composer of Operas. It is said that George Linley offered to write a libretto for him. "But I must have no drinking chorus," said Bennett. He received the book, which began thus: "Act I. Scene I. Soldiers discovered singing and drinking." The composer read no further, and closed the book. Only some of the most prominent workers in the domain of English Opera have been mentioned in the foregoing account of its history. In the next, and concluding chapter, other British Opera-composers and their productions will be noticed.

[To be Continued.]

Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

(From the London Times.)

June 26th.

The Handel Festival began yesterday afternoon at the Crystal Palace with, according to custom, *The Messiah*. There was an enormous audience—

more numerous, it is stated, than that of 1874, on the same occasion. At two o'clock precisely Sir Michael Costa was at his post, and the first chords from the orchestra gave fair promise of what kind of performance was to be expected. The prelude, which would seem to have little or nothing in common with that which comes after, is a masterpiece all the same. So vast a body of stringed instruments as we are used to at the Handel Festival is calculated to give real significance to the fugal movement, and to satisfy those not placed so far off as to dis-engage them from following its development with interest. The appealing recitative, "Comfort ye, my people," quite in another strain, and its joyous sequel, "Every valley shall be exalted," were given by Mr. Cummings with so much genuine artistic feeling that we were sorry to see nothing else set down for him in this or the other two programmes of the Festival. As the overture had already displayed the qualities of the instrumental force, so did the bright and vigorous chorus, "And the glory of the Lord shall be revealed," set forth the strength and excellent training of the host of singers, men and women, summoned from all parts of the country to take an active part in this periodical tribute to the genius of Handel. What was here promised, it may be stated without further preamble, was carried out to the end. "For unto us a child is born" was, as it seldom fails to be, a conspicuous feature; and side by side with this may be named "His yoke is easy," which brought the first section of the oratorio effectively to a close. In the ensuing part, which treats of the "Passion" of the Redeemer, and contains some of the noblest of Handel's choral pieces, the superb series beginning with "Behold the Lamb of God," continued, after the temporary interruption of the contralto air, "He was despised and rejected of men," by "Surely He hath borne our griefs," and ending with "And the Lord hath laid on Him the iniquity of us all" (set, like other passages to the text of Isaiah), was in every sense remarkable. The solemn theme of the fugue, "And with His stripes we are healed" (so like one in the *Requiem* of Mozart), was given out and answered with a steadiness, and the wonderfully animated "All we like sheep have gone astray"—arranged by some of Handel's critics as undignified (!)—with a precision and marked accent which only such a conductor as Sir Michael Costa could have any chance of obtaining from a body of executants, vocal and instrumental, counting in thousands. Equally imposing was "He trusted in God that He would deliver Him"—another majestic fugue, in which may be detected, if such a thing can possibly be in music, a certain expression of irony. About "Lift up your heads," with its continually reiterated query, "Who is the King of Glory?" (as Handel quaintly accentuates it), and of the magnificent "Hallelujah!" it is enough to say that both were irreproachably delivered from first to last. To have done with the choruses, which at no previous Handel Festival have been sung with more level excellence, we may conclude by saying that "Worthy is the Lamb," with its glorious sequel, "Amen!"—which perhaps more than any other choral piece in existence conveys the idea of a multitude simultaneously employed in the act of thanksgiving and praise—was a glorious climax to the whole.

The solo singers, in addition to Mr. Cummings, who has been mentioned, were Mdlle. Albani, Mesdames Edith Wynne and Patey, Herr Henschel, Messrs. Santley and Vernon Rigby. Mdlle. Albani, who, more than once at our country festivals, has shown her proficiency in Handel, gave further evidence of this by her singing on the present occasion. "Rejoice greatly" and "How beautiful are the feet" are airs of a widely different character; but both had been studied with earnestness, and in both the gifted lady was eminently successful. In "Come unto Him" Mdlle. Albani had to follow that experienced Handelian singer, Mdlle. Patey, whose first verse, "He shall feed His flock," created a deep impression. The two singers were well matched—which is paying a deserved compliment to each of them. Mdlle. Patey had much more set down for her, and, among other things, the pathetic air, "He was despised;" and with what genuine expression she gave it our musical readers need scarcely be informed. The *Passion* music, beginning with "All they that see Him" and ending with "But Thou didst not leave His soul in hell," together with the trying air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," was assigned to Mr. Vernon Rigby, who has rarely sung better or entered with more spirit into his work. Mr. Santley gave "Why do the nations so furiously rage together?" and "The trumpet

shall sound" (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper) as only Mr. Santley can. The other bass music, including "The people that walked in darkness," fell to the share of that intelligent artist, Herr Henschel, and—last, not least—Mme. Edith Wynne undertook the soprano music in the third part of the oratorio, including that most devotional of all songs, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," to which she imparted the true feeling. Sir Michael Costa conducted with all his wonted energy, and Mr. Willing presided with ability at the organ.

June 28th.

The second day of the festival, the programme of which, according to custom, consisted of a miscellaneous series of pieces, sacred and secular—the sacred, as it might have been expected, preponderating—was, so far as the attendance was concerned, even more successful than that of 1874. Nearly 7,000 non-subscribers, added to between 12,000 and 14,000 holders of season tickets, brought the number of visitors up to a total of 20,343. That the extremely favorable weather had something to do with this cannot be doubted; but at the same time it must be admitted that the selection was unusually varied and interesting. The opening piece was the overture to the *Occasional Oratorio*, which, sonorous and brilliant enough as it stands in the original score, is made trebly so by the orchestral adjuncts deemed requisite on these special occasions, and supplied with the utmost skill by Sir Michael Costa. A more effective performance could hardly have been desired; and the spirit-stirring march which forms its climax was unanimously encored. The overture was followed by "The King shall rejoice," perhaps the grandest of the four Anthems written for the Coronation of George II. and Queen Caroline (October, 1737). The imposing introductory chorus, and the final "Hallelujah," a fugue on two themes, which, though comparatively brief, is in Handel's finest manner, were both given with admirable precision. There were other choral pieces in the first section of the programme not merely noticeable on their own account, but because of the admirable manner in which they were executed by the vast company of singers under Sir Michael Costa's direction. Among these may be named "Sing, O ye heavens," from the too unfamiliar oratorio, *Belshazzar*, comprising another "Hallelujah" (in the fugue style), which, though also brief, is in the most original style of the composer—as the curious second interval of the second theme, added to the ingenious development of the whole, suffices to show. About the magnificent hymn of glorification, "Let their celestial concerts all unite," one of the grandest passages in *Samson*—an oratorio which Handel is said to have placed even before the *Messiah*, its immediate predecessor, we need only state that never in our remembrance has it been more superbly rendered. Here, again, we have a multitude in praise, and Handel giving expression to the universal enthusiasm with a power in which he has never found an equal. We scarcely know whether most to admire, in this chorus, the simplicity of its construction or its amazing power. "Glory to God," from *Joshua*, with its powerfully impressive second part—"The nations tremble"—was also a conspicuous feature in the first part of the programme. Among the striking choral displays of the second was "Galates, dry thy tears," from the most touching and graceful of musical pastorals. "Tyrants now no more," from *Hercules*, a secular oratorio, which Mr. Henry Leslie, following the precedent set by Herr Joachim in Berlin, has been endeavoring to resuscitate, and "The dead shall live," from the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, equally call for mention. The peroration to the chorus from *Hercules*, "Horrid forms of monstrous birth," with its mysterious sequel, "The world's avenger is no more," forms one of those characteristic and impressive episodes of which Handel has given so many remarkable examples. We have only to add that all the choruses thus enumerated, besides others, to comment upon which in succession would be superfluous, were rendered in such a manner as to sustain the well-earned credit of the Handel Festival singers; and that almost in each particular they were thoroughly appreciated.

Among the other orchestral excerpts were the overture to *Attila*—which it would be both interesting and instructive to compare with that of Mendelssohn—and marches from *Joshua* and *Judas Maccabaeus*—each of short duration, but each more or less imposing. One of the most important instrumental performances of the day, however, was that of the grand concerto in B flat, for organ with orchestral accompaniments, the solo part in which was given in masterly style, with faultless mechan-

ism and genuine expression, by Mr. W. T. Best, of Liverpool, an artist who has long deservedly ranked among the leading organists of Europe. Mr. Best, who, in playing Handel, knows how to employ the modern resources at his command so as not in any way to interfere with the design of the piece or the character of the music, was never more successful than on this occasion. In the first *allegro* he introduced a *cadenza* of his own, chiefly constructed upon the theme of the succeeding movement, and here he displayed to the full his remarkable executive power. The applause that followed was not less unanimous than well deserved.

The solo singers were Mesdames Adeline Patti, Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey, Signor Foll, Messrs. Vernon Rigby, Edward Lloyd, and Santley, to all of whom some familiar pieces were assigned. Mme. Patti, who received a most cordial greeting, showed her appreciation of the compliment by singing both the airs set down for her to absolute perfection. The first of these was "Let the bright Seraphim," from *Samson* (trumpet *obbligato*, Mr. T. Harper); the second was "From mighty Kings" (*Judas Maccabaeus*). Each was followed by loud and continued applause, which in the last instance was so prolonged that, at a signal from Sir Michael Costa, Mme. Patti came back to the orchestra and repeated the whole. Another marked success was achieved by Mr. Lloyd with "Love in her eyes sits playing" (*Acis and Galatea*), which evoked unanimous and well-merited applause; another by Mr. Vernon Rigby, in "Call forth thy powers" (*Judas*); another by Mme. Patey, with "In the battle fame pursuing" (from *Deborah*), accompanied on the organ by Mr. Willing; and another by Mr. Santley, in "Nasce al bosco" (from the Italian opera *Rio*). Mme. Sherrington sang "Heart, thou seat of soft delight" (*Acis*), with the most refined taste; Mr. Santley, as might have been expected, gave appropriate devotional feeling to the air, "How willing my paternal love;" and Signor Foll threw all his well-known vigor into "Honor and arms scorn such a foe," the giant Harapha's contemptuous defiance of Samson. In fact, the solo singers without exception did their best, and the well-known trio, with semi-chorus and chorus, "See the conqu'ring hero comes" (*Joshua*), in which the leading vocal parts were sustained by Mesdames Sherrington, Clara Suter, and Patey, formed an imposing climax.

The Institutions of Leipzig.—Its Conservatory of Music.

[Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, June 21, 1877. There may not be many cities in Germany that are not either connected with some prominent historical event, or associated with some famous person, or recorded in history as being the location of some remarkable building or institution. Weimar, for instance, that little town in Thüringen—does it not instantly suggest the names of Carl August, Goethe, Schiller, Herder and Wieland? Salzburg and Mozart, Eisenach and Luther, Nürnberg and Hans Sachs, are inseparably united. Tübingen, Halle and Heidelberg have their universities; Cologne, Strasbourg and Ulm their cathedrals; Dresden, Munich and Düsseldorf their galleries of art. Leipzig, too forms no exception; the university, royal conservatory, opera house, art gallery Auerbach's Keller (immortalized in Goethe's *Faust*), the Gewandhaus concerts, the city in which many distinguished in literature, science and the arts have sojourned—these and much more have given the city a prominence and an importance second to none.

The university and the conservatory, with their thousands of students, are two mighty educational establishments, exercising an influence and achieving results which have made themselves felt all over the civilized world.

To the conservatory, which has only recently become a State institution, while it has always been under the direct patronage of the King of Saxony, I wish to refer more directly. A large proportion of its students is composed of Americans, and I think it is safe to assert that a majority of the more prominent musicians in the United States have acquired their education in this conservatory. I will only mention Dreese, Ferabó, Petersilie, Listemann and Hennig in Boston; Mills, Mason and Morgan in New York; Zeckwer and Gühlemann in Philadelphia.

The conservatory was planned and organized by Mendelssohn in 1843. He was thoroughly in earnest; sincerity of purpose and devotion to art were his characteristic qualities. Hence what was not strictly consistent

with purity in art and science was rigidly excluded from the institution, and, with this principle adhered to, it has realized a success which has far over-reached even the most daring expectations. With Mendelssohn's death, on the 4th day of November, 1847, it lost its dearest friend. It must not be forgotten, however, that other artists too have labored zealously and faithfully in its behalf. From 1843 to the present time the following have been the professors: Robert and Clara Schumann, Moscheles, Hauptmann, David, Gade, Joachim, Riets, Hiller, E. Droyschok, Brendel, Hegar, Davidoff, Plaidy, Wenzel, Richter, Röntgen, Reinecke, Papperitz, Coccius, Lübeck, Grützmacher, Götz, Hermann, Hofer, Grabau, Becker, Böhm, Sachs, Klengel, Schradleck, Schröder, Paul, Jadassohn, Grill, Glockner, Schlimon-Rogan, Weidenbach, Jr., Plutti, Lammers, Zwintcher, Maas, Klesse, Werder and Rebling.

The instructors of the conservatory when it was first opened were:

Mendelssohn—Composition and piano.
David, Klengel and Sachs—Violin.
Gade—Harmony and composition.
Hauptmann—Harmony and counterpoint.
Moscheles—Piano and composition.
Plaidy and Wenzel—Piano.
Böhne—Vocal music.
Brendel—Musical lectures.
Neumann—Italian language.
Richter—Harmony and instrumentation.

Of these only Wenzel and Prof. Richter remain, Hauptmann (died 1863), Moscheles (died 1870) and David (died 1872) were three of the strongest pillars of the conservatory for upwards of a quarter of a century. Hauptmann, the distinguished author of "Harmonik und Metrik," and of many beautiful compositions, mostly of a vocal nature, was a man richly endowed with bright gifts both of the mind and of the heart; his great and comprehensive learning made him the greatest theoretician of the century, while his beautiful character, his unaffected simplicity and modesty of manner, his large kind-heartedness, his truly childlike spirit, endeared him to the hearts of all, and especially to those who had the good fortune to stand in a nearer relation to him either as pupil or friend. The man and the musician are clearly exemplified in his "Briefe an Hauser," a book warmly to be recommended to all who wish to come in spiritual contact with a noble character.

David's loss was, perhaps, most severely felt. He was the founder of a school of violinists, which combined the elegance of the French with the solidity of the German methods; his pupils form the bone and sinew of every orchestra in Germany.

The Conservatory numbers at the present time about 340 students, who are taught by twenty professors. The number of classes is 14 for vocal music; 37 for piano; 4 for organ; 20 for violin and viola; 6 for violoncello, and 2 for elocution.

JOHN F. HIMMELBAUGH.

Miss Kellogg on Japanese Music.

The midsummer holiday number of *Scribner's Monthly* contains an interesting paper on this subject by Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, together with three melodies, two of which she heard played by a Japanese troupe of jugglers in New York. She says:

Several years ago, when the troupe of Japanese jugglers were in New York, I happened to remain in town late in the season, and attended a number of the remarkable entertainments given by them at the Academy of Music. The only drawback to my enjoyment of their wonderful feats with ladder, pole, tubs, butterflies, etc.,—and especially those of little All-Right and his father—was the exceedingly harsh and disagreeable noise made by the Japanese orchestra, consisting of five performers seated on the floor at the rear of the stage. But one night—after having attended these performances ten or twelve times—I made what was to me a most curious and interesting discovery. At the moment when little All-Right was performing on the pole, which was supported in a socket attached to a belt around his father's waist—in the midst of the strange sounds made by the orchestra and by the man himself, who was coolly playing on a "samisen" while balancing the boy in mid air,—I suddenly noticed a melody, at first indistinct, but afterward assuming definite shape as I was able to shut out the discordant accompaniment. After listening intently during several performances, I at last succeeded in following the air and in getting it by heart. Once after this, when little All-Right came to see me with the interpreter of the troupe, I took his forefinger in my hand and made him play the melody on the piano. He recognized it at once,—although separated from the dreadful sounds he was accustomed to hear with it,—and cried out delightedly in Japanese: "O, that is what my father plays when I am up on the pole!" I met little All-right after this again in London, and became quite well acquainted with the boy. He had great pride in his profession, and he and his father were grieved at the no-

cident which happened to the youth during the season in New York, not so much on account of the personal injury, but because a fall during a performance brought such mortification to them as artists. I had desired, while the troupe was in London, to gather more of their melodies, and expressed my regret at the absence of the native orchestra. All Right replied that their music was so widely objected to that it had been withdrawn. I was not surprised at this, for the same feeling prevailed in this country, and was shared at first by myself.

What shall I say of this melody? It is perfect in construction, original, beautifully simple, full of sentiment, and suggestive of touching words. The accent of the first two bars is remarkable, inasmuch as I have never met a musician who was able to annotate it at once, although I have repeated it to some of the most accomplished musical writers, both in this country and in Europe. A distinguished London critic did not hesitate to declare the melody worthy of Beethoven.

After giving the melodies, Miss Kellogg says in conclusion:

I would like to awaken an interest in the music of the Japanese. Judging from the melodies I have given, there should be here a wealth of suggestion to the artistic musician. A company of performers, such as visited this country, would not be likely to make use of the highest order of music. I assume, therefore, that these must be popular melodies, of which a prominent London critic justly remarks that however much they may enter into the national life, as being the spontaneous utterance of popular feeling, "they are not art, but rather the material upon which it is the province of art to build." Have the Japanese any higher development in music, or is it all simple, direct and suggestive, like their poetry and their decorative art? Certainly there is a resemblance between these three melodies and the poetry, especially of the Japanese, in the qualities of artfulness and finish.

The "Old Cabinet" adds what follows:

We fear that even musical readers will find it difficult to properly reproduce in sound the first of the three Japanese melodies printed in this number. When rendered with the delicacy and precision with which Miss Kellogg herself sings it, the song has a peculiar charm. It is to be hoped that some one will be able to supply the words which belong to it,—if, indeed, there are any. Since Miss Kellogg's little paper has been put in type, the author of it has read an essay in two parts on "Japanese Music and Musical Instruments," in the June number of *The Leisure Hour*, which has just arrived from London. *The Leisure Hour* essay, by Mr. Samuel Mossman, is based upon a German treatise by Dr. Müller, which appeared in the journal of the German Asiatic Society. An introductory letter is given in *The Leisure Hour* by Professor Lyle, of the Imperial University of Yeddo. The article in *Leisure Hours* closes with the poem published by Mr. Stoddard in *Scribner* for October, 1876, and entitled "The Flown Bird." This is called by Mr. Mossman "a translation." The beautiful refrain "I have forgotten to forget" is Japanese, and so is most of the imagery, but the story is the poet's own.

Miss Kellogg writes with regard to Mr. Mossman's interesting and able paper: "This writer does not do justice to the beauty of their melodies. Either he has been unfortunate, or I have been particularly fortunate in the selections heard. The two given you by me play perfectly on our scale." The third melody is copied literally from M. De Rosen's work.

BERLIN. The Royal Operahouse closed on the 23rd June. From the 1st September, 1876, up to that date, there were 219 operatic performances. This number does not include a morning performance of Grisar's opera, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalón*, but it does include the plays with music, such as *Struensee*, *Präziosa*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, *Munfred*, etc. The performances were furnished by 47 works of 29 composers. The novelties were: *Die Folkunger*, 5 acts, Kretschmer; *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, 4 acts, Götz; *Genoveva*, 4 acts, Robert Schumann; and *Der König hat's gesagt (Le Roi l'a dit)*, 3 acts, Delibes. The following is the respective number of times the different operas were represented:—12 times: *Lohengrin*, 10 times: *Der Widerspänstigen Zähmung*, *Tannhäuser*, *Il Trovatore*, 9 times: *Der Freischütz*, *Faust*, 8 times: *La Fille du Régiment*, *Fidelio*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, 7 times: *La Nozze di Figaro*, *Guillaume Tell*, 6 times: *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Die Folkunger*, *Le Prophète*, 5 times: *Die Maccabäer*, *Le Domino Noir*, *Genoveva*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Les Huguenots*, *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, 4 times: *Iphigénie en Tauride*, *La Muette*, 3 times: *Fernando Cortes*, *Mignon*, *Cesario*, *Le Roi l'a dit*, *Eurydice*, *Joseph en Égypte*, *Humlet*, *L'Africaine*, *Stradella*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*, *Mariha*, *La Dame Blanche*, Twice: *Armide*, *Rienzi*, *Aida*, *Tristan und Isolde*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Oberon*, *La Juive*, *Bon Soir, Sig. Pantalón*. Once: *Jessonda*.

The order of the composers ranged according to the number of performances is: R. Wagner, 37 performances, with 6 works; Mozart, 17, with 3; Meyerbeer, 15, with 4; Weber, 14, with 3; Verdi, 12, with 2; Auber, 10, with 3; Götz, 10, with 1; Gounod, 9, with 1; Beethoven, Brüll, and Donizetti, 8, with 1; Rossini, 7, with 1; Gluck, and Thomas, 6, with 2; Kretschmer, 6, with 1; Flotow, 6, with 2; Rubinstein, Schumann, and Nicolai, 5, with 1; Spontini, Adam, Delibes, Taubert, Méhul, and Boïeldieu, 3, with 1; Grisar, Halévy, and Cherubini, 2, with 1; and Spohr, 1, with 1.—*London Musical World*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 21, 1877.

Musical "Motives" and Wagner's "Leit-Motive."

We trust no one who is interested in the Wagner question will fail to read what we translate to-day, on the first page, from the conclusion of Herr Schletterer's Bayreuth letters. After attending the performance of the *Walküre* here last April, we ventured to jot down a few of our own impressions, and point out several peculiar features of the Wagner music-drama which interfered with real musical enjoyment. Among these were the lack of human interest in the mythological and monstrous subject of the drama; the subordination of music to poetry, and very artificial poetry, full of alliterations and conceits; the long spun recitative instead of melody; the poverty of musical ideas, susceptible of development; the utter want of repose, of all symmetrical and rounded form, etc., etc. And particularly one element, which has been much celebrated as a wonderful new means both of characterization and of unity, the continual employment of *Leit-motives* ("leading motives") which we described as "musically irrelevant little phrases heard in the instruments at each allusion to a character or incident in the drama; They cross and interrupt the natural flow of the music at almost every instant; listening musically, you cannot feel that they have any right there; for they do not develop, they are only skillfully forced in; instead of musical ideas, they are simply labels, tags and badges: exasperating bores," etc.—We have been pleased to find that we are not alone in these views; they have been far more strongly urged by critics and musicians of the first authority, men like Hiller, Ambros, Hanslick, and that too after a much deeper study and hearing of the works than was within our power. On this point the Ausburg critic has written more fully than any of them, especially in an earlier chapter of his little volume, from which we venture to translate the following paragraphs.

"One peculiarity in Wagner's music-dramas, which not only begets a sense of exhaustion and satiety, but makes it a positive pain to listen, is his way of working with motives. A large musical creation, to be sure, is inconceivable without thematic working up. But our great masters always build their most comprehensive instrumental movements out of a very few, say three, or four themes at the most. How imperceptible often in the immortal master-works (justly so called) of musical Art, is the motive germ or kernel; and with what delight, increasing from bar to bar, we listen to the development of such unpretending series of tones, such outwardly modest musical thoughts!

"What is the reason of this remarkable phenomenon? Each motive, for itself alone, finds a complete and satisfactory development, and rounds itself off into a whole. And only when the different

themes of a great movement, one after another, have been thoroughly exhausted in the statement, (shown up in different lights and aspects, etc.), so that the hearer has become fully conscious of them, does the composer undertake to interweave and bind them together, in order thus to gain new tone formations. Take a Fugue of J. S. Bach; how plastically clear it is all the time, even if it has several subjects! The concluding Fugue in the C-major Symphony of Mozart (the "Jupiter,") the finales in several of Haydn's Symphonies,—with what satisfaction one listens to them, although the most complicated contrapuntal art is hidden in them! The fault of Wagner's manner lies not in the thematic work as such, but in his way of treating a countless heap of motives never fully carried out. When a motive meets us in a composition of the normal stamp, we enjoy it as a purely musical part of the work. When Beethoven said of the famous motive of the Fifth Symphony: "So knocks Fate at the door!" it is very certain that the expression did not occur to him until some time afterward and perhaps only by accident. When he worked upon it, he only sought to carry a happy musical thought artistically through; surely he had no notion then of Fate knocking at the door. What fully it would be, what torment, to seek for every motive an idea, and always be obliged to say to oneself: Now comes the motive of the Rose, and now that of the Sun, and now that of the Shooting Star! That would just annihilate all high and serious Art enjoyment. Through itself, and not through its relations to things and objects of the outward world, must instrumental music work.

"A motive is scarcely able in itself to express a feeling, an emotion of the heart with definiteness; it can represent neither joy nor sorrow, neither pleasure nor pain; still less can it designate an activity, a person, a thing. In the extreme case natural sounds may be imitated in the play of tones: the croaking of the frog, the roar of the bull, the crowing of the cock, the trill of the nightingale, the roll of thunder; but motives of the primeval element, of reflection, of ill humor, or the dream of revenge, of murder, of paternal joy, etc., belong to the realm of madness.

"In general, the significance of a motive can be approximately understood only when the explaining word has already entered. Wagner has invented very ingeniously formed motives for the flickering of flame, for the groping about of giants. But we should never have known that this was the composer's intention, if it had not been first explained to us; the motives in themselves would suit many other ideas quite as well. How much it is requiring of the hearer! Before he can form a judgment for himself, he must first study the old German mythology in general, then the Nibelungen legends in particular; he must read the text book (libretto) and learn it almost by heart; must make himself familiar with the peculiar sound-symbolism of the poem, the alliterative *Stabreim*; and finally (by no means the least of sorrows) he must play through the pianoforte arrangements, and then make himself master of (according to Wolzogen) more than ninety musical *Leit-motives*, and the name and meaning of each one of them!

"In the regular practice a motive is the product of a dramatic situation, and changes as this changes. With Wagner it is different; he makes it a far more convenient matter for himself both as to the invention and the composition. Every person receives from him a motive to take with him on the way; whenever he is spoken of, whenever he comes near, you always hear his motive. One who is initiated may thereby anticipate who will next come upon the stage. In the same way the different groups,

—the Rhine daughters, the Walhalla associates, the Nibelungen, the Walsungs, the Walkürs, the Norns, the Children of Gibich, the Nixes—are furnished with motives, and for every special emergency such are established. There is also a motive for love's deliverance, for the dream of revenge and the conspiracy for revenge, for the instrument of murder, the law of expiation, heroic love, the world's greeting, the world's inheritance, for the zest of love, of life and travelling abroad, etc. The *Rheingold* and *Walküre* have each 30, *Siegfried* has 22, and the *Götterdämmerung* 13 such motives. There are fewer original motives in the last parts, because those of the earlier parts are continually repeated in the last.

"At first sight this clinging to fixed motives seems rich in suggestion, since by this means threads of like thoughts are interwoven through the whole work, knitting all its parts together. But Wagner's way of always coupling certain motives with certain persons and events checks the free flow of the musical development, ties the veins of invention, on which after all depends the value of a musical work. However ingeniously he may have been able out of such small tone-pictures to construct four great works, we retain for the most part only the wearisome impression of this petty play with tones, and seldom that of an imagination dealing freely with the means of Art. For the great public—and we must consider that the number of intelligent, appreciative hearers of a stage piece is always small—these over-ingenious thematic interweavings are thrown away at any rate; the public always will come back to the demand for clear and naturally developed melodies, will crave organic forms, with parts clearly bounded and defined.

"But not alone the superficial hearer, he also who knows how to hear, who follows with a true interest and knowledge of the subject, will soon be wearied and exhausted by this unnatural thematic mosaic. All the time one is forced to ask himself: Motive, what do you want of me? When, for example, in *Der Freyschütz*, Samiel appears, and the music marks his entrance by certain well known strains, these always keep themselves subordinate. They do not interrupt the free current of the vocal melody, nor do they disturb the formal shaping of the musical piece as such. The hearer receives a hint through the music to direct his attention to something or other, but he is not thereby distracted from the feeling of the whole. The older masters employed such recurring motives with great prudence and with admirable self-control, although they were not less skilful, and in practical questions certainly not less clear-sighted than Wagner. If the nearly one hundred motives, which form the musical skeleton of the *Nibelungen-Ring*, would always come back in their simple shape, our ear and understanding might at last be able to satisfy their demands. But they not only run through every key—which also might be endured,—they change the rhythm, are stretched out and contracted, are inverted and crumbled into bits, are bound together again piecemeal or decomposed into atoms; and now the hearer, who wishes at the same time to watch the action, to understand the words, and listen to the singing, whose senses are laid claim to in the greatest variety of ways, has also got to follow this pricking, spurring, never resting motive-chase in the instrumentation, which is continually chief spokesman in this music. That seems to be requiring too much, so long as the idea of Art labor has not stepped into the place of Art enjoyment.

"Notwithstanding that Wagner means wonders in the characterization of his figures, when he hangs a motive round the neck of every one of them, yet they are essentially all alike. To be sure, all tones

colors stand ready at his bidding: bright and sombre, friendly and terrible, earnest and passionate, he can deplete all admirably in music; but all these shades and gradations of outward or of inward situations lie in the orchestra, he paints only with instruments, too little through the voices. But in this way one can portray no character in its individuality from within. Only through the motive, which has to play the part of a certificate of identity, have we ever any hint of whom we have before us. Verily henceforth the *Leit-motive* should be printed after every person's name upon the play-bill. How wholly differently the masters of the Art conceived of musical characterization! Agatha and Annchen, Max and Caspar, we need to hear only the first tones of their arias to know what stuff each is made of. And then Sarastro and Papageno, Pamina and the Queen of Night, Tamino, Belmonte and Don Ottavio, Leporello and Don Juan, Donna Anna, Zerlina and Elvira, Florestan and Pizarro, Fidelio and Marcellina,—are these too, like the forms of Wagner, mere musical phantoms? Each of the above named persons sings in the way corresponding to his nature and character, and yet always differently as often as he sings, and always intelligibly and always musically; and even in the dark, without electric flashes, we know with whom we have to do. And here too we can recognize already from the *ritornello* of the orchestra who is about to take up the word, not through a *Leit-motiv*, but through the always pregnant and sharply characteristic musical thought.

"In this alone resides for us the essence of characteristic music, and he who can shape out a work of Art in this sense, he is in our eyes a master of Art. In Wagner's works one might often without injury exchange the roles. Fricka could take Wotan's songs, Brunnhild could appear in place of Siegfried, and so on. Wagner knows only declamatory accents, and by means of these he seeks to give different tones to the angry man, the flatterer, etc. But this is understood of course and has nothing properly to do with the dramatic characterization. Only the vindictive Alberich, the gloomy Hagen, the volatile Loge, the giant brothers, and above all, Mime, the clumsy dwarf, betray in their ways of song certain peculiar traits which are somewhat characteristic in our sense, but which, to make them available, depend very much on the artistic conception of the performer for the time; while on the contrary a Caspar, a Leporello are not to be annihilated, even if they be ever so poorly sung; as indeed the *Freyschütz* on the most wretched stage and with the most pitiable singers is sure to produce a certain effect. The poorest copy of a Raphael Madonna will always in certain traits reveal the divine sublimity and beauty of the original. But take away from one of Wagner's operas the first-rate singers, the admirable orchestra, the gorgeous frame, and what is left. Or compare the enjoyment which mere pianoforte arrangements of the classical operas can afford, with the cheerless labor of playing through those of Wagner!"

RUSKIN'S DEFINITION OF "CLASSIC." In the Preface to the first number of his "Bibliotheca Pastorum" (a series of classical works to form a Library for the People—this first one being a translation of "The Economist" of Xenophon), Mr. John Ruskin begins with defining the word "classic" as applied to books. Does not the definition apply also to Music and all works of Art? He says:

"The word 'classic,' when justly applied to a book, means that it contains an unchanging truth, expressed as clearly as it was possible for any of the men living at the time when the book was written, to express it.

"'Unchanging' or 'eternal' truth, is that which relates to constant,—or at least in our human experience constant,—things; and which, therefore, though foolish men may long lose sight of it, re-

mains the same through all their neglect, and is again recognized as inevitable and unalterable, when their fit of folly is past.

"The books which in a beautiful manner, whether enigmatic or direct, contain statements of such fact, are delighted in by all careful and honest readers; and the study of them is a necessary element in the education of wise and good men, in every age and country.

"Every nation which has produced highly trained Magi, or wise men, has discerned, at the time when it most flourished, some part of the great system of universal truth, which it was then, and only then, in the condition to discern completely; and the books in which it recorded that part of truth remain established for ever; and cannot be superseded; so that the knowledge of mankind, though continually increasing, is built, pinnacle after pinnacle, on the foundation of those adamant stones of ancient wisdom. And it is the law of progressive human life that we shall not build in the air; but on the already high-storied temple of the thoughts of our ancestors; in the crannies and under the eaves of which we are meant, for the most part, to nest ourselves like swallows; though the stronger of us sometimes may bring, for increase of height, some small white stone, and in the stone a new name written. Which is indeed done, by those ordered to such masonry, without vainly attempting the review of all that has been known before; but never without modest submission to the scheme of the eternal wisdom; nor ever in any great degree, except by persons trained reverently in some large portion of the wisdom of the past."

New England Conservatory of Music.

The annual Commencement exercises were held on Friday afternoon, June 29, at Boston Music Hall, when the 570th concert of the Conservatory was given in the presence of an invited audience which completely filled the hall. The performances, vocal and instrumental, were by the graduating and other pupils, assisted by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club as orchestra. The following programme, much of which was excellently rendered, showed the aim of the instruction to be classical and high.

- Grand Quartet in G minor.....Mozart
Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and 'Cello.
Miss Alice L. Jones and Mendelssohn Club.
Aria—"So shall the lute and harp awake"...Handel
(From Oratorio of Judas Macabæus.)
Mrs. A. F. Hervey
Quartet, Op. 16. Piano, Violin, Viola and 'Cello.
Beethoven
Andante cantabile—Rondo.
Miss Mary C. Kellogg and Mendelssohn Club.
Duet—"Mighty Love".....Rossini
Mrs. Cora A. Sheldon and Miss Stella Guilbert.
Fourth Concerto in G minor. Op. 58.....Beethoven
(Accompanied by a solo of Piano and Orchestra.)
First movement.
Miss Lulu McWatty.
Organ Sonata in B flat major.....Mendelssohn
Master Edward Lamb.
Third Concerto in C minor. Op. 34.....Beethoven
(Accompanied by second Piano and Quintette Club.)
Miss Cora Battelle.
Recitative and Cavatina. "Ma la sola ohime! son'io".....Bellini
Mrs. Abbie B. Carrington.
Organ Solo. Prelude and Fugue in E minor...Bach
Mr. Jas. H. Howe.
Recitative and Aria. "Ratti Batti".....Mozart
Mrs. Emilie Knowlton.
Quintet—Op. 44—Piano, first and second Violins,
Viola and 'Cello.....Schumann
Miss Mattie J. Brooks and Mendelssohn Club.
Air with Variations. "Stille amate".....Proch
Miss Lizzie F. Kimball.
Pianoforte Solo. Polonaise in E flat.....Chopin
Miss Mattie Young.
Organ Solo. Religious March.....Gullmant
Miss Alma Farnice.
Vocal Waltz. "Enter anon".....Marchesi
Miss Addie G. Smith.
Grand Trio in D minor. Piano, Violin and 'Cello.
Mendelssohn
Miss Anna L. Howe and Orchestra
Organ Solo. Postludium in G.....Whiting
Mr. C. L. Brigham.
Soprano {a. "First violets of April".....Hauptmann
Trio. {b. "The Winter hath not a blossom."
C. Reinicke
Mrs. A. F. Hervey, Mrs. Lizzie R. Spaulding and Miss Angie Merritt.

After the musical exercises were concluded, Dr. Tourjee presented diplomas to the following graduates: Miss Cora Battelle, Miss Martha J. Brooks, Mrs. A. F. Hervey, Miss Anna L. Howe, Miss Alice L. Jones, Miss Mary C. Kellogg, Miss Angie Merritt, Miss Lulu McWatty, Miss Margaret B. Noyes, Miss Ida Rosenfeld, Miss Mary J. Stevenson, Mrs. Lizzie R. Spaulding, Miss Mattie Young. Twenty-three others were named as having taken a partial course. The fall term of the New England Conservatory of Music will begin September 10, 11 and 12. Several new and important departments have been added to the institution.

Nilsson, the Prima Donna.

Madame Nilsson, who has recently been making fresh triumphs in London, is the subject of some very just strictures from the critic of the *Hornet*. She is, says he, beyond question the most gifted of our leading sopranos. This position she has made good, notwithstanding the most serious technical deficiencies, by the force of her intense dramatic instinct, and the charm of a voice whose beauty asserts itself in spite of a most destructive method of production, the effects of which are but too obvious toward the conclusion of her performance in those operas which demand constant and severe exertion from the representative of the heroine. Nor are her vocal circumstances without a parallel in her employment of her rare histrionic talents. Madame Nilsson possesses genius; but it is undisciplined genius. Her greatest impersonations, abounding as they do, in passages of great power, are never quite consistently sustained throughout. Take, for instance, that in which she has won her brightest laurels—the operatic version of Goethe's *Gräfin*. In the second act we expectantly await the appearance of the innocent and timid girl returning from prayer. Instead of this we see a self-possessed woman come forth with assured step, listen composedly to the overtures of a tenor whose nervousness is not always feigned, give him what is popularly called "his answer," and pursue her homeward way with a manner sufficiently suggestive of her ability to take the best possible care of herself, to daunt even the cynical perseverance of *Mephistopheles*. In the garden scene all this vanishes. Nothing could be more truthfully conveyed has the confusion in which she endeavors to hide the jewels she has put on from the eyes of *Faust*. Then, forth, the charm of the impersonation increases. We are carried away in defiance of bad phrasing, breathing in awkward places, wilful trifling with the tempo to the destruction of all rhythm, and any other liberty which the impulsive audacity of the singer may suggest. Her acting at the death of *Valentine*, once witnessed, cannot easily be forgotten; and in the church scene she attains the highest tragic expression of which the part admits. The curtain falls and rises again on the prison scene, when we are astonished to find the capricious charm again absent, and, as in the second act, the ideal *Gräfin* replaced by the real Madame Nilsson. Similar dramatic suspensions are noticeable in all her greatest parts. As *Eva*, in "Lohengrin," after sustaining the character admirably through three acts, she unaccountably loses ground in the fourth, and conveys an impression rather of obstinate sulkiness than distracting grief. As *Valentine*, in "Les Huguenots," she absolutely excites antagonism by her bearing at first, and inspires little interest subsequently until the great duet of the fourth act, in which she rises to the occasion and fairly electrifies her audience. For the full evocation of her great powers, some task which exercises them to the utmost seems requisite. In those scenes, in attacking which the greatest artists must feel at a disadvantage, she achieves a brilliant victory. On lighter occasions she is merely *la prima donna assoluta*—a little spoiled, perhaps, by success. In such a temper she disdains conventionality, and occasionally evinces a patronizing appreciation of the performances of her colleagues that must be humiliating rather than flattering to them. However, if Madame Nilsson be fairly judged, it will be found that her faults are such as a little study and self-discipline may easily overcome, while her merits are of that rare type of which it is commonly said that they are born, and not acquired, and which constitutes the arbitrary attribute which we call genius.

The Musical Season at Steinway Hall.

(Concluded from Page 54.)

Of chamber music, there were given Beethoven's Serenade (Trio), Quintet in E flat, Septet and Op. 69, Sonata for violoncello and piano; Brahms's Sextet, Op. 18; Fesca, Septet in C minor; Mendelssohn, Op. 17; Mozart, Octet for wind instruments, and Quartet in G minor; Onslow, Quintet for Wind, Op. 81, and Octet; Raff's Quintet; Rheinberger, Quartet, Op. 88; Rubinstein, Trio, No. 8; Saint-Saëns, Quartet, Op. 41; Scholte, Quintet, Op. 1; Schubert, Quatuor, D minor, Nocturne, (Trio); Schumann, Fantaisie-Stück for violin, violoncello and piano, and Op. 44, Quintet; Spohr, Nonet for Strings and Wind.

For violin and piano we heard Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 23 and Op. 30, Dülcken's Legende and Rubinstein's A minor Sonata.

For two and three pianos there were played:—Bach's triple concertos; Beethoven, Finale to 5th

Symphony; Goria, "Marche Triomphale;" Mozart's Concerto; Pease, Fantaisie on "Lohengrin;" Saint-Saëns, Variations on a theme from Beethoven's Sonata, Op. 81, No. 3; Schumann's "Andante et Variations."

In piano solos the following composers were represented: Jos. Ascher, J. S. Bach, Beethoven, Bendel, Sterndale Bennett, Bever, Bergmann, Boccherini, Boscovitz, Brahms, Brandels, Dr. John Bull, Von Bülow, Henry Carter, Chopin, Daum, Dülcken, John Field, Glinka, Gluck, Gottschalk, Grieg, Haessler, Handel, Stephen Heller, Adolf Henselt, Herz, Ferd. Hiller, R. Hoffman, Hummel, Ketterer, Kulak, Wilhelm Kuhe, Leschetzky, Liszt, Lysberg, Wm. Mason, Maylath, Mendelssohn, S. B. Mills, Moniuszko, Moscheles, Mozart, Parsons, Paine, Pease, Perabo, Prudent, J. Raff, Rameau, Roadin-Liszt, Rubinstein, C. Saint-Saëns, Scarlatti, Schubert, Schumann, Wm. H. Sherwood, Silas, Strauss, Taubert, Thalberg, Tschalkowsky, Tschernachoff, Volkman, Wallace, Wagner-Liszt, and Weber.

The following are the Oratorios and Choruses: Bach's Cantata, "Agnus Tragicus;" Brahms's "Ein Deutsches Requiem;" Buck, "Meditation of Columbia;" Gluck, Chorus from "Orpheus;" Handel's "Messiah;" Haydn's "Creation;" Kretschmer's "Geistesnacht;" Méhul, Prayer from "Joseph in Egypt;" Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" Paine, "Centennial Hymn;" Schubert, "Geisterchor;" Wagner, "Pilgerchor;" Septet from "Tannhäuser."

The arias with orchestral accompaniment were: Beethoven, "In questa Tomba," "Ah perfido," "Die Trommel gerührt;" and "Freudvoll und Leidvoll," from "Kurmant;" Donizetti, "O mio Fernando;" Handel, "O, rud' her than the cherry," and "Shall I in M' m's plain;" Haydn, "Rolling in flaming billows;" Liszt, Aria from "St. Elizabeth;" Mendelssohn, "I'm a roamer," "Infelice;" Mozart, "Non più andrai," "In diesen heiligen Hallen," "Per questa bella mano," "Per pietà non ricreare," "Mia speranza adorata," "Ma che vi fece ostello;" Thomas, "Non conosci;" Wagner, Prayer from "Rienzi," Schmalzliel and Schmiedelied from "Siegfried," Evening Star, "Tannhäuser," Scenes from 1st and 3d act of "Die Walküre," "Gerechter Gott," "Rienzi;" Weber, "O Fatima."

Arias and ballads, with piano accompaniment, too numerous to mention, were by the following composers: Alst, Arditi, Beethoven, Bellini, Benedict, Blumenthal, Brahms, Braga, Brandels, Buck, Cammerlander, Campana, Chopin, Clay, Concone, Cowen, Donizetti, Dülcken, Fabiani, Faure, Fesca, Robert Franz, Flotow, Ganz, Glover, Gomez, Gounod, Gordigliani, Graham, Guglielmi, Hatton, Hiller, Höhl, Hullah, Jahnke, Kreutzer, Kücken, Kjerrulf, Lachner, Lassen, Leyer, Lortzing, Lucantonio, Marschner, Mattel, Millari, Mercadante, Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Mulder, Pacini, Pease, Pinault, Proch, Rabanti, Reisinger, Rizzo, Rosini, Rubinstein, Scuderi, Südermann, Schubert, Schumann, Spohnholz, Sullivan, Tagliapietra, Taubert, Thomas, Venzano, Verdi, and Wallace.

The conductors and leaders of the orchestra were represented by Theodore Thomas, Dudley Buck, Leopold Damrosch, W. G. Dietrich, Geo. Matzka, Adolf Neuendorff, Agricol Paur, and Reinhard Schmela.

The principal pianists were Meses. H. Astle, Martha Blanche, Annette Esipoff, T. Carreno-Sauret, and Madeline Schiller; Meses. R. Bockelmann, F. Boscovitz, T. J. H. Daum, Ferd. Dülcken, Frank Gilder, Emile Guyon, S. L. Herrmann, B. Laurent, Emil Liebling, P. Loredan, Wm. Mason, S. B. Mills, J. N. Patison, Alfred H. Pease, Benno Scherek, and Henry C. Timm.

Of solo violinists there were Meses. R. Arnold, H. Brandt, Leopold Damrosch, C. Hamm, S. E. Jacobsohn, C. Matzka, Ole Bull, and Alfred Vivien; violoncellists, Chas. Werner and Fred. Bergner.

Singers were innumerable; among them may be mentioned Meses. H. Beebe, Imogen Brown, Paulina Canissee, Henrietta Corradi, Anna Drazdil, Gumen, Gordon Steele, A. Grimmering, P. D. Gulerger, M. Hall, Antoine Henne, Fannie Kellogg, Johanna Lehmann, Lillian Norton, Louise Oliver, Agnese Palma, Eugenie Pappenheim, S. C. Reber, Erminia Rudersdorff, Marie Salvotti, Clara Stutzman, Emma C. Thursby, and Swedish Ladies' Quartette; Meses. C. Alves, Alex. Bischoff, Henry Brandels, Wm. Castle, C. Fritsch, Jules Lombard, H. A. Mass, Franz Remmert, Geo. Simpson, Adolph Sohst, Fred. Steins, A. E. Stoddard, G. Tagliapietra, August Thiessen, George Werneuth, John F. Winch, Myron W. Whitney, and the German Liedkranz. H. D.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Heart Longings. Bb. 3. E to F. Danks. 30

"I long to see my mother's hand,
The sacred volume raise."

Beautiful throughout, with rich music.

O thou Sublime sweet Evening Star. (O du mein holder Abendstern.) Recitative and Romance from Tannhäuser. B. 5 or 6. D sub bass st off to E treble staff.

Liszt. 50

"Wie Todesahnung, Dämmerung deckt du Lände."

A most peculiar piece, which may be vocal or instrumental as you please. If vocal, the compass requires perhaps two voices to master the various parts of it; but it will do very well as an instrumental transcription, and doubtless expresses Wagner's idea as well as a piano piece can.

Two Vocal Pieces, by L. F. Grœbel, each, 35

No. 1. Charity. Solo and Qt. D.

3. d to E.

"More sweet than odors, which at morn

Are wafted to the sky."

No. 2. Come, wandering Sheep. (Pas-

tor animarum.) Solo and Qt. Bb.

3. d to F.

"I saw thee stray forlorn,

And heard thee faintly cry."

These are two good quartets, with words a little out of the common routine, and therefore welcome.

Look Upward. Eb. 3. d to g. Richter. 30

"Look upwards, O comrades,

What's life's evening."

Excellent advice, mingled with fine music.

Alone, all Alone. Song and Chorus. Ab.

3. E to F.

Hays. 35

"And tears fill my eyes as I look for the ship

That is bringing my darling to me."

A melodious new song by a very popular composer.

Indignant Polly Wog. A. 2. E to E. Sturmeck. 30

"Oh, Mary, Mary Wog,

Oh Ma, Oh, ry, Oh Wog."

A very pretty and laughable ditty.

Take this Letter to my Mother. Lithograph

title. F. 3. c to F.

Hays. 40

"Tell her that her prayers are answered,

God protects her darling boy."

Charming "sailor boy" ballad, with a fine title.

Mother, come back from Heaven. Song

and Chorus. Bb. 3. E to F.

Stewart. 30

"Come, with thy smile of gladness."

The sentiment and music are alike pleasing.

Jamie. C. 3. c to E. Molloy. 40

"Jamie! Jamie! Jamie!

Hear me calling in the gloaming."

A very neat ballad, in which the taking point

is the calling of "Jamie!" who is out on the hill.

Instrumental.

Serenade. 4 hands. Eb. 4. Krause. 1.00

Very striking and brilliant quiet.

Spring Greeting. Galop de Bravoure.

Db. 5.

Grass. 40

A bravoure, stormy and noisy, pretty full of

octave runs.

Crossing the Danube. Grand Triumphant

March. Ab. 4.

Brignoli. 75

Played "with immense applause" by Gilmore's

Band.

Brilliant Star Waltz. F. 3. Gile. 20

Pretty, new waltz.

Chant de l'Aube Waltzes. 3. Lamothe. 75

"L'Aube" means the break of day, and this

set will add new vigor to the steps of dancers

who are resolved that they "won't go home till

morning."

Unique Grand Galop. Elegant illustrated

title. C. 3.

Cadmus. 60

A strange, beautiful face on the title, and

brilliant music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 947.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 4, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 9.

Richard Wagner's Stage-Festival-Play.*

(Concluded from Page 59.)

The place which Wagner assigns to the Orchestra is utterly unworthy. The members of the orchestra become the pariahs of the Opera. Far superior in many ways, in knowledge, ability, industry, modesty and musical spirit to the not always musical artists, puffed up by their high salaries, who act upon the stage, and who are accustomed to being overwhelmed with applause, for most moderate achievements, by a crowd incapable of judging, here they are treated as mere machines. But now to consign the orchestra, however contemptuously the singers may look down on them from their Olympian height, to the glowing temperature of a cellar in July and August, is to forget that the best and most estimable interpreters of musical art sit in our orchestras. * * *

If we follow Wagner's peculiar course of development, we find that always the next work is a negation of the preceding. Has the post-composer reached the end of his endeavors in the Nibelungen Trilogy? Who can know that? When the ripe Beethoven looked back upon the works of his youth, which still bloom to-day, did he deny them as misgrown, stunted children? Certainly not. The master who in his youth composed the three Piano Trios, Op. 1, is for us just as much a composer by the grace of God, as the old man, deeply bowed down and confused by sickness and by bitter life experiences, who wrote the Quartet-Fugue, Op. 133, and the Quintet-Fugue, Op. 137. He is loveable, deeply sympathetic, genial and imperishable in his earlier, as he is bold, worthy of admiration and of reverence even in the aberrations of his latest period.

Every great artist has certain sins and weaknesses to regret in his youthful works; but such an eager haste for ever new forms and effects, such an unquiet nervous striving continually to startle the world anew, to convince it of one's own greatness and importance and obtrude himself upon it as a redeeming Saviour, as we find in Wagner, the history of Art has never known before. We admire his extraordinary qualities, his many-sided talent, his energetic strength, his superhuman perseverance, yet he cannot convert us to the belief that he is the expected Messiah of Art. But the ball of his fame is at last rolling, and it is in no man's power to stop it. If one should speak with angels' tongues against the weaknesses, and the pernicious tendency of the new direction, it would be in vain. What good has it ever done to raise an instructing, warning or satirical voice against the excrescences of fashion? There is but one consolation to offset such experiences: after every intoxication follows an awakening. It seems to us as if Mozart and Beethoven and their great forerunners

and successors, in presence of these artistic aberrations, rose up before us mightier and more majestic every day, and spoke even a more impressive language than they ever did.

Will the Nibelungen Trilogy have a future, *i. e.*, will it come into closer contact with the theatres so hateful to the composer? Will the future really do homage to the new Art doctrine? We might answer, No: but unaccountable and indefinable as the changes of fashion are the tastes and inclinations of the public. Minds continually thirsting for novelty may find a satisfaction in a speedy repetition of the Trilogy; and this may beget in turn all the livelier craving for the wholesome food of an earlier period. Nothing is more transitory than a musical creation. No work of any other Art fades, evaporates, dies away more rapidly. How little of what is best and noblest in what we now have has any prospect of eternal or of long duration? And what avails the applause of the moment? Many of the most excellent works have found an enthusiastic reception, admiring praise and eloquent homage, and the next decade has entirely forgotten them. Every artist strives for posthumous fame, sacrificing his best power to an empty fleeting phantom. Wagner's Trilogy might have some chance of longer life and general diffusion, if some good, enthusiastic friend of the composer could be found, an expert in the business, who by skilful cuttings should reduce the work for four evenings to a work for one evening and of moderate length. Were all the beauties of the colossal drama condensed into a single night; were all that is unnecessary, all that is lengthy and tiresome set aside, then one might listen to the *Ring des Nibelungen* with true pleasure.

Wagner's endeavor to bring out his work in all possible perfection was exceedingly to his credit. But here too, although extraordinary means were placed at his command, the insufficiency and limitation of human efforts was most strikingly apparent. To build a house on purpose for the festival play, was an act of mad extravagance and measureless presumption; to place it away off in little Bayreuth was, mildly speaking, an inconsiderate way of doing business. * * *

For Wagner himself the month of August of the year 1876 was a month of honor in the fullest meaning of the word; then he attained what no master of the Art ever attained before. If among the audience at the Festival Play there were some dissenters and opponents, and if the general success of the work as a whole remained a very doubtful one, yet princely favor and the homage of the fair, generous friends and enthusiastic followers heaped upon him substantial proofs of devotion and esteem in almost overwhelming measure. On the other hand no one ever understood, as he does, how to stir up a fermentation, how to importune and set up great claims. May he enjoy what

satisfaction he has had! He has not been spared also days of bitter trial and discouragement: he has been through the hardest struggles. The applause, perhaps intended less for the poem and the music than for Wagner personally, and for the fatalistic conviction so strongly stamped in him of his prophetic calling, was every evening tumultuous. On the conclusion of the last series it roared through the house for full ten minutes. In that moment the poet-composer stood at the zenith of his glory; he had reached what a mortal in his boldest dreams can only hope and long for; he too could tell of a *parterre* of princes; representatives of all cultivated nations brought him admiring homage. * * *

It is generally known what a bad impression Wagner's short speech at the end of the first series made. Although he had given out through placards, that neither he nor the performers would respond to a recall ("since they must not step out from the frame of the Art work in course of representation,") yet he did at last allow himself to be cheered and called before the curtain. Without any inward excitement, without a trace of joy and satisfaction, in that moment when the profoundest emotion, overflowing thankfulness would naturally have inspired him, he spoke only the cold words: "You have now seen what we can do; will you now!—And if you will, we will have an Art." He said it, bowed and disappeared. As if drenched by a shower bath, the astonished assembly went away. Even the most devoted friends of the great, but so imprudent man, who had given vent to his overfull artistic heart in this unexpected way, showed themselves confounded and put out of humor; the adversaries triumphed. Jests and bitter observations were upon all lips. In vain did the unfortunate orator, at the festival banquet of the next day, seek to weaken and wipe out the unfavorable impression of his words. And so the most magnificent and most pretentious artistic enterprise of modern times closed, very fitly, with a word of unexampled pretension. None the wiser for this experience, Wagner allowed himself again, at the close of the last series, to be drawn into a public expression of his views.

After the audience of the *Götterdämmerung*, on the evening of Aug. 30, had behaved like a pack of crazy people, and by screams, calls, clapping of hands, pounding, stamping and all sorts of boisterous noises had gone regularly mad, but had finally moved the most named man of his time to step forward, a preliminary gentle cooling off in any way was very salutary; for on the outside a cold, cutting wind blew about the temple, and the way to the town was muddy, wet and long. The abrupt transition out of the boiling heat of enthusiasm into the prosaic evening shower of the outer world must to many an one have been quite suggestive of reflexion. Wagner came forward

*Translated for this Journal from the concluding chapter of a little book by H. M. SCHLEIFER, Director of the Conservatory at Augsburg, a cultivated musician and an admirable critic.

to hold once more one of those discourses, which afford so deep an insight into the most secret thought and feeling of the so talented, yet so bewildered man. First he alluded cursorily, with formal thanks, to his royal benefactor; then he turned at once to the self-sacrificing troop of artists suddenly made visible behind a parting curtain, who had rendered the success of his work possible, and he took just this occasion (!) to express his bitter animosity against all those who had stood against his enterprise, whether as doubters, as opponents, or as neutrals. His words were ice to the crowd dripping with the sweat of enthusiasm. * * * This time also he received every mark of homage coldly, inwardly unmoved and with a certain misanthropical contempt, as a tribute due to him; and even now, when he had finally reached the long sought goal, we saw him filled only with anger and disdain towards all who were not blind worshippers, and with an intolerance, worthy of the Vatican, for every free expression of opinion, to which in fact an angry stamping of the right foot lent a heightened emphasis.

We willingly recognize that Wagner is the most important, the most richly gifted and the most conspicuous among the opera composers of recent times; but even he will not escape the experience, that nothing passes away more swiftly than the intoxication of enthusiasm, and that applause leaves no visible traces behind it.

Through four evenings we sat before a remarkable work, which it was certainly very interesting to hear for once, but which could in no way satisfy a cultivated sense and taste for Art; which seemed unworthy of the prodigious stir that was made about it, and did not answer to the expectations that had been cherished concerning it.

Beautiful form is one with beautiful soul in Art. Form and substance must appear identical in an Art work; the imperishable principle in it must come before us in a perfect outward shape, involuntarily holding all our senses in sweet bonds. But the work, which Wagner brings us as the Art-work of the Future, in spite of certain single traits of grandeur and significance, is a thing which undervalues all law and tradition, a thing formless, absurd, wrought by pattern. In its dreary song-speech, so opposed to singing, it is an unbeautiful mongrel between Opera and drama, which can have only a negative meaning for the present and for the history of Art. Let us guard, then, the precious Art possession of our German people, won amid hot toil and conflict; let us spread protecting hands over the noblest legacy that has come down from our fathers. Should these modern musical theories and strivings, to which they built a temple and offered up hecatombs in Bayreuth, seize hold of the nation, then indeed a *Götterdämmerung* (Twilight of the Gods) for our beloved Art of Tones would be inevitable. Let us leave it in serene trust to the future to pass judgment on the new Art style preached by Wagner and upon his Music-Drama. Its judgment on this "most magnificent hallucination of a musical subjectivity arrived at its last height," * cannot be doubtful.

* F. Naumann: *Musik-drama oder Oper*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Dr. Tayler Louis on Music.

The following appreciation of our divine art by so profound a scholar and original thinker as Professor Lewis, is commended to the readers of your Journal. It is from the interesting and impressive memorial address of President Potter, of Union College, delivered last week before the University Convocation of New York State.

Dr. Lewis himself composed a few pieces of music and he attached great importance to it as a branch of early education. He conceived that, more than all other things, Music bears along with it, into the inmost recesses of the soul, the love and perception of beauty, order and rhythm, in whatever forms presented. He wrote:—"It is not only the most perfect of the arts, but also the most spiritual of the sciences. Belonging to the three grand divisions of knowledge, it pervades alike the physical, the metaphysical and mathematical. Nothing pertaining to sensitive nature is more in alliance with the believing spirit. It cherishes a feeling near akin to that state of the rational soul, that longs for rhythm and harmony in all things, which is dissatisfied with the disconnected shreds of natural knowledge; regarding them as the mere ends or outskirts of God's ways and rejoicing in that higher truth which alone imparts reality to science and philosophy; even as the key-note and fundamental chord can alone give meaning and unity to all the other progressions of the scale. May it not be on this account that music is employed in the scriptures as the symbol of the joys of the blessed—that concord of holy souls uniting forever in all the rich fulness of moral, intellectual and even physical harmony? The neglect of music, as an art and as a science, may be regarded as the most serious defect in our system of early education. We do verily believe that if the time occupied with puerile Peter Parley treatises on natural theology was devoted to Haydn and Mozart, it would furnish to our children a far more effectual security against infidelity. The one course is ever occupied in removing objections which itself creates; whilst on the other hand, whatever aids in the cultivation of a believing heart, precludes those objections from ever obtaining an effectual lodgment in the soul."

L.

English Opera.

BY CHARLES K. SALAMAN.

(From the London Musical Times.)

(Concluded from Page 65.)

Michael William Balfe was, of modern times, the most prolific contributor to the operatic stage of England. He possessed the rare gift of melody, composed with facility and rapidity, and his technical resources were ample. It concerned him little whether or not his compositions were original, and whether they were perfectly in accord with the text he was engaged in setting to music. Balfe's chief aim, as it would appear by his works, was to catch the ear of the public, and to become a popular composer. His music, however hurriedly or carelessly written, ever manifests the work of an accomplished master. An able musical critic, concluding a flattering estimate of Balfe's many excellent artistic qualifications, says, "Against these great advantages is balanced the want of conscientiousness which makes him contented with the first idea which presents itself, regardless of dramatic truth, and considerate of momentary effect rather than artistic excellence; and this it is that, with all his well-merited success with the million, will for ever prevent his works from ranking among the classics of the art. On the other hand, it must be owned that the volatility and spontaneous character of his music would evaporate through elaboration, either ideal or technical; and that the element which makes it evanescent is that which also makes it universally popular."

"I must agree with you," says Melmoth, in one of

his famous FitzOsborne letters (1740), "that works of the most permanent kind are not the effect of a lucky moment, nor struck out at a single heat. The best performances, indeed, have generally cost the most labor; and that ease which is so essential to fine writing has seldom been attained without repeated and severe criticism." "Questo facile," said Paisiello, "quanto difficile!"

Balfe's rapidity in the preparation of some of his English Operas, composed to order and to time, was really astonishing; for the mere mechanical labor of writing the score of a modern grand Opera, setting aside the consideration of its composition, is a task of magnitude such as can be appreciated only by a musician well experienced in the craft. Young Balfe left Dublin, his native city, for London, a lad of sixteen years of age, already a musician of much promise. With the kindness for which he was well known, Tom Cooke, the director of the music at Drury Lane Theatre, admitted his youthful countryman into his excellent orchestra as a violinist; and occasionally afforded him the opportunity to acquire experience as a "Leader," when his own services were required upon the stage as lyric actor. Balfe was certainly born under a lucky star. In 1825 he had the good-fortune to attract the notice of an Italian nobleman, an amateur composer, by his musical talents and agreeable manners. He was invited to accompany him to Italy, free of expense, and to become his guest at Rome, in which city he determined to go through a severe course of counterpoint under Federici. Subsequently at Milan he continued his studies in composition, singing, and lyric acting; at the same time that he was laying up a valuable store of practical dramatic experience, and gaining facility and fluency in operatic writing both for voices and instruments.

Native Opera in England was still in the ascendant in 1832, when Balfe returned to this country fully fledged, and with expanded wings ready for immediate flight into the operatic regions. He composed for Arnold his first English Opera, "The Siege of Rochelle." It was rehearsed, but before it could be performed, the enterprise came to an untimely end, and the English Opera House was closed. Bunn, of Drury Lane Theatre, was at that moment in search of an English Opera to fill an unexpected vacancy. Balfe's Opera, in complete readiness for representation, was offered and accepted. In the autumn of 1835 it was brought out, and its success was so marked that it kept the stage uninterrupted for three months, and the fame of its composer was at once assured. Balfe had hit the public taste, and was immediately recognized as the most popular composer of the day. The songs and choruses of the Opera were sung, hummed, and whistled by all classes of society. The airs were arranged as waltzes, marches, and quadrilles, to the satisfaction no doubt of music publishers; and the same were deranged into every conceivable form, easy and difficult, for the edification of pupils and the torture of their respective teachers. To peruse this Opera now after an interval of more than forty years is an interesting study. It is not surprising that it should have received almost universal acceptance. It is replete with catching melodies and excellent pleasing music. It includes some well-written and effective choruses and concerted vocal music dramatically developed. It is noticeable, however, that much of the music appears to have been originally composed to Italian words, and subsequently adapted to the English text with scant regard to the correct accentuation of the English language. The composer's predilection for the Italian school of music, in which he had been mainly educated, is conspicuous in this Opera, as it is more or less in its successors; at the same time a certain individuality of manner, which may be characterized as *Balfean*, is recognizable in some of the songs and duets, in which English accent is too often made subservient to the exigencies of the music, which, in many instances, appears to have been composed before the words. Balfe was a genial Irishman, and his geniality is reflected in his compositions, in which a national raciness of style, pleasing but ephemeral, is easily discoverable.

The gifted Malibran, for whom Balfe composed the "Maid of Artois" in 1836—the year of her untimely and lamented death—was so much identified with that effective Opera that it has been rarely heard since her death. Her charming singing, acting, and fascinating manner yet live in the memory of those who witnessed her performance of it. Balfe's "Catherine Gray" was produced in the autumn of 1836; "Joan of Arc" appeared in 1837; "Diadeste" in 1839; "The Bohemian Girl," the most continuously favorite and widest known of

Balfe's Operas, was played for the first time in 1840. This Opera has been translated into the languages of many foreign countries, where it has been successfully represented. Balfe's other performed Operas are "The Castle of Aymon," originally produced as a French Opera, "The Daughter of St. Mark" (1845), "The Enchantress," "The Bondman" (1846), "The Maid of Honor" (1849), "The Sicilian Bride," "Keonlanthe," "The Armorer of Nanteo," "Blanche de Nevers," "The Rose of Castile," "The Puritan's Daughter," and "Satanella."

That any of these Operas will be enduring can scarcely be expected. Although of merit, and displaying considerable ability in their composition, they are yet deficient in those higher qualities of musical genius without which no work can be lasting.

William Michael Rooke, originally O'Rourke, a native of Dublin, made an excellent impression on producing his first Opera, "Amelie; or, the Love Test," at Covent Garden Theatre, on the 2nd of December, 1837. The name of the composer was then unknown out of Dublin. His Opera was brought out under favorable auspices, but it was not ushered into public notice by any of the usual preliminary anticipatory announcements. It was well performed by Miss Sheriff, Miss P. Horton (now Mrs. German Reed), John Wilson and Manvers, tenors, and Henry Phillips and Stratton, basses, was warmly welcomed, and favorably commented upon by the musical critics of the day. George Hogarth wrote that of Rooke's music "it would be difficult to speak too highly." He found "genius, learning, taste, and a rich vein of melody, flowing, graceful, and expressive," prevail throughout the work. He pronounced the concerted pieces "ingenious, highly wrought, and full of dramatic effect, while his choral harmonies were rich and resonant, and his orchestral writing was skilful and beautiful." The Opera was for a time attractive, and then, as usual, it gave place to more modern attractions.

"Henrique," another Opera by Rooke, introduced the late William Harrison to the lyric stage in May 1836. This work was withdrawn in consequence of a disagreement between its composer and Macready, the manager of the theatre. William Michael Rooke claimed the honor of being Michael William Balfe's first instructor on the violin, when the latter was an infant of the age of six. Rooke, who had become an esteemed resident professor in London, died in the fifty-third year of his age, on the 20th of October, 1853.

"Maritana" was the Opera which introduced Vincent Wallace, another Irish musician, to the British public as a dramatic composer. He had been an extensive traveller, and had sojourned and exercised the musical profession in almost every part of the world. He appeared in London without any note of preparation, about the year 1845, as a pianist and pianoforte composer. He was soon occupied in composing his first Opera for Bunn's theatre. It proved a great success, and its popularity has lasted to the present time. It was acknowledged that the composer of "Maritana" was no ordinary musician, that he had studied profoundly, and had turned his studies and varied operatic experience to good account. His Opera gave evidence of independent musical thought and self-reliance. "To those who would wish to know in what category to place Wallace," writes Monsieur Sylvain St. Etienne, "we should say that he is like Rossini in the rapid flow of his melody and the sweet brilliant turn of his phrases, while by skilful management of tone he recalls Weber." This testimony to the merits of a British composer from a foreign source is flattering, although the comparisons may not be strictly accurate. As in Balfe's dramatic compositions his Italian predilections are visible, so in Wallace's his German proclivities are noticeable. Wallace's most perfect Opera is "Lurline," produced in 1840 by Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, twelve years after its completion. No favorable opportunity before that time had presented itself for its performance. Its attraction was almost unparalleled in modern times. It was soon produced in Germany, and with success. It is unnecessary to descant upon the merits of this very charming and well-known Opera. The Overture is composed after the Weber model, without bearing any direct resemblance to the Overtures of that composer. It is a masterly composition, richly scored, and it proclaims in every bar the hand of a skilful musician. Wallace's other Operas are "Matilda of Hungary," "The Amber-witch," "Love's Triumph," and "The Desert Flower." These several Operas are of unequal

merit, and their success has been proportionably unequal.

Having spent the greater part of a long life in England, Julius Benedict is almost entitled to be included amongst our most eminent native dramatic composers. His German feelings and education, polished by a long sojourn in Italy, have enabled him to combine the best musical characteristics of both nations, while his English sympathies and associations, formed by a residence of more than forty years in this country, have enabled him to give somewhat of a national turn to the melodies he has set to English text. Benedict's English Operas are "The Gipsy's Warning" (1838), "The Brides of Venice" (1844), "The Crusaders" (1846), and "The Lily of Killarney." There is no more speciality of style observable in Benedict's English Operas than in those of the majority of his British-born contemporaries. By his successful imitation of Irish national music Benedict has imparted to "The Lily of Killarney" a partial local coloring, very charming and attractive.

There have been other British composers than those already mentioned, who have, during the past half century, contributed to the English stage one or more Operas of varied degrees of merit. It will be sufficient to refer to them briefly: J. A. Wade ("The Two Houses of Grenada;") John Thompson, of Edinburgh ("Hermann; or, the Broken Spear;") John Hatton ("Love's Ransom;") Henry Smart; John Hullah ("The Village Coquettes;") "The Barber of Bussorah;") Howard Glover ("Ruy Blas;") Henry Leslie ("Bold Dick Turpin;") "Ida.")

The management of English Opera has been in many hands. It has had its triumphs and vicissitudes. Among those who have at various times taken upon themselves the perilous task of introducing, upholding, and establishing National Opera may be mentioned Arnold, Bunn, Maddox, Braham, Macready, Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. W. Harrison, E. T. Smith, the National Opera Company, and Mr. Carl Rosa. The opportunities to hear pure English Operas, as distinct from Operas in English, are now more rare than ever. Mr. Carl Rosa, who, in association with his late gifted wife Madame Parepa-Rosa, carried on for some years English Opera and Opera in English in every part of America with success and profit, determined to venture upon a similar undertaking in this country. He has hitherto met with the success which talent, enterprise, boldness, industry, and perseverance rarely fail to command. It cannot but be a source of regret, however, to those who would see English Opera flourish pure and simple, that Mr. Carl Rosa, with the valuable prestige he has deservedly acquired, should not have identified his spirited management with the production of more English Operas and less foreign translated Operas. There is no dearth of fine native Operas in England. Why have we not lately heard John Barnett's "Mountain Sylph," and "Fair Rosamund," Macfarren's "Charles II.," and "Robin Hood," "Holvell," and "The Sleeper Awakened," Wallace's "Lurline," and "The Amber-witch," Loder's "Night-dancers?" The public are indebted to Mr. Carl Rosa for one new English Opera.

It falls to the lot of few young English composers to have so favorable an opportunity for exhibiting their dramatic powers in the composition of an Opera as was afforded to Mr. Frederick Cowen through the confidence and friendship of Mr. Carl Rosa. It must be confessed with satisfaction that by his performance he has justified his right to have been intrusted with a commission so important to himself and to the musical art in this country. Now more than ever the eyes of Europe are directed to the productions of English musicians, upon whom therefore rests a heavy responsibility to uphold in their works the honor of British musical art. That Mr. Cowen should satisfy the almost extravagant expectations which may have been formed was hardly within the range of probability. That he should produce an Opera distinguished for originality of design and treatment could scarcely have been anticipated. That he has composed an Opera of high merit, giving at the same time promise of greater excellence, cannot with justice be doubted. In "Pauline" there is much good music, conceived and developed in a musician-like manner. In the third act of the Opera are situations of intense dramatic interest, and the composer has not been slow to avail himself of them. As a whole, Cowen's Opera must be considered a successful first effort, although it may not fulfil all the hopes for conditions of novelty and speciality of style and manner. A young aspirant for operatic honors cannot, in England,

work wholly independently. He has, besides the consideration of his own reputation, to study the exactions of singers, managers, and publishers. These are among the many prominent obstacles to the attainment of the highest dramatic excellence with which, in this country, native composers have to contend. The operatic "stars" claim to have music written for them which may display to the greatest advantage their peculiarities of voice and style, and thus insure a succession of "recalls." Whether required for the dramatic action of the Opera or not, songs of sentiment, likely to be redemanded, must be introduced to satisfy both singers and publishers, who, regarding music less from an æsthetic than a commercial point of view, require the composition of singable and saleable songs and ballads. The great Opera-composers of the Continent were happily not thus fettered. Mozart's father, in the plenitude of worldly wisdom, wrote to his son: "Consider that for every twelve real connoisseurs there are a hundred wholly ignorant; therefore do not overlook the popular in your style of composition, and forget to tickle the long ears." The true artist replied: "Fear not, father, respecting the pleasure of the crowd. There will be music for all sorts of people, but none for long ears."

National Opera in this country has not, at any period, had the inestimable advantage of being an institution, as in Italy, Germany, and France. When Italy was only a "geographical expression," she maintained operatic establishments in every chief city. Opera-music was encouraged, and it flourished. The then despotic Sovereign States of Italy and Germany forbade the discussion of politics, and did all in their power to withdraw the attention of the people from such topics, and to direct their thoughts to the consideration of music. The production of a new Opera was looked forward to as an important national event. A *fiasco* was a common occurrence, and unsuccessful Operas were hissed and hooted most unmercifully by the connoisseurs. Composers, undaunted by failure and undismayed by publicly expressed disapprobation, came forward again and again, and in the end triumphed. In former days German sovereigns, petty and great, supported their several operatic establishments, and even took a personal part in their management and direction. With such encouragement, and such inducements to compose, Operas in Italian and German were always forthcoming—some fated to live, others doomed to die. Composers worked for a small remuneration, their genius unshackled by considerations of managers, publishers, and singers. Thus Schools of Opera were established, and every opportunity was afforded to the independent cultivation of the lyric drama. From what England possesses without such powerful aids, it may be assumed with confidence that with encouragement and support similar to that which has been enjoyed through a long series of years by foreign composers, English musicians would have proved themselves as operatic composers not less worthy than their Continental brethren.

It has been said that "English Opera has no history, no unbroken line of traditions; it has no regular sequence of operatic works by native composers." This is scarcely to be taken as an impartial view of the subject, and the statement may be to some extent controverted. Though interrupted, English Opera can boast of traditions; though irregular, English Opera claims the possession of a sequence of works. Max Müller, referring to the growth and progress of language, says: "We can connect two periods, separated by thousands of years, through the works of those who handed on the traditions of art from century to century; but we shall never meet here with the same continuous and unconscious growth which connects the language of Plautus with that of Dante." Applying this idea to music, we may connect the first English Opera with the last, although without a tie so continuously unbroken as that which unites Jacopo Peri with Verdi.

England may not yet possess a dramatic composer of extraordinary ability, but it may be asserted that she is as well off at the present moment in this respect as other countries. Talented, conscientious, zealous, ambitious native composers are to be found in Great Britain, who, with the necessary support and encouragement, are capable of upholding the honor of English Opera. It was well observed a few years since: "Here, as abroad, we shall find hosts of talented men whose bright and sparkling fancies may be the delight of thousands; here, as everywhere, we shall find that the men of genius whose imagination bodies forth the form of things

unknown' come but once in a generation—perhaps but once in a century—to be the wonder and the worship of centuries to come."

It is much to be deplored that our great native poets have not occupied themselves in writing dramas for alliance with music—in fact, "Operas"—as Dryden, Sheridan, and Addison did in former years. Much excellent music might thus have been rescued from association with a superfluity of dog-grel and rhyming nonsense. English Opera unfortunately abounds in inferior verse, written without regard to the capacity of the English language and its adaptability to music and the voice. This has helped to foster the regretful prejudice which yet obtains against the lyric poetry of England, and to give continuous countenance to a fallacy which may never be wholly eradicated.

Although not so essentially a part of English as of Italian Opera, musical recitation, or speaking music, is nevertheless now required in its composition. To this our language easily adapts itself. But English *Recitative* should be as different from Italian, French, and German as the language. Charming as it is when heightening the melody of its own sweet tongue, Italian *Recitative* set to English dialogue or monologue forms an unnatural alliance, as we see when, in translated Operas, they are forced into an unsympathetic combination.

England possesses a rich treasury of English Opera by dead and living native composers worthy of revival. It would probably surprise not only foreigners, but Englishmen who have been content to live under the erroneous impression that there is no such thing as "English Opera," to see a catalogue of her repertory. Foreigners may well be forgiven for their ignorance of our operatic treasures when Englishmen themselves are unacquainted with them. How much longer shall we submit to be taunted with our musical poverty? Have our great native composers lived and worked in vain? Feel we no national pride in our composers as in our poets, painters, and sculptors? Is prejudice always to prevail? Are we ever to be led by Fashion in matters of art?

In this brief sketch of English Opera it has been shown that England was as early in the field of dramatic music as Germany and France, and that she was only second to Italy; that at the same time Henry Purcell and Alessandro Scarlatti were engaged in their respective countries in the composition of Opera; that during the last century England produced a succession of dramatic composers whose Operas and lesser lyrical works bear a distinctly marked national character of music; and that British musicians, in emulation of their foreign neighbors, have availed themselves of modern ideas in order to advance and elevate the art of music. Every Englishman who loves music for her own sake should feel a national pride in the productions of his own countrymen. He cannot but desire that English music shall flourish and English Opera prosper, and that she shall have at least parallel advantages with other countries. Let us then be impartial in our estimate of native productions; let us seek rather for excellence than for faults; let us seek out promising native talent, and let it be encouraged and helped forward; let the English dramatic composer be cheered upon his uncertain and chequered path; a generous and profitable service will thus be rendered to one of the most difficult and exacting branches of the fascinating, healthful, and civilizing art of Music.

Sale of M. De Coussemaker's Musical Library in Brussels.

During his laborious life, M. de Coussemaker directed his attention to all the different branches of music. He wrote on harmony, on folk's songs, on liturgical music, on ancient systems of notation, on musical instruments, etc. But his principal work, a really great monument consecrated to the history of music, are the four magnificent volumes entitled, "Scriptores Musicae." After this succinct enumeration, the reader will not be surprised on hearing that the learned gentleman's library contained works relating to all the subdivisions of musical art. Nor could such a collection fail to attract French and foreign bibliophiles, the consequence being that there was a warm competition for the rich stock of treasures. The sale was attended by amateurs and booksellers from Germany, England, Holland, and many other nations. The Royal Library of Brussels bought several lots, and at very high prices. I will cite merely the eleven manuscript vol-

umes of La Fage, which fetched 1,500 francs (with the dues 1,750). M. de Coussemaker bought these manuscripts of Mme. Farrenc, after her husband's death. How did they come into the possession of M. Farrenc, when Adrian de la Fage bequeathed them to the Library in the Rue de Richelieu, as may still be seen stated in a note in one of the volumes? This observation is inserted here, merely to direct attention once more to the fact that no one can be sure of the destiny of a library to which he has devoted a portion of his life, except by carrying out his intention himself, that is, while he is still well and hearty. This is something I shall bear in mind. Auber, though not fond of talking about his affairs, promised that the Library of the Conservatory should have his manuscripts, and repeated the promise very often. Yet, after all, he died without having had time to think of it. To return, however, to M. de Coussemaker's sale, and the Royal Library of Brussels, I have still to mention the numerous graduals and books on the lute which M. Petit, the intelligent representative of the establishment in question, made up his mind to secure and did secure accordingly. The Paris Conservatory has been enriched by a small number of rare and celebrated treatises, some of which the present generation will, probably, never again see put up to auction. Has any one, for instance, often seen in a catalogue the "Musurgia, seu Praxis Musicae," etc., by Lucinius, Strassburg, 1536. This Lucinius, in German, *Nachtigall*, and in French, *Roisinot*, was the friend of Erasmus, and a native of Strassburg, where he was organist at St. Thomas', in 1517. The National Library in Paris possessed, it is true, the work by Claude Sebastian, of Metz, "Bellum musicale," but the Conservatory did not. It was necessary, therefore, that the Conservatory should acquire the rare treatise, half serious and half jocular, of M. Ambroise Thomas' fellow-townsmen. The "Opuscula Musicae," by Simon Quercu (1513), is only a second edition. It is, however, nearly as rare as the first of 1508, besides possessing over the latter the advantage of containing a charming frontispiece by Albert Dürer. I may mention, also, among the acquisitions of the Paris Conservatory, the "Compendium Musicae," by Gumpelzhaimer, 1611, one of the forefathers of music in Germany, and the "Harmonia poeticae Pauli Hofheimeri et Ludovici Senffii," etc., 1539. Hofheimer, one of the old musical glories of Germany, a remarkable virtuoso in his day, figured in one of the fine engravings of the "Triumph of Maximilian." Senff, of whom the collection includes some dozen compositions, was the favorite musician of Luther. Most of the poetry set by Hofheimer and Senff are odes by Horace and other Latin authors.

To speak now of musical works of inferior value would be prejudicing the interest belonging to the above volumes, none the less desirable acquisitions for the Conservatory because they did not cost extravagant sums. We ought not, however, to look down upon the "Psalmes," for four voices, by Goudimel (1565), and those of Claudin Le Jeune, which we did not possess, and which are not easily met with. In Brussels, at any rate, at this sale, it did not do to hesitate, for the business was despatched quickly. Did any one ever see 1,618 rare volumes and 86 musical instruments sold in Paris by auction in four days? Apropos of musical instruments, which, considering their numerical relation, were far from possessing the importance of the library, there was one good opportunity for the Museum of the Conservatory. Our national collection has been enriched by a bass flute.—*La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris.*

Musical Degrees at Cambridge, England.

We have had occasion to notice not long since certain alterations in the conditions for obtaining a Musical Degree at Oxford, together with the recent proposals sanctioned by the University of London for the newly-established Musical Degrees there. Meanwhile Cambridge has not been inactive on the subject. The Senate in April last appointed a Syndicate to consider the question of changes in their "proceedings in music," and, with a celerity seldom attained in such a dignified process as that of university reform, the Syndicate have not only already reported to the Senate, but have obtained for their report the unqualified approval of the legislative body, so that its recommendations are now law.

That Cambridge would have to adopt measures similar to those now coming into operation at Oxford with regard to testing the literary and scientific qualifications of musical candidates was of course inevitable. A step of this kind had, we are

informed, been in contemplation some six years back, and was one of the first reforms subsequently urged by Prof. Macfarren on his appointment to the chair of Music. Other more pressing matters of academic reform had, however, precluded its immediate consideration, and it is no doubt mainly due to the action of the sister University that it has now been so suddenly introduced. There are other recommendations of the Cambridge Syndicate which also bear the mark of similar influence, such as the appointment of assistant examiners, and the subdivision of the examinations. With regard to the former point however, we think it to the advantage of Cambridge that she has not limited the number of her examiners to two, nor made one of the two a constant quantity by making an *ex officio* appointment. The examiners are to be at least two in number (besides the Professor), and their appointment holds good for one year only. On one point in connection with their appointment neither the Syndicate nor the Senate seem to have been able to coincide exactly with the views of Prof. Macfarren. The Professor was anxious to introduce words limiting such appointments entirely to professional musicians *par et simple*; the Syndicate, on the other hand, wished to prevent the Examination Board from being exclusively extra-academic, a view in which it is not strange that they should have met with the unanimous concurrence of the Senate. It was urged, in the course of the discussion which precedes the formal voting on such measures, that the Professor and the Syndicate seemed to be regarding the subject from different points of view, and it looks as if there was some truth in this. The Syndicate evidently meant to take a far wider view of the question than that which limits it to the mere conferring of Musical Degrees on persons having otherwise little or no connection with the University. Their object has been to make the Musical Faculty academically serviceable, and to domesticate it, as it were, as an integral portion of the academic system. In this they have taken a step considerably in advance of any other University, and one likely to exercise a most beneficial influence on the spread of musical culture. Henceforward, it will be possible for those undergraduates who have devoted their first two years of residence to the attainment of that standard in classics and mathematics, which the University requires in all cases, to spend their last year in the study of musical science. On passing an examination in "Acoustics, Harmony, and Counterpoint," these musical students will receive not the mere titular degree of Mus. Bac., but a veritable degree in *Arts*, involving in due course the M.A. degree and the full privileges of the Senate. This is an entirely new method of dealing with the question, and it involves many and important consequences.

First, it is quite clear, both from the actual report of the Syndicate, and from the general tone of the discussion in the Arts School, that the University, without dropping the present "Musical Degree" system altogether, wishes to "sit somewhat loosely" to it. To have required at once the statutable three years' residence and ordinary full course of liberal study from candidates for the Musical Degree would, no doubt, have been a harsh measure, but it is not likely that these conditions will be permanently dispensed with. If the University, as would seem to be the case, is seriously bent upon recognizing Music as one of its branches of academic study, proper provision will, no doubt, be eventually made for adequate musical training in all its parts, and the creation of a so-called "Board of Musical Studies," having for its office to nurse the growth and practical development of this "hitherto comparatively nominal Faculty," appears to point to an ultimate extension of operations of this kind. If this be so, Cambridge will possess a school of Music in the same sense as it possesses schools of Divinity, Law, and Medicine, and it will be found an easy matter hereafter to make the Musical Degree proper the reward of a sort of "Honor Examination" in music, the preliminary part of it (by which the B.A. degree is obtainable) being considered in the light of an "Ordinary" or "Pass" examination. When once an adequate provision for musical training has been made, the University might consistently refuse any longer to give Musical Degrees to those who were not her legitimate offspring, and who had not filially complied with all those conditions of residence and general education which are demanded from the recipients of her other degrees. Such a result as this would seem to be ultimately aimed at, and it is clear that its attainment would have a very material influence in raising the *status* of the musical profession through-

out the country. Even as it now stands, the initial measure of allowing Music to count as a "Special" study qualifying for the ordinary Degree in Arts is a distinct proof that in the eyes of the University the profession of Music is as worthy of the "liberally educated" as are those of Theology, Law, and Medicine, and that the musician should be entitled, socially and educationally, to take rank with the clergyman, the barrister, and the physician.

This proposal, too, must exercise a favorable influence on the musical education of English youth, whether at school or at home; and we may confidently predict the gradual extermination of that unscientific system of instruction which has been content to let a boy sing or play on an instrument, without any attempt to make the accomplishment an intellectually-improving one by teaching him the laws of musical construction and analysis, by the application of which alone can he be brought really to understand the work on which he is engaged.

We shall anxiously watch the results of this experiment of "naturalizing" Music within the academic walls, for if it prove at all successful it will really inaugurate a new era in the musical history of the country.—*Athenæum*.

The Cologne Festival.

The Fifty-fourth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine has just been celebrated here. The artists engaged were Mdlle. Lilli Lehmann (soprano) and Mdlle. Amelia Kling (contralto), of Berlin; Herr Wilhelm Candidus (tenor), Philadelphia; Herr George Henschel (barytone), of Berlin; and Señor Pablo de Sarasate (violinist), of Madrid. The first day was devoted to Haydn's *Seasons*, which had not been heard on the banks of the Rhine in its entirety—though fragments of it were given in 1828, 1865, and 1869—since the 10th May, 1818, when the first of these Festivals was inaugurated with it at Düsseldorf. The chorus this year numbered 549, and the orchestra 187. The performance, under the direction of Ferdinand Hiller, was highly successful. On the second day the first piece was the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, played respectably, but no more. Then came Sig. Verdi's *Missa da Requiem*, which was performed under the personal direction of the composer, who had come for the express purpose. On making his appearance in the orchestra he was loudly cheered, and, as he was about to occupy the seat occupied in bygone years by such musicians as Mendelssohn, Ries, Spontini, Schumann, Spohr, Onslow, and many more, a lady stepped out from the Chorus and, in her own name and that of her sisters in art, offered him a splendid ivory and gold conducting stick. The gold handle bore the initial V in diamonds, surrounded by a laurel wreath upon blue enamel. At the conclusion of the *Requiem*, the *maestro* was the recipient of another present—a silver laurel wreath, tied with a golden bow. On each leaf was the name of one of the fair donors, admirers of his dramatic works. The Managing Committee, also, had, the day before, presented their guest with a copy of Professor Kaspar Scheuren's new *Rhein Album*, for which the artist had supplied two fresh title-pages expressly designed and executed by him for the occasion. On the first title-page are views of Cologne and Florence, beautifully executed in water-colors. Between and above them, respectively, are Verdi's portrait, and an inscription, bearing his name, his birthplace, and the date of the year in which he was born. Underneath are three pictures. The one in the middle has reference to the *Requiem*, that to the left represents the last scene from *Aida*, and that to the right is typical of the composer's *Stringed Quartet*, which has been performed in Cologne. Light arabesques of flowers, out of which peep children playing various instruments, surround the whole. The second title-page contains the dedication and signatures of the Committee. Over the dedication is a view of the hall of the Gürzenich. In the arabesque frame-work are the arms of the German Empire, those of the Kingdom of Italy, and of the three confederated Festival towns, Cologne, Aix-la-Chapelle, and Düsseldorf. Independently of these material evidences of respect, the reception of the *Requiem* was one series of continuous ovations. The execution of the work was, on the whole, satisfactory. The *Requiem* was succeeded by Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. This was its twelfth time of performance at these Festivals. It was first included in a Rhenish Festival programme at Aix-la-Chapelle, on the 23rd of May, 1825, when Vienna was the only city in which it had been heard. Referring to this fact, Herr Hanche-

corne, of Düsseldorf, says in a pamphlet he has recently published:—

"The Ninth Symphony then existed only in manuscript. Ries, the director of the Festival for the year 1825, was charged by the Managing Committee to ask his illustrious master for a copy of the score and of the separate parts. After long delays, caused by the sufferings of the great composer, who was doomed to die two years subsequently, Ries at length received on the 23rd March—that is, two months only prior to the concert—the object of his demand, but very incomplete, for the first three numbers were only in score, while of the last there were only the separate parts. For this long and important finale, it was necessary to re-write the score from the parts (a task which took thirty-four days), while, at the same time, several copies had to be made of the parts. Fancy how little time there was left for the rehearsals of such a work, then utterly unknown, and declared by Ries to be 'frightfully difficult.' If to this remark we add the fact that there were numerous errors in the hastily copied parts, the reader will not be astonished at hearing that Ries, to his great regret, was compelled to make some cuts in the Adagio, and suppress the Scherzo entirely. Despite all this the work produced a profound sensation, and was the object of general admiration, a feeling which, judging by the comparative frequency with which the work is performed, has never declined."

The programme of the third day comprised: Part I. Overture to *Manfred*, Schumann; Air from *Fidelio*, Beethoven; "Agnus Dei," from Verdi's *Requiem*; Air from Spohr's *Faust*; Symphony in C major (new), Dr. Ferdinand Hiller. Part II. Violin Concerto, Mendelssohn (played by Señor de Sarasate); Three Romances; three Violin Solos, with orchestral accompaniment: "Prelude," "Menuet," and "Moto perpetuo," from *Suite* by Raff (Señor de Sarasate); four Romances by Henschel (sung by the composer); and National Hymn, "Heil Dir im Siegerkranz," arranged by Dr. Ferdinand Hiller for solos, chorus, and orchestra. The three Romances first named were to have been sung by Mdlle. Kling, while the air from *Fidelio* was assigned to Herr Candidus, but both artists were incapacitated by illness from appearing, and replaced, respectively, by Mdlle. Assmann and Herr Ernst. An especial attraction on the third day was Hiller's Symphony. The manner in which it was greeted fully bore out the success it had previously achieved at the usual Gürzenich Concerts. The veteran composer was enthusiastically applauded by his fellow-townsmen, who are justly proud of him. Señor de Sarasate, too, was the object of most hearty manifestations of delight and approval.

At the rehearsal on the last day Ferdinand Hiller read a letter in French from Verdi. Annexed is a translation:—

"My dear *maestro* Hiller,—If I could only make speeches like you, I would appear this moment at the rehearsal and express to the charming ladies who sing in the chorus my admiration and my gratitude for the zeal and talent with which they executed my *Requiem*. I would act in the same way to all the members of the chorus and orchestra, which are truly magnificent. It is owing to the energy and talent of all concerned that so fine a performance has been achieved. I am neither a master of language nor can I pay compliments; I, therefore, leave to your cleverness and amiable disposition the task of understanding my heart, and beg you to offer, in my name, my thanks and best wishes to all concerned. Thank them, also, for the marks of esteem which they have lavished, in so able and gentle a manner, on me. I feel honored and proud at having been invited to one of these grand Festivals, in which all your great composers have taken part, and I cherish the warmest wish that these gatherings may continue with equal brilliancy, to the honor of Germany and of universal art.

Yours truly,

"G. VERDI."

After the supper, which, as usual, closed the proceedings on the third day, Hiller drank Verdi's health in French and German. After praising his visitor as a composer, he said it was the *maestro's* presence which had attracted so large a concourse to Cologne. He added, by way of peroration, that, while applauding Verdi the artist, Germany was welcoming the Italian citizen, the friend of Victor Emmanuel, and that his presence on German soil was a sign of union between Italy and Germany, two nations that feel more and more the necessity of such a union.

At one time, by the way, it was by no means certain that Verdi's *Requiem* would be performed. Many persons alleged that none but classical works

ought to be selected for the Festival, and that the *Requiem* was an affected, shallow, frivolous composition unworthy such an honor. They asserted, likewise, that it had been chosen merely for the sake of enticing Verdi to Cologne, and attracting thereby large multitudes. In some clever remarks at the head of the programme, Ferdinand Hiller combated these assertions, but, in so doing, deeply wounded the Wagnerites, who considered that certain passages in what he said were highly offensive to themselves. They particularly objected to the following:

"The most salutary fact connected with this work" (Verdi's *Requiem*) "is that it forms a living protest against the encroachments of an absurd system of vocal music, in which the servants are transformed into the masters, and in which a man, instead of being able to sing with all the expansion of an artist's soul, is reduced to pronouncing distinctly some few wretched words, a system which is and always will be an absurdity, even when handled with genius and applauded with fanaticism. However, before people have had time to recover from their mistake, the system will be consigned to the colossal lumber-room where are kept the errors in æsthetics, philosophy, poetry, and prose, to which our own age, enlightened though it be, has not failed to contribute its share."

In reply, the Wagnerites attacked Hiller tooth and nail, but the worthy and respected *Stadtenpellemeister* carried too many guns for them, and the Fifty-fourth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine proved a decided success, and added a fresh proof of the old adage: All's well that ends well.

N.

—*Corr. London Musical World*.

Handel Festival at the Crystal Palace.

The concluding day of the Festival, as rarely fails to be the case, proved the triumph of the week. The oratorio was *Israel in Egypt*; and as the interest of these grand performances is mainly concentrated in the achievements of the 3,000 chorus singers who take part in them, it is not to be wondered at. In no work of the kind—the *Messiah* itself not excepted—has Handel dealt so marvellously with this important element of musical expression. The first section of *Israel* (latest, it is believed, in the order of production) comprises no fewer than thirteen choruses, which, with scarcely any interruption, follow one upon another. These, it need hardly be stated, are the choruses descriptive of the plagues with which Moses, striving for the exodus of the chosen people, afflicted the Egyptians, their obdurate taskmasters. To hear them sung as they are sung under the direction of Sir Michael Costa, with the resources at the command of the Crystal Palace directors and the Sacred Harmonic Society on such exceptional occasions, is to hear them as they can be heard under no other circumstances. After Mr. Lloyd had spoken the recitative, "Now there arose a new King over Egypt, which knew not Joseph," the first chorus, "And the children of Israel sighed," gave a foretaste of what was to come; and this was strengthened by the forcible delivery of "They loathed to drink of the river"—a piece of suggestive writing enough to convince anyone that those who rail against the fugal style as a medium of choral expression are strangely in error. Nothing could more emphatically convey the sentiment and meaning of the words. Why Handel declined treating the curse of frogs and pestilence in the choral form has been often discussed, though it seems to us clearly explained by the fact that the curse of flies, lice, and locusts constitutes the theme of "He spake the word," the characteristic double chorus immediately following. This was given in a manner difficult to surpass. "He gave them hailstones for rain" created the accustomed impression, and was encored with such unanimity that Sir Michael Costa, autocrat as he is, was unable to resist the appeal. Here, again, we have an example of how Handel could produce a tremendous effect by aid of the simplest expedients. The mysterious choral recitation, "He sent a thick darkness over the land," a frequent test of the ability of large bodies of singers to keep steadily in tune, so extraordinary and unanticipated are its progressions, was mastered with perfect ease, and at the final sentence, "Even darkness which might be felt," there was scarcely a noticeable difference in the pitch. "He smote all the first-born of Egypt," "But as for His people," and the imposing climax, "There was not one feeble person among their tribes" (a peculiarly Han-

delian touch) were not less happy; while with the quaint fugal episode, "And Egypt was glad when they departed," the singers took as much pains as with anything else that had preceded it, the result, even to the most tutored ear, being in the highest degree satisfactory. Thence to the conclusion of Part I. all was to match. The *fortissimo*, "He rebuked the Red Sea," was as grand as the succeeding *pianissimo*, "And it was dried up," was impressive. Equally fine was "He led them through the deep," leading up in stately grandeur, to "The waters overwhelmed their enemies," the magnificent peroration—a grander execution of which was probably never heard. The succeeding chorus, "And Israel saw that great work," which brings the first part of the oratorio to a conclusion, is simply a comment upon what has gone before, but the manner of its performance was on a par with the rest.

We cannot enter into the same minute details about Part II., "The song of praise of Moses," which Handel originally called "*Exodus*," and which is merely a recapitulation of the miracles described in the first. That it begins and ends with a chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously," in olden times familiarly styled "The horse and his rider," every one is aware, and that it contains some of the most splendid among the choruses of Handel all musicians know. The performance generally of these was singularly correct and almost uniformly effective. We may especially refer to "With the blast of Thy nostrils" and "The people shall hear and be afraid," the two most elaborately-constructed and difficult of the entire series, the rendering of which by such an enormous body of voices was little short of marvellous. That, apart from "The horse and his rider," the strongest impression created on the multitude of listeners was by the stirring double chorus, "Thy right hand, O Lord," with its jubilant sequel, "bath dashed in pieces the enemy," may be taken for granted. But enough has been said with reference to the choruses to convey a general notion of how our English lovers of Handel, when assembled together in thousands, can do justice to Handel's music. All the applause they obtained was legitimately won; and they have a just right to feel proud.

The solo vocalists have not nearly so much to do in *Israel* as in other oratorios of Handel, but what they have to do is important. When it is stated that the leading singers were Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington, Edith Wynne, and Patey, Herr Henschel, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley, it will be at once understood that none other than trained and competent artists were employed. As is invariably the case, the two pieces which obtained the most applause were the duet for basses, "The Lord is a man of war" (Mr. Santley and Herr Henschel), and the tenor air, "The enemy said, I will pursue." The last was given by Mr. Lloyd with such spirit and vigor that the audience insisted upon an encore, and Sir Michael Costa assenting, the air was repeated amid renewed applause. Madame Patey's solos were "Their land brought forth frogs" (Part 1) and "Thou shalt bring them in" (Part 2), to Madame Edith Wynne being assigned "Thou didst blow with thy wind"—each being sung in the best and purest taste, as were the duets, "The Lord is my strength" (Madame Sherrington and Madame Wynne), and "Thou in Thy mercy" (Madame Patey and Mr. Lloyd). Madame Sherrington declaimed the recitatives of Miriam, which usher in the final chorus, "Sing ye to the Lord."

The National Anthem, as arranged by Sir Michael Costa, was then given by chorus and orchestra, and, after loud and repeated applause, the vast assembly dispersed. The total number of visitors present was 19,455. We may conclude with saying that the management of the festival was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned. No hitch, no disappointment, occurred during the week. How much of this is due to the careful supervision of Sir Michael Costa need scarcely be urged.—*London Times*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 4, 1877.

From Ferdinand Hiller's "Briefe an eine Unbekannte."

Literally, "Letters to an Unnamed Lady." Whether an actual lady whom he knew, or only an imaginary creature of the brain, the book does not

distinctly say. For such a portrait commonly some original has served. Only here the supposed lady—highborn, refined, poetic, musical, of course—if a real *bonâ fide* woman, is at the same time an ideal, for she is addressed in all the letters with a sentiment almost of reverence, as well as with assurance of full sympathy and understanding. We have here as it were Hiller's musical confessions. Significant experiences of his life, his early interviews with Goethe, etc., his artistic creed, his whole ideal of the artist's work and duty, his views about the schools and tendencies in modern music, are frankly, fervently and gracefully confided to an ideal listener. We think it on the whole about the best and the most interesting of the numerous books in which the author has from time to time collected and given to the world his thoughts about the Art of which he is one of the most accomplished masters now upon the stage.—We intend to translate some of the letters entire hereafter. At present we present a few passages which we had marked during our summer reading: first, one about musical description, programme music, etc.; second, one about the satisfaction which highly cultivated literary people are so apt to find in common-place music, while they have no patience with the common in their own Art; finally, a charming tribute to dear old Father Haydn, which, had there been room, should have been preceded and brought out in stronger relief by one about Wagner.

—You know that I am in general no advocate of that instrumental music which seeks to mean more than it means musically. The invention of such so-called descriptive, or even narrative musical pieces takes place in the most different ways. It may happen that the object to be reproduced, delineated, painted, stood before the composer's eye as clearly as a lyric poem and embodied itself quite as spontaneously in tones. Or it may be that, after the musician has half or quite completed the creation of some shorter piece, a name will dawn upon him as so adequate, that in imparting it he gives fancy no more than her due. In both cases the real musical creative force, the not to be analyzed originality, survives. A composer also may remain conscious of the first intention, whatever it may be, to a larger instrumental work, and may reveal it, even if the work itself be not descriptive or explainable.

But an altogether too intelligible process is that of the so-called *programme music*, where a poem, a description, a narrative is to be translated verse by verse, image after image, situation after situation, into music,—where one not only feels a purpose, but where the purpose is to make that purpose just as clear as possible. Here all spontaneity almost entirely ceases, and just as seldom as any other translations will these be able to make the impression of the original. The more remote that which is expressed in music stands from that which we know and see, and the more intimately it connects itself with what we feel, so much the more deeply will it work.

—Everywhere certain strata of society are delighted with the common,—like associates with like. But in music it is often the most cultivated, those who intellectually stand highest, who find the most insipid food most palatable. From works of literature belonging to this category they would turn away with contempt,—in tones it gives them pleasure. Perhaps there is no harm in it! The impression is so superficial, so transitory, that it leaves no trace behind. Without words, music always retains a certain degree of innocence; through bad books a man may be ruined, through bad music at the most only a musician. So it is natural, that

precisely in circles of the highest culture often enough we find a friendly underrating of the Art of Music,—and that a Voltaire could exclaim: "*Sonale, que me venez tu?*" It is not enough to reply that highly cultivated people need not understand anything of music; in sculpture and painting, likewise, many excellent people have no right perception, yet it never comes into their mind to treat the works of plastic art disparagingly. Their value as an enduring possession—this above all perhaps—prevents. The works of music, the good as well as the bad, rush by; they have worth for men only so long as men hear them; like wine, they lose it after it is once enjoyed. Moreover the productions of plastic art are connected with so much that appears to us significant and important; they preserve for us the physiognomies of distinguished persons as well as of historic epochs, of by-gone manners, as well as of transformed places. Apart from their artistic worth, which might be dispensed with, they associate themselves by their mere appearance with the thoughts, the deeds, the things which are the most important for our life. Music offers little of this, and that little is accessible only to the fewest. Indeed its connection with the different forms of worship is not so deeply ingrown with their inmost essence as one might believe; everywhere and always still the music lives its own peculiar life. Is it to be wondered, then, that the musician, who is "also a man, so to speak," should sometimes feel it as a want, with that which it is given him to express, not to be able to take part immediately in the questions which agitate the world? That it must pain him to experience so often, that the language which he speaks is in so many ways misunderstood? That men confound together indiscriminately the best and the most worthless that is said in music? That just that, in which resides the kernel of his spiritual being, should be regarded as if it contained no kernel at all?

—For some time I have begun my day's work with delightful matins:—I read every day a Quartet by Haydn,—to the most pious Christian a chapter from the Bible cannot do more good.

What a benediction is the presence of this tone-poet! Could all the world read music, he would be one of the greatest benefactors of mankind. To me he is one of the dearest manifestations not alone in the domain of music,—no, in the whole wide sphere of the beautiful and the true, so far as I have had the fortune to become acquainted with it.

Do you remember, my respected friend, the endless number of significant qualities which Goethe somewhere attributes to Voltaire? Had I words at my command, as our prophet of the newest dispensation had, I would fill this page with a counterpart to that list of praises. Haydn possessed wealth of invention, grace, cheerful serenity, health, humor, taste, soul, heart, repose and animation, originality and perspicuity, freedom and measure, depth and clearness, knowledge and experience. He knew how to calculate while he was playing, and he seems to play while he calculates. With childlike *naïveté* he combines the perfect certainty of the most mature, clear-sighted man; with the easy *abandon* of the improvisator, the logic of the severe thinker. What warm good-heartedness, what a blessed inward peace lies in these creations! An artist and a man, complete in one, presents himself in full and simple beauty. How he enjoys, without the least self-exaltation, the happiness which he must be conscious of distributing! Has one bathed in the freshness of these tones? Has he quieted the unrest of his own inmost soul through the peace they breathe? Still for the composer there remains an inexhaustible fountain of instruction. For in the smallest trait there lies a mastery, which is all the greater

that it attempts nothing great, and which one almost has to search for. But one can be sure of finding it everywhere. * * * * *

In the greatest German composers, who have enriched their people in a far higher degree than is generally comprehended, in spite of all the over-loud admiration for them, it would be easy to point out what conditions of creation and effect combined for their development and for their influence,—in part this has been done. Our dear old Haydn (you must promise me to occupy yourself more with him than you have done, I fear!) had more to contend against than many others; but during the best part of his life, that life had shaped itself, and he had shaped it, in a way that could not have been better fitted for his task. I like to think of the amiable master, as through the long years of his Esterhazy Capellmeistership, continually creating, listening, rehearsing, in the midst of his musicians,—far removed from the unquiet bustle of great cities,—he expressed a soul's life in strains which carried everywhere the cheerful peace from which they emanated.

How unjust, how unintelligent it is, then, to complain of him because the glow of passion, the pain of longing was not his concern,—because he was not absorbed in the shadow side of existence! Let us be content to take him for what he is. And he is a deliverer,—can there be a higher? What does it say in the *Eljah*? Not in the storm wind, not in the earthquake, but in the still, small voice appeared the Lord.

"God Save the King."

Whitney's Journal of Music (Manchester, N. H.), has the following communication from the author of the well-known American *Encyclopædia of Music*:—

"A. W. T." in *Dwight's Journal of Music*, of July 7, 1877, says:—"This tune was composed by Henry Cary, about 1740, and it came into universal favor in England, 1745."

If this is truth, how happens it that well-known English writers have claimed it for John Bull, 1590; and why should Schoelcher say—"God Save the King was composed by Dr. John Bull, 1607, as a thanksgiving to God for having saved the King from the Gunpowder Plot;" and why should the French claim both the air and words, or that the tune had long been used as a *vintage hymn* in the south of France, before being converted to a prayer for the safety of any king?

If "A. W. T." has authority for his statement, how happens it that so long ago it was claimed that the tune was a composition of Anthony Young, and again for Lully; and how could it have been performed before King James I., July 16, 1607, more than half a century before Henry Carey (as I think the name is instead of Cary) was born?

Why did Dr. Burney say "the tune was set to music by the Catholic chapel of James II, and that no one dared to sing it, after the abdication, fearing to incur the penalty of treason: so that the song lay dormant sixty years before it was revived for George II.?"

Why did Edward Jones say—"I remember to have heard the tune, when a boy, to the words 'God save Great James;' and Dr. Byron, of Manchester, England, 'the song was formerly written Great Charles?' Would it not have been better to have said Carey revived this ancient *vintage hymn*, and sang it in 1740?

I wish to obtain all the facts concerning "God save the King" and "America," in order to present a correct history of them in my "Songs and Song-writers?"

JOHN W. MOORE.

—Manchester, N. H., July 11, 1877.

We are not learned in these antiquarian matters, like our friend the biographer of Beethoven ("A. W. T."), who will doubtless answer for himself in due time—he lives far away in Trieste, Italian Austria, where he is Consul for our government,—and

he is not the man to make such statements when he is not well fortified with reasons and authorities. Meanwhile we may suggest that these various theories of authorship are not necessarily irreconcilable. Popular melodies, religious chorals, national airs have often grown into their finally accepted shape through successive modifications of ages. The germ of many a well known tune has often been detected in some older and even obsolete strain. The elements, the essential pregnant phrases, themes, of a musical composition may have been floating about on the popular breath, long before they came into the hands of the master who composed them into the Air that lives. Traces of "God save the King" may possibly be found in the Thanksgiving Hymn by Dr. John Bull, or in some piece by Lully, and yet Henry Carey (Mr. Moore is right about the spelling) may have been the true composer of the English National Anthem as we know it, and as it is alone worth knowing. This view of the question is well presented in an article on National Anthems, which we copied from the *London Musical Standard* about five years ago, a portion of which is worth reproducing in the present connection. The writer says:

Every musician is aware that the form, rhythmic construction, and entire character of our superb national anthem are exclusively British, and could not be the work of any but a British composer. This internal evidence alone would suffice to determine its origin.

It has been well said that "a national song composes itself;" that is to say, that a truly national and imperishable melody is rather the result of many minds and many years than the product of one brain. Of course there are exceptions; a sudden and harmonious national feeling will sometimes find an echo in immortal music or poetry. The tendency among all nations has been from time to time to alter and vary their popular songs. The changes which music continually undergoes is sufficient to account for this characteristic. Traces of "God save the King" are to be found in an Ayre by Dr. Bull written in 1590, in an old Christmas carol bearing the date 1611, in the ballad "Franklin is fled away," circa 1669, and in a theme by Purcell published in 1696. All these tunes have passages in common, and some of them bear a remarkable resemblance to our national hymn. "God save the King," in its present form, was first sung and played by Henry Carey in the year 1782 at a banquet given in honor of the birthday of George III. at the Freemasons' Tavern in London, where it was much admired, though it does not appear that its transcendent merits were fully appreciated, as the fame of it spread very slowly. Carey was a highly gifted man; a musician by profession, he was also a poet of some eminence. We are almost tempted to cull some passages from his "Satire on the luxury and effeminacy of the age." His strictures on the preference then shown to foreign over English musicians, significantly point to the commencement of what Mr. Macfarren has well termed our fashionable neglect of national music and composers in favor of foreign ideas.

Carey wrote the burlesque called "The Dragon of Wantley," also the well-known ballad "Sally in our Alley." Southey says of him, "his life was led without reproach, but it was unfortunate; he died by his own hand." Carey was born, 1696, in London; the exact date of his death is not settled, but it would seem to be 1744; Southey places it in 1748. He was a natural son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax. His untimely and tragic end was not, as some have supposed, occasioned by poverty, but was rather the result of a hopeless passion he is said to have entertained for a lady of noble birth, who rejected him. Nevertheless, it is certain that Carey must figure, and that prominently, in the long and dark catalogue of British artists who have been treated with neglect and ingratitude:

"Lætus insontes vivos, laudamus eodem Defunctus."

It is true that many books and endless discussions have taken place as to the true authorship of "God save the King;" but the later researches of Mr. W. Chappell and Dr. Rimbault, together with those of the Germans, (ari Engel and the learned Dr. G. Fink, clearly point to Carey as the author

of our present version. Conceive a Frenchman not knowing who composed "La Marseillaise," or "Le Chant du Départ!" And what are they in comparison with our National Anthem! We blush to think how many self-styled "Britons" are still in ignorance of these facts.

ELISA BISCACCIANTI. We are happy to state that the "Appeal," recently published in this Journal, in behalf of this once admired prima donna, a Bostonian by birth, *née* Ostinelli,—now languishing in Rome in broken health and poverty—meets with generous responses: We have a letter from the lady, written in the noblest spirit, full of gratitude to old friends here, and particularly to those warm-hearted ladies, Mrs. Marsh, the wife of our American Minister at Rome, and Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), from whom the "Appeal" emanated. Mrs. Biscaccianti speaks of the recovery of her voice in an almost miraculous manner, and of her recent success, in spite of many obstacles, in teaching singing.—Her own letter, as well as the assurance of the ladies above named, leaves no doubt in our mind that she is altogether worthy of assistance and encouragement.

A citizen of San Francisco, where Biscaccianti once resided, met her in December last in Rome, and wrote to a friend the following agreeable account of the adventure, under the head of "Hunting rooms in Rome." We take it from a California paper:—

Of course you know all about this room-hunting in Rome—the dark streets, the narrow stairs, the bolts, the bars, the smells that multiply from hour to hour until you are sick at heart and glad to take anything that is offered you in the shape of shelter. For a day or two I fought against fate and turned my back on the blue chambers and green chambers with no outlook; on the little rooms at the very tops of the houses, where, the padrona assured me, the sun shines forever. By the by, we haven't seen a sunbeam for a week! The air, heavy with the fumes of boiled cabbage, drove me from one quarter; garlic put me to flight in the next; a mouldy wall filled me with a fear of the fever in a third—Rome is such a sepulchre in winter; now, isn't it?

Well! At last I stumbled upon a brace of chambers open to the south. A covered passage—a kind of Bridge of Sighs—with a kitchen attachment and a well under one of its windows, led to a small garden. I saw at a glance that in this garden there was a large oleander full of baby-buds, an ivy on the one side and a grape arbor on the other, while beyond it, across a silent street, loomed a convent wall. This was the place for me, and I began bargaining, in a tone the severity of which I fondly hoped would compensate for my very feeble Italian. In the midst of our negotiations the padrona said: "But there is an American lady in the house, and she will tell you how agreeable is the life we lead here."

I heard a step on the stair; a little lady dressed all in black approached us. She was veiled, and bore a roll of music under her arm. We halted, and were about to settle affairs, when, like a flash, I thought I recognized that wee figure and those immense black eyes.

She had begun to speak very kindly of the old padrona, and added: "The sunshine, when there is any, is sure to visit us."

"But," said I, "you have been in California?"

"Yes."

"I recognize you!"

"Probably. I am Biscaccianti."

This happened a whole week ago. You can imagine what chats we have had since; what reminiscences we have revived; what stories we have told of numerous accidents by flood and field. She wondered that I knew her, but I find her little changed, paler than it is pleasant to see, and sadder, and looking very weary of life; but when we begin our talks of people, places and things her old vivacity returns, her eyes flash and her tiny figure seems to grow larger every moment.

Her Giulio is here, a handsome boy of three and twenty, who has still three years to serve in the Italian army, and then, he says, he will take his little mother and go round and round the world, and she shall know again the triumphs of her youth.

Biscaccianti is living as quietly as possible. She has pupils in music, and it is quite the swell thing to secure her services at the receptions of nobility. Her voice seems to have been born again. The other night she created a furore at the reception of La Marchesa Fradani by her rendering of the delicious romanza from *Guaraní*. Sometimes I hear the piano in the room over me, and then I open my window and listen, and when I bury my face in my hands I seem transported to the old days when that voice held thousands spell-bound, and when every note of it was worth a golden ducat. The world knew her charity in those days and called upon it freely. What does it care for her now?

I might moralize, but I won't, because you expect me to: I'm a capital hand at disappointing my friends.

Think I'll cork up my inkstand for this morning, as my boarders have come in to dinner. I must tell you that my garden is the resort of four and twenty larks, who come regularly to my window to be fed. You would laugh to see a stickfull of them up in the oleander waiting for breakfast. When I cover the window-sill with crumbs they tip off head foremost in the air, bury their beaks in biscuit, and then fly up on to the wall, where they picnic together in the greatest glee.

I hear the piano again. B. is singing one of those intensely melancholy Spanish songs. There are clouds hanging low over the roofs; the eaves drip, and altogether it is a homesick time. I can close to slow music if I do so at once, but I must just tell you that B. asked me last evening if the Oriental Hotel and the Tehama House are much patronized nowadays. Perhaps that question is not more surprising than that I should meet her here. One always meets some one: there is nothing odd in that, but to meet the one is the consummation devoutly to be wished.

What one? What one, I should like to know?

Dio mio, who, and when, and where, and how, and likewise why?

PROSPECTS FOR OPERA. The Sunday Times (July 8) says:—

It has already been announced that Max Strakosch will have a concert and operatic troupe in the field next season, Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary being included among his chief artists. The troupe will be so organized as to give both Italian and English opera, but nothing unlikely to be done in the latter way until the return of the troupe from California late in the fall. Another operatic organization of perhaps more importance than the other, for Mr. Strakosch's company is primarily a concert troupe, will be under the enterprising management of Mr. J. C. Fryer, who last year gave America its first hearing of some of Wagner's great operas, or at least of "Die Walküre." Mr. Fryer's troupe will be formed on a broader and more comprehensive basis than his troupe of last year, and his list of artists will of necessity be much more numerous. His engagements already ensure the greatest strength possible in several departments, and negotiations are now pending for securing several eminent European artists. The troupe will open its season about the 20th of September in Boston, and the repertoire of the company will be sufficiently large to make a nightly change of opera in a season of two weeks. Among the operas to be performed are the following: Rossini's "William Tell," Meyerbeer's "Huguenots," "La Juive," by Halévy, "Medea" by Cherubini (new here), "Faust" by Gounod, "Der Freischütz" by Weber, "Fidelio" by Beethoven, Wagner's "Rienzi" (new in this country), "Tannhäuser" and "Lohengrin," Flotow's "Martha," Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," "Il Trovatore" by Verdi, and Victor Massé's "Paul et Virginie" (new in this country).

VIENNA. The late Dr. A. W. Ambros, whose premature death is so deeply regretted, left behind him a collection of some 1,500 different musical works, dating from the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries, arranged by him in full score from the original notation. It is, perhaps, the finest collection in existence of old Netherlandish, Italian, and German masters. Its value is, moreover, greatly increased by historical and biographical notices, and critical remarks, constituting a rich store of material for connoisseurs and practical musicians. According to report, Herr Wilhelm Westmayer, of this city, in conjunction with an art amateur, outbidding all offers from abroad, has purchased the collection from the family in order to present it to some art institution in Austria for the public benefit.

HERE THEODOR LACHNER, the eldest of the well-known musical Lachner family, died, aged 79, on the 22nd May, in Munich. The other brothers, Franz, Ignaz, and Vincenz are still alive. Theodor settled in the Bavarian capital as far back as 1815. For many years he was organist at the parish church of St. Peter. He was subsequently appointed Court Organist and Chorus Master at the Theatre Royal. His pianoforte arrangement of Chetard's *Macbeth* is considered a model.

A Royal Composer.

Kings out of business take to all sorts of queer things for the sake of killing time, and even rulers not on the retired list now and then stray into eccentricity as a means of avoiding being bored. The present King of Bavaria is the obvious type of this latter class, while of the former the King of Hanover—who, being without a kingdom, may be described as serving on detached duty—will doubtless occur to the reader as an exemplar. Both of these sovereigns have given much time to music, but in diverse ways: the King of Bavaria has had the wisdom to patronize a real musician; the King of Hanover has trusted to his own inspiration—it is almost needless to say the odds are very decidedly in favor of the former.

And now here is another German Prince claiming notice as a composer, to wit, the Grand Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha. For a good while the Grand Duke has been dabbling in the shallow waters of music, writing occasional songs, choruses and other detached pieces not likely to draw much attention to him one way or the other, but affording to himself no small amount of amusement, and to his friends—let us charitably suppose—some what of edification. Having tried his strength on these trifles close in shore, he has at last fairly launched out to sea, and to the glory of the Grand Duke and to his own infinite satisfaction, he has been safely delivered of an opera which he has christened "Santa Chiara." To compass this end he has taken into his confidence Monsieur Appelt, a Belgian writer of libretti, and he, in turn, has drawn upon one of the most florid of the very many florid romances of Madame Birch-Pfeiffer for a theme. The libretto evolved under these circumstances is chiefly remarkable for being desperately dismal; a feature palliated but not condoned by a few touches of real dramatic power. A curious anomaly consists in imprisoning the prima donna in a coffin during the whole of one act—an arrangement provided

for by her suppositions death—and thus absolutely shutting her out for this long period from being either seen or heard. We have known prime donne—it would be invidious to mention names—whose disappearance into a coffin or into anything else for any long period of time would be hailed by the average audience as a positive Godsend; yet this fact can scarcely be held to justify the royal composer in his singular method of temporarily choking off the leading part. But as battle, murder and sudden death are the leading themes, it perhaps but tends to preserve the unities that the stage is so long occupied by a corpse. As to the music, it may be briefly summed up as innocuous to a degree. Somewhat of the Bellini order, only washier, it meanders along peacefully through the three long acts, the little songs and duos tripping happily about as lambs or other innocent creatures skip across broad meadows or other expanses the characteristic of which is exceeding flatness.

Altogether, his *Santa Chiara* does not seem to have achieved a success warranting him in abandoning his throne and taking to music as a profession. In the Grand Duchy of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, it is reasonable to suppose that during the life of the present Grand Duke "Santa Chiara" will be a standard piece at the Court theatre; but outside of the not excessive limits of the Grand Duchy, its life will be of brief duration. At the Covent Garden theatre, where it was produced by the rash manager under the impression that it would hold the boards for an indefinite period, it had a run of precisely two nights; and the more critical portion of the public considered that this was about twice as long as there was any occasion for. Of course it is pleasant to see Kings and such enjoying themselves in any harmless pastime, for we know what desperately stupid lives they lead, and what a blessing to them is anything to break the dire monotony; but we would earnestly suggest to the Kings that they put a curb on their musical aspirations. There is already quite a lot of fairly good music in the world, enough to serve as a standard, anyway; and if would be composers fall even to approximate to this standard—though they be live monarchs invested with the control of real realms—they only receive as a reward for their labor the distinction of being laughed at.—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Summary of the London Philharmonic Season, 1877.

On Monday evening the sixty-fifth series of the performances of the Philharmonic Society came to an end. In the course of the season, during which two morning concerts were given, as in last year, the following works have been performed: Descriptive Piece for orchestra, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (J. F. Barnett); Overture to *Parsifal* (Sternale Bennett); a Song (F. Clay); a Duet (W. G. Cousins); a Violin Concerto and a Song from the oratorio, *The Resurrection* (G. A. Macfarren); the Overture, *In Memoriam*, and a Song (A. Sullivan);—all English. *Scena from Le Domino Noir* (Auber); Valse from *Mirella*, and Ode from *Safo* (Gounod); Romance from *Mignon* (Ambroise Thomas); Duo from *Joseph* (Méhul); Symphony (E. Elias); Pianoforte Concerto (Grieg); *Balade et Polonaise de Concert*, for violin with orchestra (Vieuxtemps); *Ave Maria* (Cherubini); *Aria* (Lotti); *Aria* from *L'Italiana in Algeri* (Rossini); Violin Concerto (Vioti); the Pastoral Symphony, Symphonies in B flat, C minor, and F, Choral Fantasia, Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, Violin Concerto, Overtures to *Coriolan*, *Egmont*, and *Lenore*, and the *terzetto*, "Tremate, empl tremate" (Beethoven); Symphony in C minor, Variations on a Theme by Haydn, and three *Lieder* (Brahms); Airs from *Semele* and *Acts and Galatea* (Handel); Air from *Orfeo* (Haydn); Elegiac Overture (Joachim); *Lied* (Klengel); Song (Manns); Air from *Dionysos* (Meyerbeer); Scottish Symphony, Pianoforte Concerto in G minor, Violin Concerto, Overtures to *Melusine*, *Isles of Fingal*, *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *Ruy Blas* (Mendelssohn); Symphony in E flat, Concerto for Harp and Flute, Overture to *Le Nozze di Figaro*, Airs from *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Idomeneo*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Requiem* and Air, "Mia Speranza adorata!" (Mozart); Concerto for Violoncello (Raff); Sonata for Violin (Rust); Grand Fantasia for Pianoforte, in C (Schubert—recomposed by Abbé Liszt); Incidental Music to Goethe's *Faust*, and Pianoforte Concerto (Schumann); Symphony, "The Power of Sound," Dramatic Concerto for Violin, and Overture to the *Alchymist* (Spohr); Overture to *Tannhäuser*, and *Scena* "Liebestod," from *Tristan und Isolde* (Wagner); *Concertstück* for Pianoforte, Overtures to *Euryanthe*, *Der Freyschütz*, *Oberon*, *Ruler of the Spirits*, *Jubilee* of Augustus IV., of Saxony, and Romance from *Euryanthe* (Weber).

The Solo Pianists have been—Mme. Schumann, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, Mdle. Mehlig; Herr Breilner, Mr. Edward Dannreuther, Mr. Jaell, and Mons. J. Wieniawski. Solo Violinists—Mme. Norman-Neruda, Mdle. Marguerite Pommerehne, Herr Auer, Mr. Henry Holmes, Signor Papini, Herr Straus, and Mons. Paul Viardot. Violoncello—Herr Hausmann. Harp—Mr. John Thomas. Flute—Mr. Olof Svendsen. The Vocalists were—Messdames Campobello Slivko, Lemmens Sherrington, Osgeod Patey, Trubelli, Irene Ware, Worrell Duval, and Edith Wynne, Misses Bollingbroke, Mary Davies, Catherine Penna, Redeker, Reimar, Robertson, Thelma Friedlander, and Steele; Messrs. Campobello, W. H. Cummings, Guy, Henschel, Edward Lloyd, Barton McGuckin, Henry Pope, Santley, Shakespeare, and Wadmore. Mr. W. G. Cousins, Master of the Music to Her Majesty the Queen, has, for the eleventh season, conducted the concerts.

The Directors for the year are Messrs Walter Macfarren (honorary treasurer), Francesco Berger, F. B. Jewson, Charles Santley, C. E. Stephens, Harold Thomas, and John Thomas.—*Musical World* July 14.

Special Notices.

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"Leave me not with winter's snow."
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No. 2. Why strive to hide thy Tears? (Pourquoi cacher tes pleurs?) Db. 4. d to F. Fragerolle.

"They tell a hidden tale."
"Les larmes que l'amour."

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"Night shades are falling."
"Il est sept heures."

The Time of Youth. Vocal Duet. G. 3. F to F. Pinsuti. 50

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A very sweet serenade that will please any lady.

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Beautiful Love Song truly. Theme from the "Walküre."

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A genuine Glee Book. We have had no new one for quite a while, and this is of the best.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 948.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 18, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 10.

Measures.

I have a dainty cup of glass:
It is not graven by a line;
Its beauty is its fragileness;
A baby hand might crush it fine.

I gave a man to drink from it,
One day, a draught of water cold;
He took it like a woman's hand,
In reverent, loving, lingering hold.

He held it up in keen delight,
Gazed on its texture rare and fine;
"Such glass as this," he rapturous said,
"Gives water all the grace of wine."

Another day, another man
Sat eating, drinking at my board;
Into the dainty, peerless glass
A baby hand might crush it poured.

He drank it at a swallow down;
With smothered wrath I well-nigh burst;
Nor wine nor glass was aught to him,
So that he quenched his boorish thirst.

"Ah, me!" I said, "to him that hath,
All things on earth their tribute bring;
From him that hath not, earth takes back,
And leaves him beggared, though a king."

—Scribner's for July.

Translated for Dwight's Journal of Music.
From Ferdinand Hiller's "Briefe an
eine Ungenannte."

ON MUSICAL CONDUCTORSHIP.

Yes, most honored lady, as a general rule it may safely be taken for granted, that to most conductors their occupation is a pleasure. In however limited a measure, and however transitory, it is at any rate the exercise of a power, —and what a magical charm there is in the possession of even the smallest modicum of that! The so-called history of the world is full of it, and the fates of the smallest places would illustrate it, if it were worth the pains to investigate the facts. I confess that I have never felt the charm of what is called power; to me there is quite as little satisfaction in harassing others, as there is in being harassed by them. In spite of that, my fondness, sometimes passionate fondness, for conducting may be ascribed, above all perhaps, to my love for music, and more to the effect which this activity exercises upon me, than to that which I exercise through it upon others. It gives me in fact the feeling, which is commonly supposed to pervade a fish in the water, —presupposing, that what I am obliged to conduct is not displeasing to me. It need not be ravishing, to give me a pleasant consciousness of breathing quite in my own element, more than I can in any other occupation.

And yet there must be some peculiar satisfaction in conducting, since we see what a sense of importance it gives to people who have the most insignificant tasks of that kind to perform, and who scarcely understand how to perform even these. Observe the musical director in the most wretched theatre, in places where the music has no other purpose but to make a distracting noise; always you see a

man, from whose every feature, every motion beams the satisfaction of occupying a higher position, a conspicuous seat. On the contrary, to be sure, it is not seldom that we find competent musicians, in whom you can feel how *blasés* they are with an occupation which for a long time has been imposed upon them, —with inadequate means, or in the bringing out of works which they regard partly with indifference, partly with disgust. If a conductor is to experience that artistic joy, which does not consist in merely being greeted with respect by a number of men as the Herr Hof-Kapellmeister, then he must have at his bidding skilful, or at least teachable forces, animated with a good will, who subordinate themselves in full trust to their leader, —no, who are inspired with the same endeavor. For he feels something of the joy of creation in being able to indicate his intentions and see them comprehended, in building up as it were a beautiful structure which he sees in his mind, —sensations, which stream through us, while through an electric chain we feel them at the same time shared by others. Add to this a fascinating illusion, to which one yields himself consciously, yet with a sense of beatitude: —one imagines himself *playing* the orchestra and producing effects, which after all rest on the talent of the executant musicians.

Nor can it be denied that, besides being indispensable to the production of a piece, the conductor can exert an incalculable influence. If his personal character and presence are such as to command respect, the musicians will feel themselves in honor bound to higher exertion; they will respond to all his hints and wishes, will identify themselves with his conception, and become mutually united and more intimately blended. The secret understanding which forms itself, after a long musical life together, between the conductor and the individual members of an orchestra, is one of the finest relations that can be realized among the children of men. An inclination of the head, a look, one or another way of swinging the baton, even an air of passive indifference, bring out *nuances* in the performance of the individual or the mass, which in words would require a much longer explanation. The quickened pulse of the conductor, his growing joy in the successful effort, his increasing rapture with the beauty of a work, all this communicates itself to the musicians, or springs up simultaneously in them. And then the humor of it is, that the bond, which entwines so multifarious an assemblage, with the last chord flies apart; —each goes his way and seeks as quickly as possible again to reach that which is necessary to his most individual existence; the body that was all alive the moment before, is dissolved into its atoms.

Is it difficult to conduct? you ask. My honored friend, it is in the higher sense impossible to one in whom certain qualities are not

inborn. And by these I mean not those gifts which must be lent to every musician, if he is to be something more than a mere professional man. A man may be a great composer, and have all the knowledge and experience, besides the genial inventive faculty which that requires, and yet be as unfit for a conductor, as a dancer for a parliamentary orator. Personal power and character, self-confidence, energy, presence of mind, power of ready adaptation, and the gift of speech are requisite; also a certain going out of oneself, which I might compare to the talent of an actor, and which comes in play when one would completely enter into the musical personality of another; the certainty of being able, at the predetermined moment, to give oneself up completely to the appointed task, —and the physical strength to carry it through without exhaustion. A bit of the virtuoso nature belongs to the conductor, —although there is nothing more detestable than your *Conductor-virtuoso*, —a bit of the field-marshal's talent.

And having all these qualities, a conductor will not succeed without a certain dose of luck, —without the good fortune to have heard much that is beautiful and good, and without that other good fortune, of having competent forces to conduct. Lessing's celebrated saying: that Raphael, even without arms, would still have been the greatest painter, is —begging the great man's pardon —false. Raphael would have carried about with him the latent genius of a great painter; but not only would it not have manifested itself, it would not have been complete, since the painter's hand belongs to the painter's genius. And without sufficient forces the most gifted conductor can accomplish nothing that can satisfy himself and do full justice to his talent.

Schumann on Mendelssohn's Piano Preludes and Fugues, Op. 35.*

*From *Music and Musicians*, etc., by ROBERT SCHUMANN. Translated by FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

A hot-headed fellow (now in Paris) has defined the meaning of "Fugue" to be "a composition in which one voice rushes out before the other (*fugu a fugere*), and the listener first of all; "on which account he always began to talk loud, and often to scold, at concerts, whenever he met with a fugue. Really he did not understand anything about it, and resembled the fox in the fable —*i. e.*, he could not write one himself, however much he secretly wished to do so. Those who can — finished students of music, cantors and others — describe it quite differently. According to these, Beethoven never did or could write fugues; even Bach has taken liberties with them, at which we must shrug our shoulders; Marpurg is the only guide; and so on. Others, again, think otherwise; I, for instance, who can luxuriate for hours in Bach's, Handel's, and Beethoven's fugues; and I had thought that only poor, watery, insipid, patchwork things in comparison could be written to-day, until these by Mendelssohn dissipated such ideas.

Those with whom the pattern fugue is a hobbyhorse, deceive themselves greatly when they

fancy they have carried out any of the fine old artificialities, the *imitationes per augmentationem duplicem, triplicem, etc., or cancrivantes motu contrario, etc.*—as also do the Romantic deserters, who hope to find an undreamt-of Phoenix in them arising from the ashes of the old form. Had they a sense for sound, natural music, they might succeed tolerably, though I would not adjudge them blind praise, for I know that Bach wrote, poetized, quite different fugues. But were he to arise from the grave now, he would—first, perhaps, laying about him right and left in regard to the general condition of musical matters—certainly rejoice that a few, at least, still gather flowers from the field where he planted such giant-armed onks. In a word, these fugues have a Sebastian-like air, and might really deceive a sharp-sighted reviewer, were it not for the melody, the finer flow which savors of modern times, and here and there those little touches peculiar to Mendelssohn, which betray him among a hundred other composers.

Whether reviewers find this out or not, it is certain that the composer did not write them for pastime, but rather to call the attention of pianoforte-players to this masterly old form once more, and to accustom them to it again; while he has chosen the right way to succeed in this, by avoiding all useless imitations and small artificialities, allowing the melody of the cantilena to predominate, and holding fast to the Bach form. Whether the latter, however, might not be advantageously transformed without losing the true fugue character, is a question which many will endeavor to answer. Beethoven shook at that foundation; but he was too largely occupied elsewhere, too busily occupied on high, building the cupolas of so many other cathedrals, to find time for laying the new foundations of a new fugue form. Reicha also made an effort, but his creative powers lagged far behind his good will; yet his often peculiar ideas are not to be overlooked. However, the best fugue will always be that which the public takes for—a Strauss waltz; in other words, where the artistic root-work, like that of a flower, is so beautifully concealed that we only perceive the flowers. I knew a by no means contemptible connoisseur of music who mistook a Bach fugue for a Chopin étude—to the honor of both; and many young girls might fancy the second part of a Mendelssohn fugue to be a song without words (the entrance of the parts at the beginning would puzzle them); while the grace and softness of their forms will cause their dreaded name and ceremonious dwelling-place to be forgotten. In short, these are not fugues worked out with the head alone, according to a receipt, but pieces of music sprung from the mind, and carried out in poet fashion.

But as the fugue is the organ of cheerfulness and gaiety, as well as of dignity, the collection contains many of that short, fiery kind, such as Bach has thrown off in abundance with his own master-hand. Every one will find them out; but these especially betray the polished, intellectual artist, who plays with fetters as though they were garlands of flowers. To mention the preludes; many of these, like many of Bach's, do not seem to have been originally connected with the fugues, but rather appended subsequently to these. Most players will prefer them to the fugues, as, even when played separately, their effect is complete; the very first charms at once, from beginning to end. Players may find out what the others are like for themselves. The work is valuable in itself, and would be found so without the surety of the composer's name.

JEANQUIRIT.

Musical Stupefaction.

[From the New York Times.]

More time and money are wasted in this country in teaching girls music than in teaching boys Latin and Greek; and that is saying a great deal. Music has long been a part of every American girl's

education, whether she has shown any aptitude or taste for it or not. It has grown into routine; it must be taught because it has been taught; it is fashionable, and therefore the proper thing. As a people we are not musical in the sense in which the Italians, Germans or French are musical. Most of us love it, of course—even though we be destitute of sense of time or tune—but capacity to understand it scientifically, or to execute it, is denied to the many. One might think, however, from the ardor and uniformity with which it is cultivated that the nation is as musically mad as Richard Wagner or Ludwig of Bavaria. It may be mad, but not in the same way exactly; for there is a sort of madness in a general and persistent effort to instruct all young womanhood in what only a small part of young womanhood is able to learn.

To be a very ordinary musician—to sing a little or play a little on this or that instrument—is not much satisfaction, especially when one acquires music as an accomplishment, with the intent and expectation of display. If one take lessons and gain a moderate degree of proficiency, having no other thought or hope than to contribute to one's own amusement or enjoyment, or that of one's immediate friends, the object is amiable and laudable; and it evinces, moreover, an earnest and modest love of music for its proper sake. But this is not the aim of most of our music-teaching; they are taught believing that they shall shine in their art and awaken the envy of their less expert associates. With them it is generally an ambition, and, unfortunately, an ambition without talent. They rarely, if ever, suspect their incapacity; they have all the confidence of that ignorance which cannot see how far it falls short, measuring the attainable by their own limitations. Always ready to show off, they persecute patience or politeness and torture the ear, while they imagine they are winning laurels that are socially imperishable. Who has not some time endured such martyrdom from these gifted stupidities?

The ambition of many American women is measureless; the smaller their capacity the higher it soars. They are carried away by a desire to be professional and grandly professional; they design to be prime donne, and will be satisfied with nothing less. Persuaded by their vanity that they have the powers of Malibran, Giral, or Parepa, they look confidently forward to stupendous triumphs on the lyric stage. They spend years and thousands of dollars of their own, or of their too enthusiastic and credulous friends—usually the latter—in fitting themselves for the opera-house. They go abroad to Leipzig, Milan, or Paris, and get all that study and instruction can give them. Glowing letters, private and journalistic, are written home from time to time, chronicling their progress, and predicting their future triumphs. By and by the eagerly anticipated debut is made at Würzburg or Forlì, or Bézangon, and is heralded far and wide as a prodigious and dazzling success. The predestined prima donna returns to her native shores, and paragraphs appear in the society columns and in the weeklies, felicitating the public upon the musical treat that is in store for all capable of appreciation. She manages, through her friends, to undertake *Rosina* or *Amina* at one of the theatres, and several very kindly notices in the press reveal her poverty of performance by trying to hide it in courteous phrase. She afterwards sings at two or three concerts, and her clique of admirers sounds her praises loud and long. Then the great artist sinks out of sight, and it is presently discovered that she is a salaried singer in a fashionable church, and she never rises any higher. How many American artists, for whom everything has been claimed, have had just such an experience? How many more will have it?

The most general and profitless form of musical education in the Republic concerns the piano. The American girl who cannot play on the piano, however badly, is thought to have been inadequately educated. It is of small consequence that she should play with feeling, sympathy or understanding, provided she can master the mechanical part. Hundreds of young ladies, who are pronounced accomplished performers by partial critics, are so absolutely wooden in their method that one might think that machines could be invented to do quite as well. They are correct frequently; they strike the notes clearly and exactly; but beyond that they have no comprehension. Melody, soul, suggestion, warmth, interpretation, sensibility, have no meaning to them; they never guess that these are the essence of all music, that without these music is misnamed. Such forced pianists, if they would wisely employ the time they waste, might learn to do other things

creditably for which they are fitted. But they must neglect what they might accomplish for what they never can accomplish. Mental culture, social graces, æsthetic studies, even ordinary branches of education must be neglected, that they may have ample leisure to thrum the keys of a fifteen-hundred-dollar instrument. They may not talk well; they may not be able to write a tolerable letter; they may not be acquainted with the common facts of history. But then you should hear them play! After hearing them once, you think you shouldn't, and you take measures never to be so entrapped again.

Whether you be bored listening to the young ladies' music or not, you are annoyed by being talked to about it in season and out of season. If you visit their parents' house, you are entertained with an account of the number of hours they practice; with what Prof. Weissnichtstein has said of their execution; with the indispensableness of their continued studies, etc. You are made to believe them prodigies; and yet the moment they are married their musical enthusiasm evaporates. Marriage is beneficial sometimes in unexpected ways. The piano is a delightful instrument; music is a royal princess of art; but isn't it nearly time that we should learn whether our young ladies have any vocation for music before we drive them through years of fruitless instruction and wasted opportunity?

The Coming Season in New York.

(From the Music Trade Review.)

The month of August has come, and as it can be considered the last month of the hot summer term, managers of opera and concert put their final touches to their arrangements for the musical season, 1877-78. Every one of the managers has his ideas, views and projects, and accordingly makes his own preparations as he deems best, or at least most advantageous for business purposes. The last two seasons were so poor, had to record so many failures, that we are really wondering at the pluck our *entrepreneurs* show in making their plans for the coming season. There is as yet nothing definite as to the details of any of the enterprises; only the outlines are given, and Fourteenth street is daily brooding over new rumors and reports. We only give our readers the sketches of the managerial plans for the next season, and even these under a certain reserve. Managers might change their plans at any moment, and we do not like being held responsible for things beyond our control. Manager J. C. Fryer, the Wagner champion *par excellence*, intends opening a season of German opera in New York, and taking his troupe through the United States. We hardly believe that his repertoire will consist of Richard Wagner only; at least prudence ought to advise a cosmopolitan variety. His prima donna will be Mme. Pappenheim, his first tenor Charles Adams. Mme. Pappenheim is known, and Charles Adams is an artist of high rank, who will make a success, provided his voice, which never was one of the ringing, metallic, has held out. Adams sang at the Vienna Hofoper more than ten years, and has a versatility of parts which is really wonderful—"Masaniello," "Don Ottavio," "Lohengrin," "Rienzi." He sings everything, and proves in every character the conscientious artist. The rest of Mr. Fryer's company includes the tenors Fritsch and, unfortunately, Werrenrath; Blum as baritone; Wiegand, a gentleman who sang here some ten years ago, with Richard Mulder, as bass; Clara Reinmann, formerly at the opera in Schwerin; Mlle. Tremel, and another lady singer whose name we could not find out. The company is a decided improvement compared with Mr. Fryer's troupe of the Wagner festival, and we should feel gratified, for the sake of the engaged artists, if the season would meet with a success. We hear that Mr. Fryer first intended bringing over here a musical director from Germany, but has abandoned this idea. He did right; a conductor from the Fatherland would have been a drawback for his enterprises. There are many valuable conductors on the other side; but the work of a conductor in this country is so peculiarly shaped, the manner of mounting an opera so entirely different from what is, or, better, how it is done in Europe, that it is an established fact that even inferior musicians, who have lived in America for years, are for an operatic season in the United States more useful conductors than European celebrities. When Hess opened his first Kellogg season of English Opera, he engaged a conductor in England, a very clever musician; after four weeks he was obliged to discharge him, and so

cept the services of Frank Howson, a self-made man of very limited ability, but *savoir faire*. We could not learn the name of the conductor Mr. Fryer wants to hire for his operatic enterprise; we only know that the season is to be opened at the New York Academy of Music on October 1st, with Wagner's "Rienzi."

Max Strakosch is this season the protector of home talent. He opens in September in San Francisco with concerts, and after a stay of six weeks in California forms an opera company (English and Italian), headed by Clara Louise Kellogg and Annie Louise Cary. Among the artists of his troupe are Mr. Tom Karl, Signor Verdi, or Mr. Green, a young baritone, who is very favorably reported, and Mr. Graf, a tenor, who left this country a few years ago, with the intention of following the operatic career in Germany. Three years ago Mr. Graf could neither sing nor walk. We suppose he learned walking soon enough in a country where nearly everybody is, has been, or will be a soldier; how far his vocal abilities have been developed in Mayence or Cologne, where the American tenor was active, we shall hear when, in December, Mr. Strakosch will produce his troupe in New York, as it is said, *not* in the Academy of Music.

Hess, the former manager of Mlle. Kellogg, made up a somewhat cheap English opera company. His star is a certain Miss Melville, whom he found in California; Mr. and Mrs. Seguin, and Mr. Castle, form the stock, and the manager has gone to Europe, with the view of completing his *ensemble*. We do not know whether or not the city of New York will be honored by Mr. Hess's troupe, but it would be a pity if we had to renounce the pleasure of listening to the genial strains of Operetti's "Daniel Druce." Operetti made a bold step forward—from Josh Hart's Varieties in Central Park Garden to the conductorship of Mr. Hess's opera company; the question will arise which he was best suited for.

There is some talk here about a real Italian Opera Company, which is to play during four weeks in the fall under the management of the Parisian Verger. This gentleman has engaged Mme. Volpini and a strong company for Havana, and is not unwilling to give a series of performances in New York on his way South.

We should not wonder if Mlle. Sasse, the original "Africaine," belongs to the same company; we read in French papers that she has accepted an engagement for America, and we hardly know anybody but Verger who could have made her such an offer. We do not know far the negotiations between Mr. Verger and the stockholders of our Academy are completed, but we hope that they will end satisfactorily for Verger, and especially for our public; it would be very acceptable for our music-loving people to have some performances of a really good Italian troupe, something which has not existed for the last two years in New York.

Maurice Strakosch is said to have offered Marie Roze an engagement for America, but that does not prove anything. Strakosch would offer engagements to any singer in the world. Thursby, Roze, Patti, and, who knows, how many more! Thursby dreams of her hundred thousand dollars Strakosch promised to pay her. Marie Roze preferred an engagement in Europe, and Adelina Patti—well, we don't know about her yet. Most assuredly, while we are writing these lines, Maurice Strakosch sits in the boudoir of his sister-in-law, and uses all the eloquence of his sweet phrases, which might persuade her to cross the ocean. We expect her arrival on our shores at a much earlier date than that of Richard Wagner, who is said to be negotiating with Bernhard Ullman about a professional trip to America. Some weeks ago a telegram from St. Louis ran through the papers of the Union, that Wagner had declared to his friend, Professor Bernays, in Munich, his intention of visiting our country professionally. This telegram was manufactured by a nephew of the Munich professor, and the latter declares, suddenly, in a letter addressed to Mr. Fryer, that Wagner never had spoken to him about such an idea, and he only occasionally mentioned, when his nephew lately visited Europe, to him the possibility of such an undertaking. The nephew took this possibility as a fact, and humbugged the entire press of the country. We do not believe in Wagner ever coming to America, and, more than that, we cannot conceive the advantages of the great operatic reformer's stay with us. His works have found a home in our country, and the man himself should better stay away. As long as Wagner speaks to us through his ideas, we adore[!] him; the man cannot command sympathy. Besides, Wagner

is too old, and the failure he made as conductor in London might be easily repeated here. The enthusiasts, of course, will say we are wrong, but partisans are always blind, and lose their mental equilibrium. What ruined Hans von Bülow in this country? That he showed too much of the *man*, instead of being satisfied with his artistic successes. After all, Ullman did not yet bring Wagner, and Maurice Strakosch has not yet engaged Patti. But the Monday Popular Concerts in Steinway Hall will be under Maurice's management. What these Monday Popular Concerts will amount to is not decidedly clear to our understanding. All we can make out is, that they will take place on Mondays; the "Concerts" and the "Popularity" are somewhat misty yet. If they are made after the pattern of the corresponding London enterprise in St. James' Hall, Strakosch would do well in securing for the string-quartet the services of Joachim, Wilhelmj, Mme. Neruda, and other violinists of fame.

Theodore Thomas will appear this winter for the first time as conductor of the Philharmonic Society, and at the same time continue his own Symphony Concerts in Steinway Hall. We smell evil in this dualistic activity, and should be too glad if we, at the end of next season, could record our mistake. Dr. Damrosch, the ex-conductor of the Philharmonic band, entertains the idea of organizing a new orchestra, and it would be highly interesting if New York suddenly could boast of three large orchestral societies. The Oratorio Society will be the *cheval de bataille* of Dr. Damrosch, and we have no doubt that this comparatively young organization will turn out next winter in full force.

The Choral Union, German Liederkrantz, Arion, some glee-clubs, will appear before the public in some concerts, and of the numerous concerts of instrumentalists and vocalists in Steinway Hall, Chickering Hall, and other minor concert-rooms, it is too soon to speak now. They will come each and every one of them, and will play and sing before half-filled and empty houses, and will feel pride in having appeared before the New York public with the satisfaction of having lost a couple of hundred dollars. Those things happen every season, and the next one will not be lacking in them. Those concerts depend on personal friends; the public at large wants to have nothing to do with them, and even considers the offer of complimentary tickets for those entertainments (?) an insult. Nevertheless the names of the "distinguished artists" appear on posters, in newspapers, and programmes, and Vanity is satisfied.

Mr. Punch's Select Committees.

NO. V.—ON MUSIC—OF THE PRESENT, AND OF THE FUTURE. MRS. HAZY HIGHFALUTER examined.

Q. I understand you are passionately devoted to music?

A. For many years I have made the tone-art my *spécialité*.

Q. What do you mean by the "tone-art"?

A. I mean what you would scarcely, I fear, understand, as music. I mean the form that music now takes to the higher, and if I may be allowed to say so, the more Teutonic order of intelligences.

Q. Do you yourself belong to this order?

A. I am Teutonic, though of the English or lower branch of that great world-family.

Q. May I take it that you have for many years devoted yourself to music?

A. I prefer the phrase "tone-art."

Q. Have your studies and practice been in the vocal or instrumental branches of music?

A. In neither.

Q. Is there any other?

A. Yes; the most important—the æsthetic and appreciative. I conceive it to be my mission to prepare the way for the tone-art of the Future.

Q. Will you define the tone-art of the Future?

A. It defies definition. I should describe it as a mighty system of spiritual aeronautics, meant to lift up the soul to the sublime regions of supersensuous harmony, above the gross and earthly restraints of received form in composition, and the vulgar attractions of sustained melody.

Q. I am afraid I must ask you to explain your answer?

A. I decline explanation. I am attempting to give you an idea of the musical standpoint of the higher æsthetic school of tone-art.

Q. In whom do you find this embodied?

A. Wagner is the present embodiment of the tone-art of the Future. Amongst past composers I have no doubt I should class Gluck very high, if I knew his music. I also rank Berlioz and Liszt amongst those who, in the morning twilight of tone-art, anticipated its noonday brightness.

Q. What do you especially admire in the music of Wagner?

A. It is difficult to make this apparent to the uninitiated. But I claim generally for his music—it is difficult to avoid the expression, though I am aware we attach very different ideas to the word—an epic grandeur of intention, with a symbolizing at once of sense by sound, and an uplifting of sound above sense, combined with a subtlety, variety, and color of instrumentation, which gives a new value to the orchestral interpretation of passion and poetry, and throws new tone-lights on man, mind, and nature.

Q. Will you kindly attempt to make your meaning a little plainer?

A. I fear I can hardly expect you to understand me. The subject belongs to the domain of the higher æsthetic, and requires special cultivation of abstract subjectivity. As such subjectivity becomes the fashion, I have no doubt the facilities requisite for its application will be developed. I find this to be usually the case.

Q. Probably I need hardly ask if you admire the music of earlier operatic composers.

A. I do not. The German tone-poets, as Mozart, Weber, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn, may have had occasional glimpses of the higher regions of tone-art; but the Italians are hopelessly condemned to wallow in the mud of sustained melody, and the fetters of fixed form. The French are still further below contempt.

Q. Do you admit within your pale Bishop, Balfe, Wallace, or, in fact, any English composer?

A. Certainly not. They are essentially defective from the stand-point of the higher tone-art—mere writers of tunes, contented wallowers in the melodic bathos.

Q. What do you mean by the "melodic bathos"?

A. The region of recurrent rhythmical form, delightful to the vulgar ear, ere it is cultivated to perception of the higher tone-art.

Q. You have said you conceive it to be your mission to prepare the way for the music—I beg your pardon—the tone-art of the Future. How is this to be effected?

A. By carrying musical fashion a stage higher than even the most serious musical *matinées* do at present.

Q. What is a musical *matinée*?

A. In the popular sense, an assemblage of people of the most various tastes in a crowded drawing-room on a hot afternoon in the height of the season to listen to amateur musical talent.

Q. Taking place in the afternoon, why are these assemblages called "*matinées*"?

A. Everything is called a "*matinée*" that takes place before dinner.

Q. What is the entertainment usually provided at these "*matinées*"?

A. At my own, and those of the school of higher æsthetic to which I belong, all but the higher elements of tone-art—the Wagnerian *répertoire*—is rigidly excluded. In other houses, even of high pretensions to musical culture, the staple is what is called "classical music." If there is a daughter of the house having pretensions to a voice, an occasional operatic solo, or a song by one of the fashionable English composers—as Sullivan or Molloy—must of course be introduced for her.

Q. Will you oblige me by defining "classical music"?

A. I would rather leave that to those who still believe in it. It includes, I should say, the works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, Weber, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Schubert, Schumann, and some modern composers—in particular, Raff and Brahms. But this, I should explain, is far above the standard of these *matinées*. At a large number the lower forms of Italian operatic music are alone indulged in; while some even descend to the degradation of French *opéra-bouffe* compositions.

Q. How is the music usually interpreted at these *matinées*, whether of the higher or lower order?

A. By an amateur quartette band, if one can be got together, with, or without the instrumental aid of professionals. The vocal element is, as a rule, also amateur. Besides the daughters of the house, and any of their friends not likely to interfere with the success of the performances, it is of importance to secure, for these occasions, the fashionable amateur tenor (who is said to be thinking of adopting the opera as a profession), the popular baritone (who sings Stanley's songs), or, in some cases of a still lower order of taste, the comic gentleman (who is thought as good as Corney Grain). I know such things are done—from report. I never attend any of these so-called "musical" entertainments myself.

Q. Are such *matinées musicales* largely attended?

A. Very largely indeed, I am sorry to say, if I may trust report; but the music of the Future is rapidly overtaking that of the Present. My own *Æsthetic Zukunftsmusik*-mornings, for instance, which appeal only to the higher order of musical appreciation, and are very largely and even fashionably attended, are confined, as I have said, to selections from Wagner.

Q. Is this as yet equally fashionable with the so-called classical music?

A. Not yet, perhaps, but it is rapidly becoming so. The tide has set in the right—or Wagnerian—direction. And "set of the tide" is everything in a maritime country like England.

[The witness (who had listened to the questions through an ear-trumpet) here withdrew.]

Richard Wagner's Toilet at Home.—His Letters to a Dressmaker.*

The piquant feuilleton concerning Richard Wagner, which I informed you would shortly appear, was published on Saturday in the *Neue freie Presse*, Spitzer, the well-known author of the *Wiener Spaziergänge*, has thoroughly worked out the materials at his command, and not let slip so favorable an op-

*From the Berlin *Echo*, (translated in the London *Musical World*.)

portunity for displaying, under Bengal fire, Wagner's character from a perfectly new point of view. In the preface to some articles which he entitles *Censures*, and which, by the way, are utter failures, Wagner says: "But my object in this collection is something more serious than to write books; I am desirous of rendering an account of myself to my friends, so that they may be enlightened with regard to much that is difficult to be understood in me." Spitzer desires to assist the composer in carrying out the above notion, and, perhaps, the fact of some one else besides himself devoting his energies to the task, which the composer considers so exceedingly serious, of contributing to our enlightenment respecting him, may get over the objectionable circumstance of the public's seeing the composer only in the light in which he considers it advisable to be seen. Painters and sculptors have idealized away from his head all the mean and ugly traits which force themselves upon the spectator at the first glance; his partisans, too, have surrounded Wagner, the man, with a nimbus, which encircles him with a brilliancy rendering him unrecognizable; and though anyone who can read may discover his real character in his writings, the master has protected the products of his mind, as Wotan protects his daughter, the Walkyrs, with a "flickering glow" of wearisomeness, verbal inflation, and obscurity of thought, against the reader "der frech es wagte, dem freislichen Felsen zu nahen."

Wagner, in pink satin drawers, white satin jacket, richly padded pink satin dressing-gown, with a satin sash, five ells long! Who would have believed it possible!—Spitzer takes his "materials" from a collection of sixteen letters written by Wagner. He calls his article "Letters from Richard Wagner to a Dressmaker." Nothing can be happier than the motto which heads the article, "Wie gleicht er dem Weibe!" † (*Walküre*, Act I., Hunding). Spitzer says, "In a catalogue lately published by a dealer in autographs of a highly interesting collection of original musical manuscripts, I found offered, for sale, sixteen letters 'of a peculiar nature' written by Richard Wagner in the years 1865-1868." I am in a position to supplement what Spitzer tells us. The well-known composer, K., in Vienna, a zealous collector of and dealer in many things, especially coins and musical manuscripts, came into possession, heaven knows how, of these sixteen letters from Wagner, to which were added three or four letters of similar purport from the pen of Mme. Kosima. In his catalogue, which was distributed a fortnight since, and comprised manuscripts of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, etc., the following notice appeared towards the end: "Wagner, Richard: 16 Letters, mostly from Lucerne in Switzerland, with some from Munich and its environs, dating from the years 1865-1868, and one of the year 1864, from Penzing (near Vienna)—all these letters are of a peculiar nature—with 9 interesting documents extra, relating to them." "The somewhat high price demanded for these letters," as Spitzer tells us further on: "slightly diminished my wish to purchase them, though it greatly increased my curiosity, and, as the latter was luckily shared by the editor of the *Neue freie Presse*, I was soon enabled to buy the letters and publish them for the amusement of the numerous readers of the paper." This piece of information, also, I can amplify. The letters were purchased by a private person for 100 florins, and passed from him into the hands of Herr Spitzer; unless, as is more probable, they were bought for Herr Spitzer at first.

But I will no longer keep your readers in ignorance as to the contents of the letters, and you may as well have two or three printed. All the others turn on the same subject, and mostly contain fresh orders.

Dear Miss Bertha.—I am sorry to say that I cannot let you have anything this week, for matters are not going on at all as I could wish, and I shall have probably to be up and stirring to look after my affairs in other places myself. But do not be under any apprehension. Believe me that I am most desirous of fully satisfying and recompensing you, the very instant it is possible, for your patience. On this you may rely. Respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

Penzing, 22nd March, 1864.

This was succeeded soon afterwards by the following from Starnberg:—

When I saw you last May in Vienna, you expressed a wish to receive further orders from me.

I feel myself still under obligations to you; furthermore, you are acquainted with the models which I use for my house clothes, etc., and it is difficult to find here a good stock of materials from which to choose; besides † "How like the woman!"

I prefer having some one to supply me. If, therefore, you like to furnish me permanently for the future with what I want, I am contented; only I should desire both for this, as well as for all you may lay out, as the latter cannot be calculated in advance, an annual account, which I should always settle at the end of the year. If you can comply with my wishes, I would at once let you have some orders. In this case, I should feel much obliged by your giving me the information I require about the following things:—

1. Can you obtain at Szontag's a good heavy satin, of the light brown color I enclose?
2. Likewise of the dark pink?
3. Can a good quality of the enclosed light pink be had for from 4 to 5 florins?
4. The same for the blue, only I should like it lighter; by no means darker.
5. Has Szontag a sufficient stock of the new red or crimson colored heavy satin, with which you lined my white dressing gown (with the flowered pattern)?
6. Have you still any of the dark yellow, of which we made the curtains for the little tables?

Please let me have proper patterns, in small pieces, of these 6 colors and fabrics and, at the same time, be kind enough to inform me whether you can entertain my proposal. I should like you to do so, because such a plan is the most convenient for me, and its adoption would enable me to give you constant employment.

I trust you have still the patterns for the cut of my clothes.

In expectation of your answer, I remain respectfully your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

For the present: Starnberg near Munich.

P.S.—Do not confound No. 2, the dark pink, with the old violet pink, which is not what I mean, but real pink, only very dark and fiery.

Passing over intermediate orders for satin trousers, satin jackets, satin coverlets, and so on, we come to the following:—

Dear Miss Bertha.—Tell me exactly how much money I should have to send, for you to make a dressing gown according to the accompanying directions? The color must be pink, like one of the accompanying patterns, which I have marked 1 and 2, so that you may calculate the prices of both, for I suspect they are not the same. That marked No. 2 is somewhat stiff and slight in the back—probably of Austrian manufacture—but the color pleases me. So—an exact estimate. Of the blue, I select some of the accompanying patterns which I return. I hope it is not too dear: I require 18 ells. In case the money intended for the fresh purchases is not sufficient, I now forward 25 thalers more, which you will be kind enough to put down to my account. Send me with the blue satin at least 10 florins' worth more of the very narrow blond, which was forgotten, for shirt trimming, you know, about an inch wide.

Mad. von Bülow wants her bill for the portfolio, and will settle it immediately. So—how much would the dressing-gown, of which I enclose a specification, cost me? Best greetings. Your obedient

RICHARD WAGNER.

Lucerne, the 1st February, 1867.

Pink satin, stuffed with eiderdown and quilted in squares, like the grey and red coverlet which I had of you; exactly that substance, light, not heavy; of course, with the upper and under material quilted together. Lined with light satin; six widths at the bottom, therefore very wide. Then put on extra, not sewn on to the quilted material—a padded ruching all round of the same material; from the waist the ruching must extend downwards into a raised facing (or garniture), cutting off the front part.

Study the drawing carefully: at the bottom the facing or Schopp, which must be worked in a particularly rich and beautiful manner, is to spread out on both sides to half an ell in width, and then, rising to the waist, lose itself in the ordinary width of the padded ruching which runs all round. At the side of the raised facing, three or four rosettes of the same material. The sleeves, like the last you made for me in Geneva, with padded edging—rich; in front a rosette, with a broader and richer one inside at the bottom of the part which hangs down. In addition to this, a broad sash five ells long, the full breadth of the material at the ends, only somewhat narrower in the middle; the shoulders narrower, so that the sleeves shall not pull; you know. So at the bottom, six widths (quilted), and on each side a facing half an ell broad in front. So at the bottom, six widths and an ell broad.

This letter is the gem of the collection; it is something unique, since it contains two pen-and-ink sketches by the master, namely: a sketch of the pink satin dressing-gown padded with eiderdown, a magnificent garment, in which any court lady would create a *furor*, as well as a smaller one of the scarf five ells long, which only makes us anxious lest the wearer, who is small in stature, should stumble over it as he walks along. The sketch of the dressing-gown reveals extraordinary accomplishments after the best models in the books of fashion. The "quilted squares" are executed in light lines and display great tenderness of feeling. The "raised facing" and "rosettes" exhibit broad handling of the pen and an energetic hand. The "padded facing" in front is fantastically executed—after the manner of Callot. And what life in the whole! The master's love for his work has lent animation to the latter, as Pygmalion's did to the statue. Nay; this dressing-gown has a soul; the eiderdown pul-

lates in the quilted squares; the ruchings are not padded, they are puffed out with sentiment; the rosettes breathe again! I must leave to my fair readers the task of studying more minutely the dressing-gown, that to this interesting object (the photographed sketch is shortly to be published, and given as a supplement to the books of fashions) I may quote something diametrically opposite, which shows us the master in quite a different toilet.

In the *Frankfurter Wochenblatt*, Adolf Oppenheim publishes a short article entitled, "From Richard Wagner's Stormy Years," and relates how, among the stock of a peripatetic vendor of old books, he came across a bundle of documents containing sketches of the charge of high treason brought, in 1848, against the Royal Chaplain, Richard Wagner, and the draught of the warrant for his apprehension. Wagner, the democrat, the revolutionist, and the composer of *Rienzi*; Wagner, who sounded the tocsin for the attack upon the Dresden Arsenal, looked quite different. The description of him in the warrant ran thus:—

"Wagner is from thirty-seven to thirty-eight years old, middle height, with brown hair and open forehead; eyes, greyish blue, nose and mouth well proportioned; chin, round; wears spectacles. Peculiar marks by which he may be known; quick and rapid both in his movements and way of talking. Dress: Overcoat of dark grey buckskin, trousers of black cloth, velvet waistcoat, silk neck-handkerchief, ordinary felt hat and boots."

I cannot say that the composer of *Rienzi* in an ordinary felt hat and boots appeals largely to my sympathies. He pleases me infinitely better in the character of poet-composer of the *Götterdämmerung*, as we see him to-day, in pink satin Walkyrs dressing gown, six widths and an ell at the bottom with a satin sash five ells long!

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis.

(To be Continued.)

VIENNA. During the theatrical year just concluded and extending from the 30th August, 1876, to the 30th June, 1877, the Imperial Opera-house gave 261 performances. Nineteen evenings were devoted to ballet exclusively; four to concerts; and three to mixed performances. The list of operas given includes 52, representing 22 composers, as follows: R. Wagner, 37 performances with 6 operas; Meyerbeer, 34 with 6; Verdi, 29 with 5; Rossini, 15 with 3; Donizetti, 13 with 6; Brüll, 12 with 1; Gounod, 12 with 3; Auber, 12 with 4; Mozart, 11 with 3; Boieldieu, 10 with 1; Ambrose Thomas, 10 with 2; Bellini, 7 with 3; Bizet, Goldmark, and Kretschmer, 5 with 1; Schubert, 4 with 1; Weber, 4 with 2; Marschner, 3 with 1; Beethoven, 2 with 1; Halévy, 2 with 1; Nicolai, 2 with 1; Schumann, 1 with 1. *Die Walküre* was performed 13 times; *Das goldene Krenz*, 12; *Les Huguenots*, *La Dame Blanche*, 10 each; *Robert le Diable*, *Aida*, *Il Trovatore*, 9 each; *Tannhäuser*, *Faust*, 8 each; *Lohengrin*, *Guillaume Tell*, *La Muette*, 7 each; *Le Prophète*, *L'Africain*, *Mignon*, 6 each; *Der fliegende Holländer*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Don Juan*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, *Ernani*, *Norma*, *La Reine de Saba*, *Carmen*, *Die Fledermaus*, 5 each; *La Traviata*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo et Juliette*, *Der hässliche Knabe*, 4 each; *Die Meistersinger*, *Der Freischütz*, *Semiramide*, *Lucresia Borgia*, *Le Philre*, *Lucia*, *Ballo in Maschera*, *Hans Hellwig*, 3 each; *L'Etella du Nord*, *Elgoletto*, *Fidelio*, *La Favorita*, *La Sonnambula*, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *La Juive*, twice each; and *Rienzi*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Oberon*, *Diarmida*, *Don Pasquale*, *Linda di Chamounix*, *Le Domino Noir*, *La Part du Diable*, *Mefistofele*, once each. After being a member of it for only a very short time, Mme. Luise Jäde no longer belongs to the company at the Imperial Operahouse. *Die Walküre* will not be performed again before September, as Mme. Ehn, will not return till then, and the management is loth to alter the original cast.

The Opera—"Le Roi de Lahore"—The Grand Opera House.

(From Miss Brewster's Letter to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

CHATEAU DE KERUHO, COTES DU NORD, BRETAGNE, FRANCE, JULY 25th, 1877.—I went to the Grand Opera House while in Paris last week, and saw the fine scenic opera *Le Roi de Lahore*. The music is not of much value, or at least so it seemed to my ears. It is hardly fair to give first impressions for criticism, especially when they are confused by many other objects also making their impressions. Nevertheless, I think of the music as vague and unmelodious. There is a waltz in the second act in the Paradise scene that is much admired, but its rhythm or rather accent is most undignified, more like a Scotch jig than a heavenly melody. But the scenic display was magnificent. The singers, however, were the ugliest persons ever put on the stage;

they sang well, but they were so brutally displeasing to the sight, that it was difficult to accept their good singing, except with eyes shut. Madame de Reské, the prima donna, "Sita," had a form that was as repulsive as her face, which is saying a good deal, for she was the homeliest woman I ever saw. She sang and acted honestly, however, had a good voice, correct execution, and a thorough conception of her part, and was dressed exquisitely. The original tenor was Salomon, but another singer supplied his place who was a most ignoble-looking person; it was impossible to sympathize with his wrongs or his love affairs. The baritone, the villain of the piece, Scindia (La Salle), was a little better favored, and sang the best solo in the opera, "Sita, rêve de ma vie," with a great deal of tenderness and feeling.

The story of the opera you know. The lover, Alim, King of Lahore, is killed by his Prime Minister, who usurps the kingdom and takes possession of the queen, Sita. The true king, Alim, goes to Paradise. Indra, the Supreme God, allows him to return to earth for a day, but not as a king, and Sita's lot and his are to be united; if she is unfaithful and perjured, she will die, and he will suffer the torments she will receive. He accepts these conditions, but luckily he finds his mistress faithful to him; she stabs herself to escape the power of their common enemy, Scindia, and they leave the world happy together. Paradise is a very gorgeous place, the spirits of the blest made perfect are most unlike any Christian notions of such beings, but quite to the level of what we are told is the Mahomedan idea of hereafter.

THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE.

The Grand Opera House is a marvellous construction. The architecture of the auditorium, though grandiose and superb, means nothing; it does not seem adapted to its purpose; indeed, the audience are quite out of place in it, and the divisions of the *palais* or boxes look like the fantastical separations of a gigantic *bonbonnière*. I wished to remove the audience entirely. I am sure the place would be more effective without people. It looks like some semi-barbaric building of far-off Assyrian or Hebrew days, a great edifice meant for unknown or forgotten rites and ceremonies; some strange worship of the God Pleasure, and the auditorium might well be passages for high priests and priestesses to sweep through on their way to the altar upon the stage. The decorations have a curious grandeur, but all rules, all classic or any other known models, seem to have been thrown to the wind. The character of these decorations too, corresponds with the wild barbaric effect of the whole. You know, of course, the style of architecture and decoration of this much talked-of building, so no use in my taking up space in describing it. I will only mention one or two peculiarities. The row of marble masks, a sort of *Hermes*, that runs around the auditorium, are ghastly things; they look like death's heads—*memento mori*; and some of the faces are those of dead courtesans. The huge figures over the pediments have a mad, wild, frenzied look, thin, breathless, passion-worn, most unlike the grand repose that characterizes the Michel Angelesque figures we are accustomed to seeing resting on the lofty pediments in St. Peter's and on Roman buildings. Those of Rome are unreal creations and quite unnatural, judged from human rules; but they are gods and goddesses, beings of a visionary world, such as a fine poetic imagination might conceive them; but the figures in the Grand Opera House, even Carpeaux's great group, are representations of human beings maddened by the pursuit of human pleasures.

Late as the season was, there was quite an audience and some distinguished persons were pointed out to me: Madame Garnier, wife of General Garnier; the Duchesse de la Rochefoucauld and Monsieur and Madame de Courcelles. De Courcelles was the former French ambassador near the Vatican; Madame de Courcelles is the granddaughter of General de La Fayette.

The staircase of the Opera House is a beautiful construction; it is said to be the finest one ever built. The foyer, too, is very grand. They both look as if made for vast crowds of human beings, who should be forever going and coming, ascending and descending. The decorations are magnificent; everything is real; there is no shabby tinsel and make-believe; superb marbles, fine decorative paintings, glittering mosaics, splendid vases, columns, galleries, balconies and a richness of ornament which is quite foreign to the ideas of good

taste that one learns in monumental Rome, but which seems quite in keeping with the place. I thought of "the wealth of Ormus and of Ind." In such a building Berenice and her court might have worshiped when Titus destroyed Jerusalem. And it is after all a great Hebrew temple of pleasure; for every good place in it seems to belong to the rich Jewish bankers or to their children, who hold fine titles in the New Jerusalem, as Paris is now called. The box I was in, one of the best in the house, belonged to one of "the chosen people." No need for the Jews to go to Palestine to rebuild their lost city; they have a grand enough one on the banks of the Seine.

THE LONDON OPERA SEASON. We take the following from Mr. H. C. Lunn's review of the London Musical Season in the August number of the *Musical Times*.

We could scarcely point to a fact more confirming our impression that "Italian Opera" is almost "played out," as the Americans say, in this country than that of the small effect created by Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer" at the Royal Italian Opera during the past season. That vocalists of various nations should be assembled at a lyrical establishment in England to sing a German opera translated into Italian evidently begins to appear a monstrous absurdity to those who are not swayed by their old-world prejudices; and the consequence is that, although Mr. Carl Rosa reckoned the "Flying Dutchman," at the Lyceum, in the English tongue one of his greatest successes, Mr. Gye found "Il Vascello Fantasma," at the Covent Garden Opera, in the Italian tongue a comparative failure. But on the whole the season has been neither better nor worse than its many predecessors under the same management. The lessees has redeemed his promise that "three at least" of the Operas named in the prospectus would be produced; for, in addition to Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma" ("Flying Dutchman,") we have had Nicolai's "Le Vispe Comari (Merry Wives) di Windsor," and the Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha's "Santa Chiara," the presentation of the last-named work being evidently due to an influence quite apart from that which should rule the actions of an operatic *impresario*. It was of course natural that, having encountered so many obstacles in securing the services of Signor Gayarre, he should be placed at once in the highest position, for it was necessary to prove that he was a tenor worth fighting for; but to sit in judgment nightly for the purpose of ascertaining accurately whether his merits sufficiently balanced his defects was found by the audience not a very agreeable duty; and the reception of Signor Nicolini, who, although not a Mario, is a very excellent and reliable tenor, amply showed that the sensational and unequal vocalism of the new comer was becoming a little tiresome. The decisive success of Mdle. Zaré Thalberg as *Mrs. Ford*, in Nicolai's Opera, "Le Vispe Comari di Windsor," is a remarkable proof how by zealous and conscientious study a vocalist with natural gifts can qualify herself for a position for which at first she may be believed incompetent. That, through the interest of mistaken friends, or from want of judgment on her own part, Mdle. Thalberg made her *début* on the operatic stage at too early a period of her vocal training can scarcely admit of a doubt; and we are glad therefore that the public has extended to her an indulgence which has often been denied to other talented but immature artists who have from time to time appeared before us. Signor Pandolfini, who made his first appearance as the *Jester* in "Rigoletto," and Signor Ordinas, whose *début* as *Mephistopheles* in "Faust" was highly successful, will doubtless be members of the company next season; but, although other aspirants for public favor were well received, we question whether any will be heard of again. Mdle. Marimon has, strangely enough, appeared too rarely for her many admirers; but Mdle. Albani has in several parts materially advanced her already high reputation, her performance of *Senta*, in Wagner's "Il Vascello Fantasma," being especially worthy of praise, both vocally and histrionically. Madame Patti has been, as usual, a powerful attraction; and Signori Marini and Carpi have given much strength to the tenor department. M. Maurel, Signori Capponi, Graziani, Cotogni, and Bagagiolo are well known as thoroughly dependable vocalists, and their services have been of the utmost value during the season, the singing of the first-named artist as the *Dutchman* in "Il Vascello Fantasma" being extremely good. The two Conductors, Signori Vianesi and

Bevignani, have worked zealously during the season, and both band and chorus are entitled to warm commendation.

Not only should every indulgence be granted to Mr. Mapleson for any shortcomings during the season at Her Majesty's Theatre, but the utmost sympathy must be felt for him in consideration of the position in which he was placed by the illness of Mdle. Tietjens. We have reason to believe that Cherubini's "Medea" and Gluck's "Armida" were in preparation; but as the heroine of both these works was incapacitated from singing, they were reluctantly laid aside, and the lessee was compelled to present his subscribers with the well-known operas which he knew could be safely cast and cordially welcomed, although we can scarcely forgive him for the non-production of Wagner's "Der Fliegende Holländer," seeing that the services of M. Faure and Madame Christine Nilsson were perfectly available. The absence of so great an artist as Mdle. Tietjens it might be expected would throw a cloud over the season, the influence of which would be universally felt; and Mr. Mapleson, in engaging Mdle. Gerster, certainly did all that could be done under the circumstances, for he knew that Madame Christine Nilsson would be sure to attract whenever she appeared, and he has thus been enabled to carry through the whole of his subscription season, and some extra nights also, with very decided success. The marked impression produced by Mdle. Gerster is not, we think, of that kind which will easily pass away. Her singing is remarkably pure and unexaggerated; and, although we could occasionally desire a little more of that warmth of expression which lends additional eloquence to even the most perfectly executed phrases, we are certain that her exceptional powers have been duly recognized, and that her reappearance next season will be anxiously expected. Mdle. Chlomi and Mdle. Salla have won their way to a fair position; the return of Mdle. Mila Rodani has been warmly welcomed, but Signor Talbo must be mentioned as a vocalist who has gradually worn out the welcome accorded him on his *début*. Mdle. Alwina Valleria deserves something more than "honorable mention," for her services during the season have been of the utmost value. Not only has she thoroughly proved her efficiency in all the parts for which she was cast, but on one occasion, when Madame Christine Nilsson was indisposed, she sang the music of *Lucia* so well as fairly to earn the warm applause of an audience scarcely predisposed to be satisfied with any substitute for the favorite artist announced. Signor Tamberlik brings to us a voice too much worn to bear the strain of singing through an entire opera, but his artistic feeling makes itself felt with those who can still admire a true style. Signor Wachtel has undoubtedly a fine vocal organ, but there is a want of refinement in his delivery of every phrase which prevents his ever touching our sympathies. Both artists, however, have been well received; and with Signor Fancelli—who has been singing better than ever during the season—the tenor department has been very fairly represented. The engagement of M. Faure has proved of the utmost importance in the cast of several operas, his *Don Giovanni* being unquestionably unequalled by any artist on the lyric stage; and the co-operation of the well known favorites of this company (Madame Trebelli more especially) has been most valuable to the lessee under the unusually trying circumstances of the past season. The band, under the able direction of Sir Michael Costa, has been thoroughly satisfactory; and the chorus, although at times somewhat coarse, on the whole fairly efficient.

Notes from the Continent.

Referring to the performances in connection with the recent meeting of the Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein at Hanover, mention should be made of the representation, extending over four successive evenings, of Goethe's "Faust," with the incidental music by Lassen, a work which in its complete form had only once before been performed some time ago at Weimar. In view of the costly and ostentatious representations at Bayreuth last year of "Der Ring des Nibelungen," which likewise occupied four days, the tardy justice thus rendered to one of the greatest masterpieces of all ages becomes the more conspicuous. The German press is unanimous in its praise of the very artistic and liberal manner in which the drama was placed on the stage, presenting as it does, especially in its second part, a series of difficulties which would seem to be almost insurmountable. In estimating the importance of this

event the fact should also be taken into consideration that from a financial point of view a representation of this kind must always remain a failure.

Franz Liszt, who has long since retired from the sphere of active *virtuosi*, has greatly added to the long list of his enthusiastic admirers by his exceptional appearance at the pianoforte, both on the occasion of the above meeting at Hanover and latterly also at Jena. The fascination which this unique artist exercised of old upon his audience seems to have increased rather than diminished, if we are to judge by the reports published in some of the German papers.

Preparations on a large scale are being made at the Munich Court Theatre for the performance in 1878 of the entire "Ring des Nibelungen." The first and second part of the Tetralogy have already been several times given at the Bavarian capital, and the contemplated representation of the complete work during next year will be preceded by the separate production of "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Herr Wagner, after his recent stay at Ems for the purpose of recruiting his health, intends spending some weeks in Switzerland, where, says the *Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung*, he will find the isolation necessary for the continuance of the work upon which he has been for some time engaged.

A new opera from the pen of Flotow is expected shortly to make its appearance on the German stage. It is entitled "Die Musikanten," the authors of the libretto being MM. Genée and Zell.

It will interest the admirers of Herr Wagner to know that a biography of the poet-composer, from the pen of Herr Glaserapp, has just been published by the firm of C. Maurer, of Leipzig. The work is comprised in two volumes, and contains, according to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung*, an abundance of interesting material, presented in an attractive and sympathetic form.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUG. 18, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

I.

We trust it will not be many years before our universities embrace Musical Professorships in their learned Faculties. Harvard at last has one Professor of this art and science, and so far is beginning to keep pace with the progress of the times in this direction. But a University so all alive, so many-sided, comprehensive, and so rich in means, should cover under its maternal wing a Complete School of Music, on an equal footing with its Schools of Medicine, of Law, Theology, Natural History, etc. Wealthy would-be public benefactors may do as much good for posterity by endowing schools of Art, as by endowing schools of Literature, Theology or Science. Or equally, an amply endowed permanent provision of the highest kind of orchestral concerts, oratorios, etc., in a city like New York or Boston, lifting these opportunities quite above the fluctuating patronage of half-cultivated publics, and so keeping the standard always classical and high, ruling out all clap-trap and mere fashion, would be as useful and as noble a disposition of a millionaire's abundance, as the bequest of a like fund for any sort of a new school or professorship at Yale or Harvard. Can Greek or Latin, Algebra or Logic, Ichthyology or Palæontology, do more to refine and humanize and elevate society, than a deep, intimate love and understanding of the great tone-creations of the inspired masters? Can Homer or Virgil quicken the human soul more than Beethoven? And is it any extravagance of fancy to suggest that Handel's "Messiah" may have done as much good in the world as Dr. Paley's Ethics?

These are hints which we think it behoves the fathers and wise men, the "men of eminent gravity" of our community to consider. Until recently the

worth of Music, as one of the great means of intellectual, emotional and social culture, has been little known or dreamed of in this busy land, save by a few isolated enthusiasts, or small groups of such. But now there are thousands who will not hesitate to ascribe much of their best culture, much that is most precious and most soul supporting in life's feverish and perplexed career, to Music; thousands who feel a debt of gratitude to it as deep as any feel to Plato and the great philosophers and poets, or to all the lights of literature and science; thousands who need not look upon that noble statue of Beethoven in our Boston Music Hall, to feel that there is as great and noble sphere for the devotion of all a man's intellectual and spiritual energies in Music, pursued as an Art, as there can be in any honored occupation. Now if this were as widely and generally believed, as it is unquestionably true, Music would be as liberally and variously endowed in Colleges and Universities, in lyceums and concert halls and lyrical temples and conservatoires in every city and large town, as any of the branches of scholastic culture have been from of old.

There is no lack of schools and colleges. There is no lack of funds, by subscription or bequest, for any needed number of professorships in any old or modern literature, in any branch of Physics or of Metaphysics. There is wealth enough, and the wealthy take a patriotic pride in these things. Whatsoever is expended upon public education is accounted well spent. It is among the glories of the merchants of Boston, as a class, that no subscription for a new observatory or telescope, or for the founding or strengthening of a scientific or a literary professorship, with a live man to fill it, is ever suffered to fall to the ground among them. Whose are the names borne by so many of the best foundations in our Alma Mater? They are the names of public-spirited, far-seeing, prosperous merchants, who saw the value of education to the coming generations, and who felt it a duty which they owed to their children and their country, to open, out of their material abundance, *permanent* fountains of such education in its several branches. Every month brings report of some munificent donation or bequest of this sort. Yet never so far do we hear of anybody in his will bequeathing fifty or even ten thousand dollars for the endowment of any thing musical. And why? Simply because the conviction of the usefulness of such an object has not acquired the sanction of society at large, has not become public opinion. Those having the means and will to benefit posterity, bestow their wealth, as others have done before them, upon certain old-fashioned, respectable, conventional good objects. Few seek out new and equally needed ways of doing good. Here is a wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has original notions and refined tastes of his own, among which perhaps a passionate devotion to good music, to indulge which he thinks it little to appear strange and visionary to his neighbors all his life. He believes in music; believes in it enthusiastically, extravagantly; cherishes it in his quiet way as the divine fire of his life; yet it is a hundred to one that when he comes to make his will, he will bestow all he has upon some conventional old form of charity, upon a hospital, a Greek professorship, a chapel, or what not, without its once occurring to him, inasmuch as it never *has* been done, that it is quite practicable, and would be an extremely useful thing for him to open a perennial fountain of that divine Art he so loves to those that shall come after him. But wait a few years; let Music become as widely prized and honored, as now Greek and Hebrew are, and here and there a dying millionaire will begin to think he has a debt to Music too, among his responsibilities for the true culture of posterity. We do not despair of this. No one who knows and feels the social worth of music, can despair of it. If it have such worth, it must ere long be generally felt, and then subscriptions, donations and bequests will come as naturally for this good object as for any other.

Several ways occur as worthy. One is to give St. Cecilia her chair (as Harvard has done) among the fair and venerable "humanities" in our old universities. Another is to establish a complete School of Music under the wing of a powerful University, which shall give it the guaranty of respectability, of disinterestedness—thereby distinguishing it from the one hundred and one so-called "Conservatories" in this country. (So far a new University has got the start in this; we allude, of course, to the Boston University, which has its "College of Music.") Another way, and one which might result in even more practical good, would be to endow a large *permanent* Orchestra, under wise and strict, yet liberal conditions, for the frequent public performance in any city of the really great classical compositions of the masters. This, however, ought to be part and parcel of the true Music School, College or Conservatory.—The time is ripe for the agitation of this subject, than it was when we began it in the early volumes of this Journal. We mean to develop these hints further, and we invite suggestions from others.

Mme. Seiler's School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

We had a very pleasant call the other day from this exceedingly intelligent and enterprising lady, who has devoted herself heart and soul, with all her strength, so many years, in Philadelphia, to the practical illustration of the principles of vocal training laid down in that remarkable work of her's, "The Voice in Singing." Her School—now under her own control exclusively, and which aims to make musicians in a larger sense than that of mere vocalists, seems now to be in the full tide of success and to have made astonishing progress in the short period of three years since it was founded. With several musical gentlemen we had the pleasure of listening to the singing of a couple of her pupils—one a high soprano, the other a rich contralto—both voices, however, being of large compass, very evenly developed, strong, flexible, giving the tone out in such a frank and wholesome manner, as to make one feel that such voices have a long lease of life. The musical intelligence likewise, and the style of rendering choice selections from Handel, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Spohr, and others, was highly satisfactory. And, what is most remarkable, all this beauty and power of tone has been developed, we are told, from voices originally by no means promising. It is probable that these young ladies will be heard from in the concert room next season,—perhaps in this city.

At our request, Mme. Seiler has furnished us with the following brief report of the progress of the School from its commencement.

The School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia owes its origin to the liberality of one gentleman, who expended \$500 annually upon the musical education of a number of deserving young men and women, with the view of forming better singers for the church service.

Previous to the opening of the School of Vocal Art, from 1860 to 1874, there were, according to the above arrangement, under the tuition of Madame Seiler, thirty pupils, of whom twenty have won positions as teachers and church-singers. In view of this favorable result it was decided, with the help of other contributors, to open a School for the training of teachers and artists. This was accomplished on the 5th of January, 1875, beginning with ten pupils, to whom were added seven more during the winter, independently of nineteen others under instruction in separate branches. The number of pupils was constantly increasing, till in June, 1877, at the end of the third season, it was eighty-nine, independently of thirty others taking various branches.

The artistic progress of the School during the last year deserves special notice. In the department of sacred music, such compositions as Haydn's *Creation*, Mendelssohn's *Hear my Prayer*, *As the Hare pants*, Mozart's *12th Mass*, etc., have been practiced; besides the Hymns and Chants used in ordinary church service.

The Operas of the *Magia Flute* by Mozart, *Orpheus* by Gluck, and *Oberon* by Weber, have been studied and presented by the pupils, with such attention to style and action as circumstances allowed. It is intended to make this training a prominent feature of the School, thus supplying a well known want in this country, and furnishing some means of overcoming the difficulty that artists for the operatic stage experience in gaining dramatic force and freedom of style.

The spirit of the pupils has been beyond praise. All seem to feel the influence of an artistic musical atmosphere, inciting them to perseverance in study and a generous emulation. This being the highest result of Art, is accepted as the best possible evidence of what the School has accomplished, and what its worth may be for the future.

Nor have the advantages of the School proved to be purely theoretical. A large number of the pupils have already become self-supporting by teaching, singing in choirs, etc. Applications are made at the School for choirs and teachers for institutions in other cities; and this opens another sphere for those who are interested in the higher education of young women aiming to make themselves independent.

In conclusion, there can be no better evidence of the success of the School, than the fact that it has now attained to a condition in which it is self-supporting; it no longer taxes the liberality of its friends.

The English National Anthem.

To the Editor of *Dwight's Journal of Music* :

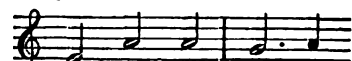
The reading of the article in your last issue upon "God Save the King" reminded me of the discussion of this subject in Chappell's "Popular Music of the Olden Time." If we may allow the authoritative value of this work, we find a ready answer to some of Mr. Moore's queries; whilst your own suggestion of a theory of *growth*, resulting, after various modifications, in a recognized composition, finds considerable support.

The claims of Dr. Bull and of Henry Carey to be considered the authors of this National Anthem appear to be as strong as any. That of the former rests upon a certain manuscript book, dated 1619, containing, among several others, two pieces, one of which, having the title "God Save the King," is founded upon the four notes, *c, g, f, e*, corresponding to the popular cry upon the King's appearance. "These four notes are repeated over and over, with twenty-six different bases, and occupy seven pages of the manuscript."

The other air is very like "God Save the King," but has "no little of evidence" to connect the words with the period 1619. As sung at the concerts of Ancient Music and elsewhere it had the following melodic form :—



Mr. Chappell observes that, in its original state the "ayre" commenced thus :—



His examination of the manuscript convinced him that it had been tampered with for the sake of increasing the resemblance to the air now known as "God Save the King." If we allow that he has succeeded in proving this, there remains but little more than a metrical agreement between the two.

The similarity of the Christmas Carol, which is older than Dr. Bull's tune, is to be traced principally in the first four measures of the second part.

The entire air is as follows :—



The notation of "Franklin is fled away," "one of the many tunes from which *God Save the King* has been said to be derived," is thus given by Mr. Chappell :—



Purcell's theme, considered by a writer in "The Gentleman's Magazine," for March, 1796, as the original tune of "God Save the King," or, at least, as furnishing the subject of it, was printed in 1696 in the following manner. The harmony I have omitted.



At least so much of presumptive material was in existence before the time of Carey. The claim of Carey to the authorship of the anthem is thus presented by Chappell :—

About the year 1795, when a pension of £200 a year had been granted to Charles Dibdin, on account of the favorable influence which his naval songs had over the British seamen, George Savile Carey made a journey to Windsor in the hope of a similar recompense. He relates in his *Balcan*, that he was advised to beg the interference of a gentleman residing in the purlieus of Windsor Castle, that he would be kind enough to explain this matter rightly to the Sovereign, thinking it not improbable that some consideration might have taken place and some little compliment be bestowed on the offspring of one who had done the state some service. He was met with this answer, "Sir, I do not see, because your father was the author of *GOD SAVE THE KING*, that the King is under any obligation to his son." G. S. Carey could not assert anything respecting the authorship from his own knowledge, having been born in 1742, and his father having died in 1748.

Henry Carey is the first person who is recorded as having sung "God Save the King" in public, and he was in the habit of writing both the words and the music of his songs. John Christopher Smith, who composed the music to an opera called *Teraminta*, of which Carey wrote the drama, asserts that Carey took the words and music of "God Save the King" to him, to correct the bass. His evidence is contained in a letter from Dr. Harrington, the celebrated physician and amateur musician of Bath, addressed to G. S. Carey, and dated June 18th, 1795 :

"Dear Sir.—The anecdote you mention, respecting your father's being the author and composer of the words and music of 'God Save the King,' is certainly true. That most respectable gentleman, my worthy friend and patient, Mr. Smith, has often told me what follows: viz., 'that your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which was not proper; and at your father's request, Mr. Smith wrote another bass in correct harmony.' Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, repeated the same account, and on his authority I pledge myself for the truth of this statement. H. Harrington."

The proof of Carey's having sung it in 1740 (five years before it became generally known), rests upon the evidence of Mr. Townsend, who in 1794 stated to Mr. John Ashley, of Bath, that his father dined with Henry Carey at a tavern in Cornhill, in the year 1740, at a meeting convened to celebrate Admiral Vernon's capture of Portobello, and that "Carey sang it on that occasion." He adds that "the applause he received was very great, especially when he announced it to be his own composition." (Vide Ashley's letter to the Rev. W. L. Bowles, 1828). This receives some confirmation from the writer of a letter to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1796, who says, "The first time I ever heard the anthem of 'God Save the King' was about the year 1740, on some public occasion at a tavern in Cornhill." (Vide Chappell, pp. 694-5.)

Schoelcher bases his statement in favor of Dr. Bull upon the authority of Richard Clark, who, according to Chappell's representations was untrustworthy.

So also the "*Vive le Roy*" of the French is shown to be simply the patriotic shout which has been common in all nations from the time of the Jewish monarchy to the present. In the annals of English music we have several instances of the recurrence of this shout or cry; as in the anthem for Henry VII :—

"God save King Henrie, wheresoever he be," etc.

in that for Edward VI :—

"King Edward, King Edward,
God save King Edward," etc.;

in that for James I :—

"God Save King James, and still pull downe,
All those that would annoy his crowne;"

in that for Charles I :—

"Let Charles's glorie through England ring,
Let subjects say, 'God save the King.'"

The claim in behalf of Lully is based upon a random assertion in the *Souvenir de la Marquise de Créquy*, a modern French novel!

The claim in behalf of Anthony Young rests on the authority of a Mrs. Henslowe, who received as a legacy the accumulations of a pension granted to the widow of Dr. Arne by George III. This pension, she asserts, was bestowed, not, as we should naturally suppose, because of Dr. Arne's eminence, but because Mrs. Arne was the grand-daughter of Anthony Young, who composed a National Anthem for the Stuarts, the reward for which was granted, according to this statement, by a monarch of the house of Hanover! We may agree with Chappell that "this claim is too feebly supported to receive any serious attention."

Mr. Moore asks the question: "Why did Dr. Burney say 'the tune was set to music by the Catholic chapel of James II.' etc. May it not have been because Benjamin Victor had previously asserted that "the very words and music are an old anthem that was sung at St. James' Chapel for King James II when the Prince of Orange was landed?" But Victor is impeached by Chappell of apparent inaccuracy in this and other statements, as may be seen by reference to page 700 of "Popular Music."

What is known of Henry Carey will not warrant the conclusion that he was a musician of scientific attainments. Neither did he manifest such originality as would raise him above the unconscious expression of the ideas of others. May not this account in some degree for the resemblances between the compositions noted above and the National Anthem accredited to him?

B. D. A.

—Worcester, Aug. 9th, 1877.

Summer-Night Concerts in Chicago.— Letter from Theodore Thomas.

(From the Chicago Tribune, July 31.)

On Wednesday evening Mr. Thomas will receive his complimentary benefit, and in this connection his reply to the invitation extended to the citizens will be of special interest. It will be peculiarly gratifying to Chicago and peculiarly ungratifying to New York. Mr. Thomas writes as follows:

CHICAGO, July 28.—*Mr. Wirt Dexter and Others—GENTLEMEN:* In accepting the compliment extended to me in your letter of the 27th, permit me to say, that the cordial welcome I have met with in public and private during my stay this summer has greatly attached me to your city.

When, in 1886, I inaugurated nightly Summer Garden Concerts in New York, I did it with a view of elevating my profession and the public taste for music. In a few years these concerts became a recognized institution of the country. As my repertoire extended, my orchestra had to be increased to meet the enlarged demands of the modern composers. In order to sustain so large an organization, I was obliged to travel a portion of the year, and it was this necessity which first introduced me to the West. But it was New York, Boston and Philadelphia which enjoyed the fruits of all this labor in the shape of the Symphony Concerts, which could never have reached the high standard attained had not the whole country contributed to the support of the organization.

After eleven consecutive years of Summer Night Concerts, I have been obliged to leave New York for want of a suitable hall in which to give them. What New York offered I refused, and what I wanted I could not have. That metropolis not having supplied my needs, I was induced to try the West, and I gladly confess I do not regret the experiment. I find the people here open-hearted, generous, and enthusiastic, and in thanking them through you for their kind appreciation of the labor my colleagues and myself have done here during the last months, it would give me pleasure, circumstances permitting, to return here next summer.

The support we have received justifies me in saying that Chicago is the only city on the continent, next to New York, where there is sufficient musical culture to enable me to give a series of fifty successive concerts.

Thanking you again for your kindness, I will, with your permission, name next Wednesday, Aug. 1, as the evening most convenient for the complimentary concert, and will, with your consent, combine with it a request programme. Very respectfully yours,

THEODORE THOMAS.

(From the Same, Aug. 1.)

Last evening a very large audience was in attendance at the Exposition Building upon the occasion of the second Beethoven night. The programme was a delightful one, opening with selections from the music to Goethe's tragedy of "Egmont," the overture to which is very familiar to concert-goers, as it has been a standing programme piece for years. In addition to the overture there are nine numbers,—two songs, four entr'actes, a larghetto descriptive of Clara's death, melodrama, and an allegro con brio. Of these Mr. Thomas selected the overture, entr'actes, the larghetto, and finale. The music was written in 1810, and was first performed in May of that year. The motive of nearly all this music centres about the sorrow of Clara, the heroine, but is coupled with that sturdy love of German independence that was always characteristic of Beethoven. In its ensemble it is one of the finest illustrations of Beethoven's dramatic music. One enthusiastic German critic has declared that when Beethoven wrote these fragments he pointed out a new road to art.

The second number was two of the four Equales which Beethoven wrote for four trombones, performed on this occasion by three trombones and tuba (Messrs. Cappa, Boeber, Deis, and Lowack), and transposed by Mr. Thomas to suit the present instruments. The most interesting feature of these two Equales is the fact that they were set to words after Beethoven's death in the form of a Miserere, and sung at his funeral, March 29, 1827. The autograph of these numbers bears date "Linz, Nov. 2, 1812." The 2d of November was All-Soul's Day, in commemoration of which they were written. In massive harmony, genuine antique form, and sublime majesty they are not only solemnly impressive, but colossal. They might have been written for the obsequies of a Titan. The performance of them aroused an enthusiasm that has hardly been equalled this season. It may be added that they were given for the first time in this country last evening.

The third number, closing the first part, was the ever grateful "Adelaide," that most dramatic of all songs, which was sung by Mr. Bischoff in admirable style, with piano accompaniment.

The Symphony chosen for this occasion was the Fifth, in C Minor, one of the grandest of Beethoven's inspirations, and the one most played the world over. The key to its ideas is found in Beethoven's

own inscription for the unison commencement of the first movement: "Fate knocks loudly at the portals." It is the old story of every human life. The first movement pictures the struggle of the soul to break through the bonds of pain and misery, the everlasting conflict with destiny. The second paints the consolation of hope. In the third the soul is again beclouded, and darkness sets in. The finale tells of victory, the escape of the soul into the higher regions of earthly happiness, the triumph over fate. It is purely subjective in its motive, and with simple means achieves that emotional result for which Wagner strives so hard, following in the footsteps of the Great Master,—the one working from inspiration, the other from intellect. The Symphony has been played so often here that it is unnecessary to go into any detailed analysis of it. It is pleasanter to acknowledge the obligation to the orchestra and conductor for their noble and dignified interpretation. It is a rare luxury in the present confused condition of our local musical world to hear the Beethoven Symphonies at all, much more to hear them performed as they should be. For this reason the concert-goers will be all the more thankful to Mr. Thomas that this summer he has given them the opportunity of hearing the Second, Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh of these great compositions.

The remaining numbers were the overture in C (*Namensfeier*), the Andante Cantabile (Liszt's adaptation), and the Allegro con brio from the *Prometheus* ballet music. Taken all in all, it was a concert which in future will be remembered as one of the most important as well as enjoyable in this remarkable season.

August 2.—The testimonial concert tendered to Mr. Thomas last evening was attended by one of the largest and most brilliant audiences of the season. The audience both in quantity and quality testified eloquently to the esteem in which Mr. Thomas is held by our concert-goers, and how delighted they are at his announcements for next summer. The programme was an elegant one, including Abert's adaptation of the Bach Prelude, Chorale and Fugue for orchestra; Handel's concerto for two solo violins and cello, with Ferdinand David's cadenza, played by Mr. Jacobsohn, Mr. F. Hemmann, and Mr. C. Hemmann; a "Cradle Song" and "Serenade" of Spohr's, also his march from the "Consecration of Tones"; an Overture, Scherzo, and Finale, by Schumann, which is in reality a symphony in three movements; Liszt's glorious symphonic poem of Tasso, "The Lament and Triumph"; Vieuxtemps' "Fantasie Caprice"; a song of Lachner's, "Ueberall Du," violin obligato by Mr. C. Hemmann; the ballet music to "Rienzi"; and Schubert's "Erl King," sung by Mr. Bischoff. The testimonial was a thoroughly enjoyable occasion, and one long to be remembered both by Mr. Thomas and his audience. This evening will be devoted to the music of the future, the programme being made up of choice selections from Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, with Mrs. Julia Rivé-King as pianist.

MUSICAL OPTIMISM. A reporter of the San Francisco *Chronicle* who recently visited the industrial school was very much impressed by what he saw and learned there concerning not only the taming but the reforming and refining influence of a "concord of sweet sounds." Attached to the institution is a music teacher who has at all times in active training a number of boys, who perform on the various instruments that make up a brass band. This teacher, who is an intelligent German, and to all appearances an able instructor, testifies to the wonderful efficacy of music in softening the rugged nature of the boys, who are sent to school usually because they are uncontrollable by their parents or guardians. He says he has noticed the singular fact that boys whose aversion to learning was so great that they could not or would not acquire even a knowledge of their "a, b, c's," took hold with evident relish of the comparatively difficult study of theoretical music, and in a very short space of time mastered the notes sufficiently to be able to read a tolerably hard score or piece of music. This seemed to him like a phenomenal phase, and he can only account for it on the ground that a love of music is inherent in the average bad boy. He has usually in training a band of twenty pieces; but he says that this number he could easily augment at any time to two, three or even four times as many, for he very rarely finds a boy that has not a taste for some musical instrument. The greatest trouble he has yet encountered in the formation of his bands is the fact that as soon as his pupils become really proficient they are ready for a discharge for good conduct, the music possessing such an influence for good over them as to completely reform dispositions that would otherwise be incorrigibly bad. Since he has held the position of music teacher at the institution several boys have been discharged for good and promising conduct, who have turned their knowledge of music acquired within the walls of the industrial school to profitable account.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Make Room in Heav'n for Me. Song and Chorus. F. 3. E to F. Rutledge. 30
"Make room in Heaven for poverty's child."
An affecting ballad in popular style.

Lost Chord. F. 3. c to F. Sullivan. 40
"It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an angel's psalm."
An exquisite idea finely expressed.

When Life is brightest. Vocal Duet. C. 3. E to F. Pinault. 50
"Laughing, pleasant, genial summer,
With its bright and genial smile."
A very bright duet, and all in praise of summer.

My dear old Home. Song and Chorus. Ad. 3. E to E. Meyer. 30
"Oft I think of those dear treasures,
In that dear, yes, dear old home."
A simple and very pleasing Home song.

Softly fades the Twilight Ray. Eb. 3. d to E. Havens. 30
"All things tell of calm repose,
At the holy Sabbath's close."
One of Havens' Quartets. Beautiful.

They all do it. G. 3. d to F. Read. 30
"And sometimes they rue it,
Yet they all do it."
Capital Comic Song in "Tony Pastor" style.

Love's Roses. (Die Rose der Liebe.) G. 4. d to g. Fairlamb. 30
"These fragrant, blushing roses."
"Die düftelchste Rose."
Rich poetry, both in words and music.

You gave it me, long Years ago. Song and Chorus. F. 3. c to F. Keens. 30
"And oh! how often, when alone,
I've kissed my violet blue."
With a fine expression, and with qualities which are sure to secure favor.

When the Tide comes in. E. 4. d to g. Millard. 50
"He sailed away at break of day,
The skies were blue and fair."
Well-known favorite. There is also an Alto arrangement.

The Dust of a Rose. F. 3. F to F. Fairlamb. 30
"It could not bring back the same old time.
No, never! No, never!"
Very rich sentiment to a varied melody.

Roll on, Kalamazoo. Song and Chorus. D. 3. d to F. Vandercook. 30
"Free as a bird I roam."
The repetition of the quite musical name of the river, gives a novelty to the chorus and attractiveness to the song.

Good times Come Again. Song and Cho. Eb. 2. E to g. Hays. 30
"We gwine to pick de cotton,
An' hoe de sugar cane."
Words,—nonsense, but with the music makes a capital "roust about" or plantation song.

Instrumental.
Vacation Redowa. Bb. 3. Wendelstein. 30
Those whose vacation hours are cheered by it, will have pleasant memories. Very graceful.

Whispering Waves. Salonstück. A. 3. Frank. 40
Has the rocking motion of the waves; is very smooth and graceful, and a fine piece for practice.

Mazurka in Bb. 3. Stetson. 35
A mazurka which would B-flat-tered if it could hear itself played, since it is very musical: varies to six flats for a few measures.

Village Belle Waltz. C. 3. Sudds. 30
Pretty as a pretty belle, and that is fine enough.

Six Easy Sonatas, by C. Gurliitt.
No. 1 is in C; No. 2 is in G; No. 3 is in D; No. 4 is in G; No. 5 is in A minor; No. 6 is in F.
All are about of the 3d degree of difficulty, and have the entertaining, instructive quality of well-constructed Sonatas by the best authors.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 949.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 1, 1877.

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Salzburger Musikfest.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

Salzburg, July 17.

"A Musical festival in honor of Mozart will be held at Salzburg, his birthplace, towards the end of July. The orchestra will include most of the artists of the Viennese Opera."

Such was the paragraph in the *Illustrated News* which caught my eye one sultry day in June, while I was inhaling the murky atmosphere of London, longing for an "outing" of some kind. My imagination at once took fire. Do you know the wonderland of which Salzburg is the centre, dear friend? Have you looked down from the castle which towers above the old-fashioned Austrian town, and revelled in the beauty of a scene equalled by few—surely surpassed by none other on this Continent?—a view embracing vast tracts of fertile, richly cultivated country, on the one hand; on the other, an immense pile of jagged, precipitous mountains, along whose sides, bathed in a deep blue transparent haze, the lights and shades are forever varying. Beneath the mountain villages and villas innumerable, nestling peacefully amidst the bright green meadows of the Salza—but you do know all this, and therefore I need not attempt to describe what beggars description. Well, looking out upon my chimney pots and my smoke, I began to dream of pure mountain air, of music, and of Mozart; and I said, I will go where all these attractions are combined. So I packed my portmanteau, and here I am. I will send you the programme of the Salzburg Musical Festival. You may, perhaps, like to compare it with those of our London concerts. A supplementary placard, posted on all the walls, sets forth how ticket holders will be received at the station, provided with lodgings, lionized, conducted, and directed, from hour to hour, during the whole of their stay; This part of the arrangement reminds one somewhat of Mr. Cook's railway tours; and though I did not care to avail myself of the proffered help, I was not a little edified at encountering in the street a long procession of hot, dusty pilgrims, laden with vast wreaths and garlands, looking like a detachment of the Ancient Order of Foresters. Shorn of their masonic insignia, their minds, to my thinking, had reached an *abnormally* flat pitch; so I avoided them, and confined my contemplation to the two houses where Mozart lived, and where Haydn (if an inscription on it be correct) died. And I also inquired my way to the pretty cottage where Joachim is wont to spend his holidays, though he is still detained at Berlin just now by the duties of his school of music.

The proceedings of the Festival commenced on the evening of Monday, by a gathering in the "Cur-saal," where musicians met and exchanged salutes, and drank such quantities of beer that the whole might seem to be intended for a feeble charade on the words: "Ale fellow, well met!"—this to the tune of sundry not specially striking polkas and waltzes, performed by a military band—the performances varied by speeches still less striking. My own share of the beer was barely sufficient to keep up my spirits, and I joined but feebly in the vociferous applause bestowed on a *potpourri*, introducing Papageno's air from the *Zauberflöte* and the minuet from *Don Giovanni*. The music of Tuesday evening, however, was a different affair altogether. I have never heard a more perfect performance of Cherubini's overture to *Anacreon* than that achieved by the admirable orchestra so ably conducted by M. Des-

soff, formerly conductor at the Opera of Vienna—and thus no stranger to these artists—now, however, established permanently at Carlsruhe. I was very much impressed by the artistic intelligence evinced in M. Dessoff's readings; by the delicacy of gradation from absolute *pianissimo*—not (observe) a toneless *pianissimo*—to *fortissimo*, by the uniform beauty of tone and correctness of intonation; even those frequent sinners, the flutes and horns, being, as I thought, free from all reproach. There was, too, a vigor and *ensemble* of attack, a crispness of accentuation, "a go" about it all, which was most refreshing. A *Pastorale* by J. S. Bach, with orchestral accompaniments by H. Esser, followed; but, well as it was played, I prefer it in its original form.

Whether the heat of the room may have told its tale before the Mendelssohn *scherzo* came on, I cannot say; certain it is that it sounded just a little tame, and did not quite realize the expectations raised by the admirably spirited rendering of the *Anacreon*. But in the C minor Symphony, which furnished the whole of the second part of the concert, and could, therefore, be listened to with the concentrated attention it deserves (in London I have known the Choral Symphony and the Mass in D of Beethoven crammed into one concert!)—in the C minor Symphony, the orchestral performers were "all there" again. I think I never heard so fine a performance of the slow movement, *scherso*, and *finale*. The first movement I thought less remarkable. In the Symphony, as in the first overture, the unerring clearness with which the various subjects were given out; the alternate vigor and delicacy of tone; its fullness when most subdued; its invariably excellent quality, were very remarkable, and, no doubt, the conductor, so long associated with this orchestra, may be credited with a large share in the result.

Among ourselves we have had ample opportunity of observing how much a conductor may achieve, and how much he may mar. I must not omit to mention Mozart's *concertante*, for violin and viola, with orchestral accompaniment, efficiently played by Messrs. Grun (viola) and Krancsewics (violin)—an accident having disabled Herr Lauterbach, who was to have taken the violin part. To ears accustomed to Joachim and Straus, comparisons would inevitably suggest themselves; and I thought that, though perfection is not within the reach of other than very exceptional talent, still the music of Mozart should rouse every educated musician to some degree of poetic warmth. The last movement of this work is, as you know, quite captivating in its melodious mirth. I wonder it is not oftener heard.

The singing, as is usual where instrumental performances are made the great feature, was not very remarkable. M^{me}. Gompertz-Bettelheim has retired for some years from the public exercise of her art, and her voice, formerly admirable, has lost some of its freshness. She has, however, great power and much dramatic feeling. She declaimed Handel's fine air very effectively. Herr Staudigl, a nephew, as I am told, of the *basso* once so well known in England, has a very powerful and well-trained bass voice of great compass and good quality; but he sang Spohr's song, "Liebe ist die zarte Blüthe," with little warmth of expression or breadth of phrasing.

There was a large and very enthusiastic audience—good listeners, including members of the Imperial family of Austria. The whole orchestra, as well as their talented conductor, had several times to stand up in acknowledg-

ment of the applause so deservedly bestowed upon them. This first evening was a very decided success, and was probably by none more thoroughly enjoyed than by your friend, just now a wanderer.

Wednesday, 18th July.

The second concert of the Salzburg festival opened with Mozart's "Jupiter Symphony"—the performance of which, however, was not of exceptional excellence. Throughout the slow movement the violins used mutes (*sordini*),* the effect of which, in *forte* and *crescendo* passages, was to produce a nasal tone far from agreeable, and destructive of that sustained power so essential to broad phrasing. The wood instruments seemed to have received such strict orders to subdue their tone, that even in passages where they had the lead, they were scarcely heard. The result was not a happy one. Then in the minuet the rhythm was marked and accentuated with a square-toed accuracy, recalling the sober old German waltz before the *deux temps rubato* which came into fashion. Thus, though the first and last movements were vigorously and well played, the whole performance was not of more than average merit. (This symphony constituted the whole first part of the concert. The second part began with Wagner's overture, called by its composer *Feust*. His worshippers, being in the secret, would know why. To outsiders like myself many other titles might appear equally suitable. I should call it "*de omni rebus et quibusdam aliis*," or "*Jerome Paturot à la recherche de la meilleure des républiques*," or take it to symbolize the German idea before Bismarck, so vague and disjointed did it sound. But I had not "the Book" to guide me. Any how, the members of the orchestra were never for an instant puzzled, thanks possibly to their talented conductor, with whom they shared much well-merited applause. Then presently followed the variations on Haydn's theme, in which Brahms puts forth all the resources of his art with such consummate skill and sustained vigor, with such endless variety of rhythm and wealth of melody. This was again most admirably performed, and left nothing to be desired. Weber's *Euryanthe* overture, a very fine and most spirited performance, concluded the list of orchestral pieces—a most brilliant wind up. Besides these, was the pianoforte concerto of Schumann, very well played by Brüll, a most capable performer, himself composer, as well as *virtuoso*.

But in these days, when impossibilities are accomplished as a matter of course by the great stars, no pianist of average, or even more than merely average attainments, can hope to make his mark. He merely goes to swell the tail of one or other comet. Herr Brüll would always take rank as a very good pianist. He will never be gaped at, like Rubinstein, nor abused (let this be his consolation) like Arabella Goddard. Last, not by any means least, let me speak of M^{me}. Louise Dustmann. This is one of that school of great singers now growing so rare—an artist in every sense of the term—though considerably past her prime; her every note, her every movement (she is said to be a consummate actress) gives evidence of the highest artistic training. Her voice, though evidently but the remnant of what it once was, is still rich, powerful, and sympathetic; her style, broad, unaffected, and thoroughly musical. She sang Gluck's grand air very finely indeed; and in Mozart's well known duet from *Figaro*, produced an effect which I have rarely heard

* Mozart has so ordered it.—D. P.

toilet matters our Immortals have made since then!

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I return my best thanks for the things which arrived to-day. You say nothing about the pink dress-gown. Please give me notice when you dispatch it. I should like to have ordered an *entire* piece, some 100 ells, of the larger rose-satin pattern which I herewith return; only the *texture* must be somewhat smoother, just as it is in the green pattern; not so much lolly, but very open, as being more lustrous than the large pattern. The color, however, is just what I want. And the price?

Meanwhile you can send the remainder—twenty ells—of the enclosed pale pink; and, if it is cheap, the remainder (thirty-eight ells) of the green.

Of the *heavy* pink satin, of which you last sent me twelve ells I could find a use for twelve more.

Enquire at the ribbon-shop of the Silver Wreath, in the Stock-in-Eisen-Platz, whether they have still any of the very broad, stout, pink and blue satin ribbon, which I once saw there; it was for scarves, and probably a quarter of an ell broad. If there is any to be had, I should like some. Please see about it.

Some very good narrow lace would be useful to us; and, also, some of the half-broad at one florin or one and a half florins.

In short, do the best you can for us!

Let me have, also, a regularly receipted bill of the things. I suppose that at present you are not inconvenienced with what you lay out, are you? At any rate, there shall be some money ready in case it is needed. I should, however, like to have a little time. You shall receive your remuneration; I hoped myself to come again soon to Vienna.

Ah! be kind enough to go, or still better, send some one, to Faber, the dentist, Am Graben; get a very large quantity of his tooth-powder, and pay for the same yourself.

There! That is enough for to-day! I thank you extremely, and expect soon to have some fine things.—Best greetings from

R. WAGNER.

—Lucerne, 30th March, 1867.

In this letter the dressing-gown, lined with elder-down, and which we thought we should have to mourn as lost, again begins to flit before us. Till the eagerly desired article shall arrive, the composer endeavors to divert his mind with a large pattern of pink satin (a hundred ells), a little pale pink (twenty ells), grey satin (thirty-eight ells), and a tiny little piece (twelve ells) of stout-pink satin. "In short, do the best you can for us," he cries, gazing with confidence into the future. This letter differs strikingly from all the others by the fact that we have in it the tooth-powder motive in addition to the satin motive. As the composer "never troubled his head about trifles," he orders "a very large quantity" of the tooth-powder. The presentiment I had regarding this powder was justified when I saw the latter, its color is pink; so it is in harmony with the color of the dressing gowns, hose, and little boots:—

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I thank you for the dressing-gown, which has turned out pretty well as I wished it. Perhaps this letter will arrive in time for some articles I forgot to order on the last occasion, and which you can despatch with the next parcel. In order to be provided with everything for some little time, we still require:—

1. 6 more pieces of the best pink ribbon.
2. 1 or 2 pieces of orange ribbon (same as the last).
3. 1 or 2 pieces of good light yellow ribbon.
4. Some more nice covered silk blond—lace-shirt—if possible, 13 ells, of the same pattern.
5. Should you happen to have a very beautiful white satin, I would take 13 ells. Very soft. There! now reckon up every thing carefully, so that I may know how much I am in your debt.—Best greetings and compliments from yours obediently,

R. WAGNER.

(To be Continued.)

The New Prima Donna.

(From "Mayfair.")

The season of 1877 has been an unlucky one for Mr. Mapleson, in more than one respect. Hardly had the difficulty of finding a house been overcome when, as Edgar Poe has it, "disaster on disaster followed fast, and followed faster." The illness of Mdle. Tietjens excluded such works as *Fidelio*, and Cherubini's *Medée* from the *répertoire*—not to mention a number of Italian operas, which kept their places on the stage, chiefly owing to the magnificent acting and singing of that great artist. Moreover, the *débütantes* of the early part of the season proved more or less incompetent, while Mdle. Salla, the most prominent exception to this rule, succumbed to the eccentricities of our temperature. In other cases again, Mr. Mapleson showed unaccountable neglect of the talent at his disposal. To wit:—

the middle of June rumors suddenly gained consistency of the rise of a new star on the horizon—of a star, it was confidently predicted, sufficiently brilliant to retrieve the losses of the campaign. On the 23rd of the same month the first appearance of Mdle. Ethelka Gerster took place in Bellini's *Sonambula*, and immediately a marked divergence of opinion with regard to her merits became observable amongst amateurs and in the press. Some critics placed her on the top of the Mount of Fame. She was the rival, and more than the rival, of Nilsson, Albani, Patti—and, as if even this were not enough, the great shades of Sontag, Grisi, and Jenny Lind in her prime, were conjured up to find sufficiently complimentary parallels for the new favorite. Enthusiasts of this class naturally were dissatisfied with the more moderate views taken by other authorities.

One point, as far as we are aware, has been overlooked by both parties; the fact, namely, that Mdle. Gerster, whatever she may be at present, will be something very different on attaining the full development of her power—and of her faults we feel bound to add. Want of stage experience may be observed in almost every gesture and movement. She has, for instance, in a marked manner, the peculiar shake or nod of the head, after the achievement of a high note, so characteristic of the novice, also the measured wave of the hand during a difficult passage, which betrays rhythmical uncertainty. A tendency towards over-acting her parts is another besetting sin of the same category. In the mad scenes in *Lucia* and *I Puritani*—operatic heroines the reader is aware, easily get rid of their scenes—this tendency, especially as regards facial expression, is carried to an absolutely painful degree, a circumstance all the more to be deplored as Mdle. Gerster can, when she chooses, act charmingly, *vide* the natural grace of her bearing in the scene with her father in *Rigoletto*, and in the love duet following it. Altogether the perfect ease with which she moves on the stage, and her always expressive, and sometimes truly dramatic action, promise well for her future success. As yet, however, we fear she is unable to truly realize a character in all its bearings. But even for this deficiency there are attenuating circumstances. Few modern operas contain anything like a sustained dramatic conception; and even where this is the case, the prevailing attention paid by the public to vocal achievements naturally leads the artist's ambition in the same direction. We are, indeed, too apt to absolutely identify a part with a single tune or aria pertaining to it. We hardly ask how did a singer impersonate Elvira or Gilda, but how did she sing "Qui la voce" or "Caro nome"? and more especially certain high notes occurring in these pieces. Of these high notes a long tale might be told. We could name a tenor who for years has subsisted on a certain "ut de poitrine," and who, in consequence, had little inducement to cultivate the lower and more natural registers of his voice. He is now past his prime, but he still retains the high note—at once his glory and his bane. Similar apprehensions arise with regard to the new *prima donna* when we notice the immoderate raptures elicited both in and out of print by her "E in alt." Her middle notes are sonorous and full of charm; but she is evidently too much intent on enlarging the upward compass of her voice to rely much on their natural beauty—forgetful, apparently, of the fact that an elaborate vocal cadenza with the inevitable shake at the end of a simple tune, may "bring down the house," but cannot satisfy, in the long run, the requirements of a more refined taste. Speaking of Mdle. Gerster's *bravura* style, we may add that here also she evinces natural gifts and artistic acquirements of no mean degree, but, as yet, falls far short of absolute finish. Her scale passages are enounced with great volubility, but she finds it difficult to sing them in perfect time, her rhythmical phrasing being altogether somewhat defective.

Here our remarks must end. Their chief purpose has been to protect Mdle. Gerster from her indiscriminating friends; and we have thought it our duty, while acknowledging her good qualities, to point out such defects as are, in our opinion, most detrimental to her future prospects. Many of these defects are not peculiar to her alone; they are the natural outgrowth of a perverse system. But we should feel sorry to see sacrificed to this system gifts which, if not of the very highest order, at any rate deserve, and will richly repay, the most careful cultivation.

Blindness and Music.

Music seems the natural solace of the blind, and, so far as the pleasure of hearing music is concerned, the blind are at least on an equality with those who see. That, however, does not apply to highly-educated musicians, who follow with interest the progress of the art and look with eagerness for new works. The blind musician cannot make acquaintance with a new composition unless he has someone to play it to him. Of a full score, even with practical assistance, he could gain no complete knowledge. In the case, then, of a musician who loves to observe tendencies and developments, or who is simply desirous from ordinary curiosity to keep himself well informed as to what new music is being brought out, it may be doubtful whether it is not a greater misfortune to be blind than to be deaf. Nothing in the history of music is sadder than the account given by Beethoven's biographers of the first performance of the Ninth Symphony. Beethoven stood by the side of the conductor, but heard neither his own sublime music nor the enthusiastic applause which it called forth. Then, being told that he ought to bow, he turned for a moment towards the audience, who all at once became painfully impressed by the fact, now brought strikingly before them, that the creator of the work they had found so beautiful knew it only from having imagined it, and that as real music, audible and appreciable to the bodily ear, it had no existence for him. There is this compensation, however, for the deaf composer: that he can read and write music as though he had not lost the faculty of hearing. No sound can reach him; but he hears with his eyes. His mind's ear may be constantly exercised, whereas blind musicians, whatever pleasure they may derive from listening to music, cannot of themselves obtain from the engraved music-paper a single idea.

It must be remembered, however, that the number of musicians of the highest cultivation who in later life became totally deaf cannot be very numerous; while to persons born deaf music must always remain something inconceivable. The position of Beethoven deaf may have been less intolerable than that of Handel blind. But the generality of deaf men cannot read music, whereas the generality of blind men can find great enjoyment in listening to musical performances. It is remarkable, too, how many of the blind possess musical faculties; so much so that, besides being what we have already called it, the "natural solace of the blind," music would also seem to afford them the fittest occupation and the surest means of gaining a livelihood. Basket-making and such humble industrial pursuits as blind people are often employed in yield but little profit. Thus it is impossible to make an ordinary blind asylum self-supporting through the labor of its inmates; and the great majority of blind people who have no means of their own are maintained either through the parish rates or by private charity. It occurred, however, to Mr. F. J. Campbell—who, if he did not originate the idea, was at least the first to introduce it and apply it in England—that blind children, if possessed of those musical aptitudes which belong to so many of them, might easily be enabled not only to keep themselves, but to gain very respectable incomes either as public performers, as teachers of music, or, in case of the higher positions being missed, as pianoforte tuners. Mr. Campbell has himself been blind since early childhood, which has not prevented him from making a thorough study of music, so that besides being an admirable pianist—as those who heard him at a recent Crystal Palace concert must be aware—he has also a full knowledge of the theory of his art. Having cultivated music systematically under the best professors at Leipzig and elsewhere, and possessing a remarkable talent for organization, Mr. Campbell is, of course, the director of that music school for the blind which he has succeeded in establishing on the heights of Upper Norwood. A performance given here a few days ago, in which a certain number of the pupils took part, would alone have sufficed to show that the institution must be producing good results. The invitations to this very interesting concert had been issued by the Duke of Westminster, one of the patrons of the academy; and among the most distinguished of the visitors were the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne. The concert, in a purely artistic point of view, was excellent. The programme included all kinds of music, vocal and instrumental, by composers of all periods, from Bach to Gounod. Thus solo singers, a choir, and several pianists were heard; and the execution, always satisfactory, was sometimes admirable. The students of the piano

are remarkably well taught by Mr. Hartvigson, who, besides giving practical instruction in the ordinary manner, analyzes the most celebrated pianoforte works for the benefit of his pupils, and makes them acquainted not only with the compositions but also with the lives and aims of the great masters. Most of them will only be able to gain their living as pianoforte tuners, some few may find employment as teachers, but all are taught as carefully and as thoroughly as though they were in training for a composer's career; and all will at least learn to play the piano with more than ordinary intelligence and skill. Thus, apart from the question of gain, students at this musical training school for the blind are provided with an indestructible means of increasing their own happiness and the happiness of those around them. Although the school has been established only a few years, it has already turned out a certain number of pupils who are prospering as pianoforte tuners, and who, beginning at £1 and £1 6s. a week, found themselves a year after they had left the school earning from £2 to £2 10s. The school charge for tuition of all kinds and board is £50 a year; so that, to take a purely economical view of the matter, the establishment does some good by turning, at a comparatively small cost, those who would otherwise be useless and burdensome members of society into valuable workers. The blind have, indeed, far more need of education than those whom the blind call "sighted persons." A man with his eyes may pick up a good deal of useful information; but for the untaught blind there is no hope, and persons of this class who are without private means must be supported by charity or starve.

The indigent blind are, by the way, specially cared for by an institution which aims at relieving their wants, spiritual as well as temporal, and at enabling them to support themselves. The Indigent Blind Visiting Society provides its dependants with readers, teachers, and guides, also with instruction in arts and trades suitable to the blind, with the exception of music, which, for any useful purpose to be attained, must be taught thoroughly and to those only who have special aptitudes for it. One fortunate idea conceived and duly carried out by the committee of the Indigent Blind Visiting Society is that of taking a certain number of poor blind children periodically from London into the country. Fresh air, the scent of flowers, the singing of birds—the numberless odors and sounds peculiar to the country—must be enjoyed by the blind even more vividly than by those who see. Most of the blind attending the classes, says the last annual report of this excellent society, "were enabled by the kindness of various friends to have a day in the country. Two hundred and sixty were invited on two days by Mr. and Mrs. W. Armitage, of Southgate, forty-eight were received by Mr. Powys Keck, of Kingston; while the remainder went on two excursions—one to Hampstead, the other to Epping Forest, for the last of which excursions they were mainly indebted to the Rev. William Cuff."

The children of the Music School for the Blind have no need to be taken into the country; for there is no part of England more beautiful or more healthy than that in which their school is situated. One might fancy they were aware of this fact from their evident enjoyment in walking about the gardens; and the able director who walks, talks, and writes his letters (by the aid of a type writing machine) as though he had the full use of his eyes, is convinced from his own sensations that they can appreciate the charm of the landscape. In any case the grounds, even to the smallest flower-beds, were laid out under the director's orders; and he declares that he should be much annoyed if he found (for example) that geraniums had been placed where he had ordered that roses should be planted. Mr. Campbell, it may be added, is familiar with the contents of the principal picture-galleries in Europe, and standing in presence of a work of art feels its influence as any man of imagination standing on the scene of famous exploits will realize to himself the circumstances under which the exploits were performed. As regards literature, one would expect a blind man to excel in abstract speculation or in lyric poetry rather than in the description of external objects; but Mr. Campbell, who possesses much literary talent, considers descriptive writing his particular forte. He has a very poor opinion of our great public buildings, and declares that if he had to begin life again he would adopt the profession, not of a musician, but of an architect. His school of blind musicians will certainly prosper; and it is probably the best blind school that exists, even for those who possess no great musical talent.

A certain amount of musical capacity is, of course, an indispensable qualification for admission to the establishment at Upper Norwood. But, once admitted for a permanence, the pupil is by no means instructed in music alone. The children take delight in arithmetic and—what is more surprising—in geography. Geography, however, is here taught by means of globes with raised surfaces; and the sense of touch is called into activity as the child passes rapidly from one country to another, pausing only to say for what products the land he is visiting with his fingers are remarkable. One pretty golden-haired little girl, with a blue sash tied across her eyes—(her mother had begged that they might in this becoming fashion be always kept concealed)—flew across the globe from point to point, in bird-like style, without once hesitating or making a mistake. Geography seemed to be studied in a reasonable and connected manner, as travellers study it in sketching out the plan of a journey. The child who ought to have had blue eyes went in the most business-like fashion from London to Calcutta via Dover, Calais, and so on, by the overland route; and from Paris to New York via Havre, with an alternate route by way of London and Liverpool. In the arithmetical examinations very complicated questions were quickly answered. Each child was addressed separately; but when there was any delay in replying, those who were ready with a solution held up a hand in token thereof. Any, even the slightest, mistake was at once signalized in the same manner. It could be seen that the children concentrated all their attention on the questions placed before them. It was evident, too, that they were taught in such a manner as to keep them constantly interested in their work. Children, under ordinary circumstances, are not taught. They have lessons given to them which they are told to learn. This method, so simple for the so-called teacher, would not be applicable in the case of blind children. Of course books with embossed characters are used; but the teaching is chiefly oral, and every subject is abundantly explained. This was particularly noticeable in the music classes. Many imagine that the blind learn music "by ear." So the uneducated blind may. But the blind who study music at Upper Norwood learn, like other students, to play from notes which, by a very ingenious and very simple system are dictated to them. When, however, they have once learned a piece, they play it by heart; and in point of memory many of them might challenge Rubinstein himself. The characters in relief from which the blind may read such books as have been reproduced in this style are well known. Various contrivances have been introduced for enabling them to write; and of these the most suitable and the most perfect by far is the "type-writer" already spoken of.

A complete course of training for modern pianoforte playing ought certainly to include gymnastics. That form of "higher development," however, which consists in lifting the hands high above the keyboard—sometimes even above the pianist's own head—and bringing them down with a crash on the keys, is not suitable to blind performers, who cultivate a much quieter style of execution; and the gymnasium in the gardens of the Music School has been established with a view to the general health of the pupils. It is curious, and at first somewhat alarming, to see these blind athletes swinging, vaulting, climbing poles, and coming down head first, balancing themselves on high bars, and so on. But the exercise strengthens them, and gives them confidence, and no accidents take place. Sometimes a blind gymnast going down a pole meets another blind gymnast going up. No harm comes of such an encounter, but only a little amusement and a discussion as to which shall give way.

The School of Music for the Blind is open once a week to visitors. It is well worth seeing, and, better still, worth supporting.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Piano Teachers and Concert Pianists.

BY JOHN C. FILLMORE.

Dr. Hans von Bülow is reported to have said; "If I stop practice for one day, I notice it in my playing; if I stop two days, my friends notice it; if I stop three days, the public notices it."

Whether this great master of the piano-forte ever said this or not, the principle embodied in the statement is undeniably true, and its truth can be attested by the experience of every pianist.

The virtuoso, however great his natural gifts, must become and remain such by dint of unremitting daily practice; and what is true of the virtuoso is true, in his degree, of every pianist. Whoever plays anything well must first have so worked it into his brain and fingers by numerous correct repetitions that its execution becomes an automatic process, or rather a spontaneous reflex, so that whatever suggests the piece at once sets in motion the process of artistic performance, which then goes on with as much freedom and spontaneity as the warbling of a bird. Without such freedom, so obtained, no really artistic performance is possible. Appreciation is not enough; enthusiasm is not enough; not even the highest artistic gifts will suffice. If there have been "mute, inglorious Miltons," there have also been those whose real artistic gifts have found no outlet because they failed to become masters of any means of artistic expression. As well might a tongue-tied man expect to become an orator, as a man whose occupations allow him no time or strength for piano practice expect to become a virtuoso. And if one does not aim at virtuosity, but only at becoming a good pianist, it must be said that all *good playing* is of the nature of virtuosity; that however limited a pianist's repertoire may be, what he does play must be below the level of his technical and artistic attainments if he is to play it *well*, and that high attainments, even to the extreme of virtuosity, tell nowhere with more effect than in fine compositions of a simple and easy character. An artist like Annette Eschpoff, or Julia Rivé will play a Chopin waltz or mazurka in a way that would prove her virtuosity if she never played anything of greater difficulty. One cannot play too well, however simple the composition.

I suppose there is no earnest, thoughtful piano teacher who does not daily realize, in sad experience, the force of the principles stated above. I say "earnest" and "thoughtful," because, unfortunately, there seem to be some pianists and piano teachers in whom vanity and conceit take the place of earnestness and thoughtfulness, and who cannot get themselves disabused of the notion that they are virtuosos even by the most humiliating experiences, which only excite their envy and jealousy of more favored artists and more generous critics than themselves. But the real teacher has the artist spirit. He recognizes the fact that the art he is called to serve embodies some of the noblest conceptions of the human mind, works to the study of which he may worthily devote his best powers; and he believes with all his heart that whenever he can succeed in bringing his pupils into such relations to the master-pieces of musical composition that they really appreciate them, in form and spirit, are inspired with love and enthusiasm for them, and have learned from their own experience to place the same elevated estimate upon them which he himself does, he has done a noble and a sacred work, one which he would not exchange for any other whatsoever.

But one of the most important, if not indeed wholly indispensable means of accomplishing this work is the giving his pupils opportunity to hear the best compositions, and especially those which they study, played in a way which shall realize their author's conception. In the case of a teacher in a small town, isolated from the musical opportunities of a large city, he himself is often the only available resource for this purpose. Even in a city, virtuosos are only rarely to be heard, and if they were to be heard oftener, the needs of a pupil require still more frequent opportunities of hearing. The teacher, therefore, feels the necessity of being able to play for his pupils the compositions he gives them to study, as an indispensable means of ena-

bling them to realize the composer's idea. Then, too, he is frequently called upon to play in public, and desires to do so. Apart from any desire to shine, assisting the public to a comprehension of good music is a part of his work as an educator, and he would be glad to make his own performances available in this direction also. But it is not too much to say that every professional piano teacher, whatever may have been his attainments as a pianist before he began teaching, however great his ability, and however conscientiously he has labored to improve his talents, finds himself crippled and hampered in every attempt to give adequate renderings of great compositions, as models for his pupils or for the edification of a music-loving public. It is inevitable that it should be so. Piano-teaching, though prices seem high to patrons, can only be made to yield such an income as will support and educate a family and supply such a library and such opportunities for hearing good music as are absolutely indispensable to a progressive musician by constant, unremitting labor. Teachers find almost the whole of their available strength taken up in the actual work of teaching, so that only a fraction remains for practice, for study, for reading, for general intellectual improvement. By concentrating his desultory practice on a few things, one may become able to play them somewhat satisfactorily, but there is a vast difference between the performance of even simple things by such a player, and the playing of them by one who continually devotes all his time and strength to playing. Other things being equal, the immense practice and experience of a virtuoso tell on everything he does, and renders all his work superior to that of the man who can only do a little by reason of his limitations. How great these limitations are we learn from the well known anecdote of Czerny, who was obliged to decline Beethoven's request to play his E-flat major concerto in public, on the ground that his constant teaching had unfitted him for its performance. Czerny was one of the first pianists of his day, but he had been earning his living by teaching twelve hours a day; and under such circumstances playing was impossible.

For concert performance, therefore, and for really adequate interpretations of master-works we must look outside the ranks of professional teachers. I would not underrate their service to pupils and the public, even in public performance. I appreciate the fact that culture in music is not obtained solely from our occasional hearings of virtuoso performances; and I know that by far the greater part of our progress is due to the interest inspired by the counsels, instruction and playing of teachers all over the country, and that without these the virtuosos would have had but a limited measure of success; but the fact remains that the performance of teachers is necessarily more or less inadequate, and that allowance always has to be made for it, while it is equally true that performances for which we need make no allowance, and which we can measure by the very highest standard, are extremely desirable in the interest of musical progress. The best results are accomplished where pupils who have been thoroughly trained in good compositions by a conscientious teacher, having obtained all the ideas he is able to give them by precept and example, have opportunity to hear the same compositions interpreted by a master, see them put in new lights, see models of technique and of artistic finish, and get the stimulus which comes of really artistic performance.

What piano teachers really need then, to supplement their work, to increase the interest of their pupils and create musical enthusiasm, is the frequent presence in their own fields of labor of artists whose

profession is playing, and who devote themselves solely to the interpretation of the best music. Such artists, making periodical visits to the smaller towns, could accomplish a work of which we have as yet but a faint conception. They could not only assist the earnest teachers whose aims are high, but they would be a constant rebuke to the ignorant and incompetent, and would be a powerful influence in so elevating the standard of piano teaching that inferior teachers would find themselves more and more at a disadvantage.

Unfortunately, the number of artists of the highest rank now available in America for such service as I have indicated above is very limited. I may say indeed that I really know of but one, Mme. Julia Rivé-King. If there are others, I have not had the good fortune to hear them, and the West, at least, knows nothing of them. There is reason to fear, too, that the East is less favored in this regard than could be wished. It is within my knowledge that Mr. Theodore Thomas said only last week, when Mme. Rivé played with his orchestra in Chicago, that there was no pianist in America who could compare with her for a moment. However that may be, it is certain that her technical attainments are above the most difficult tasks, so that she plays such things as Liszt's E-flat Concerto with the most perfect ease, and without fatigue, while her appreciation of the very greatest authors is such that Mr. Thomas remarked of her playing of Beethoven's C-minor Concerto, that any man who could think of her technique while she was playing had no music in him. I know too that when she was called upon to play with the orchestra, four days before the first concert, she gave Mr. Thomas a list of twenty-one concerted pieces from which to make his selection. Can any Eastern pianist show a similar repertoire? It is extremely fortunate for Western music-teachers and music-lovers that an artist like Mme. Rivé is available not only in Chicago, where she resides, and in the larger cities, but in the smaller towns as well. She has played the highest order of music in towns of only 8000 inhabitants, has been received most enthusiastically by her audiences, and has given a stimulus to musical interest and an impetus to musical progress such as I, at least, have not witnessed from the playing of anybody else. But Mme. Rivé is only one, and America is large. We need not only teachers, of whom the number is already legion, but professional pianists, numbers of them, and I believe that thoroughly competent ones would be well supported. Who will supply the lack? Are there not men and women in New York and Boston who are, or might be virtuosos? Why must men like William Mason, for instance, devote themselves to teaching? Is the East behind the West in its patronage of artists? Shall we not soon see a division of labor in the musical field between teachers and pianists, each class supporting and supplementing the other, and working in harmony for the same results? I hope so.

—Janesville, Wis., Aug. 7, 1877.

P.S.—I think I ought to have mentioned, in my remarks about Mme. Rivé-King, that my authority for my statement of Mr. Thomas's high opinion of her was Mr. Dietrich, Thomas's assistant conductor. I had this from Dietrich's own lips, and Mr. D. said that he himself, and the whole orchestra, agreed in Mr. T.'s estimate.

J. C. F.

Justice at Last.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

For some time past, our attention has been turned to the vigorous debates which have been taking place in the convocation of the University of London on the well-worn question of granting to women the same facilities which have been open to the male sex, and have been unjustly monopolized by them, from time immemorial. For years past the *Musical Standard* has strongly protested against the con-

tinuance of a system which shows its weakness more and more plainly as this nineteenth century gathers years. The high intellectual resources and mental capabilities of women have over and over again been proved, not only in the paths of literature and science, but also in the domain of music. The names of Agnes Zimmermann, Natalia Macfarren, Madame Sainton-Dolby, and others that we might mention, are sufficient in themselves to quash the old and much favored notion, that women are intellectually inferior to men. At last, we are informed, the London University Convocation has recorded its vote in favor of rendering all degrees available to women. At what date this resolution will be actually carried into effect is not yet announced; in the meantime, it is highly satisfactory to know that the step has been taken.

Had not the University already decided to add Music to the list of its faculties, the resolution in favor of granting degrees to women would not have concerned our readers so nearly. We have now, however, to realize the fact that female musicians will soon have an equal chance with our own sex of winning a University degree in Music. No right minded man will grudge them this new privilege; and we cannot see in what way the dignity of the degree, or of the profession, will be impaired. The three older Universities will doubtless continue to close their gates against the approach of the gentler sex for some years to come; until, in fact, the younger University shall have nursed the new-made law into a custom, which shall be too strong even for the stubborn resistance of the powers that be at Oxford and Cambridge. When these have yielded—as they must, sooner or later—the professional world will be only too ready to regard with favor a movement which at present excites—we will not say jealousy, but uneasiness.

Stranger than all, close upon the heels of the decision of the London University, comes a kindred announcement, which will be found in another column, under the head of *Academical Intelligence*. A more sweeping revolution has never taken place in the history of any society of learning, than that which is exemplified in the announcement made to-day, on the part of Trinity College, London. Many of our readers will remember that some two or three years ago, when the College was less powerful, and consequently more upon its dignity, than it is now, we strongly urged upon the authorities a liberal programme, as the only one the country and the age would accept. They have now taken the final step, which separates them from the decaying ecclesiastical systems of the past, and have opened their higher musical examinations to women. We note that they still appear to reserve their titles of "Licentiate" and "Associate" for males alone; but this is a small matter. What is wanted for women, is a certificate of proficiency and merit, which shall serve as a guarantee that they possess a theoretical and practical knowledge of what they profess to teach. This is now available at Trinity College; but it must not be forgotten, that another institution has gone before it in this matter. From the very first, the College of Organists has, with a wise liberality which has characterized every proceeding of that body, offered its fellowships to women; and the greater commendation is, therefore, due to that institution. As for Trinity College, it cannot expect very high praise for taking a course which has, we might say, been forced upon it by the necessities of the times. Indeed, the preamble of the new regulations gives strong indications of external pressure having been brought to bear upon the governing body—a pressure to which it has yielded with a good grace.

FOREIGN NOTES. Among the operatic works already in active preparation for the coming campaign in Paris, the *Revue et Gazette Musicale* mentions the following: "La Clef d'Or" by M. Eug. Gautier, and "Gilles de Bretagne" by M. Kowalski, at the Théâtre-Lyrique; "Les Diamants de la Couronne" (in which Madame Lacombe-Duprez will make her *début*), and Nicolo Isouard's "Jocunde," at the Opéra-Comique; and Rubinstein's "Néron," at the Théâtre Italien. Glinka's "La Vie pour le Czar" will likewise be presented for the first time to a French audience during the season. Verdi has, it is stated, definitely refused to the Paris Grand-Opéra the right of performing his "Aida."

Dr. Philip Wackernagel—well known by his valuable contributions to literary history, and more especially by his "History of German Religious Song"—died at Dresden in June last at the age of seventy-seven.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 1, 1877.

August Wilhelm.

[Our readers may be interested in the following account of the artistic career of the remarkable violin virtuoso of whom we hear so much of late. It was contributed to the German periodical, *Leber Land und Meer*, by Dr. Hans G. von Müller. We are indebted for the translation to Mr. F. Slocum, instructor in French and German at the Polytechnic Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y.]

We have no doubt that Wilhelm as a violinist is all that he is here represented. But it cannot escape notice that here, as in all the glowing reports which we have had of him, he is completely identified with the Wagner side of the house, which at least throws some shadow of suspicion over the sincerity and depth of his devotion to Bach, and raises the question whether in the interpretation of the old master's music he can be one with him in spirit. The same with regard to Beethoven, profoundly as the Wagnerites profess to reverence him as the precursor and John Baptist to their own Messias. It is a little singular that in all the praises of Wilhelm the comparison is never made with Joachim, but always with Paganini and the like. Joachim, staunch and loyal to the traditions of the great inspired, inspiring school of Art, does not seem to exist in the minds of these disciples of "the Future;" one must have accepted Wagner, Liszt, and all the rest of them, before his title to the highest place can be considered.—ED.]

There are few artists who, from their very first appearance in public, have excited so much remark or obtained, within so comparatively short a time, so world-wide a reputation as Wilhelm, the great German violin virtuoso. Indeed, we may say of Wilhelm that he enjoys a really "popular" reputation, such as few of his predecessors and contemporaries have gained.

Endowed by nature with remarkable musical talents, he has cultivated them to the utmost, with unwearied industry and indomitable earnestness. He is, first of all, musician, then, violinist. The latter is really his specialty. He must be regarded as an original creator in the region of the violin. He has extended the range of the instrument. Although special talent qualifies him for this, his great, noble, heroic tone, his peculiar handling of double notes, by which he renders whole passages with an effort that defies all description, and many other things that distinguish his grand, sweeping style—all this is the product of a new and deeply thought out system.

Liszt once said of Wilhelm: "He is so thoroughly adapted for the violin that, if the instrument had not been at hand, we should have had to invent it for him."

Among the peculiarities of his playing, his clearness has always been reckoned first. "Purity of intonation," says Hanslick, "strikes us as something to be expected; and yet it is a very rare thing. I know of no violin virtuoso who, in some difficult fingering, or in polyphonic passages would not spoil some one tone. Wilhelm's intonation is, in the most difficult as well as simplest pieces, absolutely pure; just as unique in kind as the power, sweetness and fullness of his wonderful quality of tone." This absolute purity is peculiar to him alone. It is the outcome of his thoroughly musical nature. "He can't play false," said his friend Ferdinand Hiller. His fine ear, his deep repose, self mastery and presence of mind preserve him from this. Along with this unique capacity Wilhelm unites a thoroughly intelligent and effective manner such as few possess. He seems to conceive every piece in an original, more than that, in an entirely novel fashion of his own, so that the reproducing and creating artist seem to permeate one another. The excellent critic of the Cologne Journal could say of him with perfect justice: "He not so much

plays the violin, as poetizes upon it." But enough. It is needless for me to say that Wilhelm stands equally high as soloist and chamber musician. One should hear one of the last quartets of Beethoven played under his direction to gain an idea of him as a quartet performer.

Wilhelm, to give a short sketch of his career, was born Sept. 21, 1845, in Usingen, the former residence of the Prince of Nassau Usingen. Not long since Wilhelm visited the place, on the invitation of the Stadtrath. Here he was the recipient of the most delightful ovations and, among other things, was elected an honorary citizen of Usingen. The same town, in perpetual memorial of the day, founded an institution which bears the name of Wilhelm.

The artist's father is the widely-known Rhine wine producer, Dr. jur. A. Wilhelm of Hattenheim. His mother, born Charlotte Petry, was herself a great artist, pupil of the well-known Court Counselor Antonandre of Offenbach, as well as of Chopin and Marco Cordogni in Paris. August Wilhelm received his first instruction on the violin at Wiesbaden of Konrad Fischer, Court concert-director of the Duchy of Nassau, a very capable artist; and, certainly, our enthusiastic pupil could not have wished for one more conscientious or better qualified in every respect. His progress must have been remarkable. For, when Henrietta Sontag, the immortal vocalist, at the beginning of her fiftieth year, was on a visit at his parents' home, she could not suppress her astonishment at the boy's unique mastery of tone and style, but, much moved, kissed him and said: "Some day you will be a German Paganini." In his earliest youth he had awakened the astonishment of musical connoisseurs by his fine ear. In November, 1853, it was that he heard a quartet and played in one for the first time. The boy acquitted himself so bravely, that he not only did not lose the time but pointed as musically and played off his part as correctly as though he had been for years at a quartet stand. For all that, Wilhelm's parents seem to have consented to his choice of profession only under protest. They would have much preferred seeing him walk in the footsteps of his father and become a lawyer, a calling for which he seemed peculiarly fitted on account of his unusually logical and clear understanding.

Meantime, Polyhymnia conquered Justinian. Franz Liszt, whose opinion was to give the impulse in this emergency, made trial of the young man, who had gone to Weimar for this very purpose, and concluded his examination, in astonishment, with the words: "How? People could be undecided as to your calling in life? Why, music is born in you. Work diligently on; the world will talk of you yet, young man." And he at once journeyed with him to Ferdinand David at Leipzig, and gave him into his charge for further training. "I bring you here the future second Paganini"—with this prophetic commendation Liszt introduced our artist to David—"look out for him." So our Wilhelm became a pupil at the Leipzig Conservatory. Here he remained four years, getting his theoretical and musical culture from Ernst Fr. Richter and Moritz Hauptmann, and diligently devoting himself to belles lettres. On leaving the Conservatory he married Sophie v. Liphart and began to travel.

Wherever Wilhelm appeared his success was the same and almost unprecedented. In a trice the twenty-year old youth obtained a European reputation. Who does not recall the truly phenomenal sensation that he excited in London and Paris, Berlin and Vienna? Despite his great youth, distinctions and honors of all sorts are already his beyond the lot of most men.

Wilhelm officiated as concert director at the

Bayreuth festival, and he devoted himself to his arduous task with a zeal, an industry, an earnestness and a knowledge that find a rival only in Hans Richter, the director of the whole work.

At a musical soiree in Wagner's home, in which all the artists tarrying at Bayreuth took part, Wilhelm played with Emil Mahr, Thoms of Munich and Grützmacher, the A-minor Quartet of Beethoven and the famous Chaconne for violin alone of J. S. Bach. The enthusiasm of this select audience was indescribable. But after the Bach Chaconne, in the lofty rendering of which Wilhelm certainly achieves all that is highest in polyphonic illustration and tone coloring—a masterpiece for the independence of its various single voice motives—Richard Wagner passionately embraced his young friend with tears in his eyes. "I cannot speak, dear Wilhelm," he said deeply moved, "but you must know what an impression you have made on me and what I receive from you."

After the Bayreuth performance Wilhelm went to England where he has labored steadily since, achieving successes and triumphs hitherto unknown. He has there won laurels, reputation and friends not only by his unequalled achievements as an artist but also, and in perhaps greater measure, by the magnetism of his personality and deportment. As a remarkable instance, may be cited his invitation to the court of Queen Victoria as well as his election as honorary member of the "German Athenæum" at London.

Especially noticeable were his labors on behalf of Wagner, so that the *Times* calls him "Wagner's most zealous and successful supporter." By an exemplary performance of single fine passages from the works of the master he was enabled to create so numerous a following of earnest devotees that he undertook to invite Wagner himself to make a journey to London. He made proposals to him for a series of grand concerts with well-selected pieces capable of being well rendered alone, from the whole body of his operas, together with some of his most important orchestral compositions from his earliest works down; so that an entire anthology from Wagner's repertoire should be presented to the London public. Wagner consented and on May 7th of this year, in the colossal Royal Albert Hall, which holds 12,000 people, the works of R. Wagner are performed in the hearing of an English public. Wagner himself leads; the orchestra consists of 200 of the most noted instrumentalists under the direction of Wilhelm, and the vocal portions are entrusted to the foremost singers of Germany.

In conclusion, Wilhelm is the simplest, most amiable and unostentatious of men. Bubbling over in society with wit and intelligence, almost without equal in his combativeness, he has always deported himself kindly and beneficently towards inferiors and the needy, but independently and freely towards his superiors. With a genuine, sound and thoroughly genial artist's nature, loved and honored by all who know him well, the world may yet expect great things of this violinist, who has scarcely completed his thirtieth year.

A Fine Reed Organ.

We were never partial to reed organs, nor can we boast an extensive acquaintance with instruments of this class, omnipresent almost as they are. The greater, therefore, and the more agreeable was our surprise at finding in the organ lately finished by the Smith American Organ Company, for the vestibule of a sumptuous theatre or Academy of Music in Melbourne, Australia, an instrument of power, variety and positive musical quality of tone, with all the requisite means of heightening and combining the effects, adequate for a fair presentation of a grand pedal fugue, for organ Trios and Sonatas,

indeed all the forms of classical, true organ music. To be sure, it is only a reed organ, but these reed tones are all of the purest, most individual of their kind; some of them seem absolutely borrowed from the orchestra,—the oboe for instance. It has two manuals, each of five sounding stops, besides a full range (27 keys) of pedal tones commanding two more stops. The resonance in all these stops is remarkable; the general balance and blending is beautifully even and subdued,—no crying harshness; and the "full organ," when both the manuals and pedal are coupled, has a grandeur which we seldom find in pipe organs of no greater magnitude. For the rest why need we add anything to the record of a pleasant evening which we borrow from the *Globe* of Tuesday morning:—

There was a pleasant gathering at the warerooms of the Smith American Organ Company last evening, drawn by the exhibition of a large and splendid reed organ, recently completed for the Academy of Music at Melbourne, Australia. This organ has been nearly two years in building, and it was intended to show the utmost effects attainable by the use of reeds. The contrasts in quality of tone are very marked, still the body of tone is well balanced and homogeneous. With the "full organ" the majesty and power of the great pipe organ is fully imitated, while the solo stops display a ravishing beauty of tone that we believe has been heard here for the first time. There were present Mr. John S. Dwight, Mr. B. J. Lang and Mr. Sharland, besides other musical persons and representatives of the press. The qualities of the organ were displayed in a great variety of styles of music by Mr. C. R. Ford, organist of Dr. Putnam's church; by Mr. Frank Donahue, organist at the Cathedral; and Mr. Dyer, organist of Dr. Clark's church in West Roxbury. Fugue and canon, solo and choral alternated, and in every one the audience found something new to admire. In the upper manual are five sounding stops: Dulciana, diapason, plectro, clarion and kalophon. In the lower manual are five: Clarinet, bourdon, hautboy, principal and melodia. In the pedals are two sets—bourdon and violoncello. There are ten mechanical stops, which serve to lighten, to control, or to combine the musical effects: Pedal coupler, octave coupler, manual coupler, great forte, swell forte, principal dolce, swell tremolo, solo tremolo, great organ pedal and swell pedal. The case is of black walnut, after a beautiful design by Mr. Wilson, designer for the company, and is finished in the most elaborate and costly style. The pipes are richly decorated in brilliant colors, relieved with gold. As the organ is not for a church the decorations are intentionally brilliant, though not beyond the limit of good taste. It is a matter of congratulation that our city is able to produce such a perfect and beautiful specimen of art, so attractive to the eye, so satisfying to the musical sense. The organ is to be shipped to Melbourne about the 1st of September. Mr. Vossler provided for the occasion one of his faultless suppers.

OPERA. The *New York World* of last Sunday had the following interesting particulars of the coming opera: "Mr. Charles R. Adams, the American tenor singer, who has made himself famous in German opera, arrived in this city yesterday by the steamer Egypt, and will soon be followed by the other artists who are to help make up the Wagner and Meyerbeer Festival Opera Company. Although born in Boston and a resident of the United States until 1863, Mr. Adams's whole musical career thus far has been spent in Europe. Having discovered that he had a good voice, he put himself in training, and making rapid progress was engaged to accompany a concert troupe through the United States, the West Indies and Canada. The principal singer in the troupe was Mme. Fabbri, whose husband acted as preceptor to young Adams. In 1863 Mr. Adams went to Europe, and was soon engaged for a term of three years at the Imperial Opera in Berlin. At the end of his engagement in Berlin he had a call from Vienna, and was attached to the Imperial Opera of that capital as first tenor for nine years. During his engagement at Berlin he twice got permission from the court to visit London, where he sang at Covent Garden. This was in 1865 and 1866. In 1870, while he was at Vienna, he got permission from the Austrian court to visit Italy, where he sang for a season in La Scala, at Milan. He became a favorite of Wagner, who at that time was conducting his operas "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" in Vienna, and he holds several testimonials from that celebrated composer. After leaving Vienna Mr. Adams sang for one season in Hamburg, and it was during his engagement there that he was invited to come to America and sing at the triennial festival of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. While he was in Boston Mr. Strakosch tried to engage him, but, as Mr. Adams declined to go into any enterprise without an interest, the terms were not closed. Subsequently Mr. Adams and Mme. Pappenheim made an arrangement to go in together and get up a large company, with Mr. J. C. Fryer as their manager. Mr. Adams at once

started off for Europe to engage artists for the company. At Berlin he engaged Miss Matilda Wilde, a dramatic singer just from the Paris Conservatory. At Vienna he engaged Miss Alessandra Hüman, a Russian lady, as light soprano. This lady is said to possess a remarkable voice. Enough others were engaged to make, when joined with the singers already in this country who have been engaged, a very large and strong company. The names of the principal artists are as follows:

Mme. Eugénie Pappenheim, first dramatic soprano; Miss Matilda Wilde, second dramatic soprano; Miss Alessandra Hüman, soprano légère; Miss Clara Reinmann, soubrette; Mr. Charles R. Adams, first tenor; Mr. George Werrenrath, tenor; Mr. Charles Fritsch, tenor; Mr. A. Blum, baritone; Mr. Henry Wiegand, basso. Mlle. Wilde, will sing as Ortrud in "Lohengrin," and Fides in "Le Prophète," Mme. Pappenheim singing Elsa and Bertha in the same operas. This, Mr. Adams thinks, will be an exceedingly strong cast. Mlle. Alessandra Hüman, soprano légère, is a pupil of Mme. Marchesi in Vienna. She had already sung at a trial in the Imperial Opera and won admiration. Herr Wiegand was for six years bass at Frankfort-on-Main. The chorus and orchestra will be organized on the same grand scale as that adopted by Mr. Fryer in the spring. The first performances will be given either in this city or Boston, probably in Boston, and the opening will be made with Meyerbeer's "Les Huguenots." The company will remain a week in Boston, another week in this city and a third in Philadelphia. The company will open a Western campaign at Cincinnati Nov. 5, remaining there one week, and arriving at Chicago on the 12th for a term of two weeks. They will reach New Orleans on the 26th, remaining there four weeks. They will then take in Memphis and Nashville, arriving at St. Louis Jan. 7. From St. Louis it is intended to go to California. All of Wagner's and Meyerbeer's operas, and some of those of other composers, will be performed, the list including "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "The Jewess," "The Huguenots," "Robert the Devil," "Fidelio," "Faust," "Don Juan," etc. In the cast for each opera the artists will be assigned to the parts for which they are especially adapted.

Music in Chicago.

CHICAGO, AUG. 17.—The long break in this correspondence has been due rather to my absence from the city, than to any scarcity of interesting material for letters. On the contrary, Theo. Thomas opened a season of Garden concerts here the last week in June which extended to the number of fifty concerts; and best of all, I am glad to record, the patronage proved remunerative. These concerts took place in the south half of the Exposition building, where the introduction of seats for about 2500, and an ornamental provision of flowers and tropical plants provided means for pleasing the eye and supporting the human frame. Ice cream, sandwiches and lager-bier were administered at little tables in the conservatory, and in a garden outside the main building.

Of the musical quality of these concerts of course I need not speak. The usual Thomas features were present, "composers" nights, "symphony" nights, "request" programmes, etc., etc. Some ten or twelve symphonies were given and a formidable array of the best overtures, as well as a fair representation of Saint-Saëns, Liszt, and Wagner. And this leads me to remark that Mr. Thomas's position in regard to the music of the future has been very much misunderstood. He holds, and properly so, too, (I think) that, as the head of one of the best orchestras in the world, giving nearly or quite three hundred concerts a year, it is his duty to the cause of music to play all sorts, the old and the new. Especially he thinks the new likely to suffer from neglect, the more so the newer and more difficult it is. Accordingly he has given a great deal of Wagner, and now lately of Saint-Saëns and other recent writers. The difficulty especially has been sought for, in order to improve the technique of the orchestra. At the same time his own personal attitude toward the older masters, and especially to Beethoven, is one of the tenderest admiration. Some months ago an old and highly-prized friend with whom he had been less intimate than formerly for some time, became impressed with the idea that Mr. Thomas had become a convert to the Wagner theory. But in a conversation they had together Thomas used this expression: "I suppose you know that I recognize but one in music, namely Beethoven. All the others are surroundings." This attitude is quite unlike that of one of our pianists here, who finds the Beethoven concertos too easy to be interesting; and who remarked to a friend of mine that Beethoven's sonatas were "fit only to sit upon." Such opinions as these deserve embalming in

print, even at the risk of violating the sanctity of private conversation.

Among the symphonies played in these concerts was Schumann's third, in C. the one so rarely played. Speaking of Mr. Thomas's own opinions I am tempted to add a couple that I had from him myself. The first in regard to this Schumann symphony. I had called upon him to solicit the privilege of hearing it rehearsed (for the sake of twice hearing it) and took occasion to inquire why it was so rarely played, and how Mr. Thomas liked it himself. He said to the first that it was rarely played in consequence of its difficulty. And to the second, "Oh well," he says "Schumann could not write a Symphony. His scoring is bad, and the works lack unity. The first is the best because it has more unity." Then followed details in regard to the scoring, in which he criticized the treatment of the violins especially, saying that throughout the symphony there was hardly a chance for a long sweeping stroke of the bow, and consequently the violin had no chance to bring out a free and telling tone. "But," he added, "it will not do to tell the public this; they must hear all, and find out for themselves what is good." As this journal is for the inner circle of music-lovers, I trust I violate no confidence in these revelations. I took occasion at this time to inquire in regard to Mr. J. K. Paine's symphony. Mr. Thomas regretted that he had not brought it from New York, and said that it was a fine work, "by far the best yet from an American."

The patronage of the season was very uneven. The opening fortnight was cold weather. Then during the strikes there was no business. Early in the season Mr. Liebling played Mendelssohn's G-minor concerto with the orchestra, with a fair sort of success. Later Mr. Julius Fuchs played Beethoven's Choral fantasia, which went badly all around—the fault being of course with the chorus, and the pianist who lacked force for so large a room. Then later Mme. Rice played Chopin's E minor concerto, and this also went without effect. The last week, however, brought Mme. Julia Rive-King on Friday night in the Liszt E-flat concerto, and Saturday in Beethoven's lovely third. On Friday evening the audience numbered about five thousand, and the enthusiasm was unbounded. The work went splendidly, the piano sounded well, I am told, throughout the vast room, and the fair pianist was greeted with three or four recalls. On Saturday evening the audience numbered over eight thousand, and the furor was proportionally greater. Everybody, Thomas himself, the orchestra, and the audience were delighted. From all the accounts I have had of it, this must have been the greatest success the Rive ever made, splendid as many of her former ones have been. At all events Mr. Gsché (the manager) gives her the credit of having saved the season financially.

The music-schools are moving for the coming season. Mr. W. S. B. Mathews has resigned from the Hershey School. Mr. F. G. Gleason of Hartford, comes in his place. Mr. Gleason has written an opera, selections from which Mr. Thomas will play next year. Mr. Eldy brought his organ recitals to a close with the twentieth one, and was then made the recipient of a fine watch and chain from his friends and admirers. The recitals will be resumed in the fall.

The Musical College has issued a new circular and promises a good record of musical performances next year. If adequately carried out, I shall be glad to make them a matter of record here. Speaking of these two schools there is one very curious fact about them. The Hershey School, as this correspondence shows, gave a fine list of music last year, making a total of some forty concerts and evenings, all of which were very poorly attended. The Musical College gave about twelve concerts with less artistic programmes, all of which were fully attended. Yet the Hershey affairs took place in a more central location, and the performances were by the most reputable players here. I would be much obliged if somebody would assign a valid reason for this freak of the public.

Mr. Oren Locke of your city has just been appointed Professor of Music in the Methodist Female School at Evanston, a Chicago suburb. Yours,

DER FRETSCHUETZ.

The London Season of 1876-77.—Concerts.

The Crystal Palace Concerts have been remarkable for the number of important works included in the series. It is true that we could well have spared many of the compositions, the chief merit of which was that they had not been heard before in this country; but we owe a deep sense of gratitude to Mr. Manns for the attention bestowed upon Brahms's new Symphony, the reception of which fully justifies its repetition next season. We must also mention Mr. Gadsby's clever music to "Alceste," which, although consisting of ten numbers exclusively choral, is so well contrasted and so sympathetically illustrative of the text as to ensure its ready acceptance. The band is in every respect thoroughly satisfactory, but more attention must be paid to the choir; and we cannot but believe that the standard of these fine concerts is materially lowered by the occasional exhibition of incompetent solo vocalists.

The Sacred Harmonic Society need occupy but a small share of our attention, for the season has been more barren than usual of results. Some little interest was excited by the revival of Handel's "Solomon" and Haydn's "Seasons;" but, with such resources as this Society has at command, surely some work hitherto unheard in London might be attempt-

ed. It may save trouble, and even display the powers of the choir to the utmost advantage, to present the standard compositions season after season, with the occasional introduction of the oratorios of only one modern composer; but unless some new life is shown before long by the managers of this Association small Sacred Harmonic Societies will certainly spring up around the parent one, with less limited ideas of musical progress and a more vigorous constitution to carry them out.

It was unfortunate for the Directors of the Philharmonic Society that Brahms's new Symphony, upon which no doubt they relied as an important novelty, was first performed at the Crystal Palace, not only because on its presentation by the Society many of the subscribers had already heard it, but because it was most unquestionably better rendered at Sydenham. Mr. Silas's Symphony, the only really new composition given during the season, was, judging from its reception, a genuine success; but audible demonstrations have but small effect upon the future of a work; and we doubt whether the silent verdict of the few dissenters will not eventually prove the true one. How it happened that Grieg's Piano forte Concerto in A minor came to be played, or why only the third part of Schumann's "Faust" was given, and that by no means effectively, are matters beyond our comprehension; but we sincerely hope that next season more vigorous measures will be put in force, not only with regard to the selection of the programmes, but to the organization of the band, for we should be sorry to see a Society decline which has done so much for music in this country, and might yet, we are certain do much more. Meantime let us do justice to the care and judgment displayed by the Conductor, Mr. W. G. Cousins, who invariably does his utmost with the means at command.

The concerts of Mr. Henry Leslie's Choir have been more than usually attractive, and the execution of the music provided has fully justified the warm applause elicited at each performance. The great success of these annual concerts is mainly attributable to the fact that the special feature at first aimed at has been rigidly preserved; and, although much credit must be given to each member of the choral body, there can be no doubt that the originator and Conductor of the choir has earned for himself a fame of which he has a right to be proud. During the past season, in addition to the usual part-music, two performances of Bach's Motet for double choir, "Sing ye to the Lord," have been given, the general rendering of which was in the highest degree creditable to all concerned. To Mr. Leslie we owe also the successful production of Handel's "Hercules," the choral vocalists for which were selected from the Guild of Amateur Musicians and Mr. Leslie's Choir.

The formation of the Bach Choir is a proof not only of the growing interest in the works of the composer, but of the zeal with which music-lovers will voluntarily enter upon what must be considered a laborious study. It is always a sign of artistic progress when amateurs, instead of singing for self-glorification, join a choral Society for the purpose of aiding in the interpretation of the finest compositions, for the very conditions of their membership must be the thorough merging of the individual in the general body. We think it a pity that the Association under notice, so ably conducted by Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, should have assumed a title which seems to narrow its operations; for certainly during the past season, although Bach's Mass in B minor has been repeated, works by Palestrina, Handel, Gade, and others have also been so finely rendered as to prove that the choir need not limit itself to one composer or to one style of music.

It is scarcely fair to "point a moral" based upon the effect produced by Wagner's latest operatic music, under the composer's direction, at the Albert Hall, because the manner in which it was presented to the public was precisely opposed to that in which Wagner tells us we should judge of it. There can be no question that both "Lohengrin" and "Tannhäuser" are making their way in general estimation; in proof of which we may say that through the open windows of drawing-rooms as we pass issue excerpts from both these works, and we have even heard a Wagnerian selection on our street organs. But the "Trilogy," in its integrity, is still unknown to English audiences; and we fear that, if we must build a theatre and bring over a German company before we can hear it, the time is far distant when the composer will be fairly represented in this country.

The sensational effect of Herr Rubinstein's performances has hardly yet had time to calm down; but it is good that all who have the legitimate progress of music at heart should as soon as possible reflect upon the influence such executants have upon the art. Opinions may differ upon the readings of compositions; and we certainly cannot be accused of desiring to dictate any conventional pattern which must be rigidly adhered to, but disregarding the marks of the composer, clipping rests, and playing countless wrong notes can scarcely, we should imagine, be considered improvements, even by those who are so "highly developed" as to look with contempt upon the "purists" who reverently set the author of a work above themselves. We should like therefore to ask those who went into raptures at Herr Rubinstein's playing whether we are to consider that his impulsive executive powers rendered them utterly insensible to the artistic defects we have mentioned, or that they regarded such deviations from the laws usually observed as the revelation of a new faith only to be duly appreciated by the elect? These matters are clearly worth pondering, for there can be little doubt that executive art is now on its trial, and it behoves those who form the jury to see that their verdict is given strictly according to the evidence. But Herr Rubinstein also claims our attention as a composer, and, although we cannot admit that such works as he has given us will immortalize his fame, there can be no question that, as in his pianoforte-playing, we have occasional evidences of a power which wants but self-control to enlist our sympathies. His "Dramatic Symphony" we certainly wish never to hear again, but the "Ocean Symphony" contains many thoughts of extreme beauty.

At the Monday Popular Concerts the programmes have been, as usual, of the highest interest; and throughout the season the well-earned prestige of these classical performances has been firmly maintained by the engagement of the best available executants.

Excellent renderings of the standard sacred works have been given by the Albert Hall Choral Society, under the direction of Mr. Barnby, who has succeeded in raising this choir to a high state of efficiency; and amongst the interesting concerts of the season we may mention the carefully organized performances of the Borough of Hackney Choral Association, which, since the engagement of Mr. Ebenezer Prout as Conductor, have assumed a very high tone, the production of Schubert's Mass in F for the first time in London being a proof of what may be expected from the Society in the future.

The Directors of the newly built Alexandra Palace appear to be gradually inclining to the belief that what have been so long termed "popular" compositions are not really so popular as those of a higher class; and there may now be some hope therefore that the Summer Evening Promenade Concerts may attract those who love good music as well as fresh air.

A record of even the principal benefit concerts would be an impossibility; but it should be said that the signs of healthy musical progress—in spite of the "fashionable" element to which we have alluded at the commencement of our season's annals—are unmistakably apparent, even in these appeals to what are usually termed "mixed audiences;" and those of Mr. Charles Hallé, Herr Hermann Franke, and Mr. Walter Bache should be especially cited as having definite artistic features.

The Musical Association still devotes itself to subjects too abstract to engage the attention of those who profess the art as well as the science; but the recent decision of the Syndicate at Cambridge University respecting the necessity of all who present themselves for the degree of Mus. Bac. being thoroughly conversant with acoustics may perhaps justify the Association in the selection of such papers as have been read during the past session. Cambridge University has a right of course to make its own laws, and perhaps no harm will be done if some few of those who merely seek a degree in order to increase the commercial value of their services should be prevented from obtaining it; but we are convinced that many who have enriched the art to such an extent as to make their names universally revered would feel themselves quite incompetent to pass such a searching examination; and it then becomes a question whether the title they have earned by their genius is not really more valuable than that which might be conferred upon them for their accomplishments.—H. C. LUX, in the Musical Times.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

- Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
- My Tears for Thee Must Ever Flow.** F. 3. c to E. *Del-Sarte.* 30
"The weary bird homeward is flying,
The leaves of the forest are still."
A very sing-able, sweet and affecting song.
- Angel at the Window.** A. 3. E to F. *Tours.* 40
"An angel flew to our window,
To take my love from my side."
A beautiful poem to beautiful music.
- Adore and be Still.** Sacred Song. Eb. 3. d to F. *Gounod.* 30
"High Heaven hath stooped to earth so lowly,
God's glory doth my bosom fill."
Has the crisp, strange beauty which seems to be peculiar to Gounod. Accompaniment mostly in arpeggio chords.
- Old Time and I.** Song and Chorus. C. 3. g to a. *Lyon.* 30
"Time answers, ah! the old, old strain,
I prithee, pass the pitcher."
Rather discreditable to the old gent. But it is a jolly and striking song and chorus.
- I Can't Sing for Gold.** F minor. 3. c to g. *McCarroll.* 30
"My heart is not so cold
As to sing for gold only."
A noble sentiment sweetly expressed.
- Unrequited.** E. 4. c to F. *Pinsuti.* 30
"Was it well, with a touch that was almost divine,
To turn my weak heart to the music of thine?"
Another good song by the composer that has the good sense to unite Italian melody and good English versification.
- There's a Place in my Heart for You yet.** Song and Cho. C. 3. E to a. *DeKroes.* 30
"For she loves me, the darling Colleen."
A taking song and chorus in popular style.
- 'Tis I.** G. 4. a to D. *Pinsuti.* 40
"It is I, love. Far away, Love,
Murmuring thy dear name o'er."
Full of feeling, and effective for public singing.
- One Hour with Thee.** D. 3. E to D. *Norris.* 30
"What shall repay the faithful swain,
His labor on the sultry plain."
Words by Walter Scott, neatly set to music.

Instrumental.

- J. S. Knight's Album of New and Charming Dance Music.** Each piece, 30
Mr. Knight's well-known talent in the composing of brilliant dance music renders this collection very acceptable. Of the set,
- No. 1. Silver Cross Waltz. (F. 3.) might tempt any one to try the steps.
No. 2. Conscription's March. (Eb. 3.) is varied and full of life.
No. 3. Past and Future Waltz. (F. 3.) is a very light, bright and airy production.
No. 6. El Dorado Polka Kedowa. (Bb. 3.) is very graceful.
- Blossoms of Opera.** Favorite Opera Airs. *J. Andre,* each, 25
Easy and brief arrangements, capital for beginners. There are 25 numbers, of which we notice:
- No. 14. Serenade from Don Giovanni. C. 2.
"15. Se al volto, " La Clemenza. C. 2.
"16. Il segreto, from Lucretia. G. 2.
"17. March, from Il Crociato. G. 2.
"18. La donna mobile. Rigoletto. C. 2.
"19. March, from Mose in Egitto. G. 2.
"21. Brindisi, from La Traviata. C. 1.
"23. Io son ricco, from L'Elisir. C. 2.
- Fairy of the Fountain.** Mazurka Elegante. C. 4. *Knight.* 30
A glittering array of musical dew drops.
- Quadrilles for Violin and Piano.** Winner, ea. 50
Of this convenient set (dance figures given) we notice:
- No. 5. Plain Quadrille. (3.) (Palermo set.)
"6. Lancer " (3.) (Victoria Quadrille.)
"7. The Minuet. (3.) (Aschers.)
"8. Fancy Dances. (3.) Cotillions, containing Courtesy, Cauliflower, Basket, Sociable, New Year, and Coquette Cotillions.
No. 9. Medley Quadrille. (3.) Miscellaneous set: Sweet 16 Polka, Daybreak Mazurka, Robinson Scottisch, Polacca Quadrille, and Durang Scottisch Quadrille.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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Moscheles on the Beethoven Festival at Bonn in 1845.*

Moscheles, at the end of the season, sets off for the Musical festival at Bonn, and writes to his wife from Cologne: "The unsettled and gloomy weather resembled my frame of mind, for the separation had disturbed my equanimity. My philosophy must aid me. . . . I have visited Meyerbeer here and met him alone with Pischek. Mutual kisses were the beginning and prelude to a number of inquiries after you, and then we talked of the festival. Meyerbeer is beside himself with the press of business; by to-morrow he must begin the rehearsals of the Court Concerts. The best of the vocal music is to be without orchestra, and only with pianoforte accompaniment; in the interval between the rehearsals, Meyerbeer will go to Bonn to hear the performance there." On the 10th of August, Moscheles comes to Bonn and writes: "I am at the Hotel de l'Etoile d'Or, where are to be found all the crowned heads of music—brown, grey, or bald—all wigged or lathered pates; this is a rendezvous for all ladies, old and young, fanatics for music—all art-judges, German and French reviewers and English reporters, lastly, the abode of Liszt, the absolute monarch, by virtue of his princely gifts outshining all else. Dr. Bacher, from Vienna, offers me a share of his room—no small boon when the streets are crowded with houseless travellers, like the roofless after a great conflagration. Gentlemen and ladies, several English among them, with a whole army of porters and bandboxes, are begging for a shake-down in hotels or private houses; friends and acquaintances meet one another; flags of various colors are waving—such a hurry-scurry everywhere. I have already seen and spoken to colleagues from all the four quarters of the globe; I was also with Liszt, who had his hands full of business, and was surrounded with secretaries and masters of ceremonies, while Chorley sat quietly ensconced in the corner of the sofa. Liszt, too, kissed me, then a few hurried and confused words passed between us, and I did not see him again until I met him afterwards in the concert room. We sat down about 400 of us to dinner, and the first concert took place, under Spohr's direction, in the new Beethoven Hall. The Grand Mass in D major gave me certainly exquisite, although not quite unalloyed pleasure, for occasionally I could not help feeling that the composition diverges from the genuine church style, and thereby loses that unity of color which I prize so highly in other works of the master. The 'Ninth Symphony,' which followed afterwards, was given almost faultlessly, the soprano part in the choruses not only better than in London, but better than I have ever heard anywhere. Staudigl inimitable, but the kettledrums not better tuned than in London. Mr. Jäger, a member of the committee, gave me a place of honor among the artists; Liszt behaves to me with marked kindness whenever we meet. I write you these lines after the public supper in the hotel, by way of preparing myself pleasantly for a night's rest; meanwhile I remain on a more languendo, poco a poco agitato, ma sempre Giusto, yours."

From the Diary.

"August 11th.—A new steamer was christened 'Beethoven' with great ceremony. Amid

* From "Recent Music and Musicians," as described in the Diaries and Correspondence of Ignaz Moscheles. Selected by his wife, and adapted from the original German by A. D. Coleridge.

salvos of cannon, the vessel, accompanied by one other, sped merrily to Nonnenwerth, where a cold collation was in readiness. I was capitally placed between Spohr and Fischhof. Pickpockets active. We escaped untouched."

"August 12th.—From eight o'clock this morning the streets were alive with bands of students, guilds, etc. Waited at the Rathhaus, and afterwards managed to get into the Cathedral with the throng. Beethoven's Mass in C gave me exquisite enjoyment. From the Cathedral went to the galleries which are erected around the Beethoven monument. I was exposed for a long time to the burning rays of the sun—a great annoyance—released at last by the arrival of the distinguished guests upon the balcony of the Fürstenberg House. These were the King and Queen of Prussia, Queen Victoria, and Prince Albert, with a numerous suite. Speech by Professor Breidenstein. I was deeply moved when I saw the statue unveiled, the more so because Hähnel has obtained an admirable likeness of the immortal composer. Another tumult and uproar at the table-d'hôte in the 'Stern' Hotel. I sat near Bacher, Fischhof, and Vesque, Liszt in all his glory, a suite of ladies and gentlemen in attendance on him, Lola Montez among the former. At five o'clock the Concert. Dr. Breidenstein asked me if I would accompany the 'Adelaide' at the morning concert. As Madame Pleyel was to play a concerto on that occasion, I thought it infra dig. to perform an inferior service, so I refused."

"August 13th.—Last day of the festival, which began with Liszt's Cantata. It has much that is well thought and felt, as, e.g. the introduction of the Andante of the B major Trio, which is cleverly managed; there are also some good instrumental effects; as a whole, however, it is too fragmentary. Liszt, who was vehemently applauded, received an orchestral flourish. The Court arriving late, the Cantata was repeated, and the King made a selection from the programme of the concert, which he staid to hear. Overtures 'Egmont' and 'Coriolan' admirably conducted by Spohr. Violoncello solo, Ganz. Weber's Concertstück, Madame Pleyel. Air from 'Fidelio,' Miss Sabilla Novello. Liszt accompanied Fräulein Kratky in a song."

"Liszt's performance of Beethoven Concerto in E flat major almost entirely satisfied me: I can't imagine any one playing the energetic and spirited part of the work better than he did. In other parts I should have preferred a little more warmth and tenderness."

"When the Court had gone, some other pieces were performed, others omitted. At two o'clock banquet at the 'Stern.' Crowd even greater than before. Immediately after the King's health had been proposed, Wolff, the Improvisatore, gave a toast which he called the 'Trefoil.' It was to represent the perfect chord, Spohr the key-note, Liszt the connecting link between all parties, the third—Professor Breidenstein, the Dominant, leading all things to a happy solution. Universal applause. Spohr proposes the health of the Queen of England, Dr. Wolff that of the Professor Hähnel, the sculptor of the monument, and also that of the brass founder. Liszt proposes Prince Albert; a professor with a stentorian voice is laughed and coughed down, people will not listen to him, and then ensued a series of most disgraceful scenes which originated thus: Liszt spoke rather abstrusely upon the subject of the festival. 'Here all nations are met to pay honor to the master. May they live and prosper, the Dutch, the English, the

Viennese, who have made a pilgrimage hither!' Upon this Chelard gets up in a passion and screams out to Liszt, 'Vous avez oublié les Français.' Many voices break in, a regular tumult ensues, some for, some against the speaker. At last Liszt makes himself heard, but, in trying to exculpate himself, seems to get entangled deeper and deeper in a labyrinth of words, seeking to convince his hearers that he has lived fifteen years among Frenchmen, and would certainly not intentionally speak slightly of them. The contending parties, however, become more uproarious, many leave their seats, the din becomes deafening, and the ladies pale with fright. The fête is interrupted for a full hour, Dr. Wolff, mounting a table, tries to speak, but is hooted down three or four times, and at last quits the room, glad to escape the Babel of tongues. Knots of people are seen disputing in every part of the great salon, and on the confusion increasing, the cause of the dispute is lost sight of. The French and English journalists mingle in this fray, by complaining of omissions of all sorts on the part of the Festival Committee. When the tumult threatens to become serious, the landlord hits upon the bright idea of making the band play its loudest, and this drowns the noise of the brawlers, who adjourned to the open air. The waiters once more resumed their services, although many of the guests, especially ladies, had vanished. The contending groups outside showed their bad taste and ridiculous selfishness, for Vivier and some Frenchmen got Liszt among them, and reproached him in the most shameful way. G. ran from party to party, adding fuel to the fire, Chorley was attacked by a French journalist, Mr. J. J. would have it that the English gentleman, Wentworth Dilke, was a German, who had slighted him: I stepped in between the two, so as at least to put an end to this unfair controversy. I tried as well as I could to soothe these overwrought minds, and pronounced funeral orations ever those who had perished in this tempest of words. I alone remained shot-proof and neutral, so also did my Viennese friends. By six o'clock in the evening I became almost deaf from the noise, and was glad to escape; I assure you that a cup of coffee and some music at the Countess Almásy's were very refreshing after the events of the afternoon. I didn't go to the festival ball, preferring to write this account, and to spend a couple of hours with Fischhof, who showed me his 'Theory of Transposing.'"

Shakespeare in Opera.

BY ALFRED HERVEY.

William Hazlitt, a well-known English critic, called Shakespeare a "giant among giants," and a truer sentence was never penned, for even among the justly famous poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan era, the name of Shakespeare stands first, and his plays are alike unapproached and unapproachable. They have been translated into almost every living language, and represented on the stage of almost every country. The ambitious amateur and blundering professional alike fail to make them uninteresting, while from the pulpit and the rostrum their frequent beauties are quoted times without number. For nearly three hundred years the works of this immortal poet have stood, and as long as dramatic literature exists will Shakespeare's plays exist.

But in addition to all this there is another use to which many of these plays have been put. The finest composers have frequently se-

lected them as texts upon which to compose operas. It is probably understating the matter to assert that there have been at least one hundred operas composed upon texts selected from Shakespeare. Indeed, some of the plays were so written originally that with very little trouble operatic texts were constructed. This is the case with the "Tempest," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," and "Macbeth;" while others, from their romantic character, were seized upon by composers for their music, and others again, which might be thought entirely unfitted for music, have been taken by composers and successfully set. An example of this is "Hamlet," which has been set by Mercadante; by Gasparini, for whom the libretto was adapted by the great Italian dramatic poet Apostolo Zeno, the opera being produced in London in 1711, and by Ambroise Thomas in Paris, in 1860, in which such a wonderful success was made by Mme. Nilsson as *Ophelia*, and M. Faure as *Hamlet*.

The "Tempest" was first set by Matthew Lock, in 1673, very little change being made in Shakespeare's original text. Dr. Purcell next tried the same play, and produced his opera in 1690, and in 1850 Halévy produced a grand Italian opera "La Tempesta," of which the libretto was adapted from the play in French by Scribe, the great French libretto writer, and then translated into Italian, to which Halévy composed his music.

Music to "Macbeth" was first written by Lock in 1674, and then for nearly two hundred years this play was avoided by composers, but in 1847 Verdi produced his opera "Macbeth" at Florence, and in 1877 Signor Lauro Rossi produced at London an opera entitled "Bjorn," of which the libretto was adapted from Shakespeare's "Macbeth" by Frank Edwards. Other operas on this play were written during the present century by André H. Chelard and Taubert.

The English composer, Sir Henry R. Bishop, first took "Midsummer Night's Dream" for an opera. He was followed by Mendelssohn, who wrote an overture, several entr'actes, a march and several songs and choruses to this play. Next Ambroise Thomas composed a French opera on the play, which was successfully produced in Paris in 1860, and which is promised to be heard in an English version from the Hess English Opera Company.

Sir Henry R. Bishop composed many operas, and during his management of Drury Lane Theatre, London, produced, among other Shakespearean operas, the "Comedy of Errors" in 1819, "Twelfth Night," in 1820, "Two Gentlemen of Verona," in 1821, and "As You Like It." These, of course, were all English operas. This composer seems to have been the only one who selected the above plays for musical setting.

Rossini selected "Othello," which he produced at Naples, in 1816, and several very famous singers have added to their reputation in the role of *Desdemona*. Mme. Adeline Patti recently made in London one of her greatest successes in this role.

"Romeo and Juliet" seems to have been a favorite subject for the musicians, there being thirteen operas on this play alone. These were composed by Benda, Dresden, 1772; Schwanberg, Brunswick, 1782; Marescalchi, Rome, 1789; Rumling, Carlsberg, 1790; Dalayrac, Paris, 1792; Steibelt, Feydeau, 1793; Zingarelli, Milan, 1806; Guglielmi, 1816; Vaccai, 1826; Bellini, 1830; Marchetti, Trieste, 1865; Gounod, Paris, 1867; and Marquis D'Ivry, 1876. Of these, seven were Italian, three French and three German.

In 1808 Kreutzer produced at Paris a French opera entitled "Antoine et Cleopatra." In 1862 Hector Berlioz produced, at Baden, a French opera entitled "Beatrice et Benedict," the subject taken from "Much Ado About Nothing," and Max Bruch, at Berlin, in 1872, produced a German opera "Hermione," taken from the "Winter's Tale." Other Shakes-

pearean texts were composed by Hermann Goetz ("Taming of the Shrew.") Taubert ("Love's Labor Lost,") and Verdi is now engaged in composing an opera on the subject of "King Lear," which play had already been used by another composer.

The subject of "Falstaff" has been almost as much a favorite as "Romeo and Juliet." This celebrated hero was made the title of an Italian opera by Balfe, produced in London in 1836. Adolphe Adam next followed with a one-act French operetta bearing the same title. These were both taken from the "Merry Wives of Windsor." Otto Nicolai then composed an opera in German from this same play, to which he gave the original title expressed in German, "Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor." This opera has always been very successful, and has recently been performed in London in Italian under the Italian title, "Les Vispe Comare di Windsor."

This list could be indefinitely extended if it included subjects which, though not taken directly from Shakespeare, were taken from the same sources from which he drew his plots. "Oberon," composed by Weber and others, may be found in "Midsummer Night's Dream." "Pyramus and Thisbe" has been treated by many composers in different countries, while the operas on the subjects of "Cleopatra" and "Julius Cæsar" have been almost numberless. Libretto writers, in preparing their texts, have drawn freely from Shakespeare, but not to such a degree as to warrant the assertion that they are operas from Shakespeare.

It is given to few mortals to wield such a mighty influence in the twin domains of literature and music as was accorded to this immortal poet. The great poets of other languages—Homer, Virgil, Dante, Tasso, Goethe, Corneille, Racine, Voltaire and others—never achieved such universal fame as that of the English bard.

In looking over the list of Shakespearean operas it will be seen that the most celebrated compositions were those of other than Englishmen. Balfe's opera "Falstaff," is the only one by an Englishman which has held the stage. All the others have been forgotten. This seems strange that there should not be a great English musician who could take a subject from the greatest English poet and wed it to immortal music. But in nature, as in art, there are very few instances of pre-eminent genius in two different artistic lines. A great English composer may yet arise who will do fitting honor to Shakespeare; but for the present the palm must be yielded to other nations.—*Mus. Trade Rev.*

Richard Wagner's Toilet at Home.—His Letters to a Dressmaker.*

(Published by the Author of the "Wiener Spasiergänge.")

(Concluded from Page 83.)

Hallelujah! the pink dressing-gown has arrived! Hereupon the indefatigable master proceeds immediately with fresh courage to give more orders. But what are all the stores of satin in the world compared to such a demand for them as Wagner's, which is like the barrel of the Danaïdes? The last supply he ordered will, as he writes, suffice him only "for some little time."

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I forgot yesterday to order a coverlet, of the same kind of pink satin—lined with white—padded—very soft—not a narrow pattern, so that the coverlet may not become stiff—exactly the same size as the old blue coverlet—for actual use in bed—of which you must still have the pattern.—I should like this, also, very soon.

Of the silk blonde lace-ground, with a pretty design on it, I should also like some 10 or 12 el's.

Execute this order well. With best compliments, yours,

Of the light blue ribbon, instead of 1 piece, I should like 2.

—Lucerne, 11th October, 1867.

This letter proves there is a gap in the correspondence, since mention is made of a letter of the 10th October, and we have not one of that date.

* From the Berlin *Echo*, (translated in the London *Musical World*.)

But from the tone of the letter of the 11th, which suggests the notion that the correspondence was continuous, we may conclude that this is not the sole gap, and that, if the master, impelled thereto by the present publication of his correspondence, will not himself supply the missing documents, the world will know of only a portion, an infinitesimally small portion, of the satin used by him. So much is certain: he gave orders of the same sort as those we have chronicled, not only to the lady to whom these letters were addressed, but likewise to many of our large silk-mercers. In the interest of the silk manufacture in France, now in so depressed a condition, we cannot refrain from cherishing a hope that this large customer may by further orders take off some of the accumulated stock, and thus to some degree ease the market.

The psychologist will, perhaps, discover in the letter of the 11th a trait illustrating in an interesting manner Wagner's indescribable passion for finery. Wagner, as he himself informs us, has forgotten to order a pink satin coverlet. He is not, however, contented with merely repairing the omission, but profits by the occasion for ordering some ten or twelve el's of lace-ground. When, too, the letter is concluded, he regrets that such is the case, and, in a postscript, says that, instead of one piece which he has ordered of the "blue ribbon," he should prefer two pieces. For Franz to bring with him:—

14 el's of heavy pink, of which 20 el's more must be despatched immediately.

50 el's white satin 44.

50 el's grey " 3.

50 el's rose " 34.

(50 el's to be sent on as soon as they are ready.)

16 el's light blue 5 florins.

Blond and lace-grounds.

To be made:—

1 pink dressing-gown.

1 blue "

1 green " (with rose ribbon).

1 dark green, without embroidery, ruching, or

sash; simply with white facings.

2 blue coverlets.

2 large pillows (embroidered), to be all trimmed.

1 large embroidered coverlet.

I need make no comments. Two hundred and fifty el's of satin, four satin dressing-gowns, and three coverlets, all at once, speak for themselves. I am beginning to understand Wagner—as man, author, and artist!

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I will send in about two days 500 florins for the present. Your packages have arrived, only we miss very much roses. Pray send immediately whatever is ready of the garlands ordered. You know I ordered 50 el's more, so that I expect altogether 100 el's of the especially fine roses, of which I at first ordered 3 dozens; I should like altogether 50—50 or 60. We have not yet measured the lace; but, at all events, it would be as well to have some on hand—though not so wide as the last, a trifle narrower; so, we could find use for 20 or 30 el's.

Best thanks for your kind attention. Your obedient,

R. WAGNER.

—Lucerne, 21st October, 1867.

In the above letter the reader, somewhat fatigued by wandering through countless orders, is again refreshed by the promise of five hundred florins on account. It is not much, but money runs rather "short." What, however, does that matter? Is it not right to strew our path with roses and forget care? The master orders, therefore, a hundred el's of rose-garlands, and fifty or sixty "especially fine roses." Such a supply would suffice, I think, to make a dozen afflicted families forget their sorrows. Of lace, too, Wagner, wisely keeping an eye on the uncertain future, is of opinion that "it would be as well to have some on hand" (from twenty to thirty el's). Good Heavens, how easily might the lace-makers suddenly inherit estates from rich uncles, and then where should we be able to procure our lace!

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—Everything has arrived, and I thank you extremely. I am waiting for your account, and hope soon to prove my grateful satisfaction with what you have done. Only we have not a sufficiency of the pink satin, and could very well take 30 or 40 el's more. God knows how much is required, if we want to do things well. I should feel obliged if you could get it for me soon!

Mme. Stocker asks me to give you her best remembrances. Next year I shall very likely come again to Vienna, and shall be pleased to see you. Accept my thanks, your true soul, and with them the cordial greeting of your obedient,

RICHARD WAGNER.

—Lucerne, 15th November, 1867.

The above letter contains the despairing exclamation, "only we have not a sufficiency of the pink satin." Every just man will absolve the master from all blame, however. Wagner has done what he could, and if, despite all his orders, which would have been enough to drape the Rhigi in a rose satin covering, the quantity is not enough, the Devil

must have had a finger in the pie, and perhaps been adorning the infernal regions with rose-colored hangings. "God knows," continues the master, "how much is required, if we want to do things well." Truly, this is something which God alone can know; human wisdom is incapable of calculating it!

DEAR MISS BERTHA.—I at present perceive the error, and beg you will send some of the enclosed pattern to Brenell at Lucerne. I think that, as the satin is not particularly heavy, but pleases me by its color, you had better get twenty ells at once and send them to me; we can find a use for them.

Excuse me as I have not much time. Our old arrangement still holds good.

Yours cordially and obediently,
RICH. WAGNER.

—Munich, 18th January, 1868.

The satin sent him by the dressmaker is not "particularly heavy," but its color pleases him, and, as satin of slight texture is better than none at all, he at once orders twenty ells of it. "We can find a use for them!" he exclaims. There can be certainly no doubt that for satin, which is easily dirtied, there is some use or other in a large household.

DEAR YOURS LADY.—I herewith send what I can spare you for the present, so that you may at least see that I think of you. If I can manage it, something more shall follow, only next autumn I myself am somewhat pressed for cash.

Best compliments from your obedient,
R. WAGNER.
—Lucerne, 26th May, 1868.

This last letter is the only one in the entire collection written on rose-colored paper; but, alas! its purport is not by any means roseate. The correspondence concludes as mournfully as it commenced: the master is "pressed for cash!"

After perusing the above letters, I think the reader will consider that the motto: "Wie gleicht er dem Weibe!" which I prefixed to them, is justified. The words are uttered by Hunding, in *Die Walküre*, after scanning the features of his guest Siegmund. Hunding then remarks: "The deceitful worm gleams from out his eyes." When we read these letters addressed to a milliner; when we see how exclusively and with what deep interest the writer discourses in them of finery; and when we learn what large sums are squandered upon the glossy satin, we should think, save for the signature, that the letters were the letters of a woman. Wagner prefaces the ninth volume of his *Collected Writings and Poems** with a poem, addressed by him in January, 1871, "To the German Army before Paris." In it we read:

"Es rafft im Krampf
Zu wildem Kampf
Sich auf des eitlen Wahns Bekenner:
Der Welt doch züchtet Deutschland nur noch Männer."†

The heroic German host would never have achieved their immortal victories had all the men whom Germany "breeds" become as effeminate as he who sang their praise. Our great men have never lost anything in the eyes of the world by the publication of their familiar correspondence. For this they have been indebted not to the delicacy of the persons who published the correspondence, but to their own characters and dispositions.

* *Gesammelte Schriften und Dichtungen*. But why "*Schriften und Dichtungen*?" "*Writings and Poems*?" Are not "*poems*" "*writings*?"

† "Convulsively the believers in a vain delusion rise for the wild struggle; but it is Germany alone which still breeds men for the world." The reader cannot fail to appreciate the fact that Herr Wagner's habitual modesty informs the above lines.

The Paris Exhibition of 1878.

OFFICIAL REPORT ON THE MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

The *Journal Officiel* publishes the following Report by M. Krantz (Commissaire Général) to the Minister of Public Instruction:—

MONSIEUR LE MINISTRE.—By a decree of the President of the Republic, bearing date the 14th of April, 1876, it was decided that an Exhibition of the Fine Arts should be annexed to the International Exhibition of the products of Industry and Agriculture, to take place in the year 1878. That decree has now begun to be executed; and some measures have been taken to give ample hospitality to the arts of design—architecture, painting, sculpture, and engraving, being represented, at the Champ de Mars, by the most eminent works of various schools, which have been produced since 1867. But, until to-day,

nothing has been done for music; and it is high time that the omission was rectified—an omission which has caused some surprise amongst all who are aware how high a place the productions of musical art hold in the public esteem.

The delay to which I have referred, is due, I regret to say, to a kind of indifference which the organizers of the Exposition have felt in regard to musical works of art, who have made a difficulty of assigning them such a mode of exhibition as should bring them into sufficient prominence. This difficulty, up to the present time, does not appear to have been satisfactorily solved; and it deserves to be closely examined, if we would wish on this point to be more successful than our predecessors.

We find nothing in the Exposition of 1855 that in any way testifies to a desire to resolve the difficult problem of a musical exhibition. No doubt the names of great composers figured conspicuously (at the entrance of the Palais de l'Industrie) amongst those of artists and scientists, who are honored by the whole world. Doubtless, again, music has been the necessary accompaniment of the great festivals which inaugurated and concluded the Exposition. But nothing has been claimed for, and nothing more accorded to the art; and, indeed, there is a great need for an actual and distinct musical exhibition.

The organizers of the Exposition of 1867 consulted (a little late, maybe), with a view to organizing an exhibition calculated to meet the special requirements of the musical art. On the 18th of February, 1867 (about six weeks before the opening), the Minister of Finance, Vice-President of the Imperial Commission, drew up an amendment, the first article of which is thus expressed:—

"The art of music shall be represented at the Exposition from the triple point of view of (1) Composition; (2) Execution; and (3) History."

In consequence, both French and foreign composers were invited to compete for two musical compositions destined to celebrate the Exposition of 1867, namely, a Cantata for voices and orchestra, and a Hymn to Peace. Three committees were ultimately constituted: the first, for musical composition, was authorized to adjudicate upon the works submitted at the competition; the second was entrusted with the organization of concerts, with voices and orchestra, of festivals and orpheonic contests, brass band competitions, military music, etc.; lastly, a third committee was constituted to organize a series of "historical" concerts, a small number of artists being engaged to execute the compositions of past periods and of various countries.

Such was the programme of 1867, testifying to a really good intention, and to very liberal views, but rendered abortive by a want of practical experience, which soon made itself evident.

The composers very readily responded to the invitation. The committee had to adjudicate upon 102 cantatas, and 807 hymns. It unanimously awarded the prize for the cantata to M. Camille Saint-Saëns. With respect to the hymns, it would not agree upon the award.

To sum up: Of this extensive competition, which excited so lively an emulation in the musical world, only a single work survived, of which the public at large knows nothing. Excepting the unpublished hymn which an illustrious master, long since silent, permitted to be performed once only—the day of the distribution of the awards—the Exposition of 1867 has scarcely left to our repertoires a single new work. The younger composers worked well for the Exposition of 1867; but, as a matter of fact, they were not allowed a hearing: the public knew nothing of their labors, or of their compositions.

The executants were more successful. Besides the distribution ceremony, and the various concerts given at the Palais de l'Industrie, "the festivals," and the orpheonic contests, were a means of bringing into friendly union numerous choral societies, and invested the whole of the proceedings with a certain *éclat*. The military concerts were thoroughly successful.

In that which concerns the history of music, the committee of historical concerts met, deliberated, settled the choice of pieces, and apportioned them amongst twelve *seances de concerts*. Unfortunately, the Imperial Commission was obliged to recoil before the expenses of these concerts, to which there seemed no prospect of attracting a sufficient audience; and, as in the case of the composition competition, the retrospective exposition of musical art remained unrealized.

Such was the result of the Exposition of 1867, in spite of all that the goodwill of its organizers could do for musical art. The problem remained unsolved; and now, as in 1867, it is still difficult to find the means of adequately exhibiting in universal expositions an art which forms one of the most graceful ornaments of our modern civilization.

Without wishing to determine off-hand the programme of the musical exhibition of 1878, I believe, M. le Ministre, that I shall enter into your views by sketching the principal conditions. In order to do so, I shall naturally make use of the important publications to which this question has given rise, as much in 1867 as in our own day.

It seems that we have to distinguish three separate but reconcilable interests. We ought, first of all, to open our Exhibition to the composers themselves—because it is to their talent and genius that we owe musical creations. But, without executants—soloists, choruses, or instrumentalists—the idea of the master would never be rendered to the public; these are the necessary interpreters; and the talent which they show in their interpretations may singularly enhance the merit of a score, and ensure its success. The executants must, then, be given such a place in the Exhibition as shall command appreciation of their special merit.

In short, every effort made by composers and artists has for its object the practical support by the public of an art which presents to them a means of healthy and elevated recreation. Thus, before all, we ought to discern the interests of the composer, the artists, and the public.

For the first-named, to have the best works composed since 1867, chosen by a special commission, and executed in the best possible manner, appears to me a course which would give them great satisfaction.

If we fail to present new works upon which the artists have spent much care, we shall be imposing upon them an ungrateful task with a mortifying result. Even without reckoning these, there are numerous choral bodies which would not easily be admitted to a place in the Exposition proper. It is necessary, then, that, besides and apart from these musical solemnities, where the works of the younger masters are presented, there should be many concerts, in different halls, in which the executants would be put in a way of having their merits duly recognized.

Thus, then, M. le Ministre, the authorized performance of some of the productions of our younger masters; the more numerous concerts, where one can devote one's attention to bringing into strong relief the talent of various executants, choral bodies, etc.; and, lastly, the execution of those *chef d'œuvres* which will never grow old, and of which the public will never tire;—such seems to me the rational programme for our musical exhibition.

But you are aware, M. le Ministre, that a programme, however good it may be, is of no value until it is carried out by the men who are charged with the execution of it. Let me, therefore, proceed at once to that which more immediately concerns the Commission, the members of which you have been good enough to aid me in selecting.

The personal positions of those who compose this commission are so well known, that it is needless for me to recall them here. It is sufficient for me just to mention the names—some distinguished, others held in high esteem. I need only say, that the principal element is made up of our most celebrated composers, that the Conservatoire has furnished professors and directors, and the Administration itself, those of the *chefs de service* whose functions bring them into official relationship with the musicians. Moreover, it has seemed advisable to me, in view of the various acoustical questions likely to arise in connection with the selection of the rooms required for the concerts, to add to the list the name of a physicist of the first order—the young and already celebrated M. Cornu.

This Commission, of which M. Ambroise Thomas is the president, concurrently with the *chef de service* of the direction of the fine arts, M. le Marquis de Chennevières, will know how to resolve to the complete satisfaction of the public, all those delicate questions which arise out of an exhibition of this kind, and to carry out this programme, of which I have but imperfectly sketched the principal features.

The necessary labor attending a veritable musical exposition, the numerous artists required, the instruments, etc., will occasion a very considerable expense. As I have before said, this same considera-

tion cooled the zeal of the organizers of the Exposition of 1867. It is necessary, then, to examine the question at once, and to see if we can really accomplish the work with the resources at our disposal.

As a matter of fact, the principal expense is already provided for. The public authorities have readily consented to the erection of a large hall, which is rapidly rising, upon the heights of the Trocadéro; but the use of this hall for great concerts, and the erection of a powerful organ, will not cost us less, I fear, than 50,000 francs.

For the actual performance of our concerts (Chap. I, art. 3), we have now intact a fund of 500,000 francs. Its title alone shows that this fund is exhaustible, because the fêtes for which it is intended involve a considerable outlay for musical execution. It seems to me, then, that we shall enter fully into the views of the public authorities in providing for this purpose a credit of 250,000 francs.

Without wishing to encroach upon the work of the Sub-commission, I shall permit myself to indicate that, to my mind, this credit ought to be divided into three nearly equal parts: the first, for expenses in connection with the performance of new works; the second, for festivals, and choral gatherings; the third, for harmony competitions, and the execution of military music.

The Exposition of 1878 is not French only—it is, above all things, international. It is sufficient to say, that the arrangements in view of the musical departments do not apply only to France. In what measure, then, and in what form, ought we to invite foreign musicians to take part either in the work of the Commission, the deciding of competitions, or the execution of accepted compositions? These questions the Commission will determine, by acting with a courteous hospitality, which is the rule in all French international exhibitions.

Finally, M. le Ministre, I have the honor to recommend:—

1. That a sum of 250,000 francs, drawn upon the fund of the Exposition (Chap. I, art. 3), will be specially assigned to the musical exhibition.

2. That a commission shall be appointed to prepare and propose the necessary measures for the formation of this exhibition.

3. That the Commission be composed of the following:—

Presidents.

M. le Marquis de Chennevières, Director of Fine Arts, etc.

M. Ambroise Thomas, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts, Director of the Conservatoire de Musique, premier Grand Prix, 1832.

Members.

MM. de Beaulieu, Sub-Director of Fine Arts, etc.; Bourgalet-Ducoudray, Composer, Grand Prix, 1832; Jules Cohen; Cornu; Deldevez; Leo Delibes; Théodore Dubois; Charles Gounod; A. Guilmant; Guiraud; Halanzier; Lascoux; Laurent de Rille; L'Epine; Massenet; Membrée; Osmond (le Comte d'); Saint-Saëns; Vancorbell; Weckerlin.

Secretaries (with power to vote).

MM. Deschappelles; Arnaud Gousin.

(Signed) J. B. KRANTZ.

The above report has been approved by the Minister of Instruction.—*London Mus. Standard.*

The Caxton Exhibition.—Music Printing.

The history of the art and progress of music printing has never yet received the attention its importance demands, and undoubted benefit will result from the exhibition of the fine collection of musical works brought together in the gallery at South Kensington, if it stimulate research into a wide field hitherto almost unexplored.

Errors promulgated by Hawkins and Burney in their remarks on the art have been reproduced by subsequent authors from time to time, probably because the writers, like the authorities they quoted, had little or no opportunity of personally examining the various books they criticized so freely and so confidently. A visit to the Caxton gallery enables us to correct some of these old-established errors, and albeit important links are wanting, we have before us a fairly chronological chain of evidence as to the history of the art in its numerous branches, from the page issued in the early dawn to the proof-sheet of yesterday. We see that the first printers were unable to cope with the difficulties presented by musical notation, for in the printed Ments Psalters the whole of the music, both staff and notation, is in manuscript. The first attempts at music printing were produced from wooden blocks; an eminent German authority (Dr. Chry-

ander) mentions one produced at Augsburg by Froschauer, in 1473; there is also a book in the British Museum, printed in the same year by Conrad Fyner, at Esslingen, which contains one musical example; it is, however, scarcely worthy the name. In the Caxton Exhibition we find a Gaforius, printed at Naples in 1480, and a Burtius, printed at Bologna in 1487; the latter has several full pages of music, and is particularly interesting. The early attempts on the Continent to print music from type were only successful to the extent of the lines of the staff; these were generally red, and the notes had to be afterwards inserted by hand. Two specimens of the lines so produced are shown: a Hymnarium of 1475, and a Missal of 1485, printed at Lyons. To Wynkyn de Worde must be awarded the palm for having first succeeded in producing music from type in one printing. All authorities have hitherto asserted that the musical example in his "Polychronicon" (1495) was produced from a wooden block, but it needs only a very slight examination of the book shown in the Caxton Exhibition to prove that the statement was in error. We are told that Wynkyn de Worde was his own type-founder, and it is therefore reasonable to conclude that the pieces necessary to produce the example referred to were cast by himself; and it must not be forgotten that Caxton had previously printed the "Polychronicon," and had left a blank space for the insertion of the music by hand. There exists in the British Museum a little music-book, printed, and dated 1530, an oblong quarto; its only title is, "In this booke are cōteyned XX sōges. IX of IIII ptes and XI of three ptes;" the music is sacred and secular, and it is remarkable that the book has escaped the notice of Hawkins, Burney, Ames, Herbert, and Dibden, and if it be, as is most probable, a production of Wynkyn de Worde, it proves that he was also able to produce music from type in two printings equal to anything which can be found of his great contemporary, Petrucci; and if, as is likely, he also cast this type himself, it is curious that no other examples of his music printing are at present to be found. Having mentioned Petrucci, the celebrated Italian, to whom is usually attributed the honor of having first produced type music from two printings, we are bound to remark that not one single specimen of his work is shown in the Exhibition. This is much to be regretted, as his printings are all of great beauty, and, like the Wynkyn de Worde in the British Museum, very superior in quality to the numerous specimens in two colors, red and black, which were for a considerable period issued from the various presses in England and the Continent. We here find copies of the well talked of but rarely seen "Merbecke Common Praier noted," and of the more beautiful but less familiar examples from abroad, some printed on vellum, but the majority on paper.

The exhibits of music printing are very properly divided into sections: the first, works from wooden blocks, the second from type in red and black, the third from type in one color and one printing only; in this class, in addition to Higden's book before mentioned, we find many charming books issued by John Daye, the bold type of Griffin used for Barnard's "Church Music," and the curious Butler's "Feminin Monarchie," printed at Oxford by Turner in 1634, who was obliged to have a special type cast to represent Butler's attempt at phonetic spelling. We can also observe that the type printers made no attempt at producing a score; the music, if not in single-voice parts, has the four parts quite distinct and separate on the two opposite pages. Sometimes, as in some of Playford's books, and in Butler's "Feminin Monarchie," the separate parts are printed so that the singers may stand opposite each other, and this has caused many an innocent remark from uninitiated visitors to the Exhibition, that the "stupid people have printed the music upside down." Special attention should be called to some other books in this section, such as the Missal of Animuccia, printed in Rome in 1567, of Orlando di Lasso, printed in Germany in 1574, and a very early score of madrigals by Venosa, printed at Genoa in 1613; nor must we forget a book printed in Vienna (Liszt's Mass), the largest score ever set up in type. The next section which presents itself to our notice is that of music printed from engraved plates, and here again we are enabled to correct the prevalent error in respect to the "Parthenia" produced in London by Hole in 1611, and always regarded as the earliest of its kind, but which had really been anticipated by Kapsberger's works, some of them published in Rome in 1604; many of the books exhibited in this division represent a perfection which seems quite unattainable by our mod-

ern process of stamping. Space will not permit us to particularize, but we must not fail to call attention to the few pages engraved by Sebastian Bach, the great composer, with his own hand, nor of the collection of songs engraved by Johnson of Edinburgh for Domenico Corri, and which is remarkable as being the first music book printed with "a proper accompaniment" for harpsichord or pianoforte; previous to its publication it was usual to write what is called a figured bass, from which the performer had to elaborate an accompaniment according to his fancy or skill. The improvement, which Corri seems to have invented, as he calls it Corri's new system, was of vast importance musically speaking. We must pass on to consider stamped music, which to the ordinary observer has a very similar appearance to engraved, but which is, of course, produced by a much more speedy and easy process. Stamped music, we can see, was often very bad, and had a tendency to become worse; but the Germans of late years have revived the art and are able to show works which put us English to the blush; we are, however, enabled to make a comparison between Wagner's "Götterdämmerung," published at Mayence last year, and Purcell's "Yorkshire Feast," just completed in London, and all to the advantage of the latter; we hail the omen as a promise of better things to come.

A very small case contains the books shown as specimens of "Tablature and other Modifications of Notation;" the various works, curious and interesting as they are, could easily have been supplemented had space permitted; and this brings us an opportunity of referring to a fact which must be obvious to the most cursory observer—the need of adequate space and accommodation. Hundreds of books which ought to be shown are not here at all, and many of those exhibited should have been shown in duplicate, and sometimes in triplicate, for oftentimes the title-page and colophon are even more interesting from one point of view than any interior page. Two roomy glazed cupboards at one end of the gallery contain some of the books which the sub-committee had to set aside unopened for want of show-room. There ought not to have been any difficulty in this respect at South Kensington, and the fact and results are much to be regretted.

We have said nothing of two cases filled with books recently sent from Rome by the Italian Government, but which arrived too late for proper classification and placement in the various sections. Although frequently duplicates of works to be found in other cases, they are worthy of mention, not only for their intrinsic value and excellent preservation, but also for the kindly feeling shown in selecting and forwarding them to this country.

From the foregoing remarks it will be gathered that the collection of printed music at the Caxton Exhibition, notwithstanding its numerous shortcomings and missing links, more than justifies the hopes and anticipations of the promoters of the Commemoration.—W. H. CUMMINGS in the *Athenæum*.

The Italian Opera.

(Reminiscences of 1877, from the Scrap-book of a Dilettante.)

No. 1.

SARIE THALBERG'S KERLINA.

Fortunately, Mdlle. Thalberg, whose entrance was greeted with prolonged applause, did much to compensate for the deficiencies of the others. Her voice is more beautiful than ever, and has become richer and stronger since last season. Whether it has gained in flexibility and compass remains to be seen; but it was evident last night that she has been endowed by Nature with vocal gifts which, with proper cultivation, must speedily place her in the highest rank of the operatic profession. Her voice is of such remarkably rich quality throughout its entire compass that it will bear any amount of cultivation, and abundantly repay it. Last night its freshness and brilliancy imparted an irresistible charm to her execution of "Batti, batti," and other portions of her rôle, and her intonation was faultless. The return of this charming young artist (now only in her nineteenth year) will enhance the attractions of the Royal Italian Opera, and her popularity was attested by the warmth of her reception.—*Globe*, May 5.

No. 2.

EMMA ALBANI'S OPHELIA.

Beyond the fact that the Ophelia of Mdlle. Alba-

ni becomes year after year a more finished impersonation (more poetical it could hardly be), and that, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, it may fairly take rank with her Senta, Elizabeth, and Elsa—her Wagnerian trilogy—there is nothing to add to what has already been said about it. To follow Christine Nilsson in this, one of the brightest of her creations, was no grateful task; but here success has recompensed ambition, and the Ophelia of the fair Canadian is pronounced by competent judges only second to that of the fairer (blonder) Swede.—*Graphic*, June 28.

No. 3.

ADELINA PATTI'S CATARINA.

L'Boile du Nord appears to be growing in favor. * * * At any rate, the opera that used to be played once at the close of the season for the benefit of Mme. Patti, is now a more prominent feature. * * * It attracted an enormous house on Tuesday night, not a place being anywhere vacant, while the highest expectations of the audience were more than satisfied. * * * Mme. Patti was, of course, the "star" of the occasion, and never shone more brightly or with a steadier lustre. Her representation of Catarina amounted, indeed, both in a dramatic and musical sense, to one long triumph. The "Bohemienne," the prayer "Veglia dal ciel," and the important music of the last act, including the well-known and ingenious trio for voice and flutes, were all given to perfection so obvious that it was not possible to conceive anything better. As to the great artist's acting, the power of it is so well known that no word of description or of eulogy is needed.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 31.

No. 4.

ETHELKA GERSTER'S GILDA.

On Tuesday night *Rigoletto* was performed, with the new singer, Mad. Gerster, as Gilda. We are inclined to think that were Mad. Gerster to turn aside for a time from parts the prevalent characteristics of which are florid passages, more or less elaborately embellished, and devote her attention seriously to the study and practice of the plain cantilena, where level singing is indispensable, she would improve the quality of her middle voice, without in any way endangering the supremacy of her favorite high notes. The manner in which she sang more than one cantabile phrase on Tuesday night convinced us of this. As examples, we would especially point to her delivery of the melodious passage, "Quanto affetto," etc., which begins Gilda's share in the expressive duet with Rigoletto ("Veglia, O! donna, questo fiore,") and the recital of the story of her clandestine meetings with Walter Maldé, the pretended student. The charming soliloquy, "Caro nome," but for two florid cadenzas out of keeping with its character, would have been irreproachable.—*Graphic*, July 14.

No. 5.

CHRISTINE NILSSON'S RETURN.

The palmiest days of this historic house* were suggested on Saturday, when Madame Christine Nilsson made her first appearance for the season. Rank and fashion once more thronged to the Haymarket, amateurs of all classes crowded the interior, which by the way looked the picture of cheerfulness, and the rule of the evening was enthusiastic applause. In the experience of many present the occasion may have derived added zest from the fact that Madame Nilsson first trod the new stage in the part chosen for her debut on the old. Whether this was by design or not matters little. Nothing could have been more appropriate, and all among the audience who were present when, 11 years ago, a new prima donna burst upon their gratified sight, must have witnessed Saturday's doings with special interest. Since she first played the Violetta of *La Traviata*, the Swedish artist has undergone no inconsiderable development as regards both the scope and character of her genius. There have been times when it seemed doubtful whether that development took precisely the right direction, but the strong good sense and quick perception of Madame Nilsson never fail in the long run to discover and correct mistakes. To these qualities the remarkable success obtained on Saturday night may in a large measure be attributed. Whatever tendency was once manifested towards an exaggerated style of acting has apparently been conquered, and Madame Nilsson now makes a careful and artistic use of the large resources accumulated by her experi-

* Her Majesty's Theatre.

ence and by the natural growth of her eminent talent. All the more interesting on this account was it to compare her present Violetta with that of her earliest appearance amongst us. None could have forgotten the winning gentleness and grace of the debutante, and none could fail to see that those qualities still exist in all their charm, united to the dramatic power of a ripened artist. The advantage is thus in favor of the present over the past, and opera-goers have thus good reason to congratulate themselves that Madame Nilsson is not only again engaged in their service, but better qualified than ever to satisfy their most exigent demands. We need not describe for the hundredth time all the incidents of an "ovation," such as the public bestow upon the prime favorites of the lyric stage. The reader may imagine all he can of the enthusiasm without much risk of going beyond the truth. Animated by so warm a greeting, the Swedish artist exerted her whole powers, both as actress and singer; and when we say that her voice was as distinguished as ever for that indefinable quality which makes it so eminently human, and therefore sympathetic, it may be assumed that the effect she produced was immense. In point of simple fact, Madame Nilsson has not often conquered the enthusiastic approval of her audience by means so legitimate. No matter whether it was the brilliant music of the first act, the passionate strains of the second, or the pathetic melodies of the third, in each and all she sang like a great artist. Higher praise we cannot give; praise less high would fail in justice. We might dwell long upon the dramatic characteristics of Madame Nilsson's Violetta, but, as they are perfectly well known, to do so would be superfluous. Let us say, however—what, indeed, we have already indicated—that the assumption was one of exceptional finish as well as breadth of outline. While she made a sufficiently striking figure in the earlier scenes, Violetta never appeared overdrawn, so that a perfect consistency was established between the gay reveller of the "Libiamo" and the girl whose love, in the last scene, conquers the assurance of coming death and conjures up a vision of happy life. This may be an idealized Violetta; but, if any one makes the fact a ground of objection, the answer is that no other would be tolerated, even if it were not the business of the stage, as a branch of art, to improve upon the realities of common, and, too often, repellent life. How much the audience admired the representation, and applauded the artist's *tour de force*, we need not stop to tell. Enough that Madame Nilsson re-established herself in the highest favor of the public.—*Daily Telegraph*, May 7.

The Cecilia.

FIRST ANNUAL REPORT OF THE PRESIDENT, AT THE ANNUAL MEETING, JUNE, 1877.

By a provision of the by-laws it becomes the duty of the President to make report at this time of the affairs of the Club. I therefore have the honor to submit the first annual report of the Cecilia as an independent organization.

With the origin of the Club and its history previous to the year just past, most of the active members are familiar. I will allude to them briefly for the information of those who have recently joined us, as well as of our associates.

Three years ago it was proposed by the committee of the Harvard Musical Association to introduce, as a new and attractive feature in their concerts for the coming season, part-singing for mixed voices. Some of the leading amateurs of Boston kindly lent their aid to the enterprise, by and from whom a music-committee was selected to act in concurrence with the Harvard concert-committee. The proposed number of the chorus was filled by the selection of about a hundred picked voices. A name was adopted, and the excellent leader chosen who still conducts our practice and performances.

Rehearsals were commenced in the ensuing autumn, and the Cecilia took part in four of the Harvard Symphony Concerts of the season of 1874-5,—singing Mendelssohn's "Walpurgisnacht" (twice) and "Lorelei," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Durante's "Magnificat," and the Finale of the 1st Act of Weber's "Euryanthe," with full orchestra, as well as some other part-music. After the close of the season, the Cecilia repeated "Paradise and the Peri," in Horticultural Hall, with piano accompaniment.

In the following autumn we assembled again, still under the patronage of the Harvard Musical Association. We joined in three of the Symphony Con-

certs of the season of 1875-6, giving Gade's "Spring Greeting" and "Comala," Mendelssohn's "Lorelei" and "Laudate Pueri," Schubert's 23d Psalm (twice), Bach's "Ich hatte viel Bekümmernis," the Weber Finale, previously given, etc., etc.

At the close of this season, in the spring of 1876, it was felt by both parties that our connection with the Harvard Musical Association had not been altogether a success. On the one hand, the Cecilia had not been of the pecuniary advantage to the Harvard which had been hoped for. The additional receipts to the Symphony Concerts from our performances were not sufficient to repay the expense which the Harvard incurred for our support. On the other hand, the Cecilia was placed under several conditions of disadvantage and discouragement: (1st.) The Harvard Orchestra was too full for a small chorus, which had not yet acquired the unity, intensity, and carrying power only to be gained by long practice together of the same singers. Our feeble voices were quite lost in the great flood of sound. (2dly.) The fact that the Harvard performances were given in the afternoon was unfavorable. Many singers, especially among the men, could not devote their business hours to music, and being unable (or uncertain as to their ability) to assist at the concerts, took little interest in the rehearsals. (3dly.) The stage of the Music Hall, when occupied by a full orchestra, could not be arranged for the favorable presentation of a chorus as small as ours. Altogether, both parties perceived that it was best to separate. This we did with the good wishes of the Harvard for our future success, and with full recognition on our part that we owe our life to the association which has given birth to so many of the important musical enterprises of Boston.

In now became our duty to provide for the continuance of an organization which we believed deserved to live, not only for the good record which it had made, but also for the preservation of the excellent material which it had brought together, and for the manifest need in Boston of just such a Club.

A committee was appointed from our number, consisting of two from each vocal part, to confer with the existing music-committee and devise a plan for the organization of the Cecilia for the future. A plan was agreed upon and reported, contemplating active and associate members with assessments upon each, and suggesting the necessary details as to officers, meetings, rehearsals, performances, etc.,—being in substance the same scheme afterwards embodied in our present by-laws. This report was accepted. A vote was passed to reorganize the Cecilia upon the plan reported, and the committee of eight was instructed and authorized to carry out the organization.

The list of singing members was carefully revised, and the acceptance obtained of the ladies and gentlemen who were esteemed valuable active members. The first meeting of the Club in its new form was then held, at which the list of active members was confirmed, the by-laws adopted, and the offices filled. All this was done before we scattered for the summer, and the Cecilia, as an independent body, became an accomplished fact.

In the autumn we commenced our musical work of the year. We also received the applications of those desiring to become associate members,—many more than we could possibly admit. We were obliged to limit the number to two hundred and fifty, for the reason that Horticultural Hall, in which we proposed to give our first series of concerts, would not allow to more than this number (in addition to our active members) the two seats to which they would be entitled for each performance.

The programme which we presented to our associates embraced six entertainments (three concerts, each repeated), the music to be of a lighter character and greater variety than that which is offered by the larger choral societies. How well we have performed our promise we must leave our associates to judge. Our three concert programmes included Gade's "Crusaders," Mendelssohn's "95th Psalm," Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri," Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen," seven or eight part-songs for mixed voices, and a dozen or more solo songs by members of the Club and others.

The music has been given with piano accompaniment, excepting the "Paradise and the Peri," for which we had a small orchestra.

Upon the merit of our performance it would be hardly becoming in your President to enlarge,—and, moreover, this is a point in which our audiences are far better critics than ourselves. Suffice it to say that the condition of singing in a smaller

hall and with piano accompaniment enabled us to hear ourselves better than ever before, and, let us trust, to profit by the hearing.

It is manifest that our choir needs strengthening in some parts,—that it has much yet to learn, and still more (in point of unity and clearness) to acquire insensibly by long and continuous singing together.

On the other hand your President may be pardoned the assertion that in the details of execution, in taste and refinement of performance, and in true musical feeling the Club has much upon which to pride itself, still more for which to be proud of its conductor. Every utterance, whether of words or music, has been intelligent, intelligible, and free from vulgarity of tone or pronunciation. The programmes have been pure and well-constructed,—the concerts not so long as to be wearisome, or so frequent as to become hackneyed.

And for the future each year must be one of improvement. Everything is in our favor,—a well-selected chorus, a generous and appreciative body of associates, a high place in public esteem. Our future must do no discredit to our past. A more perfect balance of parts must be secured and maintained, a stricter attendance and punctuality enforced, and such discipline established that the Club may not only appear at its best when before its associates, but that every evening of rehearsal, and every moment of every evening, may bear its proper fruits. Every year so spent will be well spent, and at the end of five years the Club will show results in the performance of music for mixed voices which will compare favorably with anything which either this country or Europe has to offer. If in this department it shall accomplish half as much as has already been accomplished in Boston for male part-singing, it will even then have reason for satisfaction.

One consideration more before I conclude, and that is that the Club is no longer without rivals in its own peculiar field. Three years ago it took possession of an unoccupied ground. It intended to differ both in degree and kind from the great choral societies on the one hand, which present great choral works *heroically*, and sometimes a little in the rough,—and, on the other hand, from the numerous small clubs which meet privately for their own amusement.

We did not, to be sure, leave amusement out of consideration, but we meant to accomplish something besides; to do worthy things in a worthy manner; to offer an example of what part-singing can be made by expending the proper work upon the proper material; and above all, while cultivating the means not to forget the high end, the pursuit of art for art's sake, ever remembering that the most exquisite singing may not be music, just as the most perfect elocution may fall short of eloquence.

All this is still our aim, but we are no longer alone. At least one other society in Boston has embarked upon the same mission. This is no reason for discouragement, but an added stimulus. There is work enough for all. Let us bid our rivals good-speed, and hope to receive from them a like greeting. By our friendly emulation the good cause will in any event be the gainer.

The list of active members of the Club during the past year has comprised one hundred and thirty-one voices,—thirty-seven soprano, twenty-eight alto, thirty-one tenor, and thirty-five bass. The real working force, however, has consisted of not more than one hundred voices.

From these figures two things are apparent: first, that we still have some active members whose indifference renders them useless, who must be replaced by more valuable material; and, secondly, that the balance of parts needs correction. The rectification of the Club in these respects will be the first duty of the coming season.

The work of the next year is already mainly laid out, and the entire prospectus will be prepared before we begin our rehearsals for the autumn. We shall probably give, as during the past year, three concerts, each repeated. The programmes which we have in view comprise Mendelssohn's "Athalia," and one or more of his shorter Psalms, Handel's "Acis and Galatea," new cantatas by Rheinberger and Hofmann, part-songs for female voices by Gade and others, madrigals or part-songs for mixed voices, and solo pieces.

Looking back upon the past three years, we are sensible that our efforts have met with encourage-

ment. Appreciation has been accorded to our merits and indulgence to our shortcomings. We gratefully renew our service, with the hope and intent that our future shall do credit to ourselves and promote the cause in which we are engaged.

S. LOTHROP THORNDIKE,
President of the Cecilia.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 15, 1877.

Our Coming Musical Season.

We have usually been able, by this time, to hold up before our readers a somewhat rich and tempting prospect of an approaching musical season. But this time our musical providers are either very slow or very silent in their plans and preparations. Let us hope, however, that we shall not have to take too seriously the jocular comment which arose inevitably to many lips at the first mention of the last week's very popular and very interesting (although painful) exhibition in our noble Music Hall: "Music has gone to the dogs in Boston." The whole secret of the real or apparent apathy lies, we are persuaded, in the financial depression of the times, which, until it be substantially relieved, weighs more and more heavily from year to year; but when it is relieved, the life and force of the reaction will be all the greater, quickening to new activity, and adding new zest to all the elements of social and artistic life,—music perhaps the most of any; for we have lost no jot of our belief that music is essential to the best life and culture of this community, part of the vital, spiritual atmosphere by which we live.

Already there is felt a moving of the waters. Signs of a revival of business are eagerly hailed and flashed through the newspapers. There will be music if these prove not false. And possibly the most we have to fear, as in some seasons past, is that it may be overdone; that enterprise and speculation may be stimulated beyond all just proportion to the real wants,—and to the letting down of the standard of pure taste and drowning out of sight the landmarks of our real progress; for what will "pay" under the name of Art, is not always what is best for Art.—Some glimmerings there are already on the horizon,—perhaps enough to herald a full day; some scattering announcements, or vague promises, of operas, concerts, oratorios, of which we will here bring together such as have reached us (though some we may have mislaid and forgotten), in the which the reader may perhaps see "some sparkles of a better hope."

First, then, in the matter of Oratorio and great Choral works, we depend, of course, on our old Handel and Haydn Society, and all we know of their next season's programme is: that they propose soon (Oct. 10) to give another performance, by way of prelude to the season proper, of *Elijah*, in the Tabernacle, with Mme. Pappenheim, and we presume Mr. C. R. Adams as before; that their chief subject of study—a task of completion, and still, in more than one sense, of novelty, will be the *St. Matthew Passion Music* of Bach, which it is proposed to bring out for the first time entire; and that, for the rest, several of the grand old favorites, which always must be heard,—if not for our own sake, for our children's,—the *Messiah* certainly, possibly *Judas Macchabeus*, or *Joshua*, or *St. Paul*, or *The Seasons*, etc., etc., will come as they are wanted.

The Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association (thirteenth season), as usual, will be ten in number, in the Music Hall, five of them on alternate Thursdays, Nov. 8 and 22, Dec. 6 and 20, Jan. 3; then a pause of four weeks, followed by five

more concerts, with the same regularity, on Jan. 31, Feb. 14 and 28, and March 14 and 28. The programmes are not yet sufficiently matured, or even sketched, to warrant any announcement; but the last year's satisfactory experience is earnest that something at least quite as good may be expected both as to matter and performance.

—The Concerts at Cambridge in the Sanders Theatre, (second season) under Professor Paine's direction, are already well subscribed for and, we believe, substantially arranged. There will be three orchestral concerts, with the Thomas orchestra, and three of chamber music, as before. As this will bring Theodore Thomas this way three times during the winter, it may be presumed that he will avail himself of these opportunities to give us a few concerts here in Boston; although, if he is really to conduct the Philharmonic Society in New York, what with its six concerts and six public rehearsals, with as many more of the Brooklyn Philharmonic, besides his Symphony Concerts there in his own name, it would seem that he could have little time for excursions into New England.—Of any new orchestra, or any new material for an orchestra, however anxiously we may "look out toward the sea," there is no sign to report, not even "a little cloud no bigger than a man's hand."

Foremost in the field, armed and equipped in complete steel, and duly heralded through all the advertising trumpets, are the travelling Quintet and other little Clubs of artists, all of whom hail from here, but give us little of their music, none of their help where they are so much needed, in our local orchestra. Nor in the countries North and West and South, which are to be favored with their visits, and where they propose to perform a "missionary labor" in disseminating "a taste for higher music," at the same time that they keep at least one eye open to their own material interests, may they venture, save in very exceptional instances, to give such programmes as have come to be demanded here. Is this centrifugal habit of our abler artists, after all, so necessary? Would it not be possible so to organize our musical interests, that quite as constant and remunerative a field for the best powers of these artists could be found within the circle of fifty miles around Boston, as the whole wide West affords? Every considerable town or city, which can be reached in two or three hours from this musical centre, can now boast its scores or hundreds of true lovers of good classical music. Why can they not be enrolled at the beginning of each season as subscribers to a series of concerts, one in each of fifty or a hundred places, enough, together with the demand on the part of the "Hub" itself, to furnish employment, the whole winter through, for all these artists,—employment of a kind far worthier of their taste, their aspiration and their character as artists, and costing far less wear and tear of travel and fatigue and all annoying and distasteful circumstances? Is there not in each town the one live man, the one practical enthusiast, (or, better still, the one live woman,) who will take the initiative, and go to work with zeal and energy among his music-loving neighbors, till he enlists them all in the support of a delightful series of concerts by one or the other of these Clubs? Let the "Hub" begin; the "sub-Hubs" must follow; and then we shall have here at home again the benefit of our own best musicians; then shall we have not only the choice chamber music, the string Quartets, etc., of which we have suffered dearth for several years, but also a strong reinforcement of the string department of our orchestra, the mainstay of all good music in a city.—Who responds? If all speak at once, so much the better; in music that is possible, without confusion.—But now for the announcements.

Of the oldest of these Clubs, which, but for Mr. Ryan, would retain about as much of its identity as the famous gun of which lock, stock and barrel had been renewed, we read:

The Mendelssohn Quintette club has been reorganized, and now makes claims upon the public and critical favor of perhaps a higher character than ever before. Mr. S. E. Jacobsohn takes Mr. Schultze's place as first violin; and, although the loss of the latter must be greatly deplored, Mr. Jacobsohn's record as leader of the violins in the Thomas orchestra is of the very best sort, and his acquisition must be a great satisfaction to Boston. Mr. Gustav Dannreuther, the second violin, comes of a noted musical family, and has won an excellent reputation, both as violinist and pianist. Mr. Edward Heindl, Mr. Ryan and Mr. Hennig retain the positions which they have always filled with such distinguished success; and Mr. Alexander Heindl, whose services as contrabassist have been often called in requisition by the Quintette of late years, is added as a permanent member. With such a force the club ought to keep all the ground it has already won, and even advance to new and greater triumphs. Mr. Thomas Ryan is the business agent of the club, and is prepared to make engagements in its behalf.

The Club are also to be assisted by a fresh Soprano singer, who made a good impression in their concerts last year,—Miss Ella C. Lewis. We are glad to learn, too, that they will return to New England for a part of December and January, when we may expect a few concerts from them. Their repertoire includes, besides works of the classical masters, some from the new school, naming Wagner, Brahms, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, etc., while "an effort will be made to introduce some works of the leading American composers."

The Boston Philharmonic Club, for this (its third) year, in the glowing language of its managerial prospectus:

Contains, BERNHARD LISTEMANN, the greatest Violinist in America; his brother, FRITZ LISTEMANN, a very distinguished Artist; ADOLF BELZ, the great French Horn Virtuoso; ADOLF HARTDEGEN, "the ideal Violoncellist"; EUGENE WEINER, the celebrated Flute Virtuoso; and ALEXANDER FREYGANG, one of the World's greatest Harpists, late Soloist to the Czar of St. Petersburg, Russia.

The fine Soprano (Mr. Osgood's pupil) Mrs. Hattie Clark Gates, will accompany them in all their wanderings. We have as yet no positive assurance of hearing them in Boston, though there would seem to be a moral necessity and certainty that such fine concerts as they have given us cannot be dispensed with.

There is also announced a new company, uniting literature with music, which takes the name of THE ALLEN-CAYVAN COMPANY of Boston, composed of the following artists: Mrs. E. A. Humphrey-Allen (pupil of Miss Doria), Soprano; Miss Georgia E. Cayvan, reader and elocutionist; Mr. Carl Jasper, Oboe Soloist; and as leader, Charles N. Allen, violinist, late of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. Whether in the pauses of their journeying they will favor Boston, we are not informed.

Of Piano-forte Concerts, or Recitals, the first announced (place not named) are those of

Miss AMY FAY, who will begin early in the season a series of pianoforte recitals, at which the following-named works will be performed: Bach—Preludes and fugues in F-minor and B-minor; Bourrée, A-minor. Hummel—Gigue. Gluck—Gavotte. Beethoven—Sonata quasi Fantasia, op. 27, No. 1; Sonata Pastorale, op. 28; Grande Sonata, op. 53; thirty-two variations in C-minor. Chopin—Concerto, F-minor, op. 21 (with pianoforte accompaniment); Andante Spianato and Polonaise, op. 22; Ballades, op. 23 and 47; Nocturnes, Nos. 1 and 2, op. 15; Concert Study, No. 11, op. 25; Chant Polonais, arranged by Liszt. Mendelssohn—Song without words, "Duetto." Schumann—Des Abends. Schubert—Elegy. Liszt—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14; Concert Study, "Gnomon-Rägen;" Nocturne, "Liebestraume." Wagner—Liszt—Spinning song. R. M. Märchen, op. 102, No. 4; Capriccio. Rubinstein—Nouvelle melodie. Tausig—Valse, "Nacht-Falter;" d'après Strause. Jensen—Canzonet. J. K. Paine—Country Scenes. Jerome Hopkins—Midnight Barcarolle.

Of other resident pianists, or piano-playing artists, whom we are proud to call our own, the name is legion, and some of them are admirable interpreters of what is best in music, (for probably not many will subscribe to the somewhat paradoxical opinion expressed by the writer of the suggestive article on "Piano Teachers and Concert Pianists," which we printed in our last that there is only one piano virtuoso in America, and that one Mrs. Julia Rive-King, now in Chicago.) So far we hear nothing of the concert plans of any of them; doubtless one by one the whole fleet of them will soon venture out from the snug harbors where they mend their nets and teach the young.

The Vocal Clubs, both male and mixed, are all busy in the preparation of their programmes, and will soon begin their rehearsals. Of the plans of the Cecilia, the very sensible and interesting first annual report of its president, which we have ventured to copy in another column, will give a pretty clear idea. The spirit shown is admirable and full of promise. Of the works there mentioned for performance we understand that one is the Cantata by Hofmann on the "Fair Melusina" legend. The Boy's-on Club, both as mixed chorus, and as male part-song Club, will not be behindhand in good works; and the Foster Club will continue to let us hear works which have been only read or talked about before.

The German Opera Company, recruited in Europe by our whilom townsman, Mr. C. R. Adams, was mentioned in our last with an enumeration of the leading artists. It is to be under the management of Mr. J. C. Freyer, and will open on the 22nd of October, for two weeks, at the Boston Theatre. We had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Adams last week, who assured us that it will not be merely a Meyerbeer and Wagner Opera, but that *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni* and the like will certainly be given, and even that we may have a chance to hear one of the loveliest of Mozart's operas, always heretofore denied us, his *Entführung aus dem Serail*,—the one he composed in his first love for Constance Weber, who became his wife. This is almost too good a thing to hope; but if it should be well presented, what could be newer or more attractive?

VERDI-WAGNER. In turning over the pages of an old volume of our Journal, we lit upon a long forgotten record of our impressions after listening in New York to the first performance in this country of *Il Trovatore* (in the Spring of 1855). And we are tempted to reproduce the closing passage, on account of the analogy which it suggests with the new phase of musical experience we are now passing through. What was there said of Verdi's music, will it not equally well apply, with certain qualifications, to that of Richard Wagner? Instead of "Italian Opera," where it occurs below, read recent German Opera, and would it not be thought that we were writing of to-day?

"We find nothing in it that shows progress; above all, no signs of a more true and wholesome tendency, but only a hardened habit in the same false way;—the way of substituting strong, glaring, and intense effects for real inspirations of sincere human life and feeling. Whatever power, whatever beauty, whatever brilliancy it may possess, this never strikes you as sincere music. These are not the natural tones and melodies of human loves and griefs, and joys and longings, clothed in nature's sympathetic harmony. These are bold, artificial onslaughts upon your supposed jaded and blunted sympathies and sensibilities, as if to treat you with the rare novelty of an emotion! or rather, a sensation. Expressive music must give way to pungent music. Nothing but spice and red pepper can excite the palate. When in Art it comes to this, are we not very near the last expiring stage? If this be the logical and necessary result of the unfolding genius of Italian [German] Opera, then what more can there be to hope from the Italian Opera except the end? Such fiery, lurid, overstrained intensity in music indicates a half burned out state. Have you watched with swelling heart the growing, changing miracle of one of our superb autumn sunsets? There comes a moment when the rich and wondrous beauty of the clouds all melts into one uniform, hotly glowing, brilliant, brassy color, as if their glory had burned down to coal; it is splendid, it is wonderful, but it is the last phase of light and brilliancy before all fades into cold ashy grey, and sense of night and nothingness, until the resurrection of another day. That often sadly experienced spectacle would somehow keep coming back to us as the type and analogue in nature of this hyper-intense Verdi [Wagner] phase of lyric Art. We welcomed Verdi for a brief while once, when we had been having nothing but the tender sentiment and sweets of poor Bellini and of Donizetti. Gladly now do we go back to them, (they at least give you something natural, and dare sometimes to deal with near and common subjects);—thrice gladly to Rossini, though he be not by any means the deepest of tone-poets. But in the lightest musical

comedy, wedded, it may be, with the broadest farce, there is sometimes more true musical inspiration and refreshment, more that is humanizing and refining, more that may lift one into the ideal and pure atmosphere of Art, than in these highly spiced servings-up of far-fetched tragical and monstrous [Edda-ic] subjects."

MUSICAL CONTESTS. The London *Globe* has the following remarks on a recent trial of skill among the piano-playing pupils at the Paris Conservatoire:—

"The rage for competitive examinations in Paris, which quite outstrip anything that we have established on this side of the Straits, is aptly illustrated by the musical contests which take place annually about this time of the year. The Conservatoire, like other artistic, scientific, and literary institutions in France, is profoundly convinced that the best or only way to encourage talent is to reward the most diligent and successful students; and the consequence is that it sets apart no inconsiderable portion of its funds for the purpose of providing prizes in the various departments which it includes. A few days ago it was the turn of the pianoforte pupils to enter the lists in public rivalry. A formidable list of competitors was made out, the entries including no less than twenty-one young gentlemen pianists and thirty-seven young ladies. The ordeal through which these young aspirants to fame had to pass was sufficiently monotonous. One after another, from 9 o'clock till midday, the gentlemen played with varying success, a sonata of Schumann, and one after another, in similar style, from 2 o'clock till 8 p.m., the ladies executed as best they might, a scherzo from Chopin. To listen to the repeated performance of these two pieces for some nine hours in one day might be supposed an act of devotion which few could undertake, and amounts, it may reasonably seem to us, to something like an act of heroism, when the whole affair takes place during the dog-days. A humane person would be inclined to pity, with all his heart, the unfortunate "jury" charged with awarding the prize, and to wonder how any men could be found to undertake the task. But any such feelings of sympathy would be founded on a complete misconception of the Parisian character. It appears that the directors of the Conservatoire were besieged for days with applications for places at this artistic exhibition. The room was crowded, the most intense interest was manifested during the performance, and the young lady of fifteen who has carried off the prize, sees her name now published in all the papers in some of the largest of type. This manner of encouraging and introducing talent is rather strange to our ideas, but it is one which, if it be judged by its results in Paris, is certainly effectual."

The Worcester Musical Convention.

[From the Worcester Gazette.]

The managers of the Worcester County Musical Association have practically completed their arrangements for the annual week of song, to begin on the 24th instant. They have arranged to enlarge the space for seating the chorus, and in every possible way have provided for the convenience and comfort of all who join in its exercises.

The programme for the week includes, besides the regular practice work of the chorus mornings and afternoons, an unusual series of first-class concerts, to which the public is expected to respond with such a patronage as shall mark its appreciation of the enterprise of the managers.

Six concerts and two matinees are promised, and the list of those who are to appear includes both old favorites and new names of renown.

The first concert will be held on Wednesday afternoon, when Miss Lillian Bailey, Miss E. M. Whiting of Springfield, and Mr. B. T. Hammond, the Philharmonic club and the great chorus of the association will appear. Messrs. Allen, Sumner and Story will have charge of piano and organ accompaniments of this and all the concerts of the week.

On Wednesday evening a miscellaneous concert will be given by Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Mr. Ch. Fritsch, Dr. C. A. Guilmette, the chorus and the Philharmonic club. Stearns' mass in D is to be given on Thursday afternoon, with Miss Patrick, Mrs. Munroe and Messrs. Stanley and Stoddard in the solo parts, and the choruses by the association. The Temple quartette of Boston, Messrs. Fitz, Fessenden, Cook and Ryder, will also introduce miscellaneous selections.

On Thursday evening there will be a grand artists' concert, in which Madame Eugénie Pappenheim, Mlle. Antonia Henne, Messrs. Joseph Mass and A. E. Stoddard, the Temple quartette and the chorus will have parts.

The instrumental concert will be given on Friday afternoon, at which the Germania orchestra will present Gade's symphony in B-flat, with other selections, assisted by a quartette including Mrs. McLeod, Miss Stone, Miss Ita Welsh and Messrs. Stanley and M. W. Whitney, and the chorus.

The culmination of interest will occur on Friday evening, when Handel's heroic oratorio, "Joshua," will be given, with Madame Appenheimer, Mlle. Henne and Messrs. Maas and Whitney in the solo parts, and the choruses by the whole force of the association, with the Germania orchestra and the great organ.

Such a variety of music, by such artists, is a venture, even for Worcester, where the former efforts of the association have been sustained. It will demand and require a generous patronage. The association merits patronage because it is a home institution which has done much to develop and cultivate musical taste, and also because they offer to the public something which is well worth more than it costs.

THE THREE CHOIR FESTIVAL. The programme of the 154th Festival of the Three Choirs of Gloucester, Hereford, and Worcester, to be held at the first-named place in the first week in September, has been issued. Although hopes were entertained a fortnight since that Mdlle. Tietjens would be sufficiently recovered to fulfil her engagement as principal soprano, that hope is abandoned. Mdlle. Albani will take the major part of the music originally assigned to Mdlle. Tietjens. The Festival opens on Tuesday, the 4th of September, with full morning service at the Cathedral, on which occasion the Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, who has hitherto held aloof from active participation in these Festivals, will preach the sermon on behalf of the widows and orphans. In the afternoon *Elisa* will be given; on Wednesday morning Bach's *Passion* and Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, and in the evening Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and Part I. of Haydn's *Creation*; on Thursday morning a miscellaneous selection of sacred works, including Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Brahms' *Requiem*, "Blessed are they," and the late Dr. Wesley's anthem, "The Wilderness;" on Friday morning Handel's *Messiah*. There will be secular concerts at the Shrine Hall on Tuesday and Thursday nights, and Evening Service, with band and chorus, in the nave of the Cathedral on Friday. The list of stewards includes the names of nearly two hundred noblemen and gentlemen.—*London Mus. World*, Aug. 24.

HANOVER.—On the 14th August the highly-esteemed Court Kapellmeister Fischer, successor of Marschner, died at a public dinner given by a few friends in his honor on his return from a long journey. He was recounting to them in jocular manner how he had travelled from Munich to Cassel in seven hours—when, just as he was going to say "Cassel," he fell back dead. He was one of the giants of the old school, like Marschner, Spohr, Guhr, Kiser, etc. The Court Theatre now, a few days before its re-opening, is without a conductor.—*Musical World*.

SUMMER SEASON IN GERMANY.—As is usual at this time of the year, German musical life during the past few weeks has found its concentrated expression in a number of festivals, some of them of annual recurrence, others of more spontaneous character, arranged either for the purpose of aiding financially some special project, or to obtain a hearing under exceptional advantages for some particular work; or, indeed, merely with the view of promoting that personal interchange of ideas which is one of the chief benefits accruing from such gatherings. Besides the Annual Festival of the Lower Rhine, held this year at Cologne, and the second Silesian Festival, held at Breslau, there have been similar festive meetings at Graz, Carlsruhe, Cassel, Crensmach, and other towns. The performance of works of considerable interest given in connection with the meeting of the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Verein* at Hanover, are mentioned as coming under the same category. Among the new works performed on the latter occasion, both the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* and the *Neue Berliner Musik Zeitung* speak in most favorable terms of Mlle. Ingeborg von Bronsart's graceful music to Goethe's dramatic trifle, "Jery und Bately," additional interest being derived from the fact—as yet unconventional in a work of similar pretensions—of its emanating from the pen of a lady. The effect of Liszt's "St. Elizabeth," which formed part of the same series of performances, was unfortunately destroyed by the painfully apparent incapacity of the conductor—the composer being present on the occasion; while the splendid representation of Byron's "Manfred," with Schumann's profoundly suggestive and illustrative music, created a deep impression. One of the chief features at the Cologne Festival was unquestionably the performance under the composer's personal direction of Verdi's "Requiem." Both choir and orchestra were most demonstrative in their admiration of the Italian *maestro*, who, at the conclusion of the performance, was presented with a silver laurel wreath bearing on each leaf the inscription of the respective names of the donors (ladies of the choir), as well as with a *décor de mesure* worked in ivory and handsomely ornamented with gold. In a letter addressed to Ferdinand Hiller, the *maestro* expresses his deep sense of gratitude for the reception accorded to him on the part of the German people, and his unbounded admiration for the talent and devotion displayed in the execution of his work.

The London Opera Season.

The following operas have been produced during the past Opera Season in the two Opera Houses in London:

		COVENT GARDEN.	HER MAJESTY'S.
Mozart.....	Il Don Giovanni.....	6	2
".....	Il Flauto Magico.....	2	1
Rossini.....	Guillaume Tell.....	5	1
".....	Il Barbiere di Siviglia.....	3	2
Bellini.....	Otello.....	1	2
".....	Norma.....	1	4
".....	Il Puritani.....	4	3
Donizetti.....	La Sonnambula.....	1	4
".....	La Favorita.....	5	1
".....	Don Pasquale.....	3	1
".....	Lucia di Lammermoor.....	2	8
".....	Linda di Chamouni.....	1	1
".....	La Figlia del Reggimento.....	1	3
".....	Lucrezia Borgia.....	1	1
Meyerbeer.....	Les Huguenots.....	6	3
".....	Dinorah.....	3	1
".....	L'Étoile du Nord.....	2	1
Auber.....	Robert le Diable.....	1	3
Verdi.....	Un Ballo in Maschera.....	2	3
".....	Rigoletto.....	3	3
".....	Il Trovatore.....	3	4
".....	Aida.....	3	3
".....	La Traviata.....	2	3
Gounod.....	Faust.....	4	9
".....	Romeo e Giulietta.....	1	1
Flotow.....	Martha.....	3	2
Niccolai.....	Le Vaispe Comari.....	2	1
Wagner.....	Lohengrin.....	2	3
".....	Tannhauser.....	2	1
".....	Il Vascello Fantasma.....	3	1
A. Thomas.....	Hamlet.....	1	1
Duke of Saxe Coburg.....	Santa Chiara.....	2	1
		53.....	53

THE profit of the Salzburg festival, it is calculated will amount to between 3,000 and 4,000 florins. The music performed is said to have been of little or no interest. Only one great work of Mozart's was given—the Symphony in C, "Jupiter;" and it seems that most of the time was spent in eating, drinking, speechifying, and "hoch," added to excursions in the mountains.

THE event of importance in the musical circle in Hamburg is to be the second centenary jubilee of the town theatre. On the 2nd of January, 1878, it will be 200 years since the first opera in Germany was performed. The theatre was begun in 1678 and finished in 1677. First adopted for plays and dramas, it was afterwards devoted to opera. The first opera given was "Adam and Eve," libretto by Richter, music by Franz Schell. This was followed by "The Devil is Loose," which some believe to have been its precursor: to one of the two, at any rate, the distinction of being the first German opera ever played at this theatre is due. The coming festival on the 2nd January will be one of peculiar attraction, and if the score exists, to compare the past with the present. "The Devil is Loose" with "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

FLOTOW's new opera, "Die Musikanten," founded upon incidents in the early life of Mozart, is to be performed at Turin, next October. The libretto has already been translated into Italian.

HERE RICHARD WAGNER has gone to Weimar from Kms. and is busy writing his new opera, "Parsifal." Some who have been privileged to hear extracts from "Parsifal" say it is to be "colossal"—the conventional admiration-word used by Wagner's disciples—better, in fact, than anything the master has hitherto given to the world.

MR. W. H. GLADSTONE, a son of the ex-Prime Minister, has translated from the German Justus Thibaut's work on "Purity in Music and Art." The father of the translator has added a prefatory note to the translation.

PROMISES of new operas in France and Belgium are numerous. There will be "Nero," at the Italian Opera House, in Paris, by Herr Rubinstein; and "Françoise de Rimini," at the Grand Opera, by M. Ambroise Thomas; while M. Saint-Saëns is to bring out at Lyons a grand spectacular opera, "Etienne Marcel," the libretto by M. Louis Gallet. In Brussels, M. Humbert has two works preparing for the Fantaiesies Parisiennes, namely, "La Nuit de Saint Germain," music by M. G. S. Ropette; and "La Fée des Bruyères," music by M. S. David. The revival of Halévy's "Reine de Chypre" at the Grand Opera is also to be followed by Italian adaptations, to be produced at the San Carlo in Naples, the Scala in Milan, and at the opera houses in Vienna and St. Petersburg.

In a notice of Schumann's "Music and Musicians; Essays and Criticisms, translated, edited and annotated by Fanny Raymond Ritter" of New York, the *London Athenæum* says that the popularity of Schumann's works has of late greatly increased in England, although, singularly enough, two dramatic cantatas of his—one a setting of scenes from Goethe's "Faust," and the other of Byron's "Manfred"—have never been given completely in that country, notwithstanding that they are productions far more dramatic and interesting than the dreary "Paradise and the Peri." But Schumann's pianoforte pieces and his Lieder would alone suffice to keep his name before the English public, especially since the recent popularization by pianists like Mme. Schumann, Mme. Essipoff, Dr. von Bülow and Herr Rubinstein of his many "fanciful, fantastic, romantic and charming" instrumental compositions.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- When First we Heard the Blue Bird Sing.
Song and Chorus. C. 3. c to F. Pratt. 35
"The messenger of gentle Spring."
A graceful tribute to youth and Spring.
- There's a Letter on the Way. Song and
Chorus. Ab. 3. E to C. Kell. 30
"To my dear and dainty darling,
All that lips or heart could say."
Beautiful thoughts musically expressed.
- Take this Letter to my Mother. Illustrated
Title. Song and Chorus. Arranged for
Guitar. E. 3. b to E. Hays. 40
One of Will S. Hays' songs arranged for Guitar,
(as most popular songs are)—but the fact cannot
always be here announced.)
- Years Come and then They go. G. 2.
d to E. Shryock. 30
"Weary hearts, you're all astray."
A simple song with a good moral.
- La Paloma. (The Dove.) D. 4. d to g.
Frader. 35
An easy going, sweet, French-English song,
which has won applause in concert.
- Si tu voulais. (At thy Desire.) Serenade
Creole. F minor and major. 4. c to a.
Ritter. 35
"List, list to my song."
"Puisque desormais."
Frenchy, but with the wild, pretty style which
attaches to creole music.
- Johnny, don't Wriggle the Baby. Song
and Chorus. Ab. 2. E to F. Shattuck. 30
Very funny.
- Why Fall those Tears? Song and Chorus.
Eb. 3. E to G. Tucker. 30
"The shadows of the coming night
Rise higher on the wall."
A sweet, rich, melody, and a very expressive song.

Instrumental.

- Fairies' Evening Song. Capriccio. Bb. 5.
Sudda. 50
The fairies were well trained vocalists, surely.
Elegant music, including for the player, a fine
study of character and diatonic runs, trills,
thirds, chords and octaves.
- Lincoln Pavilion Souvenir Polka. F. 3.
Schleiffarth. 35
The dancers at the Pavilion will be flattered
and pleased.
- Fleurs Melodiques. No. 23. Fra Diavolo.
G. 2.
There are 36 "Fleurs" all arranged as Ron-
dinos, without octaves.
- Musette. E. 3. Morley. 40
A quaint melody, nicely arranged.
- Nancy Lee. Quick Step. G. 3. Pratt. 40
A brilliant affair, introducing a graceful air.
- Sur le Lac. Esquise Musicale. 4 hands.
F. 4. S. Smith. 1.00
Sur le Lac (on the Lake) they will have gay
times if this brilliant music entertains them.
The Secondo is easy, but the Primo player must
be quite busy with his runs and arpeggios.
- Titania. Sherzo Caprice. G major and
minor. 5. Ritter. 75
Must be played by fairy hands to secure the
delicacy of the expression. A delightful composi-
tion.
- Salterello. A minor. 4. Stanley. 40
Now bring on the grasshoppers for the quick
staccato movements. But they could not slide
over the many smooth passages which contrast
so perfectly with them, and so we will depend on
the quick, delicate touch of the practical play-
er's hand. Very neat and sweet.
- Hepzibah Galop. G. 2. Wallace. 25
Hepzibah and all the others will be sure to gal
(one l-op to it, as it is neat, and as sweet as
sugar.
- BOOKS.
- CHORUS CHOIR INSTRUCTION BOOK. By
A. N. Johnson. \$1.38; or \$12.00 per doz.
This book contains the author's very success-
ful system of teaching Singing Classes, Choirs,
Conventions, &c., described with wonderful
minuteness and clearness, together with 200
pages of excellent music, sacred and secular, for
practice. One of the easiest of easy books to
teach a class from.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key
of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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Frederic Chopin.

BY LOUIS EHLERT.

(Translated for this Journal by F. SLOCUM.)

It is more than a quarter of a century since Chopin died. He was born March 1, 1809 and died Oct. 18, 1849. Death, which generally brings glory or takes it away, has done neither for him. His life, of forty years, was full of fame; and admiration for him is rather on the increase than diminishing. There is no piano in the old or new world that does not ring with his melodies, no class of society that does not love him. Small fortunes have been made with his mazurkas, waltzes and polonaises. His funeral march, which was instrumented for his own burial service, has had to contribute its gloomy grandeur to foreign funerals, although one can as little die by it as dance by his waltzes. What was it that made a man, to whom the name of a classic has with some right been denied, so influential and immortal?

One who wanders through a forest in the early morning, when the dew is glittering in rich drops upon the grass and the fresh morning song of birds sounds dreamily from the branches, such an one feels the sweet freshness, the sacred and mysterious majesty of the morning. What one breathes and beholds is so pure that no care disturbs the strong beatings of the heart. Art has seldom been able to find such morning music; such a scene is too calm and quiet to be resolved into sound. The morning is God. She rather gives us the evening with its moonlight and its recollections, for she glorifies what is past, and twilight is her peculiar element. A feeling for landscape is well suited to the nature of music. Schubert and Haydn had much of it, and Beethoven, who loved to compose wandering about. In Schumann's songs it is often so prominent that one might paint the scene he sees before him. In Chopin we find no trace of this. His feeling for nature was not a musical one. In his music no forests rustle, no brooks babble; no morning nor evening aurora, but only candle-light illumines his world. We can think of him only as in his room, never in the open air. He knows nothing of the out-door freedom, the shirt sleeve nature of man. It would have been impossible for him to set peasants to dancing as did Beethoven. His sphere is not the forest and meadow, but the drawing-room of polite society. With him it is the garments of fair women that rustle and the talk of lovers that whispers in your ear. No one knows, as he does, the charms of social delight and of beautiful forms. He portrays the hidden pangs of love, its renunciation and its constancy, as exactly as their opposites, love's burning passion and confession. How his mazurkas quiver with sweet coyness, his polonaises with strength and pride.

Chopin, as is well known, was a Pole by

birth. He obtained his musical education from the then director of the Warsaw Conservatory, Elsner. A piano teacher, little known in wider circles, was the only instructor he had. At the time of the Polish revolution, 1830, he left his native country. Paris became his new home, the Paris of Louis Philippe. No place nor time could have been chosen more suited to the development of his peculiar genius. The July monarchy was, despite all its faults, one of the soundest and happiest periods in French history. A society alive with many-sided intellectual interests, free and easy manners in union with the grace of the French deportment, furnished an atmosphere that contributed to the freest development of that wealth of artistic feeling in which Chopin's nature rooted itself. There are powerful natures that can write immortal works by the light of an oil lamp. We could imagine the Eroica Symphony as written in a garret and amidst the bitterest deprivations. But it is hard to conceive of so choice an art as Chopin's, without comfort. His F-sharp Nocturne suggests at once champagne and truffles.

It is difficult for us to rigidly fix and define the Polish national character. A people whose career is seemingly ended, will, even in the separate portions of their history, reveal something of the unhistorical and the transitory—something hard to understand. The absence of hope and of a present lends it a look either of fanatical moroseness or of profound melancholy. In the case of an oppressed race there is but this one choice left us. In Chopin's art and personality both of these were united, but charmingly softened by two other national traits, chivalry and grace. This triad, melancholy, chivalry and grace, is the true basis of his musical nature. All cheer is, with him, but mourning laid aside for the nonce, somewhat as a person suffering from grief often departs himself pleasantly in conversation out of mere politeness. That true cheerfulness that springs from contentment and which we find even in the two most serious of our composers, Bach and Beethoven, that "grim joy"—as Spitta has termed it—"that at times distinguishes Bach as it did Luther,"—Chopin did not possess. Even his love seems more the gallantry of the troubadour who intends to utilize to the utmost the artistic import of his feeling, than the constant longing of the lover for union with the loved one. I do not mean that Chopin's life was without its earnest passions; it is one thing to be and another to seem something. There is something so wild in all that in Chopin we can designate as the passion of love—that we attribute anything to it rather than constancy.

The characteristic achievement of the Chopin art is the idealized dance. What of thought could be infused into its movement and give it the rank of a miniature but aristocratic art form, Chopin has shown us in a hundred ways.

It is the *ideal essence* of the dance that he gives us. He dances not with the limbs as Lanner and Strauss; he dances with the soul. From her he has heard all secrets that may be revealed or concealed through the medium of the animate and charming dance rhythm. And here it is, especially, that his tendency to melancholy, oft-times of tragic depth, causes his music to degenerate into complaint and anguish. He dances from the drawing room out into the gloomy night; sadly and passionately the youthful couple embrace one another. He dances remorse and rage, he dances over a church-yard and back again into the laughing, breezy air of the present. We think of Le Grand's "drum beat tears." He is inexhaustible in the discovery of motives that turn the ball room into a poetic world where we whirl ever on and on as in a dream.

Perhaps never did a musical nature so ground itself in the keyboard as his. The keys are magic wands out of which he forms his language. And he not only whispers and flatters in this language, but can also roar as though with brazen tongue. In his large pieces, his scherzos, ballads, the F-sharp minor and A-major polonaise it attains a pathetic intensity. But it never becomes orchestral, as with Beethoven, where the piano seems but an improvised and accidental medium of expression for a score that has not yet been written out. The genius of his instrument wholly possesses him and, where he writes for the orchestra, his score is but an instrumented piano morceau. This inner blending of himself with his idol explains his talent for wringing from it colors and tones that none before him had discovered. With this came a new technical method that, in his most difficult works, his "Etudes" and "Preludes," conquered a new world. Here we have to do not with new passages in the style of Hummel and Clementi, but with a new kind of effect, formed from the union of poetry with a sort of finger instinct that went beyond the entire method of fingering then in vogue. Chopin's fancy must have had a kind of mental method of fingering that made it possible to play the most erratic passages.

The nature of the Chopin Etude it is not easy to describe. Under this modest, unprepossessing name lay hidden, along with the technical matter which he wished to furnish, so musical a charm that all must have asked themselves the question: upon what law of connection a union rested that maintained the greatest freedom of form in such close harmony with the given technical aim. This question, to my mind, touches the most interesting point in Chopin's nature. Chopin makes such a work of art out of an exercise in thirds that, in the study of the same, we imagine ourselves more on Parnassus than at work upon a lesson.

The "Preludes," which have no technical aim in view, are free creations in little space; and yet show us the composer in his entire

manysidedness. No work of Chopin's gives us so faithful and complete a picture of his inner nature. Much in them is embryonic. It is as though he turned over the leaves of his fancy without reading any one page to its end. But we find in them the lightning power of his Scherzos, the half sportive, half coquettish elegance of his Mazurkas, the tropical breath laden with the rich fragrance of his Nocturnes. Oft-times, it is as though tiny star pictures had, in falling, melted into tones.

Among the types that Chopin has created, the Scherzo stands in the first rank. Even compared with what Beethoven wrought as Scherzos into his symphonies, it displays a more fully developed structure. It is piano music in the sense of most accomplished technical skill. No method of thought can be more unlike Beethoven's than his. It is the difference almost between a bas-relief and a fully rounded statue. The Chopin Scherzo has, indeed, its leading motive and its Trio, but so fantastically modelled that of the normal character of the form scarcely anything remains but the measure in 3-4 time. Besides, it is introduced by several measures of prelude, and always end with a more or less extended Coda. Among his four Scherzos the second, in B minor, has, of right, become most popular. It is so fresh and comprehensible, so dramatically impressive, so happy in its contrasts that only the full power of a genial nature in some happy hour could have composed it. For artistic refinement the others, especially the first and fourth, are superior to it; but one must already be a thorough connoisseur of Chopin in order to understand all their secret folds and shades of expression.

(To be Continued.)

New Life of Chopin.

Friedrich Chopin: sein Leben, seine Werke und Briefe. Von Moritz Karasowski. 2 vols. Dresden: F. Ries.

There are artists whose life, in the full significance of the word, must ever remain unwritten. Its main features may be recognized and understood by the sympathetic insight of a kindred artistic mind, and thus a true, if ideal, picture of the life in question may be attained which, however, defies the dissecting process of the literary pen. In the various phases of modern musical development we meet with not few representatives of the art whose distinct and most marked individuality has entitled them to a niche in the hall of fame, but whose comparatively uneventful life offers little or no scope to the biographer. We will only instance Franz Schubert as an illustration of our remarks; they are equally applicable, although in a different degree, to Friedrich Chopin. His outward career was marked by no striking incidents which would have raised it above the conventional sphere of the artist, nor can it be said that he exercised a direct and personal influence upon the art-consciousness of his time. The occasions on which he appeared before the public were extremely rare, and may almost be counted on the fingers. He was, indeed, the admired and courted favorite of a world, but it was the narrow world only of the Parisian salons, while his true home remained in the seclusion of his chamber or in the society of a few sympathetic friends. A genius, unique though singularly confined within a narrow limit of creative activity—a rich and imaginative nature in which a certain melancholy dreaminess predominated, a yearning for an undefined something which was ever receding from his grasp—a heart capable of forming and retaining throughout life the deepest attachments, and glowing with a generous love of his unfortunate country—such are, in short, the prominent features in the portrait of the Polish tone-poet. The biographer may collect the scattered details of the outer circum-

stances of such a career; but the life of Chopin was essentially an inner one, and its biographical picture will always remain more or less incomplete, in accordance with the degree of the capacity on the part of the reader to penetrate into the mystic laboratory of genius.

Fortunately for Chopin and for the lovers of his music, the man who of all others possesses the just-mentioned capacity in an eminent degree, the intimate friend of the composer, Franz Liszt, has already given to the world his experience of this inner life; and it must be admitted that the rhapsodical style of the Abbé, if somewhat embarrassing at times, is peculiarly suited to the subject and to the wayward genius of whom he treats. This brilliant effusion of a poetic mind should be read in conjunction with the connected story of the composer's career at present under our notice; they supplement one another. Herr Karasowski is a countryman of Chopin, and as such especially fitted to be the interpreter of the ardent patriotic sentiments which form such a prominent element in the character of his compositions; he is also an intimate friend of the Chopin family, a circumstance which has enabled him to obtain a number of details, of anecdotes and incidents in connection particularly with the youth of Friedrich, which admit new light upon his early development, and which will be welcomed by all who take an interest in the matter. The most interesting portion of the work is, however, a number of letters of the composer now published for the first time, which enable the biographer at various stages of his work to let his hero speak for himself—the true secret, in fact, of all successful biography. These letters, originally written in the Polish language (the mother-tongue, in the strictest sense of the word, of our composer, whose father, a Frenchman by birth, had settled near Warsaw and married a Polish lady), are given in admirable translation, and are dated from various parts of Poland and Germany, and subsequently from Paris, where, after a sojourn of many years, the great musician fell the victim of a painful and protracted malady. Unfortunately, as we learn in the course of the above narrative, the whole of the letters written by Chopin to his family while resident in the French capital, and thus comprising the most interesting and important period of his life, were destroyed by the vandalism of the Russian soldiery incidental to one of those chronic disturbances to which their author's divided and unhappy country is periodically subjected. Epough, however, of his correspondence dating from that epoch, and directed chiefly to his bosom-friend Titus Woyciechowski, has been preserved to make the existing disproportion in the personal communications, supplied respectively in the first and second part of the work, less apparent. With Herr Karasowski as our guide, we are introduced to the talented members of the Chopin family at Zelazna Wola, the village near Warsaw where the composer spent the early days of his youth, and to the excellent musician Elsner, who watched over and directed the development of the precocious talent of his pupil step by step, who was so proud of his subsequent success, and who in after life so impatiently and fruitlessly awaited that crowning effort on the part of his favorite, viz., the composition of a Polish national opera. We follow the young virtuoso upon his visits to Berlin and Vienna, always modest, always shrinking from the public gaze, yet always eliciting admiration, and exercising that indefinable fascination upon his auditors by which a powerful individuality manifests itself. Finally, we see the now matured musician take up his abode in Paris; we find him surrounded by a circle of fellow-artists, yielding in brilliancy and fame to that of no other epoch in the art-history of the great metropolis, himself the flattered and spoiled child of the salons, from whose scented atmosphere he would often turn to his rooms at the Chaussée d'Antin, with the grief of his betrayed country in his heart, with the stings of disappointed love still rankling in his bosom, to pour out his woe at the pianoforte in unheard-of improvisations. We hear something also of the composer's alternate attachment to two Polish ladies, who proved in turn faithless; and a good deal about his subsequent relations to Madame Dudevant, the great French novelist known by the name of George Sand. The author treats, in a separate chapter of the importance of Chopin as a creative artist, by which means he manages to convey a great many instructive suggestions to the mind of the student, which form not the least valuable portion of the biography.

We have, we think, said enough to recommend this interesting and important addition to biographical literature to such among our readers whose

knowledge of German will enable them to peruse its pages: those unacquainted with that language must be content to wait: we fancy it will not be long before the work will follow its predecessor (Franz Liszt's) with an English translation.

Herr Karasowski's "Life of Friedrich Chopin" contains probably as much as we shall ever learn of the career of a musician whose genius had chosen but few forms of expression; into which few, however, he has infused endless variety and a singular depth of poetry entirely his own.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

From Ruskin's Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House.

The works of Turner are broadly referable to four periods, during each of which the painter wrought with a different aim, or with different powers.

In the first period, 1800-1820, he labored as a student, imitating successively the works of the various masters who excelled in the qualities he desired to attain himself.

In his second period, 1820-1835, he worked on the principles which during his studentship he had discovered; imitating no one, but frequently endeavoring to do what he then accepted theories of art required of all artists—namely, to produce beautiful compositions or ideals, instead of transcripts of natural fact.

In his third period, 1835-1845, his own strong instincts conquered the theories of art altogether. He thought little of "ideals," but reproduced, as far as he could, the simple impressions he received from Nature, associating them with his own deepest feelings.

In 1845 his health gave way, and his mind and sight partially failed. The pictures painted in the last five years of his life are of wholly inferior value. He died in 1851.

These, then, being the broad divisions of his career, we will take the pictures belonging to each in their order; first dwelling a little on the general characteristics of each epoch.

1.—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FIRST PERIOD, OR THAT OF STUDENTSHIP.

Generally, the pictures belonging to this time are notable for their grey or brown color, and firm, sometimes heavy, laying on of the paint. And this for two reasons. Every great artist, without exception, needs, and feels that he needs, to learn to express the forms of things before he can express the colors of things; and it much facilitates this expression of form if the learner will use at first few and simple colors. And the paint is laid on firmly, partly in mere unskilfulness (it being much easier to lay a heavy touch than a light one,) but partly only in the struggle of the learner against indecision, just as the notes are struck heavily in early practice (if useful and progressive), on a pianoforte. But besides these reasons, the kind of landscapes which were set before Turner as his models, and which, during nearly the whole of this epoch, he was striving to imitate, were commonly sober in colors and heavy in touch. Brown was thought the proper color for trees, grey for shadows and fog, yellow for high lights. "Child Roland to the dark tower came," and had to clear his way through all the fog; twenty years of his life passed before he could fairly get leave to see. It follows that the evidences of invention, or of new perception, must be rarer in the pictures of this period than in subsequent ones. It was not so much to think brilliantly, as to draw accurately, that Turner was trying; not so much to invent new things, as to rival the old. His own perceptions are traceable only by fits and fragments through the more or less successful imitation.

It is to be observed, however, that his originality is enough proved by the fact that these pictures of his studentship, though they nearly all are imitations, are none of them copies. Nearly every other great master in his youth copied some of the works of other masters; but Turner, when he wanted to understand a master's merits, instead of copying, painted an original picture in the required style. Instead of copying a Van der Velde, he went to the sea, and painted that, in Van der Velde's way. Instead of copying a Poussin, he went to the mountains, and painted them, in Poussin's way. And from the lips of the mountains and the sea themselves, he learned one or two things which neither Van der Velde nor Poussin could have told him; until at last, con-

tinually finding these sayings of the hills and waves on the whole the soundest kind of sayings, he came to listen to no others.

2.—CHARACTERISTICS OF THE SECOND PERIOD, OR THAT OF MASTERSHIP.

The reader may perhaps suppose that I limit Turner's course of conception too arbitrarily in assigning a single year as the period of its change. But the fact is, that though the human mind is prepared for its great transitions by many previous circumstances, and much gradual accumulation of knowledge, those transitions may, and frequently do, take place in a moment. One glance of the eye, one springing aside of a fancy, may cast a spark on the prepared pile; and the whole theory and practice of past life may be burned up like stubble; and new foundations be laid, in the next hour, for the perpetual future toil of existence. This cannot, however, take place, with the utmost sharpness of catastrophe, in so difficult an art as that of painting: old habits will remain in the hand, and the knowledge necessary to carry out the new principles needs to be gradually gathered; still, the new conviction, whatever it be, will probably be expressed, within no very distant period from its acquirement, in some single picture, which will at once enable us to mark the old theories as rejected, at all events, then, if not before. This condemning and confirming picture is, in the present instance, I believe, the "Bay of Balm."

For, in the year 1819, Turner exhibited the "Orange Merchant" and "Richmond Hill," both in his first manner. In 1820, "Rome from the Vatican;" a picture which I have not seen. In 1821, *nothing*; a notable pause. In 1822, "What you will;" a picture I have not seen either, and which I am very curious about, as it may dispute the claims of first assertion with its successor. In 1823 came the "Bay of Balm."

Why I put the real time of change so far back as 1820 will appear, after I have briefly stated the characters in which the change consists.

Pictures belonging to the second period are technically distinguished from those of the first in three particulars.

1. Color takes the place of grey.
2. Refinement takes the place of force.
3. Quantity takes the place of mass.

First, color appears everywhere instead of grey. That is to say, Turner had discovered that the shaded sides of objects, as well as their illumined ones, are in reality of different, and often brilliant colors. His shadow is, therefore, no longer of one hue, but perpetually varied; whilst the lights, instead of being subdued to any conventional level, are always painted as near the brightness of natural color as he can.

Secondly, refinement takes the place of force. He had discovered that it is much more difficult to draw tenderly than ponderously, and that all the most beautiful things in nature depended on infinitely delicate lines. His effort is, therefore, always, now, to trace lines as finely, and shades as softly, as the point of the brush and feeling of hand are capable of doing; and the effects sought are themselves the most subtle and delicate which nature presents, rarely those which are violent. The change is the same as from the heavy touch and noisy preferences of a beginner in music, to the subdued and tender fingering or breathing of a great musician—rising, however, always into far more masterful stress when the occasion comes.

Thirdly, quantity takes the place of mass. Turner had also ascertained, in the course of his studies, that nature was infinitely full, and that old painters had not only missed her pitch of hue, but her power of accumulation. He saw there were more clouds in any sky than ever had been painted; more trees in every forest, more crags on every hill side; and he set himself with all his strength to proclaim this great fact of Quantity in the universe.

Now, so long as he introduced all these three changes in an instinctive and unpretending way, his work was noble; but the moment he tried to idealize, and introduced his principles for the sake of display, they led him into depths of error proportioned exactly to the extent of effort. His painting, at this period, of an English town, or a Welsh hill, was magnificent and faultless, but all his idealism, mythology, romance, and composition in general, were more or less wrong. He erred through all, and by reason of all—his great discoveries. He

erred in color; because not content with discerning the brilliancy of nature, he tried to enhance that brilliancy by every species of colored accessory, until color was killed by color, and the blue skies and snowy mountains, which would have been lovely by themselves, were confused and vulgarized by the blue dresses and white complexions of the foreground figures. He erred in refinement, because, not content with the natural tenderness of tender things, he strove to idealize even strong things into gentleness, until his architecture became transparent, and his ground ghostly; and he erred finally, and chiefly, in quantity, because, in his enthusiastic perception of the fulness of nature, he did not allow for the narrowness of the human heart; he saw, indeed, that there were no limits to creation, but forgot that there were many to reception; he thus spoiled his most careful works by the very richness of invention they contained, and concentrated the materials of twenty noble pictures into a single failure.

The oil pictures exhibited in the Academy, as being always more or less done for show, and to produce imposing effect, display these weaknesses in the greatest degree: the drawings in which he tried to do his best are next in failure, but the drawings in which he simply liked his subject, and painted it for its own simple sake, are wholly faultless and magnificent.

All the works of this period are, however, essentially Turnerian; original in conception, and unprecedented in treatment; they are, therefore, when fine, of far greater value than those of the first period; but as being more daring, they involve greater probabilities of error or failure.

One more point needs notice in them. They generally are painted with far more enjoyment. Master now of himself and his subjects, at rest as to the choice of the thing to be done, and triumphing in perpetually new perceptions of the beauty of the nature he had learned to interpret, his work seems poured out in perpetual rejoicing; his sympathy with the pomp, splendor and gladness of the world increases, while he forgets its humiliation and pain; they cannot now stay the career of his power, nor check the brightness of his exultation. From the dens of the serpent and the dragon he ascends into soft gardens and balmy glades; and from the roll of the wagon on the dusty road, or labor of the boat along the stormy shore, he turns aside to watch the dance of the nymph, and listen to the ringing of the cymbal.

3.—GENERAL CHARACTERISTICS OF THE THIRD PERIOD.

As Turner became more and more accustomed to, and satisfied in, the principles of art he had introduced, his mind naturally dwelt upon them with less of the pride of discovery, and turned more and more to the noble subjects of natural color and effect, which he found himself now able to represent. He began to think less of showing or trying what he could do, and more of actually doing this or that beautiful thing. It was no more a question with him how many alternations of blue with gold he could crowd into a canvas, but how nearly he could reach the actual blue of the Bay of Uri, when the dawn was on its golden cliffs. I believe, also, that in powerful minds there is generally, towards age, a return to the superstitious love of nature which they felt in their youth; and assuredly, as Turner drew towards old age, the aspect of mechanical effort and ambitious accumulation fades from his work, and a deep imaginative delight, and tender rest in the loveliness of what he had learned to see in nature, take their place. It is true that when goaded by the reproaches cast upon his work, he would often meet contempt with contempt, and paint, not as in his middle period, to prove his power, but merely to astonish, or to defy, his critics. Often, also, he would play with his Academy work, and engage in color tournaments with his painter-friends; the spirit which prompted such jests or challenges being natural enough to a mind now no longer in a state of doubt, but conscious of confirmed power. But here, again, the evil attendant on such play, or scorn, becomes concentrated in the Academy pictures; while the real strength and majesty of his mind are seen undiminished only in the sketches which he made during his Summer journeys for his own pleasure, and in the drawings he contemplated from them.

Another notable characteristic of this period is, that though the mind was in a state of comparative repose, and capable of play at idle moments, it was, in its depth, infinitely more serious than heretofore

—nearly all the subjects on which it dwelt having now some pathetic meaning. Formerly he painted the Victory in her triumph, but now the old Temeraire in her decay; formerly Napoleon at Marengo, now Napoleon at St. Helena; formerly the ducal palace at Venice, now the Cemetery at Murano; formerly the Life of Vandeveld, now the burial of Wilkie.

Lastly, though in most respects this is the crowning period of Turner's genius, in a few there are evidences in it of approaching decline. As we have seen, in each former phase of his efforts, that the full character was not developed till about its central year, so in this last the full character was not developed till the year 1840; and that character involved, in the very fulness of its imaginative beauty, some loss of distinctness; some absence of deliberation in arrangement; and, as we approach nearer and nearer the period of decline, considerable feebleness of hand. These several deficiencies, when they happened to be united in one of the fantasies struck out during retouching days at the Academy, produce results which, at the time they appeared, might have justified a regretful criticism, provided only that criticism had been offered under such sense of the painter's real greatness as might have rendered it acceptable or serviceable to him; whereas, being expressed in terms as insulting to his then existing power as forgetful of his past, they merely checked his efforts, challenged his caprices, and accelerated his decline.

Technically speaking, there are few trenchant distinctions between works of the second and third period. The most definite is that the *figures* of the second period have bodies more or less inclining to flesh color; but in the third period the faces at least are white, looking like chalked masks (why we shall inquire presently) and the limbs usually white, with scarlet reflected lights. It is also to be observed that after the full development of the third manner, in 1840, no more foliage is satisfactorily painted, and it rarely occurs in any prominent mass.

THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE.

I return to this picture, instead of taking it in its due order; and I think I shall be able to show reason for pleading that, whatever ultimate arrangement may be adopted for the Turner gallery, this canvas may always close the series. I have stated in the "Harbors of England" that it was the last picture he ever executed with his perfect power; but that statement needs some explanation. He produced, as late as the year 1843, works, which, take them all in all, may rank among his greatest; but they were great by reason of their majestic or tender conception, more than by workmanship; and they show some failure in distinctness of sight, and firmness of hand. This is especially marked when any vegetation occurs, by imperfect and blunt rendering of the foliage; and the "Old Temeraire" is the last picture in which Turner's execution is as firm and faultless as in middle life; the last in which lines requiring exquisite precision, such as those of the masts and yards of shipping, are drawn rightly, and at once. When he painted the "Temeraire," Turner could, if he had liked, have painted the "Shipwreck" or the "Ulysses" over again; but, when he painted the "Sun of Venice," though he was able to do different, and in some sort more beautiful things, he could not have done *those* again.

I consider, therefore, Turner's period of central power, entirely developed and entirely unabated, to begin with the "Ulysses" and close with the "Temeraire;" including a period, therefore, of ten years exactly, 1829-1839.

The one picture, it will be observed, is of sunrise; the other of sunset.

The one of a ship entering on its voyage; and the other of a ship closing its course forever.

The one, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its triumph.

The other, in all the circumstances of its subject, unconsciously illustrative of his own life in its decline.

I do not suppose that Turner, deep as his by-thoughts often were, had any under-meaning in either of these pictures; but, as accurately as the first sets forth his escape to the wild brightness of Nature, to reign amidst all her happy spirits, so does the last set forth his returning to die by the shore of the Thames: the cold mists gathering over his strength, and all men crying out against him,

and dragging the old "Fighting Temeraire" out of their way, with dim, fuliginous contumely.

The period thus granted to his consummate power seems a short one. Yet, within the space of it, he had made five sixths (or about 80) of the England drawings; the whole series of France, 66 in number; for the Bible Illustrations, 26; for Scott's works, 62; for Byron's, 33; for Rogers's, 57; for Campbell's, 20; for Milton's, 7; for Moore's, 4; for the Keepsake, 24; and of miscellaneous subjects, 20 or 30 more; the least total of the known drawings being thus something above 400:—allow twelve weeks a year for oil painting and travelling, and the drawings (wholly exclusive of unknown private commissions and some thousands of sketches), are at the rate of one a week through the whole period of ten years.

The work which thus nobly closes the series is a solemn expression of a sympathy with seamen and with ships, which had been one of the governing emotions in Turner's mind throughout his life. It is also the last of a group of pictures, painted at different times, but all illustrative of one haunting conception, of the central struggle at Trafalgar. The first was, I believe, that exhibited in the British Institution in 1808: "The battle of Trafalgar as seen from the mizen shrouds of the Victory." It is a magnificent picture in his early manner; it is in the nation's possession, and ought surely to have been exhibited in this series instead of the "Calais Pier," being remarkable in many ways, but chiefly for its endeavor to give the spectator a complete map of everything visible in the ships "Victory" and "Redoubtable" at the moment of Nelson's death-wound. Then came the "Trafalgar," now at Greenwich Hospital, representing the Victory after the battle; a picture which, for my own part, though said to have been spoiled by ill-advised compliances on Turner's part with requests for alteration, I would rather have than any one in the national collection. Lastly came this "Temeraire," which is the best memorial that Turner could give to the ship which was the Victory's companion in her closing strife.

The painting of the "Temeraire" was received with a general feeling of sympathy. No abusive voice, so far as I remember, was ever raised against it. And the feeling was just; for of all pictures of subjects not visibly involving human pain, this is, I believe, the most pathetic that was ever painted. The utmost pensiveness which can ordinarily be given to a landscape depends on adjuncts of ruin; but no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave. A ruin cannot be, for whatever memories may be connected with it, and whatever witness it may have borne to the courage or the glory of men, it never seems to have offered itself to their danger, and associated itself with their acts, as a ship of battle can. The mere facts of motion, and obedience to human guidance, double the interest of the vessel; nor less her organized perfectness, giving her the look, and partly the character of a living creature, that may indeed be maimed in limb, or decrepit in frame, but must either live or die, and cannot be added to nor diminished from—heaped up and dragged down—as a building can. And this particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death, surely, if ever anything without a soul deserved honor or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot—resistless and without reply—those triple ports whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses, into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long rivulets of English life-blood, like press-planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder, till sail and ensign drooped—steep in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness-cloud of human souls at rest,—surely for these some sacred care might have been left in our thoughts—some quiet space amid the lapse of English waters.

Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps, where the low gate opens to some cottage garden, the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss

grows so green on its rugged wood; and even the sailor's child may not answer, nor know, that the night-dew lies deep in the war-rents of the wood of the old Temeraire.

Music in the House.

(From the Tonic Sol-Fa Reporter.)

Mr. Hullah has written an interesting little book in the "Art at Home Series" which Messrs. Macmillan are publishing. It deals with "Music in the House," and its object, says Mr. Hullah, is to bring music as a familiar guest into many houses where she is yet a stranger. Out of the house, he says, we are deluged with music; never were there so many concerts: yet in a domestic point of view we are not so well off. Of course the oratorio, the symphony, and the opera are for the concert hall, but the instrumental quartet or trio, the piano solo, and the song, are far better heard in a small room than in one where the performers have to be viewed through the telescope. Besides, there is the increased sympathy between listeners, and the interchange of remarks on the music when the performance has ceased. Mr. Hullah quotes the oft-quoted passage from Morley's "Introduction" (1897), which is so good a proof of the cultivation of domestic music in that age that we may quote it again:—

"But supper being ended and musicke bookes (according to the custome) being brought to table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfriendly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yes, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up; so that upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, Master Gnomus, to make myself his scholar."

This passage, as Mr. Hullah points out, not only shows the large cultivation of singing at that period, but implies that there was no audience; every one, even a stranger, was expected to sing, just as he was expected to eat his supper. "It may be accepted as an axiom," says Mr. Hullah, "that no musical performance is so delightful as that to the production of which we ourselves contribute. Music in the house therefore should be of a kind that will employ the largest number of performers. This will, of necessity, be vocal music, for there are, and always will be, more singers in the world than players. It will also be choral music; that of which each individual part may employ more than one vocalist."

In the chapter on unaccompanied vocal music Mr. Hullah recommends the study of the masters of the sixteenth century, though he acknowledges that the taste for their style must be acquired, and is not natural to those practised only in contemporary music. The modern ear misses the use of the dominant seventh and of transition. Nevertheless this ancient music must not be regarded as an imperfect art, for it was one in which the practitioners realized completely their aims and intentions, and showed no desire for a change of style. With this school ends for a time the history of unaccompanied vocal music, for Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, Rameau, Méhul and Hérold, did not, to Mr. Hullah's knowledge, write a single piece of vocal harmony which was clearly intended to be sung without accompaniment.

The revival of unaccompanied vocal music may be fairly claimed for ourselves, in the Glee, which dates from the middle of the last century, and ended with the first half of this. Mr. Hullah derives the name from the Saxon "glice," which simply means "music." A large number of the best glees lie under the disadvantage of being written for male voices and employing the alto voice, an artificial product, which dates from the Restoration of Charles II. Some of these glees have been re-arranged for mixed voices, but there is a force in close harmony which is lost when this is done. Mr. Hullah apparently is not aware that there are several men's voice choirs in existence who sing these glees with high tenor voices for the top line, and the testimony is that with proper training the compass of the old alto voice can be reached by high tenors, and that with a much more pleasing quality of voice.

Of the part-song Mr. Hullah writes:—

"The 'part-song,' as now accepted, is a revival in this century of one of the musical forms of the last years of the sixteenth and the first of the seventeenth. The harmonized airs of the Italian Gastoldi, and the English Ford, are in all respects part-songs. Some of the later of our English glee composers may be said to have contributed, even if unconsciously, to this revival; (e.g. Spofforth in his 'My dear mistress,' Horley in 'See the chariot at hand,' and Battishill in 'Amidst the myrtles,') but, as a conscious, purposeful and vigorous act, the credit of it must be awarded to the Germans, who, in

their 'war of liberation,' employed it as a potent means for raising and maintaining patriotic fervor. Weber's settings of Körner's lyrics are some among the earliest and best of these soul-stirring effusions. They are all for male voices, in "close harmony," the parts shoulder to shoulder, as those who sang them would have stood to receive a charge of cavalry: short, clear, outspoken utterances, and simple enough to be learnt by heart, and sung without books, on the march, or round the table. This type has since been enormously developed; and specimens of it, as well for the mixed as for the male choir, have recently been produced, by English, French, and Italian, as well as German composers, important enough to tax the skill and sustaining power of the best trained and most enduring of choirs. Some of the part-songs of our countrymen, Hutton, Leslie, the brothers Macfarren, Pearsall, Henry Smart, Sullivan, and of our countrywomen, C. A. Macrone, Elizabeth Stirling, and Agnes Zimmermann; of Adolph Adam and Gounod; of Finsuti and Francesco Berger; claim admission on every ground into the category of what are called 'large works.'

As to balance of parts Mr. Hullah thinks that experience shows the following proportions to be the best: Sopranos 10, Contraltos 6, Tenors 4, Basses 6. He has also a word of encouragement for the Contraltos:—

"It is not in the least surprising that the best 'readers' among women should be Contraltos. An 'inner' part catches the ear less than an upper part; and there is no dealing with it without using one's mind.' As an instrument of mental and even moral discipline, the practice of second Soprano and of Contralto parts is more efficacious than that of 'first' Contraltos, therefore, are generally superior to Sopranos, not merely in musical knowledge, but in power of attention, patience, and spirit."

Mr. Hullah concludes this chapter with some remarks on exaggerated expression, which we cordially endorse. He says:—

"I am unwilling to leave the performance of unaccompanied vocal music without a protest against an extravagance in connection with it, happily attended with a good deal of difficulty, but which is occasionally realized with too much success. The *plano* is unquestionably one of the most beautiful effects of which music is susceptible; but it may be carried too far. There is a *plano*, or rather an ultra *pianissimo*, only producible from very strong throats, and even from them with pain, and at some risk. I have seen, not of course heard, a choir whose utterance had attained such delicacy, that I should not have known that its constituents were actually singing, but from the occasional action of the lips, the purple cheeks, and protruded eyes (highly suggestive of apoplexy), of the majority of them. They had spent, I learned, many weeks in giving this negative effect to an arrangement of 'The Blue Bells of Scotland,' a melody extending over sixteen bars! Regarded aesthetically this stifled vocalization is among those excesses which uniformly accompany and mark the decline of an art. It was unknown to the practices of the Sistine Chapel in its best days, and to that of the great epoch of Italian solo singing—the last century. It is a modern heresy, which could only have sprung up among a people who, whatever their achievements in musical composition and instrumental performance, have not yet become, and are still far from being, *singers* in the proper sense of the word."

In the chapter on Instrumental Music Mr. Hullah speaks first of the pianoforte, which has obtained such importance in modern times, and is especially useful in representing approximately effects which require a chorus, and perhaps an orchestra as well, for their perfect realization. The best instrument to be combined with it is the violin, and nothing could possibly add to the charm and variety of music in the house like a general increase of skill in violin playing. This increase in Mr. Hullah's opinion, if it is to be made, must be through the help of the ladies. Next to the violin comes the cello. Mr. Hullah does not believe that the quality of sound produced by a vibrating metal tongue, as in the harmonium, concertina, accordion, etc., can ever take a permanent hold on the cultivated musical ear. The roughness of quality, the loudness of the Bass part, and the obtrusiveness of the harmonics, disqualify instruments like the harmonium for rendering several parts at once, but they may be used for a single part in combination with other instruments.

Mr. Hullah's remarks on the advantage of learning to sing before learning an instrument are very valuable. They reflect what has all along been the practice of Tonic Sol-faists. He says:—

"The hideous results of first attempts at performance on the violin, and a good many instruments besides, are generally due to a single cause, and that cause a remediable one—the still all but universal practice of teaching music and performance on an artificial instrument together. By teaching music as distinct from musical performance, I mean inducing that sympathy of eye and ear which enables its possessor to know what a succession of musical symbols brought under the former should represent to the latter; or, *vice versa*, how a succession and even a combination of sounds, addressed to the ear, may be recorded and presented intelligibly to the eye; in fewer words, to enable a musical student to 'know the sound' of what he sees represented in musical characters. Now not only can this be done, but it can be best and most easily done through an instrument God has given to every human creature, the voice. All musical education should begin—the earlier the better—with singing, the rational practice of which involves the ac-

quisition of a number of principles and facts, and—more important still—the early formation of a number of *habits*, which lie at the root alike of musical science and skill. This rule having been followed, the beginner on whatever instrument would find a great deal of the work apparently before him really behind him. Not only would he recognize as a fact that this note was called C, and that D, this note a crochet, that a quaver, but he would know, *before he heard them*, how D and C ought to sound in reference to one another, and how a crochet and a quaver in the same strain should be rhythmically proportioned. Above all, his ear being already formed, having once learned the place on the finger or key-board of the notes whose effect he was able to anticipate, he would not only, with a very little practice, avoid playing 'wrong notes,' but soon—weeks, months, nay years, sooner than the average beginner—avoid playing right notes wrongly, *i.e.*, out of tune. The management of the bow-arm, the action of the fingers on a key-board, of the lips on a reed or a mouth-piece—these are mechanical arts, and, like the management of the bat or the leap-frog pole, matters of practice."

Hullah adds a few words on the choice of a *rite*. He describes the modern compass of seven octaves as unnecessary, and thinks five and a half octaves amply sufficient.

In the chapter on accompanied vocal music Mr. Hullah returns for a moment to the question of Soprano versus Contralto. He says:—

"The 'paucity of Contraltos,' however, anywhere is a phrase always to be received with a good deal of caution. To this day the performance of a Contralto or 'second' part is regarded—how ignorantly and foolishly every musician knows—as requiring less skill than that of a Soprano, or 'first' part. Most women wish to have, or to be considered to have, Soprano voices, and to sing 'first parts.' They might as well wish for eyes of another color than those which nature has given them, as for voices of different compass and quality. The parallel, however, stops here; for whereas wishing for blue eyes will not spoil black, wishing for a Soprano voice on the part of a Contralto often induces singing Soprano parts, a procedure commonly ending, at an early interval, in the possession of no voice at all."

Every voice-trainer will agree with Mr. Hullah that there has been a great deal of wrong classification of voices; that many Baritones might have been Tenors, and many mezzo-Sopranos first Sopranos. The songs of to-day, he says, are less ambitious than those of the last generation, and their performance is therefore more satisfactory. Pianoforte music has also tended in the direction of vocal; for Mendelssohn's songs without words are only part of a large class of pianoforte music in which the aim is to make the instrument "sing."

The pronunciation of singers is ordinarily very indistinct; yet, says Mr. Hullah, a vocalist who can say as well as sing inevitably enlarges the sphere of his influence enormously:

"Now if there be any one particular in which the amateur vocalist might reasonably hope to equal—I had almost said, excel—the artist, it is in this matter of refined and intelligible utterance. It is the side of the singer's art on which general culture tells more than on any other. For the utterance of those who have read much, thought much, been much and early in good company, is distinguished in a thousand ways from that of persons who have not enjoyed these advantages; and this too notwithstanding provincialisms and peculiarities."

Mr. Hullah recommends the practice of the national songs, English, Welsh, Irish, and Scotch. He has also some good remarks on the performance of extracts from musical works. He says:—

"No doubt, if the choice of hearing the best passages only of a great musical work, or of hearing the work in its entirety, be offered to an average auditor, he will probably choose to hear the former. He will be wrong, even from his own point of view. For be his knowledge and taste the lowest conceivable, his pleasure in these best passages will be less than it would have been had he heard them in their places, and set off by others, possibly of themselves incapable of giving pleasure."

In a chapter on practice and rehearsal Mr. Hullah distinguishes between the two. Practice is individual; rehearsal collective, and practice should come before rehearsal. He objects to the custom of attacking the words and notes of new music simultaneously. Sol-fa-ing should be practised, and here of course comes a fling at the movable *do*:—

"I speak here exclusively of Sol-fa-ing with the '*fixed Do*,' without or (better) with inflected syllables for altered notes. A choir fairly trained in the use of the fixed *Do* might Sol-fa creditably, the most difficult movement of Bach's Mass in B minor, or Brahms' Requiem, while two or three practitioners of the '*movable Do*' were settling the names of the notes in the first half-dozen bars."

This of course shows the difficulty of Sol-fa-ing from the movable *do* in the *Staff notation*; in Tonic Sol-fa these passages could be clearly written and sung. We may read in a Tonic Sol-fa sense a remark of Mr. Hullah's on the use of Sol-fa-ing:—

"That the association of a given syllable with a given note helps the singer to sound it correctly is at least highly probable; that nobody can associate any syllable with, or name any note without looking at it, is certain."

The qualifications and duties of a conductor Mr. Hullah enumerates as:—

"Large acquaintance with, and an enthusiastic love for music, considerable quickness of eye and ear, a manner authoritative yet conciliatory, patience inexhaustible, and thorough determination to carry out his own views, be they right or wrong. Given these, and a good many other qualifications, the duties of a conductor are principally two—to expose errors in rehearsal, and conceal them in performance."

Mr. Hullah closes with some remarks on "The Musical Library." He advocates the proper classification and arrangement of the music in every house, and mentions works of musical biography, history and criticism which should be read.

Sale of Dr. Rimbault's Library.

A few years since was published an amusing squib, consisting of ten pages, with the following title, "Catalogue of the extensive library of Doctor Rainbeau, F.R.S., F.S.A., A.S.S., etc., which Messrs. Topsy, Turvey, and Co., will put up for public competition on Saturday, October —, 1862." The number of lots in the catalogue is 116, and the author must have possessed a considerable fund of ingenuity to have been able to spin out such a long web of quasi-learned imposture. Whether intended seriously to impugn the fame and repute of the Doctor it is scarcely possible now to tell; at all events he lived on for many years, acquiring new treasures and new friends and admirers. We are reminded and assured of this by the recent sale of Dr. Rimbault's library, which occupied five days, in the rooms of Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, and Hodge, commencing on the 31st of July; on each day the auction-room being well filled with eager purchasers, many of them well-known authorities in bibliography.

Looking over the catalogue of 159 pages, we are struck not so much with the prevalence of antiquarianism as with the extended field of literature covered by 2,259 lots. The amount of musical matter was comparatively small, but in many cases most interesting; certainly no sale of recent times has obtained such high average prices, the entire sum realized being £1,977 13s. 6d. Amongst the more curious lots were Arbeau's "Orchesographie," published in 1596, having autograph signatures of former owners, "Dr. Pepusch and John Stafford Smith;" this sold for six guineas. Brookbank's "Well-tuned Organ" (A.D. 1660), two guineas. Burney's "History of Music" sold for the moderate price of £4 6s. A collection of Carols, all modern reprints, in one volume, for £3 9s. Clifford's "Words of Anthems" (A.D. 1664) brought the extraordinary sum of £2 7s. Mersenne's "Harmonicon Libri" (A.D. 1636), four guineas; a second copy of the work, £2 6s. 1 Playford's "Banquet of Musick" (A.D. 1678-92), £5 15s. Beaujoyeaulx's "Ballet Comique de la Roynne" (A.D. 1582), £14 10s. Byrd's "Parthenia" (A.D. 1611), £9; a second edition of the same (A.D. 1659), five guineas. "The Division Viol" (A.D. 1685), £5 2s. 6d. Farmer's "Plain Song" (A.D. 1591), ten guineas. Holborne's "Pavans, etc." (A.D. 1599), £8 10s. Morley's "First Booke of Consort Lessons" (A.D. 1611), thirteen guineas. Playford's "Musick's Delight on the Cithren" (A.D. 1666), £7 10s.

The foregoing lots were of course all printed; and, as may be seen, many fetched exceptionally high prices, owing no doubt to the persistent bidding of a wealthy American. Considerable excitement arose over some of the manuscript music; in some cases the lots were not only intrinsically valuable, but also probably the only copies extant of works by old English composers, and all should have been purchased for the British Museum; now unfortunately it is too late, as a large proportion are on their way to New York.

An oblong set of parts containing anthems, etc., by Tallis, Byrd, Mundy, Amner, Tomkins, Wilbye, Weelkes, Bateson, Gibbons, Este, and others, brought £20 10s. A volume of parts used by "Thomas Britton, the small-coal man," nine guineas. Byrd's "Virginal Music," five guineas. Lock's "Instrumental Pieces for Stringed Instruments," five guineas. A volume of "Lock and Purcell," six guineas. "Motetts, Anthems, etc., by Italian and English composers," £21. All the foregoing lots were bought for America. The most extraordinary lot in the whole sale was Mulliner's "Collection of Motetts, Hymns, Anthems, Voluntaries, Songs, etc., by Tallis, Tye, Blitheman, Edwards, Farrant, Taverner, Johnson, Redford, Sheppard, Allwood, Shelley, Newman, Nicholas, Carleton, etc., for Organ or Virginals." This book is partly in the autograph

of Mulliner, who was master of the choristers of St. Paul's Cathedral, and one of the musicians to Henry VIII. From the devices on the binding of the volume it evidently once belonged to that king, and it is of the greatest value, containing numerous compositions of Tallis, the father of English Church music, who was a pupil of Mulliner. The book was bought by Dr. Rimbault for eight guineas many years ago, and it is said that he had refused almost fabulous offers for it. Its importance as a national musical monument cannot be over-estimated, and assuredly its true home should be the national library. The purchase of the volume was keenly contested by the American gentleman and Mr. W. H. Cummings, the latter finally securing it for the sum of £82.

A collection of upwards of 800 songs by Willson, Lawes, Johnson, Gamble, and other English composers, containing also the autograph inscription, "John Gamble his book, Amen. 1659 Anno Domini," thirteen guineas, for America. "Virginal Music by Byrd, Bull, Weelkes, Gibbons, Este, and others," ten guineas (America); another similar volume, £6 15s.; and another, eight guineas. An interleaved and inlaid copy of North's "Memoirs of Musick," £13 15s. Playford's "Breefe Introduction to the skill of Musick," (A.D. 1654,) presumed to be the first edition, and unique, ten guineas, for America.

We have not referred to works in general literature, and it may suffice to state there were many fine and rare books. One other lot may be mentioned; a collection of material for, and 200 pages in manuscript of, a history of Soho, almost the last work undertaken by the late Doctor; this sold for £33. Probably no one will ever again have such opportunities for acquiring rarities as Dr. Rimbault had; and it must be a matter of congratulation to those intimately concerned that books which cost the late possessor a few pence have in some cases realized as many pounds.—*London Mus. Times.*

MILWAUKEE, SEPT. 18.—The Musical Season of 1877-78 was opened in a most worthy manner with a grand testimonial concert to Mme. Julia Rivé-King (*née* Julia Rivé), the gifted pianiste, at the Academy of Music, on Tuesday evening, the 11th inst., a large and enthusiastic audience being present. Mme. Rivé-King was married in Milwaukee, last June, at the close of her concert season, and some of her friends, interesting themselves in her behalf, arranged this entertainment for her benefit, as a token of their high esteem of her as an artist. She played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata, Chopin's Nocturne in G minor, Op. 27, No. 1, the charming Berceuse, the A flat Impromptu, and Valse in A flat, Op. 34, No. 1, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, the Schumann Tarantelle, the Gounod-Liszt Faust Waltz, and the Andante of the second Concerto by Camille Saint-Saëns, the orchestral part being played on a second piano by Mr. Otto von Gumpert, a local pianist. Mme. King was received with enthusiastic demonstrations of delight, and presented with a large and beautiful basket of flowers. Of her playing, so much has been said and written, that it is unnecessary to add anything in praise of this performance, which demonstrated that she has lost none of her wonderful powers of execution or artistic fire, though a couple of weeks of illness had somewhat affected her looks, and her appearance before the piano was hardly as robust as at her previous appearance here. She was kindly assisted by Mrs. Wallace, soprano, Mrs. Hayden, contralto, and Mr. Borden, baritone, who supplied a number of very acceptable vocal selections; Mrs. Hayden, especially, who sang Handel's grandly beautiful aria, "Lascia ch'io pianga," with a depth of feeling and volume of tone which completely captured the audience, and she was compelled to appear again, adding Cowen's "It was a Dream." The net receipts of the entertainment were \$365. A few evenings after the concert, Mme. King had a reception at the residence of a friend, where she met a number of local artists, and a delightful musical entertainment resulted, the great artiste being

in the happiest of moods, and favoring the company with a number of selections including a portion of the G minor Sonata by Schumann. On Friday, Mr. and Mrs. King returned to Chicago, where they are spending the summer.

The Musical Society, under the leadership of Prof. William Mickler, is busy rehearsing Schumann's Cantata, "Paradise and the Peri," Mrs. W. F. Sexton taking the part of the Peri. The work will be given early in October. Brahms's "Schicksalslied" will be produced later in the season, and other novelties are to follow.

FRA DIAVOLO.

Foreign Notes.

TAMBERLIK. It is generally supposed that Tamberlik was born at Rome. This is a mistake. Some interesting details supplied to M. Prével fix the celebrated singer's origin. His real name is Thomas Berlic (Berlic signifying, in Roumanian, the ace of clubs), and he was born in a small Roumanian village in the neighborhood of Botouchani. The son of poor peasants, he entered when a boy the service of a rich farmer, whose coachman he became somewhat later. One day he had to drive his master to Botouchani, just as the Italian company performing at Jassy happened to be passing through the place. While rubbing down, in the courtyard of the hotel, the horses he had taken out of the carriage, he began singing some national Roumanian airs, which are pitched very high. As chance would have it, the tenor of the Italian company was also in the courtyard. Astonished at such singing, he went up to his room, took his tuning-fork, and verified the notes. Berlic already possessed the *ut de poitrine* which made his fortune. In ecstasy at his discovery, the Italian artist called his comrades. They asked Thomas to sing, and they asked him to drink. The end of the matter was that the manager offered to take the poor young coachman with him, and have him taught music and singing. He promised the youth 450 francs a month. Berlic, who earned 150 francs a year, with two pairs of boots and a "rain-cloak," according to the custom of the country, enthusiastically accepted the terms, and set out with the Italian company, accompanying them on their return to Italy, where he made his appearance shortly afterwards with a success which kept continually increasing. What a distance now separates him from Jassy!

BADEN. Herr Hans von Bülow lately paid this town a visit, after making a stay of nine weeks at Kreismach, where he met a medical friend who discovered what was really the matter with him, and told him what was the proper treatment for his case. Herr von Bülow leads a very retired life, and avoids all society. Whether, or when, he will resume his professional career is still very uncertain.

RUBINSTEIN. It appears, has once more abandoned his intention of retiring from the concert platform, and has resolved to continue his pianoforte playing, while he still gratifies his strong taste for composition. According to present arrangements, he will go to Paris soon, to superintend the production of his opera, "Nero," and next summer he will return to England to give pianoforte recitals, under the direction of Herr Lewy and Mr. Carl Rosa, to play at a musical union concert, and to produce some new chamber pieces. It is said that Rubinstein is at work upon a new symphony.

MISS MINNIE HAUKE made her *début* on Tuesday, at the Théâtre de la Monnaie, Brussels, as Marguerite, in Gounod's *Faust*. A correspondent informs us that the charming American *prima donna* "never acted better in her life. The house was crowded, and there was no end of applause. The audience called for her after each act till they were hoarse; but Minnie was not allowed to come forward, the directors saying that it was against the rules of the institution."

MME. ADELINA PATTI is engaged by Mr. Pyatt, of Nottingham, for five concerts, to be given during the month of October, in Manchester, Nottingham, Liverpool, Birmingham, and Bradford. Mr. Sims Reeves and Mr. Sandley will appear with Mme. Patti at each concert.

We are happy to be able to announce that Madame Adelina Patti, about whose retirement from the operatic stage many unfounded rumors have been circulated, will next season resume her position as *prima donna assoluta* at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The contract was signed on Friday.—*London Observer*.

MILLE. TIETJENS was yesterday not so well. An unfavorable change took place on Saturday, and she was yesterday visited by her London physician.—*Pull Mall Gazette*, Tuesday, Sept. 4.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 29, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

II.

That millionaire does not appear. Perhaps he is too modest. The wealthy and eccentric old bachelor, who has notions of his own, and among them a passionate sort of fondness for music, who rather courts a reputation for acting oddly, has a wilful way of disposing of his money very differently from other people, and who might reasonably be credited with an ambition to identify his name with some important musical foundation—the character to whom we recently alluded (Aug. 18)—seems so far to have been only a creature of the fancy; the wish was father to the thought. And yet we do hear of millions flung about in the most fantastical and reckless manner; public benefactions which benefit nobody; lavish bequests and endowments which the world only laughs at; and among them even, backed by a promise of millions, a grand Musical College scheme,—so immensely and inordinately grand that it seems to have overshadowed itself, so that nobody could see how to go to work to begin it, and general incredulity quickly consigned it to oblivion. We do hear of men, whose reputed daily income exceeds that of many a worthy artist for a whole year, spending profusely on sensational enthusiasms, mock celebrations, fêtes, fantastical tom-fooleries and vanities of all sorts, courted and applauded for their generosity (with what sincerity may well be questioned), yet deaf to all appeal in behalf of any real, serious interest of Art or culture. But such eccentric beings are exceptional. Your ordinary money-getter and accumulator, with a zeal and singleness of purpose that seems to be almost a religion with him, the more engrossing and more narrowing the richer he becomes, acts from the poor pride of increasing and perpetuating the family estate in its integrity. Of what good to the world is all his wealth, handed down so jealously, compared with the good it might do, and that without defrauding his own children of any just right? Or what joy can he experience in life, compared with the satisfaction there would be in helping on some noble cause, in building up some real school of Art and liberal culture?

Now for the endowment of Music in the University we do not ask for millions. We only suggest that among the liberal donations and bequests which are so frequently made to other branches of education, to almost every department in Literature and Science, whether the time has not come for Music also to come in for at least some modest share among these fostering dispensations. We suggest it on the grounds: that Music is an important element of modern culture, a refining social influence, a subject about which few cultivated persons nowadays are willing to be thought ignorant or indifferent, an Art which in one way or another actually interests more thousands of people, more occupies their thoughts, more ministers to their enjoyment, than any science or than most branches of literature and learning; and that the disposition to lend liberal material support to whatever is believed to be important in schools and colleges, in literature and art and science, has always shown itself so common among the wealthy and the generous of our land, particularly in this noble Boston and New England, as to be proverbial.

We think, too, that we have shown good reasons why the complete high school of Music should form

part of a University. Enough to name now the greater guaranty of disinterestedness, of respectability and of permanence which an established, honored University affords, in contrast to the more or less ephemeral, commercial, speculative aspect presented by most of the multifarious so called "Conservatories." Our plea is for a *complete school* of music in the University. A single professorship is well, but it is by no means enough. All the departments of the Art and science should be represented by a full corps of teachers, lecturers and professors; and practical illustrations of its styles and masters, means of performance and interpretation, ought to be provided and made free to all the students. In a word, Music, in the University, should be put upon an equal footing with Medicine, Law, Natural History, etc. And, like the Medical School, this School might have the seat of its activity partly at the University, and partly in the neighboring city.

Doubtless the idea would commend itself with more force, could a complete scheme of the organization, at least all the main features of the working plan, the method and the programme of the whole, be clearly and definitely presented. But it is hardly time for this; it will require much thought, and some experimenting, feeling the way onward and by slow, cautious steps approximating the ideal. There would be danger in attempting too much at the outset, in a vague ambition to cover the whole ground at once. It is better to work from a single practicable nucleus or centre, or from several centres, rather than from the circumference inward; we have seen the folly of that in the "three million" monster project in New York. But certain all-essential elements of the whole plan, certain main pillars and arches of the temple, certain portions of the foundation, might be singly got in readiness against the fullness of time for combining them all in a complete composite whole. One such we have repeatedly suggested; one object, of vital consequence to any musical community as such, upon which the means and efforts of the friends of music, in a community like ours, should for some time be concentrated. And that is a *permanent Orchestra*, for Boston and for Cambridge; and of this we shall speak more fully in another number.

Was it Extravagant?

To the Editor of Dwight's Journal of Music:

DEAR SIR,—In your last number you refer to my opinion of Mrs. Rivé-King as being the "only piano virtuoso in America," and, by implication, you oppose to it your own statement that many others are "admirable interpreters of what is best in music." My opinion of Mrs. Rivé-King is of no possible consequence to your readers, but if it is to be referred to it is better that I should not be misunderstood.

I perfectly agree with your statement above quoted. I know personally several pianists who play many things well and artistically, and am familiar with the names of many more, for whose reputation I have high respect. But the point in which I ventured to contrast the best Boston and New York pianists with Mrs. Rivé-King was that, so far as I know, they all making *teaching* a profession, their concert playing being incidental; whereas she devotes her whole strength to concert performances, and to preparation for them. So far as I know, she is the only pianist in America of whom this is true; and of course, *ceteris paribus*, this ought to make a marked difference in her favor. Why all your Boston and New York pianists, Lang, Perabo, Petersilea, Sherwood, Mason, Mills and many others teach, instead of playing in public, is a question I should like to hear answered. It looks on the face of it as if the public would not support them as

public performers; but, if this is true, what must be thought of the Eastern public?

Permit me, in conclusion, to call your attention to the fact that, in my article to which you refer, the only strong statement as to Mrs. Rivé-King's superiority is credited to Mr. Theodore Thomas. I should not have dared to say such a thing from any knowledge of Eastern pianists, which I myself possess.

Yours truly,

JOHN C. FILLMORE.

—We suppose, for one reason why so many excellent pianists teach rather than play in public, that comparatively few of them have any taste for the travelling virtuoso life; they had rather settle quietly down in some genial, social, homelike sphere, where they can really live, live musically, live like artists, cultivating music for its own sake, and not for display, even at the cost of all this teaching drudgery,—yet happy even in this sometimes in the development of some sympathetic gifted pupil. Not all artists care to be virtuosos. Indeed, if there be virtuosos in a good sense, the term virtuoso is much more often used in a sense antagonistic to that of artist; and a reputation for virtuoso-ship is what many of the truest, finest artists shrink from as they would from bad society.

In our remark above quoted we had reference not alone to what Mr. Fillmore wrote of Mrs. Rivé-King, but to the extravagant laudations, flooding all the Western papers, and even our own correspondence, of a young artist, who, while she plays remarkably well, at least in technical respects, and while her repertoire is very large, is yet (judging from the single manifestation of her talent in this city last year) a child in Art, so far as musical conception and judgment are concerned, in the interpretation of great master works. At least such was the general feeling among musicians here.

We doubt if any local public, East or West, will support an artist in the sole capacity of public performer.—Ed.

Two or three Notes and Queries.

Readers, somewhat familiar with English history, will doubtless remember that 140 years ago, a certain Admiral Vernon, member of Parliament, was a thorn in the side of the English Ministry, taunting them with their inefficiency against the Spaniards, and affirming that if he could have the command of half a dozen ships, he would take their city of Porto Bello, on the Isthmus of Panama. They took him at his word—gave him the six ships, and in 1739, he took the place in two days with a loss of seven men.

Readers of the Life of Washington will remember that Lawrence Washington was in this expedition, and that he named his estate Mount Vernon in honor of the Admiral.

When Vernon returned to England after his conquest he was the most popular man in the Kingdom, and all sorts of festivities were devised in his honor. At one of them Henry Carey is said to have sung for the first time his new patriotic song, (both the words and music being by him), "God Save Great George our King."

Readers of the Life of Handel will remember that after the great composer became blind, he employed John Christopher Smith to aid him in conducting his Oratorios. This is of itself sufficient proof of how thorough a musician Smith was. In 1732 he had composed the music to Henry Carey's Opera, "Teraminta," and of course knew that poet-composer intimately. In the large, thin folio "Anecdotes of George Frederick Handel and John Christopher Smith"—of which a copy was, and probably is, in Harvard College Library—on page 43 is this note: "Henry Carey composed the popular song of 'God Save Great George our King.' But although he had much genius for music, he was ignorant of the rules of Composition, and applied to Smith to adapt a bass to the air." Carey was not quite so ignorant as this makes him appear.

Readers of old English periodicals may perhaps have seen the "Monthly Magazine," Vol. XI, June, 1801. If my memory does not deceive me after 30 years, it is also in Harvard College Library—but I take this reference from Chrysander—on pages 385-6—but, not so fast—something must be premised.

To such as still study and enjoy the noble English vocal music of the last century and the first part of this, the name of Dr. Harrington must be familiar, as composer of noble anthems, glees and catches. Harrington, by nature a musician—by profession a physician—settled in Bath, where he became the medical adviser of Sm'ls, then aged and retired from professional life.

Well: when the authorship of "God Save the King" began to be disputed, Carey's son, George Sackville Carey, wrote to Harrington on the subject, whose reply is in the volume of the "Monthly Magazine" above indicated, and runs thus:

"SIR,—The Anecdote you mention, respecting your father being the author and composer of the words and melody of 'God save Great George our King' is certainly true; that most respectable gentleman, Mr. Smith, my worthy friend and patient, has often told me what follows, viz., 'That your father came to him with the words and music, desiring him to correct the bass, which Mr. Smith told him was not proper; and at your father's request he wrote down another in correct harmony.'—Mr. Smith, to whom I read your letter this day, the 13th of June, repeated the same again. His advanced age and present infirmity render him incapable of writing or desiring to be written to, but, on his authority, I pledge myself for the truth. Should this information be in the least advantageous to yourself, it will afford the most sincere satisfaction and pleasure to

Your most obedient servant,

W. HARRINGTON.

—Bath, June 13th, 1795.

P.S.—My curiosity was often raised to inquire after the author before Mr. Smith related the above, and I was often misinformed. Mr. Smith says he understood your father intended this air as part of a birth day ode, or something of that kind; however this might be, no Laureate or composer has furnished the world with any production more complimentary or more popular, which must ever be the consequence of concise elegance and natural simplicity."

It remains for doubters to show the existence of this melody in any sort of a copy before 1740.

Readers of German will find this matter exhaustively discussed by Chrysander in "Jahrbücher für Musikalische Wissenschaft," I, 1863, published by Breitkopf and Härtel.

II.

Readers of this Journal know that French and Italian writers have endeavored to steal Haydn's laurels as the inventor of the modern string quartet and grand symphony, and bestow them on Boccherini.

Here is the translation of an advertisement in the *Wiener Zeitung* (the official Vienna newspaper) of February, 1797, which I copied many years ago.

"New Song: 'Gott erhalte unsern Kaiser,' by Lorenz Leopold Haschka, set to music by Herr Joseph Haydn, and sung for the first time on the 12th February, the birthday of your most gracious Monarch. For the pianoforte, 10 Kreuzers."

Will it be believed that a few years later, the Italians pretended that Haydn stole his melody—the well known Austrian national hymn—from Zingarelli?

Anton Schmidt, then Librarian of the Imperial Collection at Vienna, came to the rescue, and not only showed conclusively the authorship of Haydn, but printed also Zingarelli's tune, which resembles Haydn's about as much as Yankee Doodle does Old Hundred.

III.

After a lapse of several years my eyes are refreshed—thanks to Robert Carter—with the sight of a quantity of American monthly and other periodicals.

In this *Appleton's Journal* (October, 1876) I read: "Wagner is a poet and a philosopher: 'Tannhäuser,' 'Lohengrin' and the 'Ring des Nibelungen' are wholly his. His dramatic powers appear no less in the nobility of the dialogues, than in the unconventional splendor of the songs and choruses."

Query. Does the person who wrote these words, which I have put in Italics, understand German?

And in this *North American Review*, January, 1877, I find: "As to purely instrumental music, independent of the theatre, it occupies a place in Wagner's system, which it seems to hold on sufferance."

Yea, Wagner, versus quartets and symphonies.

Query. If all the eunuchs on earth write against marriage, will the human race on that account cease to exist?

A. W. T.

—September 1st, 1877.

TURNER'S PAINTINGS.—We print in another page the most compact and judicial statement Mr. Ruskin has ever made of the defects and excellences of Turner's paintings. We copy it from "Notes on the Turner Gallery at Marlborough House," a pamphlet which was not reprinted in this country. Every one will read with admiration his wonderfully eloquent description of "The Fighting Temeraire," which prevailed over the fatal vessel which

had given Nelson death; and all of our readers who are interested in art will be glad to read so condensed, so pointed, and so valuable an exposition of what he considers the great periods in Turner's life as a painter, and of the very different manner and value of the pictures of each period. We think it will be seen that he either admits or explains, in a great measure, those peculiarities and defects in many of Turner's paintings which have prevented some lovers of art from doing justice to the great power and genius which are unquestionably exhibited in the greater part of those painted in the "third period."

Liszt's "Lessons" and Matinees in Weimar.

We think the candles must have burned blue at the scene described by "Ethelberta," an occasional correspondent of the *New York World*, who furnishes the following sketch to that paper. Liszt, Tausig, Rubinstein, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Wagner! "Danse Macabre," "Walküre," "Phantom Ship," Faust Symphony:—*Altered Hazen-bret!*—with witches old and ugly, fresh and charming, seated round the magic cauldron!

Before Liszt left for Rome, he gave what were to me some really remarkable "lessons" and matinees. At Fräulein S.—'s last Sunday afternoon gathering of artists, where there was food for the mind in some charming music, and refreshment for the body in the form of cherries, cakes and wine, I could but enjoy myself immensely with these talented and interesting, although immature artists. One of my country-women who was present told me almost incredible things about the beautiful Wenzel (whom I saw last summer at Balaſon), Zaremski, Killick, Liszt himself, Fräulein Ottilie Lichtenfels, the handsome De Chasse and even the ugly old Baroness von Mayendorf. Liszt "opened the ball." The first piece was a Grieg concerto? Liszt's "Danse Macabre" followed; a young girl only 15 years of age executed the difficult "Dow Joan" (fantasia splendidly; Zaremski, played Tausig's arrangement of "Die Walküre," and the Tremoenoff interpreted a Chopin mazurka. The Tremoenoff, who is the reigning favorite of Liszt and manages affairs to suit herself, sat perched upon a chair close to the piano. She has small hands and a superbly spirited style of playing. Most of Liszt's pupils are ladies over twenty years of age—there are ten ladies and five gentlemen—and all have passed through a long course of preparation for this finished school of piano-playing which is brilliant and dashing. Hungarian compositions and works of Liszt, Chopin, Tausig and Wagner are the only ones played. I miss the clear tone and finished style of Stuttgart, although there is a freedom, dash and brilliancy which are very telling. Liszt, who seems to be beloved by all his pupils, and is invariably addressed as "Meister," furnished arrangements to two or three songs sung by the Baroness von Mayendorf, but I could form no estimate of his playing from these.

After some ceremony, Liszt, as sending a request to Dr. Liszt to admit me to an "assembly" of his young artists (he will not have them called lessons—"Oh, no, he never teaches!") I received the requisite open-sesame, and went to the first "lesson" with fear and trembling, reaching the house at 4 P.M. In the ante-room I met the housekeeper, who reassured me, and after waiting for the conclusion of a piece I opened the door and plunged in. His mightiness was standing near, and shaking me kindly by the hand asked me to be seated. I made my little speech, and sat down to examine my neighbors. There were three American ladies present—two from New York and one from St. Louis—with whom I struck up an acquaintance. One of my friends had brought the Faust Symphony of Liszt (the Gretchen part), on which she had worked for weeks, as she had been told that it was a favorite of the Meister. She was disappointed, and I think wrongly, when, instead of allowing her to perform it, he did her the honor to play it himself. I never listened to more wonderful pianissimo playing, and should have liked hearing it under different circumstances—for instance, alone in the dark. "The little wonder," fifteen years of age, whom I had admired on my former visit, and whom I now learned to be a Holländer, had played Schumann's "Faschingsschwank." The Tremoenoff played Chopin again, with the greatest facility and aplomb, catching Liszt's meaning with great rapidity. Herr

Lutter and Fräulein Schauer played arrangements from Wagner's "Nibelungen" by Tausig. At 6 o'clock the "Stunde" closed; Liszt shook us all kindly by the hand, and on my asking if I might come again he graciously accorded me permission.

On the following Saturday Liszt was engaged, as I entered, with a pupil who was playing the Fantaisies Chromatiques. Her grasp of difficulties was marvellous, and she had some tricks in powerful playing that I should like to learn. Her performance seemed to act like a stimulant on Liszt, for he went around gesticulating theatrically, making jokes and evidently in the highest spirits. Then Herr Kuhn played, with Fräulein Ahrens, the fugue written on the letters of Bach's name, arranged by Liszt and rearranged by Carl Thon for two pianos; it is a magnificent and effective piece so performed. A stout gentleman then entered and presented some music to Liszt, who sat down and tried it over. It consisted of very difficult fugues, but the Meister played them off without the slightest hesitancy, making the motives stand out well and executing very free. He does not seem to have any particular method of playing, often striking the notes with a hammer-like touch; his tone is sometimes not very good, and he plays his octaves from the arm. But, then, a great player cannot be judged by conventional standards; it is his genius and not his methods which elevates him and makes him a model. I was interested in noting what pains he took with his scholars, telling them not to sit stiffly nor all over in a heap like an old man, but erect and free, as if one were out for a *Spaziergang*. He often corrected a passage two or three times and played it with his pupil, beat time, sang, and inspired one generally. The best selection of the day was an arrangement of "Tannhäuser" by Liszt, which was played by Herr Rhode, a fresh-looking, nice young man, whom we christened "Spectacles." It was very difficult, and Liszt took great pains to show him how to imitate the violins in the overture. Fräulein Lichtenfels then played the Chopin concerto in F, and Liszt made game of her "Conservatory playing." Then Fräulein Aus der Osh played the Lebe Wohl senata very well, pleasing the Meister greatly, for he patted her on the back approvingly. Hearing us (the Americans) chatting in English, he mocked us, and asked what we were saying. Little Miss B. whispered that it was something very sweet about him, and he thereupon invited us to the matinee next day.

This was a grand affair, and had the prestige of being the last of the season. On our way thither we met Dr. Gottschalk, Liszt's secretary; Mlle. Tremenoff, Emile Sauret, the violinist, well known in America, and my two country-women. We went up to the salon and took seats in the corner, where we could view the pianos. The Grand Duke, accompanied by Baroness von Unruh, the Baroness von Mayendorf and other notable but ugly females, took seats at the end of the room. Both salons were densely crowded, and how much there was to see and note! Liszt was in good spirits, and received every one with courtly grace. The concert began with Fräulein Ahren's rendering of Tausig's arrangement of "Das Rheingold," which was superbly done, and Herr Lutter gave the "Wald Vogel" from "Siegfried," with great effect. Mlle. Ravoche, the coquettish little Hungarian, played a very ugly Hungarian fantasia by Liszt, and banged most wretchedly all the way through. One of the best performances of the day was Tausig's "Phantom Ship;" it is enormously difficult, but very dramatic and grand.

Emile Sauret then played twice, accompanied splendidly at sight by Liszt, and charmed the company with his great talents. One of the most beautiful women present sat looking at Sauret during the whole piece. After he had finished and she had taken her *beaux yeux* off him, came a duet between Zaremaki and Liszt, a Russian piece. Then Sauret played again, a splendid Tarantelle, and Liszt accompanied him. Last of all, Fräulein Tremenoff played Rubinstein's ballet music from "Femora." Despite her tiny hands and frame, how she does play—with such contrasts and so much point, such cleverness and such endurance! The matinee was over at 1:15 o'clock.

Opening of Ditson & Co.'s new Pianoforte Warerooms.

(From the Times, Sunday, Sept. 23.)

The extensive music house of Oliver Ditson & Co., having within the past year absorbed several

large music publishing houses, both in this and other cities, has recently erected a five story granite building, next north their old store on Washington street, for the increasing needs of their vast business. With their purchase of the old house of G. D. Russell & Co., they assumed the north-eastern agency of the Steinway pianos, of itself a very important branch of business. The new building was designed especially for the increased piano business of the firm, and three floors have been appropriated thereto, the main warerooms being located on the street floor and the next above. These rooms were formally opened on Thursday last, two choice concerts being given in the afternoon and evening. The rooms were crowded by a fashionable throng of visitors, and the entertainments formed an auspicious opening of the musical season. Aside from the pleasure of listening to the fine music there was satisfaction in inspecting the beautifully wrought instruments which filled every place not required for the auditors.

The matinee recital was sustained wholly by Mr. W. H. Sherwood, whose fine performance of the following programme elicited much applause:

1. Moment musicale, F minor.....Schubert
2. Capriccio, Op. 4.....Sherwood
3. a—Nocturne, G flat major.....Chopin
- b—Waltz, Op. 34, A flat.....Chopin
4. Waldesrauschen, Etude.....Liszt
5. Serenade, Opus 33.....Rubinstein
6. Spinneried, From "The Flying Dutchman,".....Wagner-Liszt

To this admirable group of selections, Mr. Sherwood added quite an extensive list of pieces to the delight of all listeners, including compositions by Kullak, Rheinberger, Bargiel, Grieg, etc.

The evening programme, which was more varied, was as follows:

1. a—"In absence,".....Buck
- b—"Under every Tree Top,".....Kuhlan
- Beethoven Quartet, Messrs. Monroe, Winter, Dillaway and Titus.
2. "Isolden's Liebes Tod," Wagner.....Liszt
- Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
3. "Sancta Maria,".....Faure
- Mrs. J. W. Weston.
4. Ballade, A flat, Opus 47.....Chopin
- Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
5. "Brown eyes,".....Kücken
- Mr. Carl Pöner.
6. Serenade, Trio, (First time).....Stetson
- Violin, Mr. Van Rastie; Cello, Mr. Wolf
- Friea; Piano, Mr. N. Stetson.
7. Tannhäuser March, Wagner.....Liszt
- Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
8. "Let me Dream again,".....Sullivan
- Mrs. J. H. Weston.
9. a—"Warum,".....Schumann
- b—Song without Words, E minor.....Mendelssohn
- c—Norwegian Wedding March.....Grieg
- Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
- Mr. Leon Kesch, Accompanist.

Both the instrumental and vocal performances were admirable and the audience frequently manifested its pleasure in enthusiastic applause. The magnificent qualities of the Steinway pianos were never more apparent than in the artistic playing of Mr. Sherwood. The composition of Mr. Stetson, who is connected with the Steinway establishment in New York, was finely received. After the regular concert, Mr. Sherwood again favored those present with other performances, a superb Steinway upright being used among other instruments. Those who desired were shown through other departments of Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co.'s vast establishment. The basement portions of both buildings are utilized in the sheet music business, and here are thousands upon thousands of titles. It may not be generally known that Ditson & Co. own over two-thirds of all the music plates in America and that this is the most extensive music publishing house in the world. The advertising department, long under the charge of Mr. Johnson, and in itself a business of much magnitude, has been removed from a rear building to the third story of the new building. The heating apparatus, water engine, etc., are located in the basement, where are also some of the large safes used for storing stereotyped plates. Other safes are located in various portions of the city. Precautions against fire have been taken, of course, and although there is intercommunication in every story, double, fire-proof doors, always to be closed at night and at other times if desirable, render the buildings wholly separate. The pianoforte business of the Steinways is sure to be conducted vigorously by this enterprising and much respected firm, and at the same time in an upright and honorable way. The musical public will be much gratified to have the important agency fall into such good hands.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Evermore. Ab. 3. c to D. *Limpus.* 30
"Love had come: Love had come,
Glad'ning all with rosy beam."
Of unusual sweetness and smoothness.

Over the Heath. Ab. 3. E to F. *Carleton.* 30
"Broke from the stem, it must wither and die,
Precious the dust where its petals do lie."
Very beautiful melody, and good words.

Only a Baby Small. F. 3. c to F. *Carleton.* 30
"Only two cherry lips: one chubby nose,
Only two little hands: ten little toes."
A fine glorification of King Baby, to which we all are loyal.

The Vision. Db. 4. d to a. *Eayra.* 35
"On sleep's white, beautiful pinions,
Come down from God to me:—"
An easy, rich flow of melody. Of high character every way.

Little Robin, how Happy you make Me. G. 3. d to F. *Danks.* 30
"I know he is waiting my coming."
Has an *ad lib* chorus, and is even superior to the song of the bird it so much praises.

Children, don't get Weary. Plantation Song and Chorus. Bb. 2. F to F. 30
"Oh, see dat angel band,
Dar calling me away."
A plantation song of the "Jubilee" style, and as good as the best.

Those that we Loved long ago. D. 3. c to F. *Jours.* 35
"Dreams of the solemn night,
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Very beautiful.

Who would not be a Soldier? C. 3. c to G. *Cellier.* 35
"When death comes, what care I?
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ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Frederic Chopin.

BY LOUIS EHLERT.

(Translated for this Journal by F. SLOOUM.)

(Continued from Page 96.)

Chopin is said to have been indifferently fond of Schubert and Beethoven. The incalculable and titanic in them repelled him. Even of Schubert he once said that "the sublime in him was annihilated when what was vulgar or trivial followed." And, of Mozart's *Don Juan*, Liszt relates that he found passages in it that were painful to him. He was, says Liszt, so profoundly and singularly imbued with those feelings whose most attractive models he believed himself to have beheld during his youth—those feelings which alone he cared to confide to art; he regarded art itself so invariably from one and the same standpoint, that his preferences as artist could not help being affected thereby. In the great models of art he looked only for what corresponded to his own nature. What approached that pleased him. What departed from it did not easily obtain justice at his hands. In spite of the unconquerable aversion he felt for all that was violent in Beethoven, he himself was not free from violence. It was his innate anxiety in the presence of his own which rendered him so uncompromising towards the strange demon. In the range of piano literature scarcely any one has opened up a greater and broader pathway for freedom and license than he. From Shakespeare and Beethoven he learnt the dashing power of the episode. How often, in his greater works, *e. g.*, his first *Scherzo*, after the most dire catastrophe we behold "the sweet sleep of moonlight on the hills," as in the lyric epilogue to the "Merchant of Venice." And so, in the fourth Prelude, we find him seeking after all possible harmonic developments for a melodic phrase of two notes. Most indefatigably of all, his fancy revels in the discovery of middle voices and harmonic variations. In the *Berceuse* he composes a whole piece over the simplest chord accompaniment—a series of variations developed from a harmonic organ point. In the second Impromptu, instead of the harmonic, he has selected a melodic organ point. He writes successive fifths where they please him. In the eighth Etude (Op. 25) he brings us a whole bevy of them; but they lie in the middle voices and produce a charming effect.

If, in the *Scherzo*, Chopin had models more and more like his own, the "Ballad" belongs to him and to him only. Of these, too, he wrote four. Each is fundamentally different from the rest; and yet one trait is common to them all, their weirdness of conception and nobleness of motive. Chopin talks to us in them, but not as one who relates something that has really happened. Rather is it that which has never happened—which is experienced only as a feeling or yearning in the inmost soul. There

is, it may be, much of a nation's sorrow in them, much of anguish—smothered without, but smouldering within—for the wounds heaped upon the fatherland; but of downright reality—such a reality as, in Beethoven, often thrusts words into our mouths—they have none.

The most touching thing, perhaps, that Chopin has written, is the story told us in the *F-Major Ballad*. No old legend could be more simple and yet, in its simplicity, more impressive. I have known children to stop their play and listen to it. It is a fairy tale transformed into music. In its four-voiced motive, too, there reigns such purity, it is as though the moist air of spring was swaying the mobile leaves of some tropic palm. What gentle breathings these are stealing into the heart and soul!

The coquetry of beauty—that half unconscious sporting with the power that bewitches and fires by following every concession with retraction, was Chopin's peculiar province. It is marvellous with how seemingly insignificant a movement—but a movement full of an irresistible charm—he was able to delineate this sportiveness of love. Every one will recall to mind that memorable passage in the *A-flat Major Ballad*, where, after long resonance of the chord in A-flat Major, the right hand alone begins a movement in eighths varied with pauses. Or take the ornament in triplets with which he adorns the *F-Major Nocturne* (op. 15)—as with the wings of butterflies. Nowhere, perhaps, can the value of ornamentation be better learned than from him. Ornament in art is very much as flowers are in nature, or as finery in the life of women. All adornment, if it be rightly chosen, has this peculiar quality, that it reflects its own beauty upon the wearer—just as, in reality, it gets its own life-like appearance only through him. By its very nature it can beautify only what is beautiful. Homely women are rendered still homelier by it, because contrast demands what to them is an unfavorable comparison. Beauty, however, acquires through it something of loveliness and dignity and elegance. If we look at the "Airs"—so full of ornament—of Handel and other masters of his time, it is difficult to conceive how such lack of taste could ever constitute an epoch. An ornament on every note—it is as though we saw a hand with rings on every finger. How touchingly simple and severe, on the other hand, are the three Vienna masters, especially Beethoven. With an Adagio of his one might connect the figure Jean Paul uses somewhere of the sun: "It bathes naked in the blue." Mozart, too, where he did not make concessions to the prima donna, could dispense wholly with ornament. Music like Chopin's, however, on account of its prevailing elegance, cannot do without it. But he did not buy it of the jeweller, but made it with his own delicate hand. A device of his

is that of surrounding a note, so to speak, with diamond facets, or of bathing the surging flood of his passion with the silver of moonlight. In the Nocturnes there is the shining of melancholy and distant stars. The Chopin Nocturne is dramatized ornament. In the much admired one in F sharp (Op. 15), the principal theme appears at the outset so ornamented that we cannot resist the notion of the fancy confining itself to the arabesque as a means of poetic expression. Even the impassioned middle portion, with its passages in fives, borders on what might be termed the tragic figured ornament in Chopin. The original thought is here covered over with a thick veil; but even the veil can serve as ornament.

The Polonaises and Mazurkas impress us as having been written in the old national costume, and as though we heard the clashing of swords and silver spurs.

The Polonaise was not then the pretty promenade into which it has degenerated since. It was a quiet but characteristic dance in which majesty extended its hand to beauty. In that rarely played but most beautiful of the Chopin Polonaises—the one in F sharp Minor—both dance forms are united. The Mazurka forms a part of it. If ever it has been granted to musical art to elevate a historic picture into a movement of beauty, the feat has been accomplished here.

An artist's fame requires it, and so Chopin had to satisfy our final claims upon him as a pianist, and compose the indispensable Concerto. He has written two of these and acquitted himself as well as could be expected. It was not in the nature of his mind to express itself in wide forms. He was too weak for that seven-league-boot pace which a score demanded. In the same way the Trio and Cello Sonata were problems not meant for him to solve. He was greatest where he could create freely from within outwards, without formal restraint. In this way originated his Impromptus, Rondos, Fantasias, Tarantelle and incomparable Barcarolle—works, in a peculiar sense, his own. His two Sonatas should be named here, especially the second, in B minor, the first three movements of which are among the best things he has written. The Funeral March of the B♭ Minor Sonata owes its great fame to the wondrous harmonic animation of two triads that, in this connection, have something highly tragic in them. The middle movement, unfortunately, falls completely from out this category. After so much of darkly hung mourning weeds one ought not so soon to display white linen.

Chopin had no ability as a contrapuntist. His freely creative genius prevented this. How gifted he was, however, in a field lying so remote from him we see, sometimes, in canon passages, those, for example, of his C sharp Minor Mazurka (Op. 68). No one, though he were gray in the learned art, could have

written this octave canon more perfectly. In harmony Chopin has often gone beyond the happy medium of what is beautifully conceived. What amateur, for example, can think the middle voices at the conclusion of the Barcarolle (measures 8, 9 and 10 from the end)—*pure*? Such obscurities, betraying a slight leaning towards the strained, are not at all rare with him. Much is due, doubtless, to false readings; but there remains enough that is strange to cause a very righteous shaking of the head. In rendering such harsh passages we may tone them down by a judicious use of the *rubato* and thus help ourselves over many a doubtful place. Only, as innermost law of the *rubato*, it must be remembered that all loss and gain of time must be dexterously concealed. Everywhere in Chopin, where the *accelerando* does not in time show itself in the *ritardando* again, in the listener the feeling arises of something wrong. That slight ebb and flow of execution independent of rhythm, which loosens but does not destroy the mathematical stiffness of the whole, has always constituted the triumph and danger of virtuosos. If any one wish to form a notion of this musical law of wave movement, let him hear Joachim play Bach.

We delight in imagining the personal appearance of a man with whom we have occupied ourselves from early youth up. In Florence at Madame Rubio's, a pupil of Chopin's, I saw a portrait taken in his maturer years and said to be a striking likeness. It differs markedly from the well-known pictures of him, but to me, is the most likely one of all. Judging by it, Chopin was not good-looking. He had a very marked nose and plain eyes. We see that these must have been very expressive, from this hasty sketch, which gives you the impression that it is a genuine picture from life. Brow and hands are very distinguished, the pose pleasantly careless, the fine mouth—in all his pictures the same—mildly closed as though it hid some sweet melody. Descriptions given by contemporaries, like Liszt and Hiller, of him and his playing agree thoroughly with this picture. A correspondence is spoken of as about to appear shortly. It is not probable, when we consider the extreme reserve he is said to have manifested in his writings—he preferred running over half of Paris to avoid writing a letter—that such a work will contain much of importance, unless it be letters to Madame Sand or his family, with whom he maintained a lasting intimacy. We can determine what Chopin was without such documents. There has scarcely ever been a more individual, characteristic art than his. In all his works, to use an expression of Jean Paul's, we detect the fresh odor of the soil in which they germinated and grew. We see as well the sunbeam which falls into his study and wraps its warm light about his pen, as feel the warm mist that like dew ascends from the grave and oppresses his breast. We behold him in the full swing of happiest youth and in the early autumn that was so soon to tear him from us. Life wearied him. Delicate and frail, his feeble limbs ran themselves sore and bleeding against the granite of earth. The dread reality of existence filled him with terror. His inner life lacked the robust and healthful energy needed to wrest from existence what it never willingly yields.

How long will the Chopin music last? It seems, along with what is older in music, to constitute a special class of its own. It resembles the women of the south, whose beauty soon fades. Where now is the Mozart sonata? Are not the first shadows of evening even now beginning to creep about those of Weber—and he yet so near to us? Only where musical art has produced the best, as with the old Italians, with Bach, in the symphonies and quartets of Beethoven, does the march of centuries leave no trace behind. Can Chopin be placed by the side of such? Certainly not. But his music is so forcible an expression of a thoroughly original nature, it has extended so enduringly the domain of feeling and expression of the most widely spread of all instruments, that no just estimate can be formed as to the limit of its vitality. I regard the Etudes especially as an element of piano literature that can hardly become obsolete. After the lapse of a century these studies, if not with the same right as the Well-Tempered Clavichord, of equal necessity, will be found on all pianos.

Musical Form.

The following notes are extracts from Mr. M'Naught's seven lectures on Musical Form delivered at the Summer term of the Tonic Sol-fa College, (London):—

The expression Musical Form covers a multitude of facts in the composition of music. It deals with the minutest details of a little tune and with the welding together of all the portions of an elaborate piece of music. Just as in architecture there may be exquisite form in details, but no unity in the whole design, so in a piece of music, the themes, the rhythm, the ingenuity of idea may strike us, but never are we so deeply impressed as when as well as variety we find a noble unity. The perception of musical form is a constant demand on the memory of details and sections, for all musical form is made up of *imitation* and *repetition*. In everyday life our minds are constantly observing, comparing, and storing; consequently, musical form, with its ceaseless reference to the foregone, is born of the habits and necessities of our minds. An examination of popular tunes will enable the most cursory observer to perceive how much of this musical form, this imitation and repetition, there is in music which obtains favor with the commonest musical instincts. The broad elements of all music are tune, time, and accent or emphasis. Any of these elements in a piece of music affords scope for imitation and repetition. Take a common metre psalm tune or the similar ballad metre in which so many of our nursery rhymes and narrative poems are written. See how the third and fourth lines exactly reproduce the first and second. Here is musical (rhythmic) form in this repetition, in this reference to what has already been announced; what is called balance (repetition) of rhythm, in its simplest and most easily apprehended shape. Our demand for form would be satisfactorily met by this rhythmic imitation alone, without any imitation or repetition of the intervals of the tune. But most tunes show tune, or tonal form, as well as rhythmic. Many of our street tunes, so readily caught up by even the roughest of the lower classes, owe their wide, if short-lived, popularity to a happy construction of form, fully recognizant of the lively satisfaction the mind experiences at rhythmic and tonal repetition. The striking success of many of these songs often induces one to wish that writers gifted with such unerring skill in hitting the likes and capacities of the common people, would turn to and write tunes for our school children. Too much of our school mu-

sic is cold and depressingly destitute of real interest. Why should it not be worth while for the best composers to strive to supply scores of thousands of willing little throats with lively and pretty tunes? . . . These little familiar tunes, little musical forms, contain imitations and relations we all easily perceive and enjoy without the slightest conscious thought, effort, or calculation. We are as satisfied with these examples of form without mechanically analyzing them, as we are that two and two are four. But to perceive the complex relations of more elaborate musical form, is, as it were, to calculate a far more difficult arithmetical problem. So, he who would worship at the shrine of musical form, must be blessed with at least a good musical memory—one retentive enough to be conscious of reminders. Tunes, whose compact form the most uncultivated ear will not allow to be disturbed, are as it were pointed conversations, easily followed and understood; but a large form is a noble poem, a great oration, a splendid monument, the beautiful details of which may absorb the whole attention of some observers, but the unity of which can be present only to the trained and experienced mind.

Musical form should be studied historically. It is then found that the earliest forms are distinguished by one broad characteristic from the later forms. The former are made up of various ways of adding melody to melody, the resultant harmony being tolerated so long as it is not absolutely bad; the latter, while not ignoring melody, make harmony and the relation of keys an all-important study. One of the earliest attempts to give continuity and form to music was the addition of melodies, or accompaniments called counterpoint, to the plain song or slow melodies of the church service. This accomplishment was so extensively cultivated that elaborate and, to us in these times, arbitrary rules for its use were contrived. . . . Counterpoint, being full of little imitations, soon led to the composition of music in which the chief feature was the tonal and rhythmic imitation of little tunes or themes; and then in its turn imitation led to that ordered imitation called canon. In canon a melody is caught up by a second part before its completion by the first. The undoubted pleasure which any musical mind has in listening to this device—one in some shape or other recognized by all musical forms, great or small—gave a great impetus to the invention of various kinds of canon, and pedants were induced to concentrate splendid ingenuity in the construction of canons of such absurd complexity that no one could possibly derive any pleasure from listening to them. Such canons, viewed simply as exercises, are doubtless of value to the student, but viewed as music they are dead and valueless. After canon came that highly organized imitation called fugue. Here we have the most persistent and systematic repetition. The memory is now called upon to retain and compare more, and the mind finds full occupation. . . . Fugue is the apotheosis of counterpoint, imitation, and canon. It absorbs all of these and is the highest and greatest form—way of ordering and repeating ideas—the so-called old or contrapuntal school developed. Like its predecessors, fugue for the most part is a piling up of melodies, harmony being a secondary consideration. Just as a student of modern harmony very properly in his exercises strives to secure good chords and progressions, and, without seeking to make his parts real tunes, is satisfied to write nothing offensively unmelodious, so with a fugue-writer the plan is reversed and the imitation of subjects and fragments is the first aim, and any harmony is admitted provided it is not absolutely incorrect. So when you hear a fugue you must follow it with your melodious ears—you must trace beautiful curves and lines, not patches of color. As when we cast stone after stone in smooth water, one wave of vibration passes over another and each pursues a perfectly independent course, so is it with a fine fugue, its melodies pass over and

under and through one another without disturbance or opposition.

If a title always identified a certain musical form, even only as generally as the terms canon and fugue do, the number of specific musical forms would certainly be legion. But it is altogether otherwise, for pieces are named rather to give some notion of the voice, instrument, or combination of either or both for which the music is written, or of the style, the rate of movement, or the acquaintance of a composer with a few words of several foreign languages.

Nearly all the dance forms, marches, and the greater number of instrumental movements differ more or less only in the small details of their construction. But broadly they are distinguished by one common characteristic, viz., the repetition of whole sections. There is a tune or subject in a given key, then another subject sometimes absurdly called a trio (notwithstanding the number of parts), then the first subject occurs again in the key in which it first appeared. This plan is called the rondo form. As we have seen, it is very much used even in its primary form, but sometimes it has a more extended plan, by the introduction of other secondary subjects in other keys, but it is distinguished always by the recurrence of the first subject or theme in the principal key of the piece. It is easy to see that, as in other forms, the chief feature is the repetition of details, in the rondo form it is the repetition of complete sections.

The grandest modern musical form is an advance on the rondo and one in which, as in fugue, the greatest musical geniuses have delivered many of their finest thoughts. This is called the sonata form. But its use is not confined to sonatas, that is pieces in several movements for one or two instruments, but is freely applied to the symphony, quartet, etc., etc. Nor does the word mean a complete sonata, but the manner in which musical ideas are usually worked in the first movement. So usual is it for this plan to be adopted for the initial movement of a symphony, quartet, or overture, that it is often called a first movement, even though it is used for the last movement.

The speciality of the sonata form is the reservation of a place for the working, or treatment, or development of the foregoing subjects, or fragments thereof, and the recurrence of the important second subject, first announced in a related key only, in the principal key of the movement. Except by close acquaintance with several examples of this form—this way of representing ideas,—and by frequently listening to examples, its eminently satisfactory nature can never be understood and appreciated.

So we see that repetition and imitation are elements of the earliest and latest forms. From a canon to a Wagnerian opera, from a psalm tune to an oratorio, you find this continued repetition of ideas.

Let a piece of music contain no second allusion to rhythm, subject, length of phrase, figure of melody, or to any musical detail to be found elsewhere in its course, and it must be described as of no form, and it must appeal to our senses on the higher ground of its appropriateness in assisting some poetical or dramatic expression, or situation, or through its strong contrasts, its novel and surprising harmony or rhythm, masterly orchestration or deep coloring.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Certain Defects and Inaccuracies in English Musical Terminology.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

A formal treatise on this topic would take too much time, and be too tedious to the reader. I content myself, therefore, by calling attention to a few of the inaccuracies perpetrated daily by a majority of music teachers who convey instruction through the medium of the English language. Perhaps the

champion inaccuracy, (which is not slang, although it looks like it) is that from the opening paragraph of the most popular musical text-book ever composed; it is:

"Notes are the written and printed signs of tones or sounds." (So far, good. But see what follows!) "Of these only seven are used, and the first seven letters of the alphabet are applied to them, viz.: A, B, C, D, E, F, G."

This case is so very glaring that I suppose it is entirely unnecessary to point out the improper conversion of the term "note," in which the point of the fallacy lies.

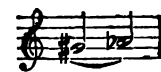
A common source of error arises from not discriminating between the phenomenon to be defined, and the sign of it. This error lies at the base of the obscurity of current teaching in regard to intervals. All the text books by musicians belonging to the learned class, (under which term I include those regularly educated to music in the general sense) agree in defining intervals by the manner of their representation. For example, Mr. Cornell in his "Primer of Modern Tonality" says, "Every progression from one tone to another, involving a change of name and of staff degree, forms what is called an Interval." Here what is meant is that "every progression from one tone to another of different pitch" forms an Interval. In other words, Interval is "difference of pitch." Saroni in the Introduction to his translation of the first volume of Marx's "Musical Composition" defines interval as "change of pitch." Dr. Lowell Mason promulgated many years ago the definition "difference of pitch." Mr. H. R. Palmer in his "Theory of Music" (which is an enlargement and new version of Dr. Crotch's "Catechism") gives the correct doctrine in his No. 185. But in the very next number, in answer to the question "What is a Prime?", he says: "Prime is the name given to two tones (sic) which involve but one degree in the representation," showing that in his mind the denomination of an interval is determined by its representation, and not vice versa, as the truth would be. And in some other text-book on which I cannot at this moment lay my hand, I have this very day read a statement that interval is the difference in pitch between tones, depending on the manner of their representation. Mr. Bowman in his Manual of Weitzmann's theory says that "the designation of an interval is determined by the number of staff-degrees embraced." This is almost the same thing as saying that "the names of animals are determined by the letters used to write them"—which is true in one sense. This fallacy is universal in text-books on Harmony. The truth is that intervals are named according to the number of degrees of the scale they comprise. In this manner all the diatonic intervals may be readily recognized by the ear when heard disconnectedly. There remain certain sounds which on tempered instruments are ambiguous. For instance, the augmented fourth and diminished fifth. The absurdity of determining these by the mode of their representation is just as great as it would be in the similar cases of words spelled differently but pronounced alike. For instance, if in a sentence we hear a word pronounced (according to Webster's signs) *ai*, I can tell by the connection in which it stands, whether the victim took it in a tumbler or in bed. From its use I know whether to write it "ale" or "ail." This is precisely a similar case. The word itself when spoken tells nothing. Its use does; and this determines our method of writing it.

Some of the elementary statements we are called on to believe are directly false. For instance Cornell in his first chapter ("Primer, etc.," as above) defines a tone to be a sound, and then says that out of an almost infinite number of possible tones

"twelve have been adopted as an ample material for the purposes of musical art," and that "these twelve tones are repeated over and over again in a higher and lower pitch." The fallacy here lies in making "equivalent" the same as "identical." The principle which underlies the whole of inversion in harmony is the "harmonic equivalence of octaves." This equivalence needs to be pointed out as soon as octaves are referred to. Strictly speaking, not one can be repeated but at the same pitch, pitch being the one distinguishing property of musical sound. Then, too, in regard to the notation great inexactness prevails (if I may combine positives and negatives in so Irish a way). Take, for instance, the tie. The books commonly define it as "a curved line drawn over or under two notes on the same degree of the staff." Hence this is a tie:

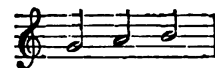


While this is not:

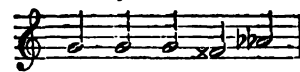


I would propose the following as a water proof definition: Tie, a curved line connecting two notes of the same pitch, to show that the second is a continuation of the first. On suggesting this to one of those faithful ones in music who "confine themselves to the Dative-case," he objected that notes had no pitch. I admit that strictly they have not. But I see no impropriety in the following convenient brevities:

Notes of different pitch.



Notes of the same pitch.



This brings me to speak a word about notes themselves. What is a note? This conundrum is so far a poser that several elementary theorists dodge it. For instance, Palmer introduces notes by the question: "How are tones represented as regards length or duration?"—which is so put as to lead to the introduction of notes without a definition. Dr. Mason in his "Music Teacher" effects the same flank-movement. Indeed in spite of the fineness with which Dr. Mason and his successors have drawn it on this topic, I am compelled to regard them in error. For they, as well as Mason and Hoadley, regard "whole," "half," "quarter," etc., as the names of tone-lengths, which most certainly they are not. Dr. Mason's language was (in a chapter on Rhythmics): "Tones in this department are named by terms indicative of their relation in length or duration, as WHOLE, HALF, QUARTER, etc." Mason and Hoadley follow this doctrine. Nevertheless it needs so little study to see its fallacy that I am surprised to find so acute an intellect as that of the old Doctor led away in this direction. For we have only to consider two points to see where the error lies. In the first place I point out the well-known fact that relative length of tones is computed by the rhythmic pulsations or beats, and in no other way; and that therefore a "whole" would be a whole beat, and so on; and that, secondly, it is purely a matter of fancy with the composer whether he shall represent a given passage in any one of two or three different ways: e. g.,



In this case, the tone-lengths that were halves in the first instance become quarters in the second, while by the supposition their relative and absolute length remain precisely the same; which is absurd. Therefore it follows that the terms "whole," "half," etc., do not appertain to relative tone-lengths, but only to the notes or signs by means of which relative tone-lengths are represented.

Some years ago Mr. J. Wm. Saffern proposed this definition of notes, which seems to me sound: "Note, a character signifying a musical utterance." The relative durations of musical utterances are signified by the forms of the notes; the pitch of them by their place on the staff; the power of them by their place in the measure, and by means of dynamic signs such as *f*, *p*, *sf*, etc.

Then, too, consider the staff. Dr. Geo. F. Root says (very properly) that it has eleven degrees. All the text-books, except his own, say nine degrees. Palmer dodges this issue by saying that the staff consists of five lines and the spaces thereunto belonging. But in his example he gives the staff in this form:

	Degrees.
5th line	5
4th line	4
3rd line	3
2nd line	2
1st line	1

Whereas the following is the truth on this subject, as anybody may know who depends on his own reason:

	Space above.	Degrees.
5th line	4th space	10
4th line	3rd space	9
3rd line	2nd space	8
2nd line	1st space	7
1st line		6

That is to say, the staff affords these eleven places for representing pitch, before any additions are made. Q, E, D. If fourteen books unite in telling me that twice three is five, I can only regret that fourteen authors should have been so stupid. No amount of assertion can establish a lie. Improvement of the received phraseology in such a case as this ought not to be a matter of difficulty.

There are cases, however, in which I am not so clear about the value of simplifications. For instance, Bowman in his Weitzmann's Theory dispenses with the term "perfect" in classing intervals, calling the perfect fifth a major fifth and the perfect fourth a minor fourth. In this he agrees (I believe) with G. Weber, who long ago proposed the same change. Nevertheless I do not think the change a good one, for these reasons: In the first place I have not found difficulty in teaching the received terms, although this difficulty is made a principal reason for the change. In the second place let it be observed that there is a reason for retaining the term perfect. The perfect unison, octave, fifth, and fourth, are respectively the only consonances of those denominations. All other primes, octaves, fifths and fourths are dissonant. With the other intervals the case is different; both major and minor thirds and sixths are consonant, and the seconds and sevenths are dissonant. Hence I prefer the retention of the term perfect. As far as convenience goes, I think, in the long run the use of the term "perfect" presents advantages. For instance, in teaching the compass of intervals I am accustomed to set up those between the tonic and various other degrees of the major scale as patterns, all being either major or perfect. When the perfect fifth is called major, and the perfect fourth minor, this symmetry is destroyed, and the compass of the intervals must be determined in some other way.

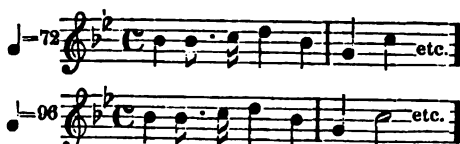
Mr. Cornell introduces a new term which seems to me fortunate. It is "symphone" as equivalent to the German "Zusammenklang,"—"together-

sound." So a triad is a "symphone of three tones." After all, plausible as this term is, it is very little gain; for all symphones of three or more tones are "chords," and those of two tones are either "consonances" or "dissonances." It may, perhaps, afford an advantage in defining consonance and dissonance; the former being "a symphone which is self-sufficient, the latter one that is essentially *transitory*," etc. But why not this: Consonance, the harmonious relation of tones; Dissonance, the inharmonious relation of tones. Leaving the nature of these relations to be afterwards defined. In treating the triad Mr. Cornell falls into the error of defining a phenomenon by its representation, saying: "The triad is a symphone of three tones, so notated that the uppermost tone is a fifth of some kind," etc. Is Mr. Cornell so unfortunate as to be unable to determine triads by his ear? Does he regard that condition of privation as a normal one in a musical ear?

Triads are simply chords of three unequal tones. The triad is composed of any tone with its third and fifth.

Mr. Bowman says: "The scientific (sic) union of two or more sounds is termed harmony. One such combination is called a chord." I do not think I understand the first of these two sentences. I trust it conveys a truth when properly understood. Palmer defines chord to be "a combination of two or more tones, performed simultaneously, so arranged as to produce an agreeable effect." The italics are mine, and point out an impertinent part of the definition. According to that definition a biting dissonance is not a chord until it has been resolved. In like manner a noun is not a noun until it is put into syntactical relation; and a man is not a man until he is married.

One of the most unsatisfactory bits of theory that has come under my observation lately is Mr. Bowman's information on the subject of measure. He says: "In order to render musical compositions intelligible, as well as to facilitate their reading and performance, it has been found necessary to divide them into short sections of equal duration called measures." This statement represents measure as an afterthought, whereas measure is fundamental to the very existence of music. The first music ever composed or improvised consisted of little else but rhythm. Dance forms are the oldest folk-songs. The ecclesiastical production of music without measure resulted, I have no doubt, from the well-known disposition of congregations to drag. So the expedient was hit upon of holding each note as long as an average breath. Hence ecclesiastical music lacks rhythm. To speak of measure in such a way as is done there, is like saying that it has been found expedient to divide the year into months, weeks, and days, not observing that day and night are, for our world and latitude, fundamental divisions of time. The division of days into hours was merely a matter of expediency. But music has rhythm and measure so soon as it becomes music. Measure is the beginning of rhythm; and rhythm is the beginning of music. Still, when I am asked "What is measure?" I am free to confess I cannot answer. One thing I am confident of, and that is that a measure is not "a portion of time." I think a measure is a group of pulsations. Measure in music is the analogue of foot in poetry. Now nobody thinks a prosodic foot is "a portion of time." If measure were a portion of time, then would the two following pieces be in different measure, it seems to me:



But enough for the present!

Musical "Professors"

To the Editor of the London "Musical World."

SIR,—All is vanity, says the preacher. So it is, and the assertion holds equally good if we assign to the word: Vanity, a meaning different to that originally intended, and use it to imply a quality supposed to be an especial characteristic of the peacock. Even if not prepared to admit that the assertion is unexceptionably true, with the word taken in the above sense, we must conscientiously do so in the majority of sublimity matters. Men's actions have mostly a spice of vanity in them, as surely as a disagreeable number of the articles in a German *Conditorei* proclaim the presence of vanilla. Vanity, like Proteus, assumes all kinds of forms. It is vanity which causes a New Zealander to undergo with cheerful resignation the scarifying process of tattooing; it is vanity which induces weak-minded beings among ourselves to rival the endurance of their tattooed brother, by submitting to the torture of pinching up their feet so that the latter may appear a trifle less than they really are, and undergoing agony almost equal to that occasioned by the famous boot so celebrated in connection with the visit to Edinburgh of that amiable and enlightened prince, James, Duke of York, afterwards King of England; vanity induces an African potentate to dispose of his blood relations for a few glass beads; vanity has pulled and tugged away at the staylace with which many a fair but foolish girl has committed suicide as certainly, and less agreeably, because not so speedily, as if she had tied it round her neck and then suspended herself from some convenient nail or bedpost.

One form assumed by vanity is a love of titles. This has been unjustly designated a peculiarly English phase of the disease; but it is equally rampant with other nations. This hankering for "a handle to one's name," far, indeed, from being exclusively English, as some foreign critics have asserted, may be found flourishing vigorously beyond seas, and nowhere more so than among our American cousins, where, unless travellers tell unconscionable falsehoods, as well as see strange things, it is not impossible that the gentleman who hands his thirsty customer a gin-sling, a mint-julep, or a sherry-cobbler, may be dubbed a major, a colonel, or even a general.

This train of thought has been suggested by the perusal of some remarks in an American contemporary on the subject of the title of "Professor," which always has been and still is used pretty freely by music-teachers throughout the States, and which, according to the testimony of the *Pennsylvania School Journal*, is equally popular among the teachers in the public schools. The writer in the journal mentioned thinks, and, in so thinking, cannot be accused of gross misrepresentation, that teaching is not yet a learned profession, since nine-tenths of all teachers do not intend to make teaching a life-work, and that to give the title of Professor to persons of this class is to "belittle" those who have really a right to it. We are informed that the writer has visited teachers' institutes where he has been often amused, but still oftener disgusted, at the manner in which young college graduates, who had scarcely peeped into a schoolroom, were addressed as "Professors." These sucking exponents of education, we are told, drank in the distinction as a sponge would drink in water. Like the sponge, too, they expanded under the operation. On the other hand, our American colleague is perfectly shocked at observing the servility with which older teachers bestow the title on such young calves, because the latter can show a college diploma, which, perchance, they "scarcely deserve."

Commenting on the above, a writer in *Brainard's Musical World* says he has always been of opinion that there is no more honorable title to be worn by men than that of "Teacher." His view of the case is that, if the name of "Music-Teacher" is not as honorable as Professor, it is simply the fault of the teacher. He is convinced that the public will scarcely be ready to respect the title of Music-Teacher, when music-teachers themselves are ashamed of it. There are many, we learn, who are a disgrace to the profession, and they are always the most eager for the title of Professor. It is true that teachers cannot be responsible for the titles which the public seem willing to confer on them; but conscientious men should sternly refuse to accept so questionable a boon. The writer winds up as follows: "Germany confers this title upon men who have distinguished themselves as teachers, or who have written works upon the subject of educa-

tion. It is true we do not live in Germany, nor are we advocating the plan of following the example of Germany in all things. Yet, if we wish to use titles, we should see to it, as Germans do, that they mean something."

With the concluding principle here announced no sensible man will disagree, but there would be great and almost insurmountable difficulties in carrying it out through the length and breadth of the States. One great obstacle is the excessive weakness, to which I have already referred, which the Americans exhibit for titles of all kinds. Some people must have jewelry. If they cannot procure it genuine, they are contented with it false. They would prefer diamonds; but, sooner than go undorned, they will wear paste. There will long, if not always, continue to be plenty of sham "Professors" on the other side the Atlantic. But true musicians there need not lose heart. The remedy is not far to seek. Good wine needs no bush; and art-education has recently made such strides in America, especially as regards music, that the merits of those who are properly qualified to teach the divine art will not fail to obtain recognition, even without the aid of a title which charlatans have done all they can to discredit. X.

Gloucester Musical Festival.

We cull from the Correspondence of the London Times some passages of its report of the 154th meeting of the "Three Choirs."

FIRST DAY, SEPT. 4.

The performance of *Eljah*, under the direction of Mr. Charles Harford Lloyd, Dr. Wesley's successor, was for the most part excellent. That the absence of so glorious a singer of sacred music as Mdle. Tietjens should have been lamented, more especially the cause of her absence borne in mind, was natural. Nevertheless, what could be done in the circumstances was done according to the best means at hand. That which had been set down in the first part for the eminent *prima donna*, was undertaken by Mdme. Sophie Löwe and Miss Adela Vernon. The first had been already proved at the Monday Popular Concerts, at the Crystal Palace, and elsewhere; the second, who has studied under a no less competent mistress than Mdme. Sainton Dolby, is comparatively a beginner. She, however, promises well, and sang the music allotted to her with real intelligence and feeling. Happily, the services of Mdle. Albani had been already secured for the second part of the oratorio, and her rendering of the trying air, "Hear ye, Israel," with its inspiring sequel, "Be not afraid," if anything could have consoled us for the absence of Mdle. Tietjens, was just the thing to do it. Mdle. Albani threw her whole soul into this impressive exhortation; nor was she less successful in the unaccompanied trio, associated with Mdle. Sophie Löwe, and our unequalled contralto, Mdme. Patey, or in the "Sanctus," "Holy, holy, holy, is God the Lord," the simple grandeur of which has never been surpassed. When it is added that the whole of the music of the Prophet was undertaken by Mr. Santley, that the chief part of the contralto music was consigned to Mdme. Patey, and that the tenor music was shared between Mr. Cummings and Mr. Edward Lloyd, enough has been said to show that the solo music was intrusted to thoroughly efficient hands. The choruses, into detailed particulars of which it is wholly unnecessary to enter, were given, as they are almost always given at these Three Choirs Festivals, sometimes admirably, sometimes without that precision in the absence of which much of the intended effect is missed. The voices, however, are excellent, and with careful training might achieve great things.

The first evening concert at the Shire hall brought an immense audience. The programme comprised portions of the *Paradise* and the *Peri* of Schumann, with a miscellaneous selection, including Mendelssohn's violin concerto, superbly executed by M. Sainton, and applauded with enthusiasm.

SECOND DAY, SEPT. 5.

The new conductor, Mr. C. Harford Lloyd, had imposed upon himself for to-day a task to accomplish which even indifferently well is by no means an easy matter. The first part of the programme was devoted, not to J. S. Bach's *Passion* according to Matthew, as was announced, but to a lengthy selection from that immortal composition. There could have been no harm in stating this frankly, inasmuch as every amateur is aware that the entire

oratorio, as Sir Michael Costa some time ago presented it at one of the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, would occupy the day, to the exclusion of Beethoven's *Engedi*, the unwarrantably distorted version of Beethoven's *Christus am Ölberge* (*Mount of Olives*) to which we have occasionally been accustomed at Exeter Hall and elsewhere. However, what was given in the Cathedral was ample enough. To name all the pieces—choruses, "chorales," recitatives, etc.—that were necessarily omitted would be wasting space to no purpose. It may be stated without further preamble that the execution of Bach's often abstruse and invariably difficult music was creditable to Mr. C. H. Lloyd, and all, without exception, who worked under him—solo singers, chorus, and orchestra alike. Mr. Lloyd, though young in his newly undertaken office, and therefore more or less inexperienced, seems to possess the right stuff for a conductor, combining those essential attributes of firmness, quietude, and self-control, in the absence of which any hope of reaching eminence as a ruler in this particular sphere of art-demonstration must be altogether illusory. The grand and elaborate double chorus, "Come, ye daughters, weep with me" (Zion's exhortation and the responses of the faithful), which, with its ingeniously interwoven choral prayer, "O Thou, begotten Son of God," opens the oratorio so magnificently, was for the most part rendered with a clearness and precision worthy unqualified praise. Here conductor, orchestra, and chorus were tested so severely that the satisfactory result may, with fairness, be recorded as a triumph. Without entering into minute details, it may be added that other choruses afforded no less convincing proofs that the singers had been most carefully and intelligently trained. Among special instances may be named the furious outburst of the multitude, "Have lightnings and thunders in clouds disappeared?"—sequel to the plaintive duet for soprano and contralto, "My Savior, Jesus, now is taken," of which the abrupt exclamation of the chorus, "Leave Him! leave Him! bind Him not!" is so striking and characteristic a feature. The "chorales" chosen from the many comprised in the oratorio were: "O blessed Jesus!" "My sin it was which bound Thee," "O Lord, Thy love's unbounded!" "O Father, let Thy will be done!" "O Lord, who dares to smite Thee?" (to the same tune, with slight modifications, as "My sin it was," etc.); and "O Thou whose head was wounded"—all well given and, as in such circumstances they could hardly fail to be, deeply impressive. The tunes of the greater number of these "chorales" were originally meant to be sung by the congregation, to whom they must naturally have been familiar; and the emotions engendered by them in the spirit of devout believers thus called upon to take part in the act of worship may be easily imagined. It is a fact of too much significance to be disregarded that the oratorios illustrating the passion of the Savior, of which only two (the disputed *St. Luke* being unpublished)—viz., *St. John* and *St. Matthew*—are now generally known, were, like other similar works of Bach, intended expressly for performance, not in a secular, but in a sacred building, where the lessons they teach might be more emphatically impressed upon the mind. That the congregation of to-day—for congregation, at least during the performance of the *Passion* music, it may strictly be termed—were earnestly attentive and apparently absorbed almost from beginning to end both in the text and in its sublime musical interpretation, it is satisfactory to note; but the word "almost" suggests some drawback to what would be otherwise an unqualified verdict of approval. The opening bars of the final chorus, "In tears of grief we here recline," one of the most touching and exquisite pieces that ever came, "like strong inspiration," to Bach, or to any other composer, were the signal for a general exodus—to lunch! Can we feel surprised that such unseemly occurrences give weapons of significance to those who conscientiously object to the festival performances being held in a cathedral?

The leading vocalists were fully prepared, and sang the trying solos as if they had been Germans and to the manner born. The *Grosse Passion* Music was evidently familiar to them. The soprano was Mdle. Sophie Löwe, the contralto Madame Patey, the tenor Mr. Edward Lloyd, the bass Mr. Santley. A more efficient vocal quartet it would be hard to find. Then, too, in the subordinate parts, Miss Bertha Griffiths, a young contralto of decided promise, and Mr. Maybrick, the baritone bass, who, with excellent discrimination, looks up to Mr. Santley as his model, did real service. Thus the execution of so much as was vouchsafed to us of Bach's sacred masterpiece was more or less com-

plete in each particular department. Into minute particulars it is needless to enter, but it may without hesitation be added in conclusion that this performance will be pointed to with marked distinction in future records of the Three Choirs Festival.

The principal singers in Beethoven's *Mount of Olives*, which, after the interval of an hour, followed the *Passion of St. Matthew*, were Mdle. Albani (who seems to be as much at home in Beethoven's as in Handel and Mendelssohn's music), Mr. W. H. Cummings, and Mr. Maybrick. The performance was generally effective; but this early effort in the sacred style of the Giant of the Orchestra, despite its many and unquestionable beauties, appeared somewhat dramatic, occasionally even operatic, after that which had preceded it. At night the first part of Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* and the second part of Haydn's *Creation* were given in the Cathedral.

THIRD DAY, SEPT. 6.

The programme, one of unusual variety and interest, opened with Mr. Arthur Sullivan's overture, *In Memoriam*—if "overture" that may be termed which is purely elegiac. The merits of this beautiful composition, which, originally written for the Norwich Festival, has on more than one occasion been heard at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere, are widely known and appreciated. It is a genuine poem in music, and its essentially religious character, enhanced by the happy use of the organ in the peroration, being strictly in keeping with the theme to which it is dedicated—the remembrance of a beloved parent—justly entitled to the place it occupied in the selection of this morning. Every pains was taken by the conductor and his fine orchestra to ensure an efficient performance, and the result would have satisfied the author himself.

Next to *In Memoriam* came a "Kyrie Eleison" for solo voices and chorus, with orchestral accompaniments—part of a mass by Mr. B. Luard-Selby, a musician of considerable promise. The entire movement is tuneful, smoothly written for voices and instruments, and everywhere marked by appropriate devotional feeling. The quartet of leading singers—Miss (not Mrs.) Adela Vernon, Miss Griffiths, Mdme. Patey, and Mr. Cummings—were all that could be wished; and the "Kyrie" left a generally favorable impression. It was followed by a colossus, in the shape of Johannes Brahms's "German Requiem," which immediately absorbed attention, and kept it undisturbed until the very last chord. This magnificent piece was composed to a German text, instead of to the familiar Latin, there being, as Professor Macfarren reminds us in his exhaustive and interesting analysis, certain tenets in the Roman Mass for the Dead at "variance with the principles of the Reformed Church." "Hence," he adds, "the 'German Requiem' is not a *Missæ pro defunctis*, but an exhortation to the living," like our English Burial Service. We at present only know it through an English version. As Mr. Arthur Sullivan's "Overture," which began yesterday's performance, was composed as a tribute to the memory of his father, so is the "German Requiem" a tribute to the memory of a no less beloved mother. It would be hard indeed to conceive one more earnestly felt or more eloquently expressed; and Herr Brahms has not only reason to be proud of his *Requiem* because it is a truly noble example of art workmanship, but because of its admirable fitness for the object that suggested it. To its general merits testimony has already been given, and a word about the performance is all that will be looked for. The singers in the "German Requiem" had almost as difficult a task—here and there quite as difficult—as some of the most trying passages in the *Passion of St. Matthew*; and the fact that they came out from the ordeal with equal success is no little to their credit. The chorus and orchestra are taxed to the utmost by Brahms's independent writing, which not unfrequently recalls the still more uncompromising Beethoven in his grand *Missæ Solennis*—to say nothing of J. S. Bach, who, judging by his music for the Church (motets included), was even less prone to study the convenience of voices. Nevertheless, several numbers in which shortcomings might have been looked for, and even readily excused, were among those rendered with the greatest fluency and precision. As a striking instance may be named the extraordinarily wrought-out fugue, set to the text, "But the righteous souls are in the hand of God, nor pain nor grief shall come them nigh"—a bold and original feature of which is the tonic pedal bass kept on incessantly from the opening bar to the end; and, again, the powerfully

solemn illustration of the words, "When the last awful trumpet soundeth," the climax to which, "Grave, where is thy triumph! Death, oh! where is thy sting?" can never fail to be impressive, if the singers enter into the spirit of the music, as they certainly did on the present occasion. The solo passages were intrusted to Mdle. Sophie Löwe and Mr. Santley, who, it need scarcely be added, made them as effective as they could well be made. A few defects allowed for, indeed the admirers of Brahms must, unless terribly exacting, have been more than gratified by this performance of what may be regarded not simply as his most ambitious, but as his most entirely successful achievement.

The *Requiem* of Brahms was succeeded, and worthily succeeded, by one of the most familiar, scholarly, and melodious anthems of the late Dr. Samuel Sebastian Wesley, the production of which on this occasion was another appropriate tribute to the great organist and composer whom Gloucester held in such high and deserved esteem. Every amateur of pure and solid English Church music knows, or ought to know, the anthems of Samuel Wesley. A better choice could not possibly have been made, and it is agreeable to add that for the greater part a better or more carefully-balanced performance could not have been desired. More or less fatigued as the chorus singers naturally were by their spirited and arduous endeavors to do what was expected from them in the *Requiem* of Brahms, they nevertheless brought to the anthem of their gifted countryman an energy and vigor that seemed indomitable. The opening quartet and chorus must have persuaded every attentive listener how zealously all were intent upon the work before them, and how much, in honor of the regretted musician, it was to them a labor of love. From beginning to end there was scarcely a weak or faltering passage to be noted. That after so imposing and elaborate an effort as that of Brahms, the simpler but in no way less earnest work of the English organist should have come out so brightly, is an incontestable sign of its genuine quality. The solos were assigned to Miss Adela Vernon, Madame Patay, Messrs. Cummings and Santley, Mr. Done, of Worcester Cathedral, (who on this occasion undertakes the duties which were to have devolved upon the late Mr. Townshend Smith), being at the organ. About the glorious *Lobengany* of Mendelssohn, which brought this long but never uninteresting programme to a conclusion, it must suffice to state that the orchestral movements were played with remarkable spirit, and that the choral parts offered but few occasions for criticism. The solos were allotted to Mdle. Sophie Löwe, Miss Vernon, and Mr. Edward Lloyd. The duet, with chorus, "I waited for the Lord," and the air, "The sorrows of death," with its impressive sequel, "Watchman, will the night soon pass?", by Mr. Lloyd, were among the most noticeable points. To the sublime *chorale*, "Let all men praise the Lord," the entire congregation rose.

[Conclusion next time.]

A VIENNA paper, *Die Donau*, says that after the performance of *Die Götterdämmerung* at Bayreuth, the Emperor Wilhelm despatched General Count Lehendorf to summon the composer to the Imperial presence. After some trouble, the General found the object of his search in a little room behind the stage, stretched full length on a couch, while his wife, Mdme. Cosima, was kneeling before him, fanning his face. The Abbate Franz List was pacing up and down, with the air of a man meditating on the Music of the Future. The General informed Wagner that the Emperor desired to see him. Looking towards Cosima, Wagner said: "Ought I to go, my dear?" "I think it will be enough for you to send word begging to be excused," replied the lady. "When the Emperor of Germany expresses a desire," observed the General, "that desire is, I think, an order as far as you are concerned. His Majesty commands your attendance, do you hear?" At this point, the Abbate interposed and impressed on Wagner the necessity of obeying the Emperor. Finally, Wagner made up his mind to follow the General. *Die Donau*, from which, as already intimated, this account is taken, is responsible for its correctness.

M. THIERS was not merely a most refined lover of art, and, in former days, one of the most regular frequenters of the Grand Opera, but, also, when the occasion required it, an intelligent Meccenas. A few days after Bofeldieu's death in 1834, the *Journal des Débats* told its readers in the following terms how M. Thiers had assisted the musician, when the latter returned, ill and without means, from Italy, whither he had gone in the hope of recovering his health:

"Speaking of the state of Bofeldieu's affairs, a paper said yesterday that, last year, the celebrated composer

applied for a place as sub-librarian, but that both his own efforts and the exertions of his friends in his behalf were of no avail. This statement is not correct. On his return from Italy, Bofeldieu, who had previously received from the Minister of the Interior (M. Thiers) "proofs of the interest the latter took in him, requested an audience for the purpose of returning his thanks. At this interview, the Minister enquired into his visitor's position, which he spontaneously offered to improve. He personally used his influence with the Minister of Public Instruction to procure for Bofeldieu, not a sub-librarian's place, but the position of curator, at the Royal Library. The rules of the institution, however, were opposed to such a nomination. M. Thiers then appointed the composer of *La Dame Blanche* to the professorship of composition, an office which had been long suppressed. Bofeldieu had been professor of composition at the Conservatory from 1821 to 1827, with Leueur and Berton, and his place was not filled up when he retired. Necessity, as we have seen, compelled him to resume the work of teaching, though for a very short period: illness, and then death, scarcely allowed him again to fulfil the duties of his office."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 13, 1877.

Who will endow Music in the University?

III.

We have said enough to show that no University can be complete, or fully realize the University idea, without its School of Music forming an integral part of it just as much as its school of Medicine, or Law, or Physical Science. The fact that no University in the world ever has been thus complete, only proves that the importance of this branch of social culture has but recently begun to be appreciated as it should be. We have seen, too, that there are never wanting liberal and wealthy friends of education and of learning who take pride in endowing professorships, museums, libraries, in every recognized department of literature and science,—nowhere more than at our old neighbor University, which is as much a part of Boston as it is of Cambridge,—and hence the question which we have made the heading to these brief articles. We have said that such a school should be complete, covering the whole ground of a thorough musical education, even if it be only for the comparatively few students who may have the talent and the aspiration to become musicians in the higher sense.

That such a school, in all its branches and departments, with its full corps of teachers, and full means of illustration, could be organized at once, whole and consistent from the start, we have not claimed. Rather should certain essential elements of the whole harmonious edifice be built up one by one, singly, in anticipation, as most immediately needed and most practicable. And we concluded our last article with the suggestion (not for the first time in these columns) that one of the most important elements would be

A PERMANENT LOCAL ORCHESTRA.

It does not matter whether this be a University Orchestra as such, or simply an independent local Orchestra, always near at hand, alike for the purposes of music in the University, or for the musical public of Boston and the neighborhood. If such an orchestra existed, our ideal University school of course would need its aid. Music generally, throughout the whole circle of which Boston is the centre, needs it. Yet, strange to say, the "Hub" so far possesses nothing of the kind. For our Symphony Concerts, for the indispensable accompaniment of all our Oratorios, Cantatas, Operas, etc.,—not to speak of the more popular and miscellaneous instrumental concerts,—we have to rely upon chance combinations of the best available resident musicians,—only available for the time being, for the present task in hand, but losing all cohesion, ceasing to be an orchestra, and separating to their several individual occupations, when that task is done.

Worse than that. There is so little regular and permanent employment for orchestral players, that too many of our best musicians, our most artistic violinists, cellists and the like, rather than drudge in theatres and balls and street bands to eke out a living, form themselves into little travelling groups and Quintette clubs, spending the musical season anywhere but here at home, and therefore unavailable for the true orchestra we want. And so it will be until, by some means, some fund, or sure annual subscription, or some form of frequent, never failing popular demand for orchestral music all the year round, a permanent orchestral organization shall be realized, the members of which shall find in it their constant and exclusive occupation. For that is the first condition of a real orchestra. What is it to play together a few Symphonies and Overtures, a few times in the course of a winter, if the far larger portion of each musician's time must all along be spent in tasks demoralizing to the tone, the unity, the habits that should pervade a sensitive, intelligent, obedient, effective orchestra? What makes good orchestra players is continual practice in the same companionship, under the same leader. They must be so accustomed to one another and to their conductor, must so grow into mutual understanding and sympathy, that there shall be a vital conscious solidarity between them, until each shall feel himself to be himself completely only in union with all the rest. This is the whole secret of the excellence, the charm of the so popular Thomas Orchestra. Since that has shown our people what a good orchestra is, and what it is to play accurately, finely, brilliantly and powerfully, we have grown exacting in our expectations of an orchestra. We require that perfect execution which is only possible with the conditions above named. But we can only have it at chance opportunities, few and uncertain, under favor of a travelling virtuoso orchestra, whereby we are farther than ever from realizing the great desideratum of a permanent local orchestra of our own, on which we can depend at all times. We hail the brilliant visitors, as we used to hail each brilliant solo virtuoso, and we crowd their concert room, even in spite of often tasteless and incongruous programmes, so enchanted are we with such splendor of sonority, such nicety of outline and brilliancy of color. Meanwhile our own orchestral enterprises languish; we are doing little to build up our own; we forget that Boston, to have any true claim to the reputation of a really musical city, ought to build up and support its own orchestra, as good as any that can come here, and which it may apply in its own way to higher ends, perhaps, than any travelling orchestra can serve:—*an Orchestra of our own, with programmes controlled by the best taste we have among us.*

We are inclined, therefore, when we appeal in behalf of Music to its wealthy friends, to place this first among the various musical interests to be promoted. If there is any large munificent endowment soon to come for any kind of musical establishment, in a purely educational and public sense, let it be first of all for the foundation and the permanent support of an orchestra, worthy of a community like this, which has enjoyed so high a musical repute.

But when we ask who will endow such institutions, we would be understood by no means to assume that it can only be done by wealthy individuals. It would be much better would the musical community at large become the benefactor and supporter. If our public would encourage and sustain, with less capricious favor, and more persevering patronage, the efforts made by some of the more enthusiastic, earnest and intelligent, to gradually build up an orchestra, by making the most of such means as we have, and organizing as many opportunities as possible for the musicians to perform and

for the people to enjoy concerts of the best compositions, why then the musicians would take heart, would devote themselves more and more to these nobler tasks of their profession; and soon it would be possible to give, not six or ten, but twenty, thirty Symphony Concerts in a season; and thus the orchestra would grow to unity, its members would become assimilated, its union would acquire permanence, and the whole problem would in due time be solved.

Precisely for this end were the Symphony Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association established. They originated, thirteen years ago, in the desire to unite the real lovers of the great classical orchestral music into the constant nucleus of the right kind of audience, giving the tone to others who might gather round them, and thereby providing stated opportunities for the hearing of the masterworks, and for the more frequent exercise of the best powers of competent musicians in the interpretation of such music. For some years the experiment succeeded almost to a charm; the concerts were so well supported that year after year a considerable surplus remained after paying all expenses of the season; and this was mainly set apart by the Association as a Concert fund,—a resource to fall back upon whenever the public patronage should flag, and so help to guaranty the annual return of the concerts until better times. And this prosperity continued, unaffected by the distracting advent of brilliant competitors, by the proverbial love of change in this our Athens, by the "hard times," and other causes, it would have held out a tolerably fair prospect of gaining strength enough, ere many years, for the foundation of a permanent orchestra in Boston.

Signs of Promise.

At last our musical "Fall Opening," as the milliners and dry and fancy goods men have it, spreads out its invitations for a month or two ahead; doubtless, with much that is solid and inspiring, we shall have some musical millinery, and other goods both of the dry and fancy kind.

The opening was really made, right worthily, on Wednesday evening, in a noble performance of "Elijah," at the Tabernacle, by the Handel and Haydn Society, with Pappenheim, etc. But of this hereafter.

The Harvard Symphony Concerts will begin on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 8, at 3 o'clock, at the Music Hall, with about the same orchestra as last year, CARL ZERRAHN conducting. The glorious old Fifth Symphony will then be given, but the remainder of the programme remains undetermined. There will be ten concerts, on alternate Thursdays, with an interval of four weeks between the 5th and 6th in January.

Theodore Thomas will give four evening concerts and two matinées, beginning Nov. 14.

The series of concerts in the Sanders' Theatre, Harvard University, will begin on November 13. Thomas's orchestra will appear. Engagements have also been made with the Philharmonic club, Madame Schiller, Mr. B. J. Lang and others. On at least one occasion a choir of mixed voices will assist under the direction of Mr. George L. Osgood. At the initial concert Professor Paine's symphony-fantasia, "The Tempest," the themes of which are suggested by Shakespeare's comedy, will be performed. A new symphony, entitled "Spring," by the same composer, will probably be brought out at the last concert in April. The programmes will include symphonies and overtures by Beethoven, Schumann and Mozart, Schubert's octet, Beethoven's septet and other classical works.

In Chamber Music we have,—first, the announcement of the re-organized Mendelssohn Quintette Club, for this very evening, at Union Hall, with their new leading violinist, Mr. Jacobsohn, and their new second violinist, Gustav Dannreuther, Mr. Hennig, 'cello, Mr. Ryan, clarinet and viola, and A. Heindl, 'cello and double bass. Also Miss Ella C. Lewis,

vocal Soprano. The programme offers the E-flat Quartet of Mendelssohn; "Slumber Song" by Franz; Sonata, violin and piano, in F, Beethoven; Serenade for string orchestra, by Fuchs (first time); Song: "Saida of Dee;" and the Beethoven Quartet in C, op. 59.

This evening we have also a Soirée, given by the Boston Conservatory, at Mechanics Hall, at which a choice programme will be performed by Mr. S. Liebling, the brilliant young pianist, and Mr. Carl Plueger, the tenor singer, both engaged as teachers in the Conservatory.—Of Mr. Liebling, who gave an informal recital before a few invited guests a week or two ago, Mr. W. F. Apthorp writes in the *Courier*:

Mr. Liebling, though hardly out of his teens, is a pianist of no ordinary attainments. His playing is in many respects exceedingly fine, and gives proof not only of great culture, but of intrinsic musical endowments of a rare order. He plays with the self-concentration that can only come from genuine enthusiasm, and with an evident respect for the composer. Although his technique is of the most brilliant, he does not give the impression of making a parade of difficulties, and seems to be utterly free from any taint of charlatanism or affectation. It is not often that one hears such honest, straightforward, conscientious renderings of fine music as he gave yesterday. The programme was as follows:

Beethoven: Sonata Appassionata.
Chopin: Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2.
" Polonaise, Op. 22.
" Waltz, Op. 64, No. 1.
Liszt: Rhapsodie, No. 4.
Grieg: Sonata, Op. 7.

—The Philharmonic Club (Messrs. Listemann, Hartdegen, Belz, etc.), do not publicly announce, but privately promise two or three Chamber concerts during the coming month.

MISS AMY FAY will give three piano recitals at Union Hall on the afternoons of Oct. 17 and 31, and Nov. 21. Miss Fay's programmes we have already printed.

MR. ERNEST PERABO will give two chamber concerts, assisted by the Philharmonic club, on November 2 and 9. There will be presented two charming Hungarian sketches for piano, by Xavier Scharwenka; a great duo by Schubert, for piano and violin, new to Boston; and Rubinstein's fourth trio. The matinées will be prefaced by some preludes and fugues from Bach's "Well-Tempered Clavichord."

Of Mr. Freyer's German Opera (Pappenheim, C. R. Adams, etc.) which is to open on the 22nd inst., at the Boston Theatre, for two weeks, we have already spoken. On Sunday evening they will join forces with the Handel and Haydn Society in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

Two or three Notes and Queries.

In Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's latest work, we have this anecdote of the great musical composer Haydn, who liked to dine alone and eat much. It was his custom to order dinner for five at his favorite hotel, and at the appointed hour to devour the whole banquet. "Serve dinner" he said, on one occasion to a new waiter, who was not aware of the musician's way of sustaining himself. "The dinner is ready," returned the waiter, "but, Sir, the company is not come."

"De gompany!" Haydn retorted contemptuously; "Proh! de gompany! I am de gompany!"

The dinner for five was forthwith put before "de gompany," and not an eatable scrap of it found its way back to the kitchen.

—From an old *Harper's Monthly*.

Few points afford greater satisfaction to an omnivorous reader, than the very marked improvement, which recent versions of old anecdotes exhibit. Take this as a case in point:

A century ago it was told of that robust, corpulent lover of good dinners, Handel, and not of the little, thin, abstemious Haydn, who never knew enough of English to speak as represented. It was told, as having occurred once at Richmond, and not as a "custom;" and that the dinner was ordered for two, instead of five. Mr. John Cordy Jeaffreson's improvements of the anecdote are worthy of all praise, as every reader must feel.

Epigram on the Feuds about Handel and Bononcini:

"Strange! all this difference should be
"Twixt Tweedle-Dum, and Tweedle-Dee!"

Who wrote these two lines? They have been attributed to Swift, Pope and John Byrom. In Bartlett's "Familiar Quotations," they are the last two of six lines under Byrom's name, who certainly claimed them. Chrysander (in *Life of Handel*) quotes three passages from his Diary in which he speaks of "my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini"—one of them (5th June, 1725) "Mr.

Hooper . . . told us of my epigram upon Handel and Bononcini being in the papers."

Now, what I cannot understand is this: Vol. IV. of Swift and Pope's *Miscellanies* has this title:

"*Miscellanies*. The Fourth Volume, consisting of Verses by Dr. Swift, Dr. Arbuthnot, Mr. Pope and Mr. Gay." (First published 1728).

At the head of the table of contents stands this:

"N.B.—Whatever are not marked with a star are Dr. Swift's."

On page 146 (4th Edition) is the Epigram, as above, with a star. It is therefore not Swift's. If it was Byrom's in 1725, how did these two lines get into the *Miscellanies* in 1728? And if the six lines had been printed in the papers in the first of these years, how could Swift and Pope have printed the last two in their book in 1728? I imagine Byrom stole the last two lines, but wrote the first four:

"Some say, compar'd to Bononcini,
That Mynheer Handel's but a ninny;
Others aver that he to Handel
Is scarcely fit to hold a candle.

Strange all this," etc.

and that the real author of the two—Pope, Arbuthnot or Gay—took this means to secure his property.

The next piece in the *Miscellanies* is an Epigram:

* On Mrs. T—s.

So bright is thy beauty, so charming thy song,
As had drawn both the beasts and Ophions along;
But such is thy ar'rice and such is thy pride,
That the beasts must have starved and the poet
have dy'd.

This, of course, was the celebrated Mrs. Tofts, who had, however, left the stage nearly twenty years before the publication of this volume of the *Miscellanies*. I have no accessible copy of Pope's works, to see if this epigram is given as his; but he only of the contributors to the *Miscellanies* would have had the want of heart to print such an attack on a woman so long retired from public life, just to show his wit.

Suppose we restore *harmony* by a return to the old Gregorian music, as all the Catholic churches in Baltimore are about doing.—[*Boston Post*.]

Harmony, quotha?—a treatise on the *Harmony* of the "old Gregorian music" would be a curiosity! Whoever has one, will please advertise.

Of course no modern treatise *how* to harmonize the Gregorian chant is wanted.

A. W. T.

The Worcester Musical Festival.

The "Heart of the Commonwealth" beats musically, and the old city of Worcester, Mass., has long borne an enviable reputation for zeal and enterprise in the cause of noble music. Its annual autumnal Festival is a matter of not a little pride with its music-loving population; and its own resident artists and professors contribute largely and creditably, as composers and performers, to these inspiring four or five-day meetings. This last (the 20th) Festival (Sept. 24 to 28) seems to have been projected and carried through with more enthusiasm than ever, and to have been crowned with remarkable success; so much so that one may pardon to "just local pride" the glowing detailed reports furnished to the *Boston Transcript*, to the extent of six or eight mortal columns, by its Worcester correspondent. Their length forbids our copying more than the programmes of the several matinées and concerts, to which we prefix a very condensed account of the Festival as a whole from the *Sunday Times* of Sept. 30:

The twentieth annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association opened at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, on Monday morning last, and closed Friday evening. It was the most successful session this enterprising association has ever had. All the concerts, and there were eight public entertainments altogether, were very fully attended, and in a no less marked degree has there been in the successive performances real artistic excellence. The chorus, numbering about two hundred and fifty voices, appeared to fine advantage. Mr. Carl Zerrahn did wonders with the singers in the few days at his command, and the result was a quality of chorus singing of which our own Handel and Haydn Society might have been proud. The presence of Mme. Eugénie Pappenheim greatly enhanced the interest which attached to the later concerts, and the same may be said of Mr. Myron W. Whitney, who

assisted in the oratorio performance and at one of the other concerts, and of Mr. Joseph Maas, the tenor, who also sang on two occasions. The Temple Quartette also gained fresh laurels in a field where they were already well known and appreciated. This fine organization is singing better than ever this year, and we are glad to hear that they have a long list of engagements for the coming season. Among the other vocalists who were very successful during the week were Miss Antonia Henne, Mrs. H. E. H. Carter, Mrs. Mary Stone Macdonald, Miss Ita Welsh, Miss Jennie M. Patrick, Mr. C. Fritsch, the German tenor, Mr. A. E. Stoddard, baritone, and Mr. W. H. Stanley. Mr. John F. Winch, who took Dr. Guilmette's place at the Wednesday evening concert, the latter being unable to appear on account of illness, likewise shared in the success of the festival. The programmes were, as a general thing, constructed with much good taste, but much incongruous matter found its way into the performances through encores. The early concerts were devoted largely to local talent, the principal artists and the full chorus appearing chiefly at the concerts on Thursday and Friday. The Boston Philharmonic Club assisted in a very telling way on one or two occasions, and the Germania Orchestra, of Boston, likewise rendered very valuable service Friday afternoon and evening. On the latter occasion Handel's oratorio of "Joshua" was performed in admirable style, the solos being sustained by Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Henne, Mr. Maas and Mr. Whitney. The chorus did remarkably well under Mr. Zerrahn's baton, and showed in a most gratifying manner the results of his careful training. Mr. B. D. Allen has assisted as pianist, and Mr. G. W. Sumner as organist during the greater part of the festival. Among the important works performed other than the oratorios were a mass in D by C. C. Stearns, Schumann's "Gipsy Life," Marcello's Psalm, "O Lord, Our Governor," several choruses by Handel, Gounod, Barby and Rossini, and by the orchestra, Gade's Symphony in B flat, the Allegretto from Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, and Mendelssohn's overture to "Ruy Blas."

Matinée, Monday, Sept. 24.

- Organ solos:
 - Canon in F-sharp major.....Merkel
 - Wedding March.....S. B. Whitney
- Chorus. (For ladies' voices.) "Sleep, sleep, noble child,".....Cherubini
- Song-waltz. "Bird on the wing,".....Auguste Miss Vinnie Maynard
- a. "Good Night,".....Girschner b. "The Artillerist's Oath,".....Adam Hatton Quartette
- Song. "Ave Maria,".....Luzzi Miss Susie Balcom
- Piano duet. "Stories of Nocomis." (Op. 48, Nos. 1 and 4).....Wollenhaupt Miss G. A. Bacon and Mr. E. B. Story
- Jewel song. From "Faust,".....Gounod Miss E. F. Dearborn
- Hymn-anthem. "Behold the Lamb of God." (Words by Rev. W. T. Sleeper).....B. D. Allen Miss Kinney, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Morse, Mr. Allen and chorus.

Tuesday's Matinée.

- Vintage Song, from Lorely (male voices).....Mendelssohn
- Song. "The King's Highway,".....Molloy Mr. A. D. Norcross
- Trio. "The Chimes of Silvery Sabbath Bells," Abt Mrs. Ellen Snow, Miss Lizzie Wheeler, Mrs. G. Richardson
- Song. "My Queen,".....Blumenthal Mr. P. W. Bush
- Piano solo. Die Forelle.....Schubert-Heller Miss Mary Tucker
- a. Harvest Carol. Singing the reapers homeward come.....W. H. Gill b. Anthem. Send out thy light.....Gounod Choirs of All-Saints Church. Under the direction of I. N. Metcalf.
- Song. By Celia's Arbor.....Mendelssohn Miss Ita Welsh
- Madrigal. Now is the Month of Maying.....Morley

Wednesday Afternoon.

- Kyrie from the "Missa de Angella," founded on the Gregorian Chant, which came into vogue during the later part of the Sixth Century. (Rendered in modern notation by Mr. C. P. Morrison)
- Cradle Song from the Christmas Oratorio, J. S. Bach, 1685-1750
- Quartette. Larghetto—finale allegretto, W. A. Mozart, 1756-1791 (For pianoforte, violin, viola and violoncello.)
- Aria from—"The Creation—On mighty pens, Joseph Haydn, 1732-1809
- Sonata. Poco adagio quasi andante—allegro moderato.....L. van Beethoven, 1770-1827 (For pianoforte and horn.)
- Offertory for Solo and Chorus. Alma Virgo, J. N. Hummel, 1778-1837
- Aria from—Stabat Mater—Pro Peccatis, Gioacchino Rossini, 1792-1868
- Krakowiak. Rondo for piano, with accompaniment of Quartet and Second Piano, Fr. Chopin, 1810-1849

Wednesday Evening.

- Psalm. O Lord our Governor.....Marcello Solo by Mrs. Carter
- Wedding March, from Midsummer Night's Dream.....Mendelssohn Boston Philharmonic Club
- Song of the Grail, from Lohengrin.....Wagner Mr. Fritsch
- Concerto for violin, andante and finale, Mendelssohn Mr. B. Listemann
- Song.—The Last Man.....Dr. Calcott Dr. Guilmette
- Fantasia for harp.—La Mandoline.....Parish Alvaro Mr. Freygang
- Cavatina. O luce di quest'anima.....Donizetti Mrs. Carter
- Romance. Mignon.....Thomas Mr. Fritsch
- Fantasia for violoncello on Bohemian Airs, Vieuxtemps Mr. Hartdegen
- Aria. In questa tomba.....Beethoven Miss Whiting
- Song. Morn, Noon Night.....Hopkins Dr. Guilmette
- Solo for flute. Columbus. American Rhapsodie.....Terschak Mr. Weiner
- Song. Lo, here the gentle lark.....Bishop Mrs. Carter
- Hungarian Rhapsodie, No. 3.....Liszt Boston Philharmonic Club
- ad Chorus. Haste thee, Nymph.....Handel Solo by Mr. Fritsch

Thursday's Matinée.

PART I.

- Maas, in D.....C. C. Stearns,

PART II.

- Song. My Angel.....Esner Mr. A. C. Stoddard
- Song. Dreams.....Hodges Mrs. A. C. Monroe
- Serenade. O Summer Night.....Buck Temple Quartette
- Ballad. The Parting Hour.....G. B. Allen Mr. W. H. Stanley
- Song. Tell me, my heart.....Bishop Miss J. M. Patrick
- Quartet and Chorus. It is high time.....Barby Miss Patrick, Mrs. Munroe, Mr. Stanley, Mr. Stoddard

Thursday Evening, "Artists' Concert."

- Chorus. O, how amiable.....Barby Association Chorus
- Aria. La donna e mobile, from Rigoletto.....Verdi Mr. Joseph Maas
- Cavatina. O Don fatale, from Don Carlos.....Verdi Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim
- Quartet. Comrades in Arms.....Adam Temple Quartette
- Cavatina. Ah! mon fils, from Le Prophète, Meyerbeer Mlle. Antonia Henne
- Recitative and Aria. Non so donde viene, Mozart Mr. A. C. Stoddard
- Song. O sanctissima vergine.....Gordigliani Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim
- Recitative and Aria, from Alina. Celeste Alida, Verdi Mr. Joseph Maas
- Quartet. Ave Maria.....Abt Temple Quartette
- Song. Thou art like unto a flower.....Rubinstein Mlle. Henne
- Sextet, from Lucia.....Donizetti Mme. Pappenheim, Mlle. Henne, Messrs. Maas, Fessenden, Cook and Ryder
- Solo and Chorus. Inflammatus.....Rossini Mme. Pappenheim and Chorus

Friday, Sept. 28, "Symphony Concert."

- Overture to Ruy Blas.....Mendelssohn Germania Orchestra
- Gipsy Life.....Schumann Solo, Chorus and Orchestra
- Recitative and Aria. "Sound an alarm".....Handel Mr. W. H. Stanley
- Symphony in B flat.....Gade Allegro vivace—Andante con moto—Scherzo—Finale, Germania Orchestra
- Romance, from "Marie Stuart".....Niedermeyer Miss Ita Welsh
- Allegretto, from the Eighth Symphony, Beethoven Germania Orchestra
- Aria. "Se oppressi ognor," from "La Juive," Halévy Mr. M. W. Whitney
- Swedish Wedding March.....Soedermann Germania Orchestra
- Cavatina. Il soave e bel contento.....Pacini Mrs. Mary Stone Macdonald
- Sanctus, from St. Cecilia Mass.....Gounod Mr. Stanley and Chorus

The Festival closed on Friday evening with Handel's Oratorio of "Joshua," performed by Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim, Mlle. Antonia Henne, Mr. Joseph Maas and Mr. M. W. Whitney, the great chorus and the Germania Orchestra, with G. W. Sumner as organist and Carl Zerrahn, conductor.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Sir Roland. Gb. 4. d to F. Molloy. 40
"He knelt by the bier a moment to pray.
Then rode in the grey of the morning away."
A striking romance of a knight and his lady-love.
- Ay or No? Barcarolle. D. 8. d to D. Cowen. 40
"Hope and I may homeward hie.
Does not my love say, Ay, love, ay!"
The movement suggests the name "barcarolle" but the song is good for land or water.
- With Rapture I think of the happy days past. A. 8. d to E. Gurkener. 30
"Old age, with its fetters, comes nearer and nearer,
Eternity's portals grow clearer and clearer."
A Russian song of excellent quality, but with English words only.
- Meet me at the Gate, Love. Song and Cho. Eb. 2. E to E. Meyer. 30
"As the moon shines brightly, love,
Just coming o'er the hill."
As will be seen, it is of E-sy compass, and is a pretty ballad.

Three Quartets. Mixed voices.

- W. J. D. Leavitt, each 40
No. 1. At Night. Db. 4. E to F.
" 2. Evening on the Lake. G. 4. d to g.
" 3. June. D. 4. d to g.
One is a merry barcarolle, and the others have beautifully woven harmony, like English madrigals.

The Felling of the Trees. C. 4. c to F.

Anderton. 40

"And still the woodman felled the trees,
And still the busy world went on."
Words and music of great power. Just the song for a powerful Contralto or Baritone voice.

Lyre Française. French Songs, Romances, etc.

- each 35
No. 1. Petit Enfant. (Little Child). Bb. Quidant.
"Que tes baisers doux comme ceux d'un ange."
"How sweet are thy kisses."
The "Lyre" plays sixteen airs to good words, and they have the neat, prim, tripping ways of the French ballads, of which they are very favorable specimens.

Instrumental.

J. S. Knight's Album. (of Dance Music.)

each piece, 30

- No. 4. Fearless Polka. G. 3.
No. 5. Wild Rose Schottische. A. 3.
No. 7. Pride of the Regiment March. G. 3.
No. 8. Phantom Galop. G. 3.
No. 9. Don't forget me Waltz. C. 3.

The above have all one character of graceful brilliancy, not often excelled.

Blossoms of Opera. by Joseph Anbré, ea. 25

- No. 20. Fra Diavolo Aria. F. 2.
No. 22. Fille du Regiment Aria. F. 2.
No. 23. Trovatore. Ah c'è. F. 2.
No. 24. Martha. Aria. C. 1.

Very simple arrangements for beginners.

Silver Ray Polka. G. 3. Havana. 30

Of the set "Deux Polkas de Salon." An original and fine piece.

Rigoletto. 4 Hands. Fantasia de Concert. Ab. 4. Billema. 1.50

Very brilliant duet.

O, Give to Me those Early Flowers. C. 2. Watson. 25

Is No. 18 of "Little Fancies," a pretty set for beginners.

Romance without Words. 4 Hands. E. 3. Wollenhaupt. 30

A rich melody with accompanying chords well supplied by 3 of the 4 hands.

Bacchanale des Gnomes. 2d Etude. Eb. 6. Sherwood. 75

A wild race of sounds, keeping up an elfin like tumult till the end. Should be an effective concert piece.

Little Girls' Polka. Bb. 3. St. Leon. 30

A fine polka which little and large girls will like.

Nocturne. Ab. 4. Grass. 40

A delicate and rather brilliant piece, with many trills and runs.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 953.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 27, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 15.

Dr. Julius Rietz.

In Julius Rietz, whose death we record in another column of our present issue, the art of music has lost one of its most distinguished veteran disciples, and classical music in particular one of its most devoted champions. Hearing of this event, we feel that one more link has been severed which still connected us with a great epoch in the history of the art. For it was Rietz who had inherited and faithfully carried on the traditions of both Mendelssohn and Weber in the practical sphere of their activity. In the course of his long career as composer and practical musician he had alternately occupied the position of orchestral leader formerly held by the two great masters, and none could have been found more qualified to perpetuate the influence they had exercised in that capacity. Julius Rietz was born at Berlin on the 28th of December, 1812. Having received a sound musical education from some of the first masters of the Prussian capital, he was able, at the early age of sixteen, to enter the orchestra of the Königsstädtische Theater as a violoncello-player. His exceptional talents having attracted the attention of Mendelssohn, then Musikdirector at Düsseldorf, the latter took the young musician under his special protection, and in 1836 Rietz, then only twenty-five years of age, succeeded him in his official capacity at the Rhenish town. In this position he remained eleven years, during which time he so matured his natural qualifications for the office to which he had been appointed that, upon the death of his faithful friend Mendelssohn in 1847, he was at once recognized as the only worthy successor of the great composer as musical director and conductor of the Gewandhaus Concerts, at Leipzig. He accepted this honorable post, continuing in it for a number of years, during which his sterling qualities of composer, conductor, critical author, and teacher became universally acknowledged. Subsequently, in 1860, Rietz followed a call to Dresden, where he was nominated First Capellmeister of the Royal Opera in place of Reissiger, the immediate successor of C. M. von Weber, a position which he occupied up to the time of his death. His numerous compositions, among which are two operas, several symphonies, overtures, and concert pieces, are characterized less by vigorous originality than by a classical refinement of taste, and true musicianlike workmanship, and will—especially his excellent quartets for male voices—always be heard with pleasure. But his chief strength lay in his personality as conductor and teacher, and in the enthusiasm he created around him for all that is good and beautiful in the art he represented. Nor will the valuable services be ever forgotten which he rendered in the critical revision of the standard editions of the works of Mendelssohn and Beethoven, as well as of the Mozart edition now being issued by the firm of Breitkopf and Härtel at Leipzig. Julius Rietz intended to retire from his official position on the 1st of this month, but he was seized by a stroke of paralysis on the 10th ult., and died two days afterwards at Dresden, at the age of sixty-five.—*London Musical Times, Oct. 1.*

An Hour Passed with Liszt.

(Foreign Correspondence of the Transcript.)

How much more some of us get than we deserve! A pleasure has come to us unsought. It came knocking at our door seeking entrance, and we simply did not turn it away. It happened in this fashion: A friend had been visit-

ing Liszt in Weimar and happened to mention us to the great master, who promised us a gracious reception should we ever appear there. To Weimar then we came, and the gracious reception we certainly had to our satisfaction and lasting remembrance.

After sending our cards and receiving permission to present ourselves at an appointed and early hour, we drove to the small, cosy house occupied by Liszt when here, on the outskirts of the garden of the duke of Saxe-Weimar, and were ushered by his Italian valet into a comfortable, cosy, homelike apartment, where we sat awaiting the great man's appearance. Wide casements opened upon a stretch of lawn and noble old trees, easy chairs and writing tables, MS. music with the pen lying carelessly beside it, masses of music piled up on the floor, a row of books there too, a grand piano and an upright one, a low dish of roses on the table, a carpet, which is not taken for granted here as with us—altogether the easy, friendly look of a cottage drawing room at home, where people have a happy use of pleasant things.

He entered the room after a few minutes, and greeted us with a charming amiability for which we inwardly blessed the absent friend. Of course everybody knows how he looks—tall, thin, with long white hair; a long, black, robe-like coat, being an *abbé*; long, slight, sensitive hands; a manner used to courts, and a smile and grace rare in a man approaching seventy. He spoke of Anna Mehlig and of several young artists just beginning their career whom we personally know. Very graciously he mentioned Miss Cecilia Gaul of Baltimore, spoke kindly of Miss Anna Bock, one of the youngest and most diligent of artists, and most forcibly, perhaps, of Hermann, like Anna Mehlig, a pupil of Lebert in the Stuttgart Conservatory. "There is something in the young man," he said with emphasis. So he chatted in the most genial way of things great and small, as if he were not one of the world's geniuses, and we two little insignificant nobodies sitting before him overcome with a consciousness of his greatness and our nothingness, yet quite happy and at ease, as every one must be who comes within the sphere of his gracious kindness.

Suddenly he rose and went to his writing table, and with one of his long, sweet smiles, so attractive in a man of his age—but why shouldn't a man know how to smile long, sweet smiles, who has had innumerable thrilling romantic experiences with the sex that has always adored him?—he took a bunch of roses from a glass on his table and brought it to us. Whether to kiss his hand or fall on our knees we did not quite know; but, America being less given than many lands to emotional demonstration, we smiled back with composure and appeared, no doubt, as if we were accustomed from earliest youth to distinguished marks of favor from the world's great ones. But the truth is we are not! And these roses which stood on Liszt's writing table by his MS. music, presented by the hand that has made him famous, are already pressing, and will be kept among our Penates, except one, perhaps, that will be distributed leaf by leaf to hero-worshipping friends, with date and appropriate inscriptions on the sheet where it rests. How amiable he was indeed! The roses were much, but something more was to come. The Meister played to us. For this we had not even dared hope during our first visit. No one of course ever asks him to play, and whether he does or not

depends wholly on his mood. 'It was beautiful to sit there close by him, the soft lawns and trees framed by the open casement making a back-ground for the tall figure, the long, peculiar hands wandering over the keys, the face full of intellect and power. And how he smiles as he plays! We fancied at first in our simplicity that he was smiling at us, but later it seemed merely the music in his soul illuming his countenance. His whole face changes and gleams and grows majestic, revealing the master spirit as his hands caress while they master the keys.

With harrowing experiences of the difficulty of Liszt's compositions, we anticipated as he began something that would thunder and crash and teach us what pigmies we were; but as an exquisite, soft melody filled the room, and tones came like whispers to our hearts, and a theme drawn with a tender, magical touch brought pictures and dreams of the past before us, we actually forgot where we were, forgot that the white-haired man was the famous Liszt, forgot to speak as the last faint chord died away, and sat in utter silence, quite lost to our surroundings, with unseeing eyes gazing out through the casement.

At last he rose, took our hands kindly and said, "That is how I play when I play badly, I am suffering from a cold at present."

We asked if he had been improvising or if what he played were already printed.

"It was only a little nocturne," he said.

"It sounded like a sweet remembrance."

"And was that," he replied cordially.

Then fearing to disturb him too long, and feeling we had been crowned with favors, we made our *adieux*, receiving a kind invitation to come the following day and hear the young artists who cluster around him summers here, some of whom he informed us played "*famos*." And after we had left him he followed us out to the stairway to repeat his invitation and say another gracious word or two. And we went off to drive through Weimar, and only half observe its pleasant, homely streets, its flat, uninteresting, yet friendly aspect, its really charming park—so *Lisztified* were we, as a friend calls our state of mind.

The place has indeed little to charm the stranger now, except the memories of Goethe and Schiller, and all the famous literary stars who once made it glorious—and the presence of Liszt.

B. W. H.

—Weimar, July.

Obituary.

THERESA TIETJENS.

The great artist, Theresa Tietjens, almost the last of the noble school of the old masters, Garcia and Clementi, which gave to the world such singers as Pasta, Persiani, and Grisi, is dead, and one of the grandest voices in the world is silenced forever. With the details of her ailment the public is familiar. She was afflicted with a cancerous tumor, that cruel and hopeless scourge of woman. Repeated operations had been made by the most skillful surgeons in England, which were borne with heroic fortitude. As in all such cases, they raised hopes on the part of her friends that her life would be saved, but the horrible malady was too deeply implanted in her system to be eradicated by the surgeon's knife. Each operation afforded a temporary relief, but at each recurrence it raged with renewed severity, until death has kindly come to the relief of the poor sufferer.

Theresa Tietjens was born at Hamburg, of Hungarian parentage, in 1834. Like most great artists she displayed her talent at a very early age, and gave such promise, not only of vocal ability but also of dramatic power, that rare combination, that her parents placed her under the tuition of one of the best masters of the old school that had educated such great dramatic sopranos as Grisi and Schroeder-Devrient. She made such rapid progress that in 1849 she first appeared in her native city in the role of *Lucrezia Borgia*. From Hamburg she went to Vienna and Frankfurt, where she created a great sensation in the characters of *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Leonora* (in "*Trovatore*,") and *Norma*. After travelling some years on the Continent, she made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre, London, with such a remarkable success that the English public has ever since claimed her as its own. The leading characters with which she has most closely identified herself are Meyerbeer's *Valentine*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*, Bellini's *Norma*, Gluck's *Iphigenia*, Cherubini's *Medea*, Mozart's *Countess* in the "*Nozze di Figaro*," and Rossini's *Semiramide*. The latter character in fact she made so completely her own that few artists have cared to undertake it. For the past twenty-five years she has spent most of her time in London, where she was popular not only for her artistic merits, but also for her noble dignity of character, and her beneficence and loveliness in private life. She has made occasional trips to the Continent, and a few years since filled a short engagement in this country with great success.

She possessed a noble soprano voice, full of passion, remarkable for its breadth, and always grand and imposing in its delivery. As we have said, her method had that largeness, dignity, majesty, and power which characterized the old singers, and which in those golden days was considered something better than vocal gymnastics or mere ear-tickling tunefulness. Her dramatic ability was no less remarkable than her vocal. She occupied upon the lyric stage the same position that Rachel occupied and Ristori now holds upon the dramatic, and her personations of the most powerful tragic creations deserve to rank with theirs. In her private life she was universally beloved for her noble character and dignified conduct, for her entire freedom from the jealousy and charlatanism too often found in her profession, and for the acts of beneficence and charity which she was constantly performing. In her public life she devoted herself to her art and to charity; in her private life, to her friends. — *Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 4.

Theresa Tietjens.

From the London "Daily Telegraph."

Nineteen years ago the musical world of England began first to grow familiar with the name of Tietjens. In the spring of 1858, while as yet Covent Garden Theatre was unfinished, Mr. Lumley resolved to open "Her Majesty's" for another season of Italian opera. Looking round in search of some new attraction, the manager espied among the artists of the Imperial Vienna Opera a lady whose talent, though not then what it afterwards became, he at once recognized, and whose services he promptly secured. Mdlle. Tietjens could hardly be considered at that time an obvious and unquestionable "prize." She was almost entirely unknown in England; so much so that contemporary musical journals may be searched in vain for more notice of her than the occasional appearance of her name in communications from abroad. Her engagement was mentioned as that of "Mdlle. Titiens, or Tietjens, from Vienna," and gossip could only say that she had a reputation for playing *Valentine* in *Les Huguenots*. Subsequently it was reported that the new artist claimed Hamburg as her native place, that the then "Free City" had witnessed her debut, and that her progress to the important Vienna stage had been rapid, though undistinguished by achievements able to secure European renown. Rumors like these were not adapted to excite a very great amount of curiosity, but, with the issue of Mr. Lumley's prospectus, musical people became

more interested in the coming artist. Though the old-fashioned opera prospectus did not strictly limit itself to truth, Mr. Lumley exaggerated nothing, when, after expressing a hope that the debut of Mdlle. Tietjens, or Titiens, would distinguish the season of 1858 not less than that of Signor Giuglini distinguished the season of 1857, he went on to say:—

"It is seldom that nature lavishes on one person all the varied gifts which are needed to make a great soprano. A voice whose register entitles it to claim this rank is of the rarest order. The melodious quality and power, which are not less essential than an extended register, are scarcely more common. Musical knowledge, executive finish, and perfect intonation are indispensable; and to these the *prima donna* should add dramatic force and adaptability, and a large measure of personal grace. Even these rare endowments will not suffice unless they are illumined by the fire of genius. How nearly the high ideal is approached by Mdlle. Tietjens and how much more nearly it may hereafter be reached under the same genial encouragement which has developed the powers of so many aspirants, the friends of the Opera will soon have an opportunity of judging."

Looking at these remarks by the light of subsequent events, it is impossible not to admire the discernment of the manager who first brought Theresa Tietjens to our shores. In due course the new *prima donna* arrived, and, on Tuesday, April 13, 1858, made her debut at Her Majesty's Theatre as *Valentine*, in Meyerbeer's great opera, the *Queen and Prince Albert* being present. The next morning, Mdlle. Tietjens woke up to find herself famous on English ground. The audience had acclaimed her, but the press, speaking with a louder voice, and in the hearing of all the world, recognized the fact that a great artist had appeared. Here, for example, are the words of a prominent critic—words that, after 19 years' knowledge of their subject, still read as the words of truth and soberness:—

"Mdlle. Titiens is an 'artist' in the truest sense. Her voice is a pure soprano, fresh, penetrating, and powerful. Like most German singers, she pays little regard to embellishment. In the music of *Valentine* she sang what was set down for her, and no more, but what she did sing was accomplished to perfection. For this she is entitled to high commendation, since modern vocalists who look upon composers as of more than a secondary importance are rare. By her execution of the occasional arid passages allotted to *Valentine*—the descending scale of the two octaves from C in alt, in the duet with Marcel, and the chromatic passage in the duet with Raoul, for example—we are not warranted in concluding that Mdlle. Tietjens possesses more than ordinary fluency, but must leave that point for decision when we hear her in *Lucrezia Borgia* and *Norma*. At present our impression is that *Fidelio*, of all operas, would suit her best, and that nothing in the operatic repertory is too grand for her means. As an actress, Mdlle. Tietjens is not less remarkable than as a singer, which every one who saw her on Tuesday evening must have felt, as she issued from the Church in the *Pre-aux-Clercs*, and uttered the words, 'O terror! mi spaventa.' There was no mistaking this. It was thoroughly dramatic and genuine. Every scene displayed the same *impulsiveness*. Mdlle. Tietjens' movements and gestures are noble, and altogether free from conventionalism. Her walk is easy and natural, while her attitudes are classical, without being in the least constrained. Her success was immense."

After this fashion spoke, in varying words, but to a common purpose, the whole metropolitan press; and that the public agreed, six consecutive performances of *Les Huguenots* distinctly prove. The new favorite's next character was *Leonora*, in *Il Trovatore*, at her first assumption of which also the *Queen* was present.

"Mdlle. Tietjens," so runs a contemporary report, "achieved an immense success, acting the part with unsurpassable energy and feeling, and singing with astonishing brilliancy. Her employment of the high notes was, however, occasionally *de trop*; nor was her execution, notwithstanding her superb voice, at all times marked by that fluency which we are accustomed to look for in the Italian school of vocalization. Mdlle. Tietjens, however, is German, not Italian, and those who accept her for what she is will not have to complain of their bargain."

We cite the qualifying remarks in this criticism because they enhance the value of its praise. Here, clearly, is no blind admiration, but a discretion most of us can recognize and applaud. *Leonora* was followed by *Donna Anna* (*Don Giovanni*); the *Queen*, who had witnessed *Les Huguenots* three times, and *Il Trovatore* once, again attending. Of the new effort it was said:—

"Her *Donna Anna* must be placed higher, both as a histrionic and vocal achievement, than either *Valentine* or *Leonora*. We may, in a word, say that Mdlle. Tietjens' *Donna Anna* is one of the finest impersonations of that great and trying part we have ever witnessed on the stage."

From *Donna Anna* Mdlle. Tietjens passed on to the *Countess*, in Mozart's *Figaro*, and met with rather sharp criticism thereon. But the new soprano took her revenge in the next of her series of characters—*Lucrezia*. We read of the effort she made:—

"Mdlle. Tietjens has fully sustained her reputation by her grand impersonation of the haughty and relentless Duchess of Ferrara, every phase of whose character is developed with extraordinary skill. . . . The excitement it created was unusual."

The now popular artist—then, as ever, indefatigable—repeated her various parts time after time, but brought forward no others during the remainder of the season, at the close of which her services were thus reviewed:—

"The feature of the season just terminated was the engagement of Mdlle. Theresa Tietjens, who, on the opening night, as *Valentine*, in the *Huguenots*, established her claim to be regarded as a singer and an actress of the highest order. This new *prima donna* has created a far greater sensation than any other artist in her particular line since Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli. Mdlle. Tietjens, in short, gives us some hope of a legitimate successor to Giulietta Grisi in lyric tragedy—that is, if the 'Diva' ever means to repose upon her well-earned laurels. Mdlle. Tietjens was equally fortunate as *Leonora*, *Donna Anna*, and *Lucrezia*. She also appeared as the *Countess* in the *Nozze di Figaro*, but with less marked success. The acquisition of such a dramatic singer, however, is of incalculable consequence to the interests of the theatre."

So thought the manager, and speedily news came from Vienna that "Mdlle. Tietjens will leave the Imperial Opera, having accepted a brilliant engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, London."

We have dealt so minutely upon the great artist's first season amongst us, because thus were laid the foundations of her abiding English popularity, and of that close union between performer and public which was never to be sundered save by death. It is clear that Mdlle. Tietjens at once hit the taste of her new audience, and that at a time, too, when formidable rivals were in the field, and when the musical firmament of London was so ablaze with stars, that even *Punch* cried out against the *embarras de richesses* of

"Three Traviatas in different quarters,
Three Rigoletti murdering their daughters,
Three Trovatore beheading their brothers
By the artful contrivance of three gipsy mothers."

It is probable, however, that Mdlle. Tietjens, elated as she must have been with her success, never dreamed of the results destined to flow from it. She had visions of like triumphs in many lands, and of journeys from capital to capital, reaping at each weighty harvests of laurels and gold. Whereas, could she have penetrated the future, she would have seen lying before her an exclusively English career, broken only by a brief excursion to Paris or America. The influences leading to this result we shall touch upon later; for the present, let us state that Mdlle. Tietjens re-appeared in London, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1859, under the auspices of Mr. E. T. Smith, with whom, the year after, she removed to the scene of her debut, and to the house with the fortunes of which she was thenceforth so closely identified. Were we writing a biography, it would be our duty to follow the fortunes of Mdlle. Tietjens through these two seasons, to tell how she went on strengthening her position by adding character after character to her repertory, and by soaring higher and higher into the region of classic art, where she found means for augmenting her triumphs in such operas as *Fidelio* and *Norma*. But the story would take long to tell, especially if we completed the record by referring to the artist's share in the series of important revivals carried out at the Haymarket house by Mr. Mapleson, to whom, as Mr. E. T. Smith's successor, Mdlle. Tietjens had transferred her allegiance. The story, moreover, less needs telling because its details belong to living memory rather than to the pages of history. The place occupied by Mdlle. Tietjens in the world of art was too eminent, and her achievements there too remarkable, for less than an abiding impression. No singer of foreign birth ever kept so closely before the English public, and the career of none lies so distinctly in the recollection of amateurs. But, to look at Mdlle. Tietjens only as she appeared on the operatic stage, is by no means to take in the whole sphere of her action. Indeed, when we find her spoken of in the festival reports of 1860 as a "foreign opera singer," who takes no part in *The Messiah*, we can hardly realize that this was ever so in deed and in truth. That it was not so long, everybody knows. Having determined to cast in her lot with the people by whom she had been received so generously, Mdlle. Tietjens set herself to play not only the rôle of *prima donna*, but of general ability. Her success in the one was as great as the other. At musical festivals and in provincial and metropolitan concert-rooms, not less than on the lyric stage, the German artist made herself indispensable; for if, on the one hand, people would hear of no other *Fidelio*, or *Valentine*, or *Norma*, or *Lucrezia*, neither

er would they consent to do without her in the great sacred epics which English amateurs esteem far more than aught beside. It was this all-embracing service that enabled Mdle. Tietjens to fill so large a place in public regard. Had she limited herself to foreign operas, her fame would still have been great; but when she became identified with indigenous forms of art—when the English people saw in her an exponent of that which tradition and taste had endeared to them—her popularity sank deep into the body of the nation, and became an abiding as well as powerful influence.

But it is time to glance at the nature and extent of the artistic resources which, aided by strong personal characteristics, enabled Mdle. Tietjens to win, and for so many years to retain, the place now left vacant. We are not about to contend that, as an artist, she was perfect. To do this would be mere flattery, and flattery in the presence of death is a ghastly mocking. Truth to tell, many vocalists, trained in a better school than was she whom we now mourn, have, as such, excelled her, and it will hardly be denied that her impersonations on the lyric stage were of unequal merit. But the fame of Mdle. Tietjens can well afford to grant all this, and more; since only a conjunction of the highest qualities make possible a career so distinguished, or command admiration so wide-spread and fervent. Which of the highest qualities, it may be asked, centred in her? In the first place, a voice like as given to very few. Time and use had lately impaired its freshness, if not its power; but even the youngest amateur can call to mind something of its pristine glory, and hear, ringing in the ears of memory, those grand sounds which used to flow effortlessly from her lips. The voice of Tietjens presented just the union of strength and quality which, because so rare, is deemed so precious. It filled not only the ear but the mind of the listener, and appealed, by its sympathetic human characteristics, as much to the feelings as to a physical sense of beauty. With regard to Mdle. Tietjens as a vocalist, it cannot be questioned that her place was among the highest. Nature and education alike, possibly, denied her the power to dazzle by means of the "fire-works" which some of her contemporaries were always prepared to let off with effect. But even of this art she was mistress in no slight degree, and when it failed her, as sometimes it did, her gallantry and perseverance made amends. But there are vocal qualities more precious and harder to acquire than agility, and these belonged emphatically to the artist whom Music now laments. Amateurs will know what we mean, when called upon to remember how Mdle. Tietjens used to deliver such airs as "Dove song" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth"—airs that, compared with *bravura*, are as much more severe a test of true vocalism, as are Mozart's sonatas of true pianism, when compared with a rhapsody by Liszt. The pure *legato* style, the perfect phrasing, just accent, and unforced expression, noticeable in all such efforts, were unequivocal signs of a great artist; and, if they did not make crowds gape with astonishment, they won the admiration of every amateur whose good opinion was worth possessing. Joined to these excellencies was one still higher and of greater value—that, in point of fact, which distinguishes the artist from the mere singer. There are a good many people in the profession Mdle. Tietjens adorned, whom it is the custom to style artists, though really without the smallest claim to so honorable a designation. Such people, having drawn the prize of a voice in Nature's lottery, make money by it as they would by an inborn power of walking the tight-rope, had that fallen to them. But Mdle. Tietjens was an artist in every deed. We saw the fact demonstrated by her passionate love of the work she was called upon to do, and the manner in which she brought to its discharge all the resources at command. With her there was no shadow of the perfunctory. She had that great gift of "thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness," for which, as Charles Dickens well said, "there is no substitute," and without which, when the end is to move and influence humanity, every effort is vain. Herein lay the secret of much of her power and popularity, and by this alone can we explain her unwearied industry. Granted that she loved to be face to face with a public always ready to applaud, it is clear that no feeling of this kind, unsupported by the presence of an artistic necessity, could have stimulated labors little short of Herculean. In her art Mdle. Tietjens lived, moved, and had her being; and so, year by year, and all the year round, on the lyric stage, or the concert platform, in private houses or amid the éclat of festival doings, she worked with well-nigh

superhuman energy. At this point not one among those who were witnesses fails to recall the last appearances of Mdle. Tietjens at the Haymarket house. There is something impressive in the fact that she was spared to "inaugurate" the new stage that had risen on the ruins of the old, but attendant circumstances invested it also with the deepest pathos. Though stricken with a mortal disease, and suffering pain such as even her indomitable resolution could not conceal, she went on discharging her duty till further work was impossible. Who shall measure the courage required for that last sad performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*—sad, but glorious as the triumph of the strong soul over all the forces that oppressed the body! Truly of Mdle. Tietjens it might be said that nothing in her public life became her like the leaving it. But the lamented subject of these remarks was an actress as well as a singer, and any estimate of her genius, however slight, which did not recognize the fact, would be worthless. The highest form of lyric tragedy was hers as by natural selection. She did not always confine herself to it, for she shared a weakness common to artists, and failed to distinguish the limits of her own powers. But, generally speaking, Mdle. Tietjens fulfilled a manifest destiny, and has left behind her the memory of a long list of brilliant creations not soon to be forgotten. Hers was the true dramatic instinct. She knew how to identify herself with the character assumed, and to make prominent exactly that phase of it which supplied a key to the whole. In the expression of strong feeling of an heroic cast, she had few equals, while her imposing presence and natural appreciative action enabled her to embody her conceptions in the best possible form. We might give a hundred examples in proof of all this, did not the reader's memory supply them without help, finding them anywhere in that splendid gallery, the masterpieces of which were *Valentine*, *Leonora*, *Fidelio*, *Medea*, *Lucrezia*, *Norma*, *Donna Anna*, and *Semiramide*.

We have referred above to the personal characteristics of the dead artist, and surely if any ever had the faculty of making friends, it was Mdle. Tietjens. Her devotion to duty and earnestness in its discharge commanded respect; but there was that in Mdle. Tietjens which evoked a warmer feeling, even among those to whom she could never be more than a public singer. Her gracious manner and genial countenance, her thorough and obvious heartiness, never failed to call forth sympathy, or to establish between audience and performer a complete rapport. This was why amateurs, the whole land over, treated Mdle. Tietjens as a friend, were always as glad to see her as she manifestly was to see them, and admired her with a constancy that defied alike the assaults of rivals and the lapse of time. Mentioning this, we are brought back to the point whence we started, and to a feeling of personal sorrow. But not wholly to the selfish grief that arises from a sense of personal loss. Could the dead speak to us, they would perhaps say that commiseration of their fate is superfluous; yet who does not wish that Mdle. Tietjens had been spared to pass the evening of her life in well-earned repose, comforted amid the gathering shadows of the night "in which no man can work" by the love and gratitude of troops of friends. Inscrutable Wisdom decreed that in her case this should not be.

"Leaves have their time to all,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set;"

but death is ever in season; and so the sun of our great artist went down while it was yet day. May she sleep well! but we must remain awake to a consciousness of bereavement—to a knowledge that one source of delight has been withdrawn, and that there is amongst us a conspicuously vacant place. How the loss is to be made good, time alone can show. Meanwhile, from the grave of Theresa Tietjens will spring, to use the words of Washington Irving, "none but fond regrets and tender recollections."

Gloucester (Engl.) Musical Festival.

From the London "Times."

(Concluded from Page 110.)

At the last morning's performance Handel's "Messiah," as usual, filled the Cathedral in every part. The decisive success of Mdle. Albani in the florid Solo, "Rejoice greatly," and the pathetic Air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," fully satisfied us of her ability to sustain the highest position as an Oratorio singer. Madame Löwe, too, sang extremely well; and Madame Patey, Miss B. Griffiths,

Messrs. Cummings, E. Lloyd, Santley, and Maybrick were thoroughly efficient in all the music allotted them. The choruses were given with a freshness and decision which surprised all who remembered what hard work the members of the choir had been subjected to during the week; and in "The trumpet shall sound" (sung by Mr. Santley) Mr. T. Harper gave an absolutely perfect rendering of the trumpet obbligato.

A summary of the evening performances at the Shire Hall and Cathedral included in the programme of what has been in certain respects the most successful Three Choir meeting ever held in Gloucester may be briefly presented. The selection from Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* at the first concert failed to excite any remarkable degree of interest; nor was the execution of this by no means easy music up to the general average of excellence achieved in other instances. The C minor symphony of Beethoven, however, and Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture were both played with spirit by the orchestra, and a concert overture in E flat by Mr. Montagu Smith, a young composer, who already shows that he has studied his art to excellent purpose, was heard with satisfaction and received with applause, not only because it was a novelty, but on account of its own unquestionable merit. Mr. Smith's first overture, in fact (if his first it be), is good enough to encourage a well founded hope that his second will be still better. The remainder of the programme—excepting M. Sainton's admirable performance of Mendelssohn's concerto, to which reference has already been made—consisted almost exclusively of familiar vocal pieces, requiring no special comment. The evening of Wednesday was devoted to a performance of oratorio music in the Cathedral, as substitute for the customary miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall, going far to prove how steadily the conviction of those who desire to perpetuate the Festivals takes root, that sacred rather than secular compositions should form the staple object of attraction. This, it will be admitted, tends more and more to conciliate opponents and disarm objection. Some have complained that, instead of the entire *St. Paul* and the entire *Creation*, only the first part of each was given; yet, bearing in mind the fact that *Elijah* and the *Hymn of Praise* were both included in the programme of the week, even the most enthusiastic admirers of Mendelssohn must have felt satisfied. Moreover, an occasion thus permitted of listening to the bright and cheerful strains of Haydn was difficult to ignore; and, as according to the general scheme, this could not otherwise have been obtained, Mr. Harford Lloyd is provided with a reasonable excuse. The first part in its integrity, from any great work, is surely preferable to "selections," no matter with what excellent judgment contrived. Bach's *Passion* (St. Matthew) was shortened of its colossal proportions in order that Beethoven's only oratorio might follow, while Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* was curtailed of seven numbers for the sake of a miscellaneous series of pieces, vocal and instrumental, in which some leading artists might be heard. On the other hand, the oratorios of Mendelssohn and Haydn, although only one division of each was vouchsafed, came to us, at all events, according to the fashion in which their respective authors had imagined them. Herr Niels Gade's cantata, *The Crusaders*, received with such favor at the last Birmingham Festival, when given under the direction of its composer, was the feature of the second and last miscellaneous concert in the Shire Hall. This cantata, into the character and merits of which it is unnecessary again to enter, hardly came up to expectation; nor was the performance commensurate with the just claims of the music, a certain want of preparation, not to be remarked in other far more trying works included in the week's programme, being evident throughout. That the leading singers, Mme. Sophie Löwe, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Santley, one and all, were competent to their tasks need hardly be said; the general effect, however, was spiritless, and the impression created anything but vivid. *The Crusaders* is by no means difficult, but its adequate execution demands a nicety of gradation and detail, the absence of which is the more to be regretted, inasmuch as (like Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri*) it was new to the Gloucester public. The second part commenced with an overture in B flat, by Mr. C. V. Stanford, of Trinity College, Cambridge, a musician of recognized ability. Spirited, symmetrically constructed, and scored for the orchestra with excellent effect, this new overture was well given under the direction of its composer, and liberally applauded. Another feature worth mentioning was Weber's

Concertstück for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Miss Agnes Zimmermann with the neatness and brilliancy for which that highly talented lady is noted. Mr. W. H. Cummings introduced an air by Handel, "La bella Pastorella," of which the autograph manuscript was at one time possessed by Dragonetti, the renowned contrabassist. The air is pleasing, and would have been welcome as a curiosity, even had it been less well sung than by its present owner. The rest of the programme consisted chiefly of familiar vocal pieces, operatic and otherwise, sung by Mdlle. Albani, Mdme. Patey, Miss Griffiths, Messrs. Santley and Maybrick.

Leeds (Engl.) Musical Festival.

(Correspondence of the Times.)

FIRST DAY.

SEPT. 19.—A worthier commencement of the Festival than to-day's *Elijah* could not possibly have been desired. Two performances of this most popular of modern oratorios can alone in our remembrance be compared with it—that of 1846, when *Elijah* was first produced at Birmingham under the direction of Mendelssohn himself, and that of 1855, at another Birmingham Festival, with Mr. Costa, now Sir Michael Costa, as conductor. That any one fortunate enough to have been present on these memorable occasions can have forgotten the impression created is not likely; and when it is added that the performance of to-day was in most respects on a par with either of them, it may be readily understood that nothing short of first-rate excellence distinguished it from beginning to end. All that had been predicated of the Leeds chorus was fully carried out. But to speak in general terms—from the opening of the impressive and masterly orchestral interlude, separating the prophecy of the three years' drought, "As God the Lord of Israel liveth," from the chorus of the distressed and supplicating multitude, "Help, Lord!—wilt Thou quite destroy us?" the conviction that a performance of more than ordinary merit would ensue seemed to be regarded as a matter of course. Sir Michael Costa was in his happiest mood; and this was manifested, over and over again, by the uniform adherence to Mendelssohn's own tempo in chorus after chorus, air after air, and so forth. More strictly followed they could not have been. The tranquil choruses, to which a subdued utterance and rigid attention to light and shade are indispensable, were not less satisfactory than those fiercer outbursts which call imperatively for precision of attack, boldness of delivery, and marked accentuation. The result throughout was a choral interpretation of Mendelssohn's noblest composition, not less congenial in a poetic than satisfactory in a mechanical sense. When the glorious climax to Part I, "Thanks be to God! He laveth the thirsty land," was over, a burst of applause (up to this point applause having been judiciously dispensed with) testified to the unqualified delight of an audience little short of 2,000 in number—an audience crowding the vast hall in every part. Here one might have thought the climax had been reached. Not so, however. The choral singing in the second part was in no way inferior to that which uniformly marked the first; and from "Be not afraid" to "Then shall your light shine forth," the emphatic peroration, there was scarcely a point open to unfavorable criticism. Sopranos, contraltos, altos, tenors, and basses vied with each other, not so much in friendly rivalry as in a determined resolve to produce a perfectly harmonious combination, so as to render the text of Mendelssohn just as Mendelssohn would have rejoiced to hear it. And they succeeded—higher praise than which could hardly be accorded to these enthusiastic Yorkshire singers.

The leading vocal parts in *Elijah* were one and all assigned to artists who knew how to appreciate and interpret them. Mr. Santley, who sang the music of the Prophet from the introductory recitative to the final air which precedes the chorus describing *Elijah's* ascent to heaven in a fiery chariot, has seldom exhibited his remarkable declamatory powers and his mastery over all the gradations of expression to more signal advantage. Mr. Edward Lloyd undertook all the most important music allotted to the tenor voice, and was equally fortunate in the two airs which give deep significance to a part otherwise comparatively subordinate. In the first part of the oratorio—if oratorio this Biblical musical drama may justly be styled—Mdme. Edith Wynne was soprano, and that rising young singer Mrs. Mudie-Bollingbroke, contralto. The former

created her strongest impression in the duet between the Widow and *Elijah*, the introductory solo of which, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" was rendered with truly impassioned feeling. The latter showed genuine taste in her delivery of her plaintive air, "Woe unto them who forsake Him," which comes immediately after the furious denunciation of the Prophet, "Is not His word like a fire?" In the second part the soprano was Mdlle. Albani, who gave the superb admonition, "Hear ye, Israel," better, if possible, with more resolute expression, more careful observance of detail, than at Gloucester a fortnight since, and in the magnificent *Sanctus*, "Holy, holy, holy!" created the same impression as before. Mdme. Patey, the contralto, among other things, sang the consoling and truly devotional air, "O rest in the Lord," so well that there was an unmistakable desire on the part of the audience to hear it again, but Sir Michael Costa, with the judgment for which he is deservedly noted, lent an unwilling ear to the demand, and went on directly with the exquisitely melodious chorus, "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," which is as legitimately its sequel as the chorus, "He watching over Israel," is the sequel to the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains." For disregard to unreasonable demands Sir Michael is not to be blamed, but to be praised, and it would be well if other conductors imitated his example. The oratorio was preceded, as usual on such occasions, by the National Anthem. To-night *The Fire King*, a new cantata by Mr. Walter Austin, was performed, and much applauded.

SECOND DAY.

(From Novello's Musical Times.)

THURSDAY, SEPT. 20.—The second morning concert was given up to "varieties," Oratorio being reserved till the evening. Again a large audience attended, and all passed off well. The first part was entirely miscellaneous, beginning with a fine performance of the "Freischütz" Overture, after which came five vocal pieces sung respectively by Mdlle. Redeker, Mr. Lloyd, the choir, Mrs. Mudie-Bollingbroke, and Mdlle. Albani and Mr. Santley; the soprano and baritone having entrusted to their safe and experienced hands the Duet for Senta and the Dutchman in "Der Fliegende Holländer." The part-song was Morley's "My bonny lass," splendidly sung and received with loud applause. After the vocal selections Dr. Spark introduced a Concertstück written by him to display some of the merits of the instrument at which he has so long presided. This end the piece answered in a very satisfactory manner, though, perhaps, many present would have been better pleased had the doctor performed some really representative composition of the class. So good an opportunity of introducing a grand work by means of such an instrument ought not to have been lost. Gounod's "Nazareth" having been sung by Mr. Santley and chorus, Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, capably played, brought the first part to an end. The second part began with the Overture to "Fra Diavolo," in strange juxtaposition with which—because next following—was "Angels ever bright and fair," wherein Mdlle. Albani made, as usual, a display of her tendency towards overstrained expression. The song occupied but a few seconds less than five minutes, a fact sufficiently conclusive as to the manner of its rendering. A Duet from Smart's "Jacob," "Tell me, O fairest," combined the voices of Madame Wynne and Mr. Lloyd; the lady, together with Mdlle. Albani and Mdlle. Redeker, being also heard in the well-known Trio from Balfe's "Falstaff;" as was Signor Foli in Meyerbeer's fine song, "The Monk." Last came, to end the concert in a manner worthy of a Festival occasion, Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Nacht." From this great things were expected. The band and chorus were looked for to produce effects transcending even those of "Elijah," and to realize Mendelssohn's highest ideal. This, I may safely say, was done to the satisfaction of the most exigent. The choir went at their work heart and soul, fortified by a consciousness of knowing the music thoroughly, and of being both well led and well supported. Who among those present will soon forget the result? will soon lose the impression made by the wild rout of "Come with torches," the dramatic suggestiveness of "Disperse, disperse" and "Help, my comrades," or the stately grandeur of "Unclothed now?" All these numbers, familiar though they be, seemed to derive a deeper meaning from the magnificence of their interpretation. Veterans present, who imagined that they had exhausted the "Walpurgis Nacht" as a bee drains a flower of

honey, found out their mistake and were thankful; while those to whom the music was comparatively strange must have had a revelation of surprising power. But the performance generally was excellent. Mdlle. Redeker, Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Santley gave the solos in irreproachable style, and the orchestra played both Overture and accompaniments as though fully aware that the chorus could only be rivalled by straining every nerve. The reception of Mendelssohn's work, and of the efforts of those engaged in it, was most enthusiastic. But no other result was possible; a man who could stolidly listen to such music must be as insensible as a mile-stone.

With the evening came the time for Handel to have a triumphant innings. Deprived of his "Messiah," the old master took his revenge in "Solomon," and swayed the audience with his customary resistless might. And it was an audience worth swaying. The repute of the substituted Oratorio would in any case have drawn a crowd, but Yorkshire amateurs and Yorkshire choristers are pre-eminently Handellians. They find in the breadth and manliness of the giant's work that which suits them, and while the one class can hear with intelligence the other can interpret with a power unknown elsewhere. No better choice could have been made than of "Solomon," an Oratorio that combines the grandest choruses with airs full of interest and charm. The story, it is true, may not be of the loftiest conceivable order, nor its manner of telling present much to excite commendation. But *pace*, Richard Wagner! in any such work the composer's art overrides that of the poet, and the sublimity of music can blind us to the poverty of verse. This was emphatically the case with "Solomon," which from first to last, enchaind attention, and often so excited the audience that the rule against applause, though printed legibly in the books, was no more visible than was the signal of recall at Copenhagen when Nelson put the glass to his blind eye. The version adopted at Leeds, being that used in Exeter Hall, included Costa's "additional accompaniments." There can be no doubt whatever that the "cuts" in this version are judicious, but I cannot say as much for all Sir M. Costa's orchestration. Sir Michael is not reverent, like Franz. As well as filling in details, he sometimes meddles with the structural outline, and this is unpardonable. None among the audience, however, were disposed then and there to cast these reflections in the Conductor's teeth. It was enough to enjoy the music—to admire the stately grandeur of "From the censor" and "Shake the dome," the beauty of "May no rash intruder," and the vivid power of the Choruses devoted to the Passions. All these were sung to perfection, the "Nightingale" especially showing the choir at its best. Not less good in their way were the solos, as rendered by Madame Wynne, Mrs. Osgood, Madame Patey, Mr. Shakespeare, and Signor Foli. Each of these artists had a chance of making more or less effect; Madame Wynne in "Can I see my infant gored," which she sang with great pathos; Mrs. Osgood in "Thy sentence, great King;" Madame Patey in "What though I trace;" Mr. Shakespeare in "See the tall palm;" and Signor Foli in the one bass Air, "Praise ye the Lord." But it should specially be said, with regard to Madame Patey, that her delivery of Solomon's music was a notable effort, distinguished by many of the greatest qualities that go to make a vocal artist. Here, too, an emphatic word is due to Sir Michael Costa, who held his forces firmly in hand and directed their efforts with characteristic decision. Altogether the performance was a memorable event in Festival history.

THIRD DAY.

SEPT. 21.—The morning concert of this day was devoted to Dr. Macfarren's new Oratorio "Joseph," and, naturally, a large audience assembled, made up in no small measure of professors and amateurs who had travelled to Leeds expressly for an event of so much interest.

The Oratorio has a plot and is interesting, while the various scenes are just such as, speaking in the light of Dr. Macfarren's first work, best suit his genius. The story, moreover, is outlined well, and told, generally speaking, with such simple directness that none can mistake it. Here, for proof, is the "argument" as officially stated:—

PART I.—*Canaan*.—Peacefulness of pastoral life—disturbed by the jealousy of Joseph's brethren—their conspiracy to destroy him—his life spared by Reuben—approach of the Ishmaelites—they purchase Joseph from his brethren—his farewell to his country—the false

report of his death brought to Jacob—the grief of Jacob, and the attempts of his sons and daughters to comfort him.

PART II.—Egypt.—The pomp of Pharaoh's court—he relates his dreams—the failure of the wise men to interpret them—Joseph is brought from prison, expounds them, and is installed as Governor with great splendor—description of the years of plenty and of famine—first interview between Joseph and his brethren—he requires them to produce Benjamin—they return to Canaan, and Reuben persuades Jacob to allow Benjamin to accompany them—second interview between Joseph and his brethren in the presence of the house of Pharaoh, when he makes himself known to them—arrival of Jacob and all his family—retrospective sketch of the story from Psalm cv.

Dr. Macfarren is entitled to high praise for the extreme vigor, terseness, and expressiveness of his dramatic numbers. Generally speaking, the music is adapted to the situation, the force of which it heightens while presenting numberless points of interest on its own account. With regard to the melodic structure of the work, no one will be surprised to learn that Dr. Macfarren has again adopted and carried out with much ingenuity the device of associating particular themes with particular persons, incidents, or feelings. These themes really make up no small part of the Oratorio, introduced as they are on every possible occasion. Thus we find the subjects of the Overture almost exclusively confined to them. We have first a theme identified with Jacob's love for Joseph; a second that stands for the land of Canaan; a third coupled with the conspiracy, and so on. But Dr. Macfarren, though he uses it liberally, does not overwork this device. Rather do we find much of the interest of the Oratorio and the significance of its various parts heightened by means of a system that will hardly suffer in public esteem through the skillful exaggerations of Herr Wagner. Let me add here that the Overture, though built up of motives taken from the body of the work, is most admirably put together. The various sections have perfect cohesion; the whole is in strict form, and might pass with applause as an example of "pure" music, having no connection with anything beyond itself. Passing on to other salient features of the Oratorio—which are all that can be now noticed—I have to remark the extreme importance of the choruses, as distinguished from the choral episodes in the dramatic scenes. Here Dr. Macfarren has put forth all his strength, and that in a most varied manner. He had to supply pastoral music for the shepherds in the exordium; to depict the clang and clatter of the Ishmaelites caravan; to make the Egyptians sing the praises of their monarch in fitting strains; and, for this is essential in Oratorio, to use all the resources of counterpoint as occasion offered. That in doing all this he has achieved greater or less success is undoubted. The Pastoral Chorus, for example, is charming; the Chorus of Ishmaelites wild and picturesque in the highest degree; and that which acclaims the elevation of Joseph a fit expression of national rejoicing; while the fugal numbers, as may be imagined, are worthy of Dr. Macfarren's technical means. Some of the airs show equal merit in their way, though it must be confessed that this is the department which does not exhibit the composer in the strongest light. Dr. Macfarren, whose learning appears always to dominate him, makes too little of the power of simple melody, and leans too strongly upon harmonic devices and orchestral coloring. As a consequence, his airs often fail to carry with them the sympathy of the listener, who, following the melody, finds it hampered and cramped by the exigencies of the composer's system. All the same, however, there are fine airs in "Joseph," and such as not only give pleasure to the listener, but are able to repay the musician's study. Dr. Macfarren does nothing without a motive, and all of us very well know that his motives are not lightly conceived. Other points of interest in the work are the liberal use made of transition as distinct from modulation, and the freedom with which the voice parts are written. Dr. Macfarren shares with some other composers the daringness of spirit which brooks no restraint, and pays little heed to the weakness of interpretation. Hence his music is often very difficult, and its difficulty is of a nature which, there is reason to fear, will stand in the way of popularity, or, at all events, of extended use. But to sum up all these impressions, let me say that "Joseph" is a noble, learned work, one of which England has a right to be proud, especially as it is distinguished by thoroughly English qualities. Its style is the composer's own; its thought is often happy, always strong and earnest, and its expression is that of a master. The performance, conducted by Mr. Walter Macfarren, was remarkably

good for a new work; the chorus again distinguishing itself greatly, the band, a few slips excepted, working well throughout, and the soloists laboring as though in perfect sympathy with the composer. To Mdlle. Albani, Madame Wynne, Madame Patey, Mr. Lloyd, Mr. Santley, and Signor Foli belonged the honor of "creating" their respective parts. Where all did their duty it would be invidious to single out one for special praise; but the fact that Mr. Santley represented the hero of the story may excuse a reference to the very perfect manner in which his task was discharged. At the close of the performance, Dr. Macfarren was called for, led on by his brother, and applauded with all the enthusiasm needed to ratify a genuine success.

The evening concert, being made up entirely of selections, may be passed with few words. It was chiefly remarkable for a good performance of Raff's Symphony in G minor, Bennett's overture "The Wood-Nymphs," and Spohr's "Jessonda." All, including Bennett's work, were conducted by Sir Michael Costa, who has now "buried the hatchet" in the grave of his ancient antagonist, Madame Sinico appeared at this concert, taking the place of Mdlle. Albani, and being very well received.

SATURDAY.

The last concert of the Festival was what in convivial language would be styled a "bumper," and attracted the largest audience of the week, every part of the Town Hall being crowded to excess. A more attractive programme could hardly have been drawn up, including as it did two well-known and popular works of the highest class, and a novelty bearing the illustrious name of Bach. The combination was most judicious; for, while the "Requiem" and "Mount of Olives" drew a crowd together, the old Leipzig master's "Magnificat" found an audience which itself could never have commanded. The novelty came first in order, and was heard with profound attention by connoisseurs, who, however, may not have had their attention drawn to the fact that the music was not Bach *pur et simple*. It should have been stated in the books that the version performed was that of Robert Franz, the man who stands far ahead of all others in respect of the skill and reverence with which he adapts music of the old school to modern requirements. Whether a masterpiece ought to be touched by anybody is a question I shall evade here. Assuming that the process is legitimate, Robert Franz has earned the highest honor it can bestow. Franz shows his usual ability in the "Magnificat," adding clarinets and bassoons to the score, and, in one chorus, a bass trombone; writing a complete organ part; making the viola part continuous, and while retaining the three trumpets, bringing their music within the more restricted means of the present day. The judgment with which all this is done can only be appreciated by those who examine the new score with care. Enough that one might fancy Sebastian Bach himself approving every bar, and recognizing throughout an expansion of his own style, and the working of his own spirit. As the "Magnificat" can be bought now for a few pence, and as there can be no dispute about its merit, discussion here is needless. Nor will those already familiar with the work require telling that the choruses, finely sung, made a deep impression. These six numbers, though not extended, show us the old master in his grandest mood, and for these alone the "Magnificat" will ever occupy an honored place. The airs, as usual with Bach, are less striking; but the duet for contralto and tenor, despite an elaborate polyphonic structure, is charming, and evoked much admiration, as did the contralto song, "Esurientes implevit bonis," with its pretty accompaniment of two flutes. Looking at the success of the work, it is to be hoped that Bach will be drawn upon for contributions to future Festival programmes; the store of matter is abundant, and none of it valueless. Mozart's "Requiem" followed the "Magnificat," and furnished a striking contrast by its vivid coloring and descriptive grandeur. The great choruses, such as "Rex tremendus," "Confutatis," and "Dies Irae," made a stupendous effect, such was the mass of sound and such were the energy and dash of the Yorkshire singers. But the deepest impression of all perhaps attended the "Lachrymosa," the wonderful sequence of the concluding prayer being rendered in a manner that may best be described as awe-inspiring. A profound silence followed the last note, for every heart was touched, and the highest purpose of sacred music attained. The solos in the "Requiem" were given to Madame Wynne, Mrs. Mudie Bolingbroke, Mr. Shakespeare, and Mr. Santley, from whom they received all possible justice.

The second part of the concert being devoted to the "Mount of Olives," that work had the honor of bringing the Festival to an end. But the performance was signalized by an event of more importance, viz., a deliberate abandonment of the "Engedi" version, and an adoption of the original text, or rather of a close English translation recently made by the Rev. J. Troutbeck, and now incorporated with Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.'s edition. Some excuse may be made for Dr. Hudson's libretto, and also for the change effected by Mr. Bartholomew when he put the words of Christ into the mouth of John. Narrow views prevailed at that time, and the question really was whether Beethoven's Oratorio should be adapted to English tastes or kept out altogether. But the circumstances have now entirely changed. We have learned to distinguish better between actual and supposititious evil, and to see that there need be no irreverence in personating the Saviour. Beethoven, it is said, always regretted that he had made Christ a dramatic character; but that the Protestant Bach had no such feeling is proved by his setting the "Passion" over and over again. At any rate, we now accept the "Passion" and the "Mount of Olives" without hesitancy, and who shall say that religion itself is not a gainer in consequence? Mr. Troutbeck's version being reviewed elsewhere, demands here no more than passing notice. Let me say, however, that its beauty and propriety met with hearty recognition at Leeds, and enabled the audience to enter into the spirit and meaning of the music more deeply than ever before.

New Musical Club.—Mrs. Rive-King.

JANESVILLE, WIS., OCT. 12.—Two recent musical events here are perhaps of sufficient importance to musical progress in this part of the country to deserve mention even in so far away a place as Boston, since they serve to indicate the rapid increase of interest in music now taking place in the West.

The first is the organization of a Musical Club for the study of the best music. A call was issued inviting all interested to meet on a certain evening. About thirty came. Chopin's Ballade in A flat, Op. 47, was played by one teacher; another gave an analysis of it, preceded by a short lecture, giving the general principles of Form, with examples; and a third gave an admirable criticism of it, from the æsthetic standpoint. At the second meeting Chopin's Polonaise in E flat, Op. 22, was similarly treated. About seventy were present. At the next meeting we shall take up the Scherzo in B flat minor, Op. 31, and shall meet in a larger room. The interest seems to be very great, and it is a very hopeful sign.

The second event was a concert by Mrs. Julia Rive-King, Oct. 2d. The programme included the *Sonata appassionata*, Schumann's *Fachingschwank aus Wien*, several pieces by Chopin, a Song without words by Mendelssohn, and two Liszt pieces. This was no "popular" programme, though the audience was, for the most part, totally unacquainted with good music. But it was exceedingly satisfactory to notice how quiet and attentive everyone was,—puzzled, many of them, but delighted nevertheless, and keenly interested, from the very first note to the last. The remarks I have heard since are equally encouraging: and the interest seemed to be quite as much in the noble music as in the extraordinary playing. I have several times noticed that Mrs. Rive-King has somehow an unusual power of making the best music comprehensible, or at least very interesting to people of no musical knowledge; and the most extraordinary part of it is that they like the best music most of all when she plays it. She herself immensely prefers Beethoven to Liszt, and she seems to be able to induce the same preference in those who hear her. She has, in some unaccountable way, the secret of being popular without lowering her standard in the slightest degree. A great quickening of musical interest always follows one of her concerts. Thus she plays the part of a real missionary, and does us benighted Westerners a vast deal of good.

I think one secret of her success is her charming modesty and simplicity. The public sees her unaffected behavior, and everybody is predisposed to like her and all she does. She is just as simple and unassuming everywhere. A few months ago she wrote to a friend: "You praise me too much. I do not deserve it yet, though I hope to some time. I am still too young to have fathomed so great a master as Beethoven, but I love him above all others." No doubt the travelling life she leads is not so conducive to her growth and the development of fine character as a quiet one in some really musical society; but she is certainly unspoiled, she does her work in a true artistic spirit, has high aims, and worthy ones, and works very hard.

As to her present ability to interpret the best works I must say my opinion of it grows higher every time I hear her. I could discover no inadequacy in her rendering of the *Sonata appassionata*, and that is a fair test of her ability to play Beethoven. I cannot say as much for some great artists, Mme. Essipoff, for instance, who, with all her infinite refinement and finish, misses the vital characteristics of the Beethoven genius, his massive breadth and grandeur, besides that she takes all sorts of liberties with what he has written. One thinks all the time, "What a delicious touch she has! How exquisitely she finishes every phrase! But it isn't Beethoven." She is like one who plucks the most delicate flowers on a mountain-side without ever thinking of the mountain.

But when I hear Mme. Rivé-King play Beethoven, I think, first of all: "How infinitely greater is Beethoven than all other composers! What a colossus he is!" and only afterwards do I think: "How wonderful it is that a woman so young should already interpret him so nobly!" There is real vitality and power in her playing, and she has perceptibly gained in breadth the past year. I hope you will hear her in Boston this winter.

I think you will admit that I, at least, have not praised her extravagantly. J. C. F.

Schumann on Meyerbeer's "Huguenots."

[With Meyerbeer's masterwork so fresh in mind, after last Monday night's performance at the Boston Theatre, it may be interesting to read how it impressed Robert Schumann when he heard it for the first time in Leipzig, in 183—. We borrow Mrs. Ritter's excellent translation.]

I feel to-day like a brave young warrior who draws his sword for the first time in a great cause. As if musical questions should also be settled in our little Leipzig, where universal ones have already been disputed, it happens that the two most powerful compositions of modern days—Meyerbeer's "Huguenots" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul"—have been brought out here together—together for the first time, apparently until now. Where shall we commence the subject, where leave off? There can be no question here of rivalry, of preference, for our readers know well to what aims our pen is devoted; they know too well that when Mendelssohn is the subject there can be no question of Meyerbeer, their paths lie in such diametrical opposition; and, if we would point to the characteristics of one, we have simply to mark those qualities which the other does not possess, always excepting talent, which they possess in common with each other. One is often inclined to grasp one's brow, to feel whether all up there is in the right condition, when one reflects on Meyerbeer's success in healthy, musical Germany; when one hears otherwise worthy people, musicians even, who look, too, on Mendelssohn's quieter victories with pleasure, declaring that there is really some value in his music. Still warm from Schröder-Devrient's lofty portraiture of Fidelio, I went for the first time to hear the "Huguenots." Who does not rejoice in novelty, who does not gladly hope? Had not Riech himself written that many things in the "Huguenots" might be placed beside some by Beethoven, etc.? And what said others, what said I? I agreed at once with Florestan, who, shaking his fist towards the opera, let fall the words: "In 'Il Crociato,' I still counted Meyerbeer among musicians; in 'Robert le Diable,' I began to have my doubts; in 'Les Huguenots,' I place him at once among Franconi's circus people." I cannot express the aversion which the whole work inspired in us; we turned away from it—we were weary and impatient from anger. After frequently hearing it I found much that was excusable, that impressed me more favorably in it; but my final judgment remained the same as at first, and I must shout incessantly to those who place "Les Huguenots" at ever so great a distance beside "Fidelio," or anything of the kind, that they understand nothing about it—nothing, nothing! As for proselytism, I will not hear a word; there would be no end of controversy.

I am no moralist, but it enrages a good Protestant to hear his dearest choral shrieked out on the boards, to see the bloodiest drama in the whole history of his religion degraded to the level of an annual fair farce, in order to raise money and noise with it. Yes, the whole opera, from the overture, with its ridiculously trivial sanctity, enrages him, to the close, after which we should all be burnt alive together as soon as possible.* What is the impression left behind it by "Les Huguenots"? That we have seen criminals executed, and flighty ladies exposed to view. Reflect on the whole, and what does it amount to? In the first act we have an orgy of many men, with—oh, refinement!—only one

*It is only necessary to read the closing lines of the opera:—

"Par le fer et l'incendie
Exterminons la race impie,
Frappons, poursuivons l'hérétique!
Dieu le veut, Dieu veut le sang,
Oui, Dieu veut le sang!"

woman, but veiled; in the second, an orgy of bathing women, and, among them, a man scratched up with the nails to please Parisians, with bandaged eyes; in the third, we have a mixture of the licentious and the sanctimonious; slaughter spreads in the fourth, and in the fifth we have carnage in a church. Riot, murder, prayer, and nothing more, does "Les Huguenots" contain; in vain we seek one pure, lasting idea, one spark of Christian feeling in it. Meyerbeer nails a heart on the outside of a skin, and says, "Look! there it is, to be grasped with hands." All is made up, all appearance and hypocrisy. And now to the heroes and heroines—two, Marcel and St. Bris, who do not sink so low as the rest, excepted. There is Nevers, a finished profligate, who loves Valentine, then gives her up, then accepts her as his wife,—Valentine herself, who loves Raoul, marries Nevers, swears she loves him,* and then betrays herself to Raoul. Raoul, who loves Valentine, rejects her, falls in love with the Queen, and finally takes Valentine to wife,—and then the Queen, the queen of all these dolls! And people can be pleased with this, because it looks prettily, and comes from Paris! And respectable German girls do not shut their eyes before it! And the arch-clever one of all composers rubs his hands for joy! An entire book would be insufficient for the discussion of the music; every measure is full of meaning; there is something to be said about everything. "To startle or to tickle," is Meyerbeer's maxim, and he succeeds in it with the rabble. And as for the introduced choral, which sets Frenchmen beside themselves, I declare that if a pupil brought such a lesson in counterpoint to me, I should certainly beg him to do better in the future. How overlaid yet empty, how intentional yet superficial! what blacksmith's work, that the mob may not fail to observe it, is this eternal chanting of Marcel's, "A firm fortress!" Then a great deal is said about the dedication of the sword in the fourth act. I acknowledge that it has much dramatic movement, some intelligent, striking turns, and that the chorus especially is of great outward effect; situation, scenery, instrumentation, work together, and as the horrible is Meyerbeer's element, he has written this with warmth. And if we look at the melody from a musical point of view, what is it but a vamped-up *Marseillaise*? Is there real art in producing an effect with such means at such a passage? I do not blame the use of every means in the right place; but we must not exclaim "Glorious!" when a dozen of drums, trumpets, and ophicleides are heard at a little distance, in unison with a hundred singing men. One Meyerbeerian refinement I must mention here. He knows the public too well not to know that an excess of noise stupefies at last. How cleverly he goes to work then! After such explosions as that mentioned above, he gives us whole arias with the accompaniment of a single instrument, as if he meant to say, "Behold what I can do with but small means! Look, Germans, look!" Some *esprit* he possesses, we cannot deny; but time will not allow us to go through every detail of Meyerbeer's outward tendency; his extreme non-originality and want of style are as well known as his talent in dramatic treatment, preparation, polish, brilliancy, instrumental cleverness, as well as his very considerable variety in form. It is easy to point, in Meyerbeer, to Rossini, Mozart, Herold, Weber, Bellini, even Spohr; in short, to the whole musical repertory. But one thing belongs to him alone—that famous, unbearable, bleating rhythm, which appears in almost every theme of the opera. Only envy and hatred can deny that the work contains many better things, many noble, sublime emotions;—thus Marcel's battle-song is effective, the page's song lovely; the most of the third act is interesting through the lively portraiture of its national scenes, the first part of the duet between Valentine and Marcel from its character; so is the sextet interesting; the jesting chorus is in a comic vein; the dedication of the poniards has more than Meyerbeer's usual originality; and above all, the following duet, between Raoul and Valentine, has flow of idea and musical workmanship;—but what is all this compared to the commonness, distortion, unnaturalness, immorality, unmusical character of the whole? Thank heaven, we are at the goal, for nothing worse is to come after this, unless we transform the stage into a scaffold; and in such a case, the last agonized cry of a talent tortured by the spirit of our day will be followed by the immediate hope that matters must now take a turn for the better.

* Words like "Je ris du Dieu de l'univers," etc., are little things in this text.

* "D'aujourd'hui tout mon sang est à vous," etc.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 27, 1877.

First Concerts of the Season.

ORATORIO. The Handel and Haydn Society, for a grand and worthy opening of the musical season, performed the ever popular *Elijah* at the Tabernacle, Oct. 10. The audience was large, yet far from so large as on the two Oratorio occasions in the same place last Spring. Then the novelty of the idea attracted. But two experiences were quite enough; the Tabernacle was not made for Oratorio, nor for any other musical Art purpose. Musical people have had enough of the Tabernacle. The music could be heard there,—better than one might expect,—but not heard as it should be, in a proper music hall. This performance, too, was almost improvised so far as rehearsal was concerned. The choruses have been sung better by the old Society, although none of them went positively badly; and several of the grander ones, notably the "Rain" chorus, were given with precision, spirit, and sublime effect. The orchestra was unusually strong in good string players; but they had not rehearsed at all.

There was a good array of solo artists, among whom Mme. PAPPENHEIM of course was the shining central figure. Her success in the great Soprano arias was even more complete than in the Spring. She had acquired, in the meantime, a more correct appreciation of the true Mendelssohn tempo in certain passages. The second part of "Hear ye, Israel," ("Be not afraid," etc.), was duly quickened, and the whole of that beautiful and noble piece was delivered with the utmost fervor and in the purest, most impressive style. Her large, far-reaching, truly musical and sympathetic voice, so evenly developed, and so freely given forth, was equal to every requirement of the role.

Next in importance stood the *Elijah* of Mr. M. W. WHITNEY, who, it is needless to say, sang and declaimed superbly. In the Tenor solos Mr. Wm. H. FESSENDEN made his first appearance in Oratorio. He is distinguished for the sweetness of his voice, and for the exceeding delicacy, the soft and tender expression with which he modulates it. This served him well in his opening recitative and aria: "If with all your hearts;" but he soon grew husky in grappling with stronger passages like: "Then shall the righteous shine," and his efforts to reach and hold the highest tones were painful. At all events he was not the singer for that great barn of a place; nor is that anything to his discredit.

Miss ANTONIA HENNE was a new appearance here. She has a rich, smooth, even Contralto voice, of good power, and, in itself, of sympathetic quality; but her singing lacked that quality; it seemed timid, cold, constrained, with something of the school girl manner. Yet she has evidently been taught to sing well; she improved as she went on, and "O rest in the Lord" was made quite acceptable.—Some of the minor Soprano melodies were sung in good voice and style by Miss S. C. FISHER. The assistants in the concerted music, (quartets and double quartets) were Miss JEN-

NIE M. NOYES, contralto, Mr. N. O. WHITCOMB, tenor, Mr. G. C. WISWELL and Mr. D. M. BABCOCK, basses. The phenomenally powerful, but rugged deep bass of the latter was often false in intonation, which did not improve the quartet.

—Tomorrow evening, in the Music Hall, the old Society, with Mme. PAPPENHEIM, Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, Miss HENNE, etc., will give Rossini's *Stabat Mater* and Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer."

CHAMBER CONCERTS. These already have been numerous and various. Two of the most important came at the same hour (Saturday evening, Oct. 13). One was by invitation, given by Mr. Eichberg's Boston Conservatory, at Mechanics' Hall. Its purpose was to introduce to a highly musical company, in the capacity of pianist and singer respectively, two recent valuable accessions to the Conservatory's corps of teachers, and with this programme:—

Sonata Appassionata.....	Beethoven
Song—"Erlkönig".....	Mr. S. Liebling.
Song—"Erlkönig".....	Schubert
Song—"Erlkönig".....	Mr. Carl Plüger.
a. Nocturne.....	Chopin
b. Polonaise.....	Chopin
c. Valse.....	Chopin
Polonaise.....	Rubinstein
Songs. a. "I will not grieve".....	Schumann
b. "Am Meere".....	Schubert
Sonata, Op. 7.....	Grieg
Allegro—Adagio—Scherzo—Finale.....	R. Franz
Songs. a. "Gute Nacht".....	Schubert
b. "Now the shades are falling".....	Schubert
a. Menuetto.....	Liebling
b. Fairy Dance.....	Liebling
c. Cascade.....	Bendel
d. Rhapsodie, No. 4.....	Liszt

We could only hear the first three numbers of this *oirée*, and reach Union Hall in season for the last half of the other. We were somewhat disappointed in Mr. LIEBLING's interpretation of the *Sonata Appassionata* in the respects of deep and delicate poetic feeling, real reproduction of its spirit, fine gradation of light and shade, etc. It was a dashing, brilliant, facile, free and strong performance, but as interpretation rather crude. Mr. Liebling is very young, and for his age his execution is something very remarkable. He seems to be perfectly master of the key-board; his touch is elastic and decided; all his passages, his scales and trills and chords, are exact and clear; and he knows how to bring out the full tone of the instrument. But there was too inflexible a uniformity of strength and loudness, so that instead of the living, breathing, warm and subtle Beethoven, we had a hard, cold, uninspiring copy. Yet there was a straightforward honesty in all his renderings which one can but respect and like; he condescends to no clap-trap, no false artifices of effect. So, with this temper, and with youth upon his side; with so much already gained, with a secure foundation laid in technique, and with the deepening life experience of heart and brain, seldom anticipated except in cases of transcendent genius, his interpretative faculty may yet come to equal the executive. In the three Chopin pieces we found his rendering more satisfactory; but why, except for the mere ambition of mastering gratuitous difficulties, should anybody play that *Valse*, so exquisite in grace, so complete and perfect in the original, with all the thickened harmony, the swift runs in thirds, etc., with which Tausig has freakishly and wilfully invested it? Surely it sounds better just as Chopin felt and made it.

Mr. CARL PLÜGER has a tenor voice of rare volume, power, and sweet, rich, noble *timbre*, and he knows how to use it. Yet we cannot say, after hearing, that he is just the interpreter we would have chosen for the "Erl-King." There was such overdoing of dramatic individualism and contrast; and, to that end, so much readiness of time and movement, so much holding back and springing forward; in short musical declamation so took precedence of all even flow of melody, that we

could not find ourselves entirely at ease and at home in it. That might do for the "unendliche" melody of Wagner, but not so well for Schubert. It is but just to say, however,—to offset any possible injustice in our hasty criticism,—that both singer and pianist were very heartily applauded by what seemed a cultivated audience.

—Hastening thence to Union Hall, we found the MENDELSSOHN QUINTETTE CLUB,—its first appearance as re-organized,—in the middle of the following fine programme, with an eager crowd of listeners.

1. Quartet in E flat. Op. 12.....Mendelssohn
2. Slumber Song.....Robert Franz
3. Sonata Duo for Violin and Piano, in F. Op. 24, Beethoven
4. Serenade in D. Op. 9. (For String Orchestra,) Fuchs
 1. Andante.
 2. Tempo di minuetto.
 3. Allegro Scherzando.
 4. Adagio con molto espressione.
5. Song. "The Sands of Dee,".....F. Clay
6. Ninth Quartet, in C. Op. 69.....Beethoven

The genial, delightful old Sonata Duo in F,—what we heard of it—was finely played. Mr. GUSTAV DANNREUTHER, the new second violinist of the Club, appeared to excellent advantage, having a rich, full, sympathetic tone, a sound technique, and a tasteful, artist-like, intelligent conception. The Serenade by Fuchs, the novel feature of the programme, was full of life and charm, with a certain fresh vein of originality in the first three short and unpretending movements, especially the *Scherzando*. But the fourth (*Adagio*), with its vagueness and its over-muchness of expression, or of striving for expression, without exactly seeming decided what to express, was too much in the *Tristan and Isolde* vein, and ended the whole Suite very unsatisfactorily. But it was admirably played, and proved that the Club, i.e., its string department, is now composed of finer material on the whole than ever before. Mr. JACOBSON, for several years the accomplished "Vorgeiger" of the Thomas orchestra, makes an admirable leader, the firm, exacting, critical master of them all, as well as of his own instrument, on which he is so eminent. Mr. Dannreuther forms a very vital member in the polyphonic harmony; Mr. HENNE has not his superior in this country, we presume, as violoncellist; and these, with the experienced RYAN (the one remaining original member of the Club) and the two brothers HEINDEL (violas and double bass), were fully competent to the effective rendering of such a composition. Still more apparent was the improved *morale* and temper of the Club in the performance of the noblest feature of the programme, that Rasumouk-ski Quartet of Beethoven. Never before has that extremely difficult, elaborate and subtle composition, "of imagination all compact," been made so clear and satisfactory in performance here. Passages that always seemed obscure before, now for the first time yielded up their secret; the outline, the intention, the individual movement of the voices, and the harmonious result, were all distinct and positive. With a longer habit of playing together they will acquire still finer finish, and a still more expressive light and shade. Truly the old Quintette Club, in this its 28th year, is to be congratulated; and Boston too might be congratulated on having at last that rare gem of musical organizations,—a true Quartet of Strings,—were it not alas! that Boston cannot keep her own at home; they spend the winter travelling in distant States, playing popular programmes to ears unclassical; and can it be without some demoralization of their high toned oneness of artistic spirit that they will come bringing home their laurels?—Miss Lewis has a full, clear, sympathetic voice, and many of the best

qualifications for good ballad singing, and she sang "O Mary, call the cattle home" with unaffected pathos. Mr. Clay's setting of the words is interesting, although we thought it too elaborate. For an encore the lady sang a simple, truly ballad-like melody by Taubert, which met with a sincere response.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The public sale of season tickets for the Ten Symphony Concerts will commence on Monday morning (29th) at the Music Hall. The programme of the first concert (Nov. 8) will include the Fifth Symphony of Beethoven; the Overture to *Ruy Blas*, by Mendelssohn; the Concert Overture in A, by Julius Rietz (in memory of the recently deceased composer); a Soprano Aria and songs by Mrs. EDMUND DEXTER, of Cincinnati (her first appearance in this city); and Schubert's "Reiter-Marsch," as orchestrated by Liszt (first time in Boston). Mrs. Dexter is an English lady, with a large and noble voice, who has been the pupil of Garcia and of Schira in London. Heretofore she has sung only for charities and festivals in the West, and with signal success. She is now prepared to commence a professional career in our Eastern cities, being at home particularly in Oratorio music.

By some strange miscalculation of space, several notices of concerts, operas, etc., already prepared, must lie over to our next number.

Therese Tietjens.

Madame Rudersdorff, whose warm friendship for the lamented artist was very manifest during the latter's short stay in this city, sends to last Tuesday's *Advertiser*, (Oct. 2), the following pathetic tribute to her memory.

Henceforth but a remembrance, a joy that was, and is no more to be! Yet in every respect she was precisely the one who could the least be spared, who was among us the most necessary to our art, to benevolence and love. But, alas! all that is left us is to speed after her into the mysteries of eternity, to which she has departed, our faithful admiration, affection and unavailing regrets.

Therese Tietjens leaves an empty throne! For years she has reigned the unrivalled and uncontested empress in the realm of dramatic art in opera. Her superb, glorious voice, deep-toned and full-mouthed like a cathedral bell, yet sweet and searching like a nightingale's long-drawn notes, her perfect enunciation, her commanding, noble stature, her elegant, statuesque movements, her mobile, working features, her impassioned delivery, united to the dignified repose of Greek art, moulded her into what she was, the greatest living dramatic singer! Her mantle lies on the throne she has vacated,—we know of no neophyte as yet worthy to aspire to it. On her grave we plant the laurel, whose unfading leaves weaved the crown that graced her brow so well and long.

Her benevolence was as great as her genius! Did Therese Tietjens ever refuse to help the needy? Were ear and hand ever closed to those who laid their troubles before her? And how many of her colleagues has she not helped and established in the domain of art! Jealousy was to her but a word, its meaning was foreign to her noble soul. She admired and praised her sister artists honestly, enthusiastically, and more than once have I myself heard her express her delight at the success of a new singer and urge her impresario to promote the new talent. She walked in the dignity of her own worth, ever ready generously to acknowledge that of others. Intrigues and caprices were totally unknown to her. She was simple and unpretending like a child. She did her duty to her art to her very utmost; nay, indeed, often beyond. Trickery she abhorred; there was no tinsel on her crown, it was of pure gold, like her generosity, which was open to all and always! There will be hundreds in whose lives and wants her departure will cause a desolate and distressing void. What can they do but plant on the mound which hides the remains of a noble soul the beneficent lavender as a token of grateful memory!

But her family! From them everything is taken, for indeed, really and truly, Therese Tietjens was the most loving and beloved of women in her home! To her family she was all in all; their founder, supporter, councillor, friend, director! The sustaining pillar that held them together in unbounded love and devotion. She never married, refusing many brilliant offers, because her family, above all her mother and her sister Augusta Krul's children, and again theirs, had grown into her heart of hearts and reigned there, paramount over-egms of all her undivided, unvarying affections. To love, live and work for them was Therese Tietjens's home life. Her art and her family blended into one focus, in which she dwelt contented, happy, never looking beyond, never wishing for aught else, but giving herself all and entirely up to them! They will plant roses of

love on the sod that covers a great heart, but in their own hearts will remain the rose's thorn of undying regret!

It is not often that so many noble qualities are united in one woman, and, I am bound to add, in a lyric artiste particularly. When it is so, then her departure from our midst ought to call for more than a passing remark. That is why I would say these words and specially direct them to the many young girls who aspire to honor and rank in art. I would like them to look upon *Therese Tietjens* as a model to copy in every way; as a memory to reverence, cherish and imitate, so that her lovely life may leave a lasting monument in the lives of aspirants to do as she did, in the realms of highest lyric art, benevolence and love!

This is the fervent wish, for the good of art and artistes, of

Her sorrowing sister artiste and friend,
ERMINIA RUDERSDORFF.

—Lakeside, Oct. 4, 1877.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Few Words about Technics.

Considering the multitudes all over our land who are earnestly endeavoring to master the pianoforte, it would seem that a few fundamental principles of technics ought to be the property of everybody; that the things which are absolutely essential and without which no one ever did or ever can become a good player, ought to be commonly known and taught; yet there is no doubt of the fact, as any one must admit who is competent to judge, that the number of conscientious, painstaking teachers who, having been taught, are able in turn to teach others the different kinds of touch, with that faultlessness which is essential to subsequent success, is small indeed; almost infinitesimally small as compared to the whole number of those who profess to teach, or to "give a few lessons."

In some of the best piano methods the pupil is told with sufficient clearness, often with the aid of cuts, how the hand is to be placed, and an attempt is made to describe the action of the fingers in executing the legato touch, but of course it is just here if anywhere that the directions fail. Pupils sometimes come to me, who in spite of these directions and the best instruction they have been able to obtain, have acquired a finger touch which is best characterized by the term *spring halt*. It is the result of failing to connect the act of raising the finger with the act of striking proper. The fault may be corrected by practicing the slow trill with four counts to each note and taking care to connect the upward and downward motions, so that they shall seem to be continuous. Many piano books contain no hint of the danger of raising the finger too soon, and forget to state that the finger should lie passive, just touching the key until the time actually arrives or is arriving for the blow to be struck. Spring halt of the wrist is very common indeed. Pupils who have not been carefully taught, never lift the hand from the keys before, but after striking, or rather after pushing down the keys with the arm. *Rule:* Let the hand rise and fall by one seemingly continuous movement, without moving the finger-joints, or stirring the arm. The foregoing rule, if observed, will prevent another common fault, a kind of grimace or writhing of the hand occasioned by lifting the fingers simultaneously with the upward motion of the entire hand.

The *staccato* executed by beginners, and those who have not been carefully taught, is usually a *third variety of spring halt*, more difficult to correct than either of the kinds before described. It is to be hoped that before very long some convention of musical pedagogues will be moved to take in hand this whole subject, including *staccato*, *semi-staccato*, and *slurred staccato*, as severally applied to slow, medium and rapid passages of single notes and chords, and lay down a few cardinal principles for the guidance of all who are required to teach this branch of technics.

L. F. B.

—Ripon College, Sept. 29, 1877.

THOMAS AND HIS ORCHESTRA.—Precisely what Mr. Theodore Thomas has been about these two years, and particularly this fall, must be something of a puzzle to the mere reader of papers. Ever since he came back to New York from Philadelphia, in a glow of indignation and amid the sympathies of the entire musical public, he has had no definite plan or abode. In Chicago he has proclaimed his ecstatic pleasure with the musical public of that city, which he averred supported him so much better than eastern cities, at the same time that he was telling Mrs. Rivé-King that her piano-playing was the salvation of his season there. He has sneered at the country, which always gives him immense audien-

ces, and depreciated Boston, in spite of its warmest adulation. Now he is in New York, which is the only place for a great orchestra in this country, and conductor, not only of the Thomas orchestra, but of the old Philharmonic society, which, to secure his leadership, discarded a very good conductor, Dr. Leopold Damrosch. It was announced with the customary flourish that Mr. Thomas would proceed to get up such a winter programme of music as New York had never heard; that his own orchestra would be remodelled and the best members of the Philharmonic substituted for its poor material, while the best of his orchestra would be incorporated into the Philharmonic in lieu of its incapables. This looked on the face of it like making one orchestra out of two, but we have been constantly assured that the concerts of the two bodies would be absolutely distinct, not covering the same ground, and yet both first-class. Precluded from supposing that the Thomas orchestra would play only Beethoven, Wagner, Mozart and Mendelssohn, and the Philharmonic only Gottschalk, Offenbach, Strauss and Leybach, any person considering all these statements might be excused for feeling puzzled. But the matter is after all simple enough. Mr. Thomas's service to the cause of music in America can hardly be overrated, nor his great genius as a conductor; but it is no secret that he is disliked by every musician who has served under his autocratic baton, and that his orchestra has been made over repeatedly since he first organized it, so that probably not one of its present members has been with him for the past five years, say. That an orchestral leader should and must be an autocrat is plain, but a different man might be that, and yet remain popular. Now the most of Mr. Thomas's leading performers of last year have left him, and he has made up one orchestra from the ruins of two. Mr. Jacobson, the first violin, and Mr. Lockwood, the harpist, are hardly "discarded" because of lack of ability. The new orchestra may be a very good one, but the fable of its dual existence, as the original Thomas and the old Philharmonic, is too attenuated.—*Springfield Republican*.

LEIPZIG. The celebrated *Thomanische* is about to be moved from its old site to a new one, in the modern part of the town. This school, assuredly the most ancient in existence, was connected, down to the Reformation with the Augustine Monastery, founded in 1223. We do not know the names of all its "Cantors," or choir-directors. We possess a continuous list of them only from 1531. Among the number we may mention Sethus Calvisius, 1594-1615; Johann Schelle, 1677-1701; Johann Kuhnau, 1701-1723, who settled the musical service of the Church as it exists at the present day; Johann Sebastian Bach, his illustrious successor, 1723-1750; Johann Friedrich Döles, 1789-1800; and Moritz Hauptmann, 1842-1867. The present Cantor is Ernst Friedrich Richter, who succeeded Hauptmann. The Cantor's duties are, and always have been, to drill the "*Thomaner*," or "*Thomasians*," in the sacred music, which, with the accompaniment of the Town Band, they have to sing alternately on Sundays at St. Thomas's and St. Nicholas's, the two principal churches in Leipzig. Their choir consists of sixty members, divided into four groups, directed by the same number of *Præfecti*. Two of the groups sing at St. Peter's and at the New Church; the first, which is also the best and the most numerous, is reserved for the two principal churches, and is under the immediate direction of the Cantor himself. The four groups combine to execute motets every Saturday afternoon in St. Thomas's, conformably to an extremely ancient custom. The choir of Thomasians frequently take part in the Gewandhaus Concerts.

HAMBURG. The event of importance in the musical circle here is to be the second centenary jubilee of the Town Theatre. On the 2d January, 1878, it will be two hundred years since the first opera in Germany was performed. The theatre was begun in 1676 and finished in 1677. First adopted for plays and dramas, it was afterwards devoted to opera. The first opera given was "*Adam and Eve*," libretto by Richer, music by Franz Sheil. This was followed by "*The Devil is Loose*," which some believe to have been its precursor; to one of the two, at any rate, the distinction of being the first German opera ever played at this theatre is due. The coming festival on the 2d of January will be one of peculiar attraction, and, if the score exists, to compare the past with the present, "*The Devil is Loose*" with "*Der Ring des Nibelungen*."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Russian Love Song. D minor. 3. b to a. 40
"O! my loving mother, whom I have held so dear"
Shows the way they make love in Russia. Minor, but quaintly musical.
- Ave Maria. Eb. 4. E to g. 35
"Behold how he loved him."
The Latin words are a hymn to the Virgin. The English words however tell the story of Mary and Lazarus. Graceful melody.
- Unrest. Song for Contralto or Baritone. A. 3. c to D. 30
"Let my soul cry not, Unrest! Unrest!"
An Unrestful kind of music fitting the sad words.
- Our Mother's Way. Song and Cho. G. 3. b to D. 35
"Oft within our little cottage At the closing of the day,"
Very beautiful words to sweet music.
- Broadway Promenade. S'g and Dance. Bb. 3. d to F. 30
Very bright music, and words better than the usual "minstrel" standard.
- Les Petits Oiseaux. (Little Birds.) Eb. 4. E to g. 35
"Here all is tranquil, sweet repose!"
"Ni le mechant, ni l'oiseleur."
- On the Wings of Aurora. Solo and Quartet. Bb. 3. F to F. 30
"The morning is breaking The night shadows flee."
A good, wholesome song, with the breath of the morning in it.
- Here 'neath the Moon's soft Ray. (L'hevie attendue.) F. 4. d to F. 40
"Sous ces rayons d'argent"
"Here, 'neath the moon's soft ray."
A French-English song, but in good Italian style.
- Through the Beautiful Gates of Pearl. S'g and Cho. Ab. 3. E to E. 30
"They will welcome your little girl To dwell in the heavenly fold."
One more of the Beautiful Gate songs. Always welcome.

Instrumental.

- Acme March. C. 3. 30
A march by name, but a quickstep by motion, and a good one.
- Yazoo Polka. C. 3. 30
Should be a favorite in Yazoo city (from which it is named) and will please every where.
- Deuxieme Tarentelle. C. 5. 75
Lightness and rapidity constitute the grace of a tarentelle, and both are found here.
- Merry Days of Youth. 6 Melodious Pieces. G. J. Low. each 30
No. 1. Morning in the Woods. (Morgens in Walde.) C. 3.
No. 2. The Water Lily. (Stille Wasserrose.) A. 3.
No. 3. Return to Fatherland. (Heimkehr.) G. 3.
No. 4. Favorite Flower. (Blumlein trout.) D. 3.
No. 5. The Rosy Dawn.
No. 6. In the Oak Woods. (Im Eichenwaldchen.) Bb. 3.
- Gay Tone Pictures. 6 Melodious Pieces, by J. Low. Each, 30
No. 1. Switzer's Dream of Home. (Schweitzers Heimweh.) Eb. 3.
No. 2. Chatterbox. (Kleine Schwazerin.) A. 3.
No. 3. In the Shady Wood. (Im Erlenwaldchen.) F. 3.
No. 4. Fleeting Thoughts. (Fluchtige Gedanke.) A minor. 3.
No. 5. Rose of the Alps. (Alpenroschen.) Eb. 3.
No. 6. Among the Flowers. (In Bluthenduft.) Ab. 3.
The above two sets, (12 pieces) are alike in the rich and meaning-full character of the music, and are good things to have and to play. They are rather difficult for the 3d degree.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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For Dwight's Journal of Music. A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEX-
ANDER W. THAYER.

Oliver Goldsmith once said to Dr. Johnson, alluding to his grand and stately style: "If you were to make little fishes talk, they would talk like whales."

The authors of so-called historical romances do, for the most part, just the opposite. Their whales talk like minnows; their lions "roar you as gently as any sucking dove—roar you an t'were any nightingale." When Shakespeare, Milton, Goethe, Schiller—whether in drama or epic—make great historic characters speak, the reader is satisfied. For these men were themselves great—capable of the grandest thoughts.

For the like reason, Walter Scott, and some few others, might venture to take great men of the past as the heroes of romances. But such writers are exceptions; in general, Emperors and Kings, Statesmen, Warriors, Scholars and Artists, are so magnificently *described*, that we expect wonders. They begin to talk. What a collapse! Inflated and pompous the language—mean and trivial the thoughts—pigmies on stilts.

To a good historical romance three requisites are indispensable.

1. The character of the hero must nowhere come in conflict, neither in word nor act, with historic truth. This is so dangerous a reef, that most productions of this class suffer shameful wreck upon it.

2. The historic verisimilitude must not be violated. I mean by this, that the imaginary acts and deeds of the hero must nowhere conflict with the historic, but be ever in harmony with them.

3. The "scenery and stage effects," so to speak, must correspond to the truth. In other words, a strict regard must be paid to eras, countries, peoples, to religion, culture, manners, etc., or the work will be a failure.

From these premises it follows, that one who has not the power of producing great thoughts, and who has not made profound and comprehensive previous studies, should by no means select celebrated historic characters as heroes of romance.

Our age is fruitful of authors of great capacities and genius; still more fruitful of authors of another sort; namely, of such as can hardly wait until a great man—a Humboldt, for instance—is cold in his grave, before making him the theme of a romance in numberless parts, and advertising it in the most offensive manner in every nook and corner of the land. In my opinion it is high time that a sharp and pitiless criticism, utterly regardless of names and persons, should come forward and make energetic war against this nuisance; and, now that it is allowed me to appear before this honored

audience with a simple, unpretending essay, I have chosen a subject, which enables me to take a slight part in this literary campaign.

I take the liberty of calling your attention to a single class of popular writings; namely, that of biographical novelettes; but, of this class, only to those which relate to Ludwig van Beethoven.

In these, as well as in greater works, an author must bear in mind, at all events, the first two of the principles above enunciated, if he would avoid making himself absurd and ridiculous.

The originator of the Beethoven Novelette Literature was, I think, I. P. Lyser. In the first volumes of Schumann's "Neue Zeitschrift für Musik" appeared a series of fantastic tales, by him, of musical celebrities from Martin Luther down to Beethoven and Johann Schenck. The story told of Schenck, then recently deceased, was absurd even for that day; and Ignatz von Seyfried sent Schumann a biting criticism upon it, which one even now can read with pleasure.

If all writings of this class were as dead and forgotten as those of Lyser, I certainly should never have taken them as the subject of an essay. I have, however, to my sorrow, been made to know, that many of them are accepted by a large class of readers as being either true, or essentially so. Those, who have had occasion to make themselves familiar with Beethoven's history, are well able to distinguish the true from the false; but the number of such readers is comparatively small. Some of these stories have, in former years, led me astray, and cost me long and laborious research to get at the truth. Let that which is forgotten rest in peace; and that only, which is still read, form our topic. In regard to the Novelettes still current, there are two questions to be asked:

1. Is Beethoven truthfully characterized in them?

2. Do they violate historic verisimilitude or not?

This first point may be dismissed in few words. We all know that the works of the really great masters in any of the arts—of the men of true creative talent—are in a manner a reflex of their own characters:—Handel and Michael Angelo, Mozart and Raphael, the refined, spiritual, highly cultivated Mendelssohn, Jupiter-tonans Beethoven. Now the larger number of these novelettes are love-stories. We find in them this Jupiter, this rugged, downright, vigorous, manly and thoughtful creator of the grandest, profoundest, sublimest productions in the sphere of instrumental music—we find this man always portrayed as an effeminate, sentimental, whining, enamored mannikin; as a sorrowful Werther, of that sort whose woes draw floods of tears from soft-headed chambermaids. What can be false or more absurd? As Beethoven was no every-day,

humdrum character, he was sometimes called "cracked;" but a fool of that quality he certainly was not. We have then only to consider in how far some of these stories correspond to historic truth.

In one of them we read, how Beethoven, then a youth of 18 years, during a walk at night—for the story relates that he walked only at night, being ashamed of his poverty-stricken clothes—not far from the Coblenz gate of Bonn, heard some one in a small house playing his Symphony in F. He entered and found a blind girl playing. Touched to the heart, he seated himself at the pianoforte and began to extemporize. "And now it seemed to him"—so we read—"as if the moonbeams that fell through the window upon the instrument became interwoven with the tones." Suddenly he sprang up, hurried home and, by the feeble light of a tallow candle, wrote out that sudden inspiration—it was the "Moonlight Sonata!"

That this story, 30 years ago, might make the round of the periodical press, in half a dozen languages, is conceivable; but that it (not very long ago either) could be again printed in Vienna, is hardly creditable; for, that the eighteen-year-old Court organist of Bonn could hear his Symphony in F played there by a blind girl, 25 years before it was composed, is putting it a little too strong! Now, just to show what absurdities a person can write, who will not take the trouble first to look through books everywhere known and accessible, I will examine one of these stories a little more at length,—one which the author says rests upon "verbal communication."

At the time of the first French occupation of Vienna, that is in November, 1805, Beethoven was in the lowest depths of poverty, helplessness and hopelessness. One possible resource alone remained, and that was a journey to Sillesia—to his friend Prince Carl Lichnowsky. In spite of his poverty—*how*, we are not informed—he had been able to get the necessary funds for the journey. But he could not depart from the capital without first exchanging vows of love and faith with his Julietta. This was, however, owing to family and other reasons, not so easy, and, somehow, a meeting in a thicket in the Prater was agreed upon. Beethoven appeared, but waited so long in vain at the trysting-place, that he began to fear that his Julia was untrue. At last she appears, and a long conversation in well known romance style ensues. Then they part as the heroes and heroines of novels always part. Beethoven, the happy, departs, arrives in the best of spirits at Lichnowsky's, there writes the Moonlight Sonata as a souvenir and monument of this happy evening in the Prater, and then goes to work on the Heroic Symphony. This is an outline of the story. Now

- I. When it was written, a long list of works was accessible to everybody, which would have taught the writer, that the Sonata had been

published several years before November 1805, and that the Symphony was not only long since finished, but had been publicly performed. Indeed, he had but to look into Schindler's book.

II. The idea, to have Beethoven quietly make a journey to Silesia, from a city occupied and surrounded by some hundreds of thousands of hostile soldiers, is too comical to require a word of comment. Had the author cast his eye upon the pages of Hornayr's History of Vienna, he would have seen—what in fact was a matter of course—that the city gates, especially on the Prater side, were regularly shut at evening, and that the Prater itself was alive with Napoleon's soldiers. But when a man is caught in a hostile camp at night, as a rule he receives the not very complimentary title "Spy," followed by a single lesson in rope-dancing. You see the absurdity of representing a man at that time, as a nightly promenade in the Prater—and as to a young lady!

III. In no historic notice of the Opera *Fidelio*, not even in Schindler's book, is the circumstance omitted that, just at the time of this French occupation of Vienna, Beethoven was busy with the rehearsals and first production of this work. How does this fact correspond with his alleged poverty and helplessness? and with his journey to Silesia!

IV. That the young lady in November, 1805, had already long been in Naples, is perhaps a fact that our writer could not easily have known; but that she had married Count Galenberg two years before, that he might have seen in any Gräffches Taschenbuch. In what a cloud of ridiculous absurdities is a spark of fact here enveloped! And all this is so touchingly related, that it cost me also a teardrop or two—tears of laughter.

Ad vocem Fidelio. The following is a table of contents of a novelette, of which *Fidelio* is the subject:

Beethoven in abject poverty.

Fidelio, long since finished, lies in his desk.

He will not grant its performance for want of an adequate actress and singer.

At last the right one appears; young, beautiful, blooming, intellectual, and endowed with a mighty and sympathetic voice.

He makes her acquaintance.

Heart-stirring conversations.

She undertakes the part.

Magnificent performance.

Immense sensation.

Fidelio triumphant.

Divine Leonore.

Beethoven in Heaven:—

and all described in the most beautiful style—of the regular cheap novel pattern.

If this pretended to be the history of the first performances of the opera in 1805, with Anna Milder as the *Fidelio*, even then it would be absurd enough, since Beethoven wrote that part expressly for her; but, not the Milder in 1805—Sophie Schröder, 1822, is the heroine of the story—at a time when Beethoven was almost utterly deaf, and his opera had been performed in Vienna alone more than sixty times, and had made the round of the principal theatres of Germany and Austria. Can absurdity be pushed farther?

Later this story took quite another form: one which Wolzogen has accepted in his biography of Madame Schroeder-Devrient. I cite a single passage, and make a single remark upon it.

"So he (Beethoven) on the evening of the performance [the first of the Schroeder] sat in the orchestra immediately behind the Director, and so enveloped in his cloak, that only his glowing eyes shone out of it. Wilhelmine was frightened by these eyes; an indescribable anxiety oppressed her," etc.

My remark is this: Just on this evening, Beethoven was not in the theatre; he was there at the second performance, and sat in a box of the first row, as the newspapers of the day inform us.

Another of these stories brings us to the battle symphony—"Wellington's Victory at Vittoria." It was first told me, as fact, by the innkeeper, Haidinger, (locally celebrated for his extensive collection of publications relating to Vienna); it was afterwards confirmed by Professor X., who gave me Professor Hoefel of Salzburg as his authority; and a few years later it appeared in print, unaltered as to the main circumstances.

This story makes Beethoven, for the purpose of obtaining hints for his battle symphony, to go out, as a spectator, to a grand sham fight, not far from Wiener Neustadt. In course of the day he lost himself, and, when evening came, was in a place utterly strange to him, namely, by the gates of W. Neustadt—where he was arrested as a vagabond. His declarations that he was Beethoven found no hearing, they were only laughed at, and he must go for the night, suffering torments from hunger and thirst, into a dark cell of the police quarters. Next day, as he persisted in asserting that he was Beethoven, Höfel, who had engraved his likeness, was called, and at once identified him; whereupon he was discharged, etc., etc.

This in all essential points seems to be related on sufficient authority, and yet it does not correspond to the facts in the history of the battle symphony, which, as they have never yet been correctly published, I will here introduce, in a very condensed form.

Johann Nepomuk Mälzl, a fine musician, son of an organ builder of Ratibon, came to Vienna as a teacher of music. He was a mechanical genius by nature, and in his father's workshops had acquired the skill necessary to work out his inventions. His mechanical trumpet and his panharmonicon were famous. He constructed ear trumpets for Beethoven, which the composer used for years. A great and friendly intimacy grew up between the two men, and towards the end of 1812, they agreed to go to London together the next Spring, and there give concerts in company; Mälzl producing his automatic musical instruments, and Beethoven his new symphonies. But Beethoven was prevented from leaving Vienna when the time came, and Mälzl was glad to remain another year in order to construct his famous "Conflagration of Moscow" and to add new compositions to the list played by his panharmonicon. In this list was one piece each by Handel, Haydn and Cherubini. In any case, the addition of Beethoven's name would have been of great value; but doubly so if his contribution should be not only new, but easy of comprehension and upon some subject popular in England. There had hardly, for forty years, been a great battle fought which was not endlessly repeated in music, from the orchestra down to the pianoforte. I have even read, in the advertisements of those days, one announcing a grand battle-piece arranged for—two flutes.

In July, 1818, the news of Wellington's victory at Vittoria reached Vienna. What a magnificent subject for a programme music! and what an effect might be produced by it on the panharmonicon! So thought Mälzl, who was well acquainted with London and the English public. His workshop was then on the Glacis, not far from the Carl Church, in Stein's pianoforte factory. Stein's recently deceased son, Carl, confirmed to me in full the following reminiscences upon the origin of the Battle Symphony, recorded by Moscheles: "I witnessed," says Moscheles, "the origin and progress of this work, and remember that not only did Mälzl decidedly induce Beethoven to write it, but even laid before him the whole design of it; he himself wrote all the drum-marches and the trumpet-flourishes of the French and English armies; gave the composer some hints, how he should herald the English army by the tune

of "Rule Britannia;" how he should introduce "Malbrook" in a dismal strain; how he should depict the horrors of the battle, and arrange "God save the King" with effects representing the hurrahs of a multitude. Even the unhappy idea of converting the melody of "God save the King" into a subject of a fugue in quick movement, emanates from Mälzl. All this I saw in sketches and score, brought by Beethoven to Mälzl's work-shop, then the only suitable place of reception he was provided with." So, Moscheles and Stein.

In this manner the score for the panharmonicon was completed and Mälzl began to set it upon a cylinder for the instrument. Meantime the year 1813 drew to its close, and the journey to London must now, or soon be undertaken; but there was a great difficulty to be overcome; neither Mälzl nor Beethoven had the necessary funds. The Austrian finance patent of 1811, and the failure of the attempt to produce his new (the 7th and the 8th) symphonies in the Spring, had brought Beethoven's finances into a critical position, while Mälzl had used up his small capital on his panharmonicon and his "Conflagration of Moscow." But he, Mälzl, did not lose courage; he felt confident, that he could effect what Beethoven in the Spring could not, namely, bring the new Symphonies to a public performance, and by means of them relieve both himself and Beethoven from their pecuniary embarrassment. Still, he thought it indispensable to put something on the programme *ad captandum vulgus*. His trumpeter was of course to play; but this was already too well known in Vienna to be a great attraction, and he knew Beethoven too well, to think he would condescend to compose any mere showpiece for the occasion. The battle-piece occurred to him. The time was short. Without waiting to finish setting it for the panharmonicon, he took the score to the composer and proposed to him to instrument it for full orchestra. Beethoven consented.

That Mälzl, after it was ready, arranged two concerts for a charitable purpose, the net profits of which were over 4000 gulden—that the Battle and the 7th Symphony had extraordinary success—that Beethoven by them suddenly achieved the greatest popularity, and that, in consequence, he was able to give several very profitable concerts—all this is well known; not so well known is it, that Mälzl, for the sacrifice of his panharmonicon score, for all his labor and pains in arranging the first two concerts, and far more than two months loss of time, never received a kreutzer! The sad fact is certain, that Beethoven, after the immense and unexpected success of the first two concerts, abandoned the idea of the journey to London, cast off Mälzl entirely, and repeated the performances (with some additions of his own to the programme, to offset the trumpeter) for his own sole benefit. The excuse he afterwards made for this injustice was, that Mälzl had advertised the Battle symphony as his own property.

The latter now scored the composition—or had it scored—from the parts, journeyed to Munich, and there had it performed; on learning this Beethoven entered a suit against him. Now, no one can deny, that the score for the panharmonicon was the property of Mälzl, even if he had not been the author of the entire plan of it. We know also, that he of his own accord brought it back to Beethoven to be instrumented for their common interest. Did this amount to a surrender of his property in it? That was the legal question involved. It never reached a decision, and to this day it remains unanswered; unless the following circumstance may be considered as determining it in Mälzl's favor.

When he, Mälzl, returned to Vienna near the close of 1817, to introduce his Metronome, it was all important to him to secure Beethoven's good word for the instrument, and he would

* Perhaps some readers of this will remember seeing it exhibited in Boston some 50 years ago.—Ed.

not have refused to satisfy any fair claim of the composer upon him; and yet Beethoven dropped his suit, and divided with Mälzl equally all the costs that had been incurred.

Beethoven recommended the Metronome in the warmest terms, and the end of the song was, a supper in the Camel Inn, where the wine flowed freely, and Mälzl, Schindler and others sang Beethoven's Metronome Canon, "Ta, ta, ta, ta." The universal prejudice against Mälzl, rests entirely on the writings of Schindler and his copyists, supported by a very incorrect document, written by Beethoven in an angry mood, and published by Schindler under the title of "Deposition." Yet whoever will take the trouble to look carefully into the matter, will soon find, that the corner-stone of Beethoven's immense successes in the years 1814, 1815—the resurrection of Fidelio included—was laid by nobody else, than Johann Nepomuk Mälzl! Let no one take it ill, that I thus withdraw the veil and show this dark spot on Beethoven's fair fame. Justice demands it. We know so much of the composer's goodness and greatness, that this exposure cannot really injure him in our opinions. We lament, forgive, forget.

Poor Mälzl passed his last years in my native land, where he lived, honored and liked as a gentleman. Through his metronome and his connexion with Beethoven alone, does his name still live. Ought we to allow, that he—a benefactor of Beethoven—as hitherto, so in the future, so long as the biography of the composer shall be read—be painted as a base swindler, merely to hide a passing weakness of the great musician?

When I heard the story of the arrest, I saw at once that it could have no connection with the history of the Battle symphony; still I was curious to know how much, if any, truth there might be in it, and took occasion to visit Prof. Höfel in Salzburg; from whom I heard as follows:

In the Summer of 1822 or 1823, he sat with several of his friends and the Commissioner of police, in the garden of the inn "Zum Schleifer," just outside the gates of Wiener Neustadt, taking supper by candle-light, when one of the police men came to his chief and reported:

"Herr Commissioner, we have arrested a man, who gives us no rest, and yells all the time that he is Beethoven. But he is nothing but a beggar—has no hat—has on an old coat—has no paper to show who he is," etc., etc.

The Commissioner ordered the man to be detained until next day, and then they would find out who he was.

The next evening the company was naturally curious to know how the matter ended, and the Commissioner related, that about 11 o'clock he was awakened and again told that the man in arrest gave them no peace, and demanded that Herr Herzog, Musik-Director of Wiener Neustadt, should be called to identify him. This was immediately done; and as soon as Herzog cast eyes upon him, he exclaimed: "That is Beethoven!" and took him home with him. In the morning the Burgomaster called and apologized for what had happened, and, after Herzog had supplied his guest with decent clothes, sent him in the city coach back to Baden, where he was then staying.

He had gone out of his lodging in the morning, without his hat and in an old coat, to take a short walk. Coming to the Canal he followed the towpath for a time, and, sunk in thought, forgot to turn back, lost his direction, and pushed on, until he found himself in the evening, weary, covered with dust, and hungry, in a place all unknown to him—the Canal basin, by the Hungarian gate of Wiener Neustadt. Here he was seen looking into the windows of the houses, and, as he looked like a beggar, was of course arrested.

To his assertion that he was Beethoven, the answer is said to have been: "Yes, indeed! why not?—You are nothing but a beggar—Beethoven does not look so!"

(To be Continued.)

The New Orchestra.

(From the New York Tribune, Oct. 30.)

Now that the musical season has opened, some information about the new orchestra, which, under Theodore Thomas's direction, is to fill such an important part in the entertainments of the Winter, will no doubt be acceptable. To call it the new orchestra is, perhaps, scarcely correct, for, while it contains many men who were not in the band last year, and while many who were with Thomas then are with him no longer, a large proportion of the performers have belonged to the orchestra in former years, and probably all of them have played at one time or another under Thomas's baton.

The band which has been giving the popular concerts at Steinway Hall recently is Mr. Thomas's travelling orchestra, and at the same time the nucleus of the orchestras with which he gives his own Symphony Concerts and the Philharmonic Concerts, and his concerts in Boston and one or two other places where he produces works of the first magnitude. It numbers about forty-seven men, all of whom are now members of the Philharmonic Society of this city. They comprise nearly all the best players in that society, and are without exception musicians of the best class; many of them are excellent solo artists, and not a few are the best individual performers on their respective instruments in the United States. The first violins, who sit at the front of the stage to the left of Thomas as he stands facing the orchestra, are a remarkable body of men. Hermann Brandt, the *concertmeister*, or principal first violin, the right hand one of the two men at the desk nearest Thomas, is a very well-known and experienced player, and one of the first violins of the Philharmonic Society. He is from Hamburg, an excellent performer, and in his earliest youth gave promise of rare musical talent. Bernhard Listmann, who was Thomas's *concertmeister* several years ago, is now first violin of the Philharmonic Club, of Boston, to which also belong Weiner, Thomas's old first flute, and, if we mistake not, one or two others of Thomas's old men. Jacobsohn, who followed Listmann as concert-master, is now first violin of the celebrated Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of Boston. Hamm, Brandt's "desk-mate," with brown moustache and imperial, is an old member of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, and resigned the place in the club which Jacobsohn has lately taken.

At the second stand the outside man is Julius Bernstein, for a long time conductor of the Germania Theatre orchestra, and brother of the Bernstein of dance orchestra fame. His desk-mate, Hemmann, was a member of last year's orchestra, and is a brother of the principal violoncellist. The outside man at the next stand is Phillip Färber, and his desk-mate is Klugescheld, who has been with Thomas a long time, having fairly grown up in the orchestra, and steadily worked his way to his present position. Crant, outside at the next stand, was in the old orchestra; with him is Herwig. Of the second violins, who sit opposite to the first, and facing them, the principal is Gruppe, whose blond beard has long been familiar with the public; he has been with Thomas many years, and so has his desk-mate, Rhaesa. Hermann, the outside man at the next stand, was also in the old band. Hermann's desk-mate is Reyer, probably the oldest man in the orchestra, an excellent player, and a member years ago of Julius Eisfeldt's old quartette, which some of our readers may remember. At the next stand are Rietzel, a son of the first-flutist, and Dietrich, a member of the old orchestra, and one of Thomas's right-hand men in conducting its internal economy. At the closing of the Centennial Exhibition last year, the exercises had to be held in the Judges' Hall instead of the open air, on account of the rain. In the Hall, the orchestra was placed in a long, narrow gallery, running the whole length of the building, and it was impossible for Thomas to place himself so that all his men could see him. He therefore stood about one-third of the way down the gallery, stationed Dietrich somewhat farther on, and they conducted simultaneously, the whole band being thus enabled to see one or other of the conductors. Thanks to Dietrich, who is very steady, everything went perfectly. Kester and Specht, who occupy the last stand, have been with Thomas for years. The violas sit just back of the second violins, and parallel with them. Baetens, their principal, who has a brown moustache and beard, has been a long time with Thomas; so has his desk-mate, Berger, a man with black moustache and black curly hair. Behind them sit Haupt, who was with Thomas years ago, but has not been of late,

and Loewenstein, and the last man, Gebhard, plays third flute on occasions, as well as viola. The violoncellos are in the middle, squarely facing the house. Their principal, Hemmann, is a young man who has grown up in the orchestra. His desk-mate, Reineccius, with blond beard and spectacles, is fondly known by his brother musicians as "Rhinoceeros." He has been in the orchestra some years. At the next desk are Sachleben, one of Thomas's most useful men, and Bareither, both in the old orchestra, and the last man is Bergner, principal violoncellist of the Philharmonic Society, and too well known to need description. Of the double-basses, C. Uthof, who stands against the wall, on the left, nearest the audience, is the principal. He holds the position formerly filled by Arthur Howell, now in England, who not long ago married Miss Rose Hersee, the young English prima donna, well remembered here as a member of Madame Parepa-Rosa's last opera troupe. Uthof has been with Thomas a number of years, and is one of his best men. Ififfenschneider, who stands next him, was with Thomas some years ago, when he was principal double-bass. Opposite these, on the right, stand Preusser and Listmann.

The flutes are just to the left of the violoncellos, in front. Rietzel, with spectacles, curly iron-gray hair, and moustache, is the first flute. He is a very well known musician, and one of the Board of Directors of the Philharmonic Society. To the left of him is the second flute, Ickler, a member of the old orchestra. Behind the flutes are the oboes. Eller, first oboe, used to be with Thomas, but left him last year, and joined the Mozart Club, which was formed of seceders from Thomas's orchestra. He is the right hand one of the two oboes. Eller also plays the English horn. The second oboe is Monte. The clarinets are placed on the left of the oboes, and are Boehm on the right, and Drewes on the left, both of them singularly fine players. Boehm, who is one of the best known masters of the clarinet in this country, and also one of the few really good performers on the bass clarinet, has long been Vice-President of the Philharmonic Society. The bassoon players, whose long blunderbuss-looking instruments stick up behind the clarinets, are Reuter, with a black beard, Thomas's old first bassoon, and Sohst, better known as a baritone singer, and a member of the choir of Grace Church, in this city. The bassoon is a difficult instrument, and good players on it are rare. There are only three or four first-class bassoonists in New York, and these are probably the best of them. Along the back and to the right of the bassoons are the four horns. The first is Gewalt, on the left, Pieper and Schmitz, both members of the old orchestra, are next, and the fourth horn, to the right, is Lotze. The first trumpet is the well-known Dietz, who sits back of the violas, and nearest the front of the stage. He was Thomas's first trumpet last year, and as an orchestral player has probably no rival in this country. Sohst, a brother of the bassoon player, is second trumpet, and Bareither is third. The three trombones are behind the trumpets. The first trombone, who sits in front, is Cappa, who has been a long time in the orchestra, and is a capital artist. Next to him, and looking a good deal like him, is Saul. The third trombone is Letsch, who was with Thomas some time ago, and is a distinguished solo player. Listmann is the tuba, and is noted as the best performer on that instrument in the country. The kettle-drums are played by Löwe. He and Toulmin, the harpist, were in the orchestra last season, Mr. Toulmin having left the Philharmonic orchestra a year ago to take the place of Thomas's admirable English harpist, Mr. Lockwood, who is now playing in one of the classical orchestras of Germany. The Lockwoods, by the way, are a family of harpists, a brother of the gentleman who was here being the principal harp player at the Crystal Palace classical concerts, while his sister is the harpist of Carl Rosa's fine operatic orchestra, said to be now the best in London.

Such is the nucleus of the new symphony orchestra. When enlarged for important occasions, the additions of course are made chiefly to the strings. For Thomas's own series of symphony concerts the whole number of performers will be raised to about eighty, and for the Philharmonics, the increase will be still greater, the Academy of Music requiring a somewhat fuller band than Steinway Hall. It is from the Philharmonic Society that the reserves will generally be drawn. Among the first violins are G. Matzka (principal), Mosenthal, Arnold, Bristow, Fröhlig, Röbelen, and Reiff, most of whom have been associated with Thomas before; among the second violins, Tremba and Habes;

among the violas, Schwartz, Schullinger, Jacoby and Beag; among the violoncellos, Hoch and Steffelberg, and among the basses Liefels and Rotachy.

The Crystal Palace Concerts, London.— Their Repertoire and Orchestra. (From *Figaro*.)

The Crystal Palace directors have issued their annual volume, corrected down to the close of the last season, of the repertoire of the Crystal Palace Saturday concerts for the past two-and-twenty years. The catalogue is an imposing one, extending over thirty-two pages of print. Only the great works of the repertoire are set down, the individual songs and other music pieces not being taken into consideration at all. This extraordinary list is prefaced by a brief account, from the pen of Mr. George Grove, of the rise and progress of the Crystal Palace concerts. Mr. Grove reminds amateurs that the Saturday Concerts began on the 22d of September, 1855. No special room for music or provision for a full orchestra entered into the ideas of the designers of the Palace. "The Court of Musical Instruments," now the Bohemian Glass Court, was the nearest approach to such a room that the building contained; and there accordingly took place the first of the concerts, which have since become so widely celebrated. Mr. Schallehn, the then conductor of the company's band, resigned his post to Mr. Manns on the 14th of October, 1855, and very shortly afterwards the locale of the concerts was changed to a kind of lecture-room, formed in an extempore fashion outside the Queen's apartments at the north end of the Palace, and since destroyed in 1866. Here the first Mozart celebration was held, on the 26th of January, 1856, and here the concerts continued to be given for some months. They were then removed to the centre transept, to an enclosure of a temporary kind on the garden side; and finally, after many experiments and difficulties, they found a home on the 15th November, 1856, on the site of the present concert room. The enclosure of the room, and the formation of the present wooden roof in 1859, were among the first acts of the late energetic manager, Mr. Bowley. Since then the concerts have progressed until they have attained the world-wide celebrity they now enjoy. How much of this result is due to the earnest endeavors in the cause of art of Mr. George Grove, and how much more to the untiring exertions of the conductor, Mr. August Manns, amateurs are well aware.

The Crystal Palace catalogue is, of course, far too lengthy to be inserted here, but a brief summary of its contents will be of undoubted interest. Of symphonies and works in symphonic form, there have been produced by Beethoven 1, Bach 4, J. F. Barnett 1, Beethoven all the 9, Benedict 2, Sterndale Bennett 2, Brahms 3, David 1, F. H. Cowen 3, Gade 4, Gadsby 1, Gounod 2, Haydn 22, F. Hiller 3, Henry Holmes 1, Lachner 3, Liszt 1, Méhul 1, Mendelssohn 10, Mozart 10, E. Prout 1, Raff 3, Romberg 1, Rubinstein 2, Schubert 3, Schumann 6, Silas 1, Spohr 7, and Sullivan, Verdi (the string quartet, played by all the strings of the orchestra), Weber, and Wingham each one. Of overtures, marches, entr'actes, and ballet airs, there have been performed by Adam 3, Auber 13, Bach 2, Balfe 3, Bargiel 2, J. F. Barnett 4, Barnby 1, Bazzini 1, Beethoven 14, Bennett 7, Benedict 3, Berlioz 3, Best 1, Boieldieu 1, Chelard 1, Cherubini 10, Costa 2, Cowen 2, Cusins 2, David 1, Flotow 1, Gade 4, Gadsby 4, Gevaert 1, Glinka 2, Gluck 2, Gounod 8, Guiraud 1, Hager 1, Halévy 1, Handel 4, Haydn 2, Hérold 2, Hiller 4, Alfred Holmes 3, C. E. Horley 4, Joachim 3, Kerlhusch, Krebs, Kuhlau, Lake, Lealie, Leutner, and Lindpainter one each, Litolf 3, Lucas 1, Macfarren 3, Manns 1, Massenet 1, Méhul 2, Mendelssohn 19, Meyerbeer 6, Mozart 9, Nicolai 2, Onkeley, Osborne, Paner, Pearce, Potter, and Ries one each, Pierson 3, Raff 2, Rebner 3, Reinecke 5, Ritz 2, Rossini 3, Rubinstein 3, Schindelmasser 3, Schubert 3, Schumann 6, Smart 2, Spohr 6, Spontini 3, Saint-Saëns, Shakespeare, Alice Smith, Stephens, Stiehl, Street, Suppé, Taubert, A. Thomas, H. Thomas, Tchaikoffsky, Van Brie, Waley, Wallace, and Winter one each, Sullivan 7, Volkmann 2, Wagner 11, Weber 10, and Wingham 2. Of concertos and instrumental solos there have been performed by Bach 7, Beethoven 11, Benedict 2, Bennett 4, Brahms 4, Barnett, Baumer, Bronsart, Bruch-Dusseck, Grieg, Gadsby, Grutzmacher, Handel, Hegar, Henelt, Hiller, Leclair, Li Calso, Linder, Lip-

inski, Macfarren, Manns, Pauer, Pollitzer, Prout, Rode, Schubert, Servais, Silas, Sullivan, De Swert, Thalberg, and Tchaikowsky all one each, Chopin 7, David, Ernst, and H. Holmes two each, Hummel 5, Joachim 4, Mendelssohn 20, Molique, Moschella, Piatti, Reinecke, and Viotti two each, Mozart 10, Paganini, Raff, and Rubinstein three each, Schumann 4, Spohr 7, Vieuxtemps 5, and Weber 8. Of vocal and miscellaneous works, such as oratorios, cantatas, etc., there have been performed by Bach 2, Barnett 2, Beethoven 13, Sterndale Bennett 2, Benedict 1, Brahms 3, Costa, Alwyn, Cusins, Delfell, Gade, Griesbach, Haydn, Hiller, A. Holmes, Lealie, Liszt, Mozart, Onseley, Prout, Roeckel, Rossini, and Smart one each, Gounod 3, Handel 6, Macfarren 3, Mendelssohn 18, Rubinstein 3, Schubert 9, Schumann 2, Sullivan 6, and Weber 2. The dates of the various performances of each work are given, as well as, in the case of solos, the artists who performed them. Not many musical institutions, either at home or abroad, can, I fancy, boast such a repository, in which there are few names celebrated in music left unrepresented.

The permanent band of the Crystal Palace Company contains 6 first violins, 4 second ditto, 4 violas, 3 violoncellos, and three double basses, besides the full complement of wind instruments, harp, drums, etc. For the Saturday concerts this force is augmented up to 16 first and 14 second violins, 11 violas, 10 violoncellos, and ten double basses—a force which is occasionally still further increased.

Crystal Palace Concerts.

(From the "Graphic," October 7.)

The 22nd series of these admirable entertainments begins to-day, with a programme full of attraction, among the leading features being Mr. Arthur Sullivan's incidental music to *Henry VIII.*, the overture to *La Prémier Jour de Bonheur* (Auber's penultimate opera), and, last not least, Sir Julius Benedict's concerto in E flat, for pianoforte and orchestra, the pianoforte part sustained—not for the first time, even at the Crystal Palace—by Mme. Arabella Goddard. The overture to *Oberon* and the C major symphony of Beethoven are also comprised. The Crystal Palace Choir is to assist in the performance of Mr. Sullivan's characteristic music. With reference to one point, it may be urged that, while so many fine symphonies by Haydn have not hitherto been accorded a hearing at these concerts, where the "Father of the Symphony," nevertheless, obtains such earnest and sympathetic attention from Mr. August Manns, Beethoven's earliest work of the kind might, with advantage to itself, be granted a somewhat longer period of repose. So bright and masterly a piece, however, cannot fall under any circumstances, to be more or less welcome, and few except such amateurs as have been accustomed to hear it at frequent intervals during many years past will feel inclined to object. Other points of interest borne in mind, Mr. Manns may therefore be congratulated on having prepared a model selection for his habitual supporters. The prospectus for the season, which is to terminate on the 15th of May, looks well upon paper; and the Crystal Palace directors, it must be admitted, usually adhere with conscientious strictness to the pledges set forth in their preliminary announcements. There are to be eleven concerts before, and fourteen after Christmas. The orchestra remains much as previously, with Mr. Manns in the place he has so zealously filled from the outset. Any change in these departments would be viewed with considerable dissatisfaction. Last season the Crystal Palace choral singers exhibited signs of progress which were heartily recognized on more than one occasion; and it is to be hoped they may continue to advance steadily in the same path, though some are of opinion that they would do wisely to turn their backs upon oratorio, unless when assuming the shape of some very interesting novelty; such, for example, as the "sacred drama," *Hezekiah*, which Mr. J. L. Hatton, one of our most highly esteemed musicians, has lately finished. This forms an important item in the catalogue of works by English authors. Sterndale Bennett—as, to the credit of Mr. Manns, invariably happens—is well cared for. In addition to his beautiful cantata, *The May Queen*, one of his pianoforte concertos, and the music to his unfinished *Ajaz*—the last he ever wrote, and on that account alone the most acceptable of all—are promised, Mr. Henry Gadsby's overture to *Andromeda*, and his choruses in *Alceste*, together with a manuscript symphony in G minor by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, will

be welcome—the last more especially, as something unknown from the pen of a composer whose talent and scholarly acquirements have won general recognition. A "new concert-overture," by Mr. C. V. Stanford, of Trinity College, Cambridge (the same that was performed at the recent Gloucester Festival) completes the list—unless we may translate into a certainty the "hope" entertained by the directors of being able to include Professor Macfarren's *Lady of the Lake* (his most recent production), of which reports from Glasgow warrant high expectations. For the great Scotch city the cantata was expressly written, and it is to be produced there at one of the Subscription Concerts in December next. This, added to Mr. Arthur Sullivan's *Henry VIII.* (above mentioned) gives to English compositions and English composers that fair share of publicity which, unquestionably their due, can rarely fail to be as acceptable as it is desirable. That to Beethoven, the Colossus, is assigned a giant's place in the scheme, may be taken for granted; and there was little necessity to urge any plea for so inevitable a decision. Mozart is called upon not only for two out of his many orchestral symphonies, but for a series of variations (horns and stringed instruments) not long since brought to light at Vienna, familiar enough to enthusiastic lovers of the Salzburg genius, however unfamiliar to amateurs and musicians in general. Only two symphonies by Haydn—the 9th of the "Salomann" set, and "that in G, quaintly" (why quaintly?) "known as 'Letter V.'" Besides other compositions from Mendelssohn, a fugue for stringed instruments, belonging to one of his early symphonies, is set down. The more such things the better, inasmuch as every fresh contribution acquaints us more nearly with the development of the genius of that exceptional musician to whom the Art-world is indebted for *El-Jah*. Of Schubert we are to hear once more the curiously styled "Tragic Symphony," which has nothing "tragic" in it, and (first time) another symphony in B flat, the second conceived by the brain of Beethoven's most fertile and gifted contemporary. Two out of the four symphonies by Schumann are, as a matter of course, provided; and *mirabile dictu!*—the ballet music from Rossini's *Moïse*, Parisian version of his *Mosé in Egitto*. The Introduction to Act 1, or the grand finale of Act 2, from the same opera, would have conferred more honor upon the illustrious Pesaresi. Our "elders" in art are not overlooked, and various compositions by Bach and Handel, about which it is needless to say more than that they are here comparatively unknown, are included. Not the least interesting among these is "The Yorkshire Feast Song," by our own Henry Purcell, which, though advertised last season, was non-forthcoming. The "Sinfonie Caractéristique" of Hector Berlioz, founded upon Byron's "Childe Harold," and entitled *Harold en Italie*, has been heard more than once in London, though never till now at the Crystal Palace. We are curious to witness the effect produced upon the Sydenham audience by this gloomy and magnificent "tone poem," "tone-picture," or whatever the disciples of the "Romantic School" may delight to call it, and no less curious to be informed upon whom will devolve the task of playing the *obligato* part for a single viola, supposed to represent the personage of Harold throughout the entire symphony. The *Waldsinfonie* of Joachim Raff; the fourth "Orchestral Rhapsody" of Abbé Liszt (rhapsody indeed!); the symphony which Herr Anton Rubinstein boldly entitles *Ocean*; and orchestral pieces from Reinecke, Hoffman, Goldmark, and Saint-Saëns; together with Verdi's *Requiem*, the ballet music from Gounod's last opera, *Cygnus-Mars*; selections from Wagner's *Ring des Nibelungen*, etc., and Sir Michael Costa's serenata, *The Dream*, are all included.

VIENNA. The Emperor of Austria has granted permission for three grand Concert-Soirées to take place next winter in the Imperial Operahouse. The proceeds are to be devoted to the pension fund of the institution. There is every probability that all the members of the orchestra will take a trip to Paris, with a view to giving a series of concerts there during the International Exhibition. The idea is said to have been suggested in a letter from a leading member of the Exhibition Committee. Meanwhile, the directors of the Salzburg Mozarteum, in consideration of certain ulterior advantages to accrue to the Mozarteum, have offered to undertake the management of the trip, and guarantee the artists against all risk of pecuniary loss. The offer will probably be accepted. The number of concerts would be six, separated from each other by a

day of rest, so that the musicians would not be fatigued, but have time to see some of the sights of the French capital. A fortnight would suffice for the entire series, which would take place in July, when the Imperial Operahouse here is closed. According to the *Wiener Fremdenblatt*, the approaching concert season promises well. Among the artists of note expected are Herren Joachim, Auer, Sanret, Davidoff, Brassin, and Madame Arabella Goddard, who has not played in Vienna for some years.

CASSEL. The Intendant of the Theatre Royal has announced that he will give, in the course of the winter, a series of performances in which the various German masters, from Gluck down to R. Wagner, shall be represented in chronological order by one opera each. The opera will be selected from those generally accounted its composer's best, and will be preceded by a music-historical disquisition on its peculiar merits. There will be seventeen performances in all. According to the present arrangements, the following are the composers and operas selected:—1. Gluck, *Iphigenie in Tauris*; 2. Dittersdorf, *Apotheker und Doctor*; 3. Mozart, *Die Zauberflöte*; 4. Winter, *Das unterbrochene Opferfest*; 5. Weigl, *Die Schweizerfamilie*; 6. Beethoven, *Fidelio*; 7. Spohr, *Pausa*; 8. Weber, *Der Freischütz*; 9. Marschner, *Hans Heiling*; 10. Kreutzer, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*; 11. Meyerbeer, *Die Hugenotten*; 12. Schubert, *Der hässliche Krieg*; 13. Mendelssohn, *Loreley*; 14. Schumann, *Genoveva*; 15. Nicolai, *Die lustigen Weiber von Windsor*; 16. Flotow, *Stradella*; and 17. Wagner, *Lohengrin*.

BERLIN. The Singakademie has issued the programme of its three Subscription Concerts. Bach's *Magnificat*, Gade's *Zion*, and Mendelssohn's *Lauda Zion*, will be performed at the first; Handel's *Balthazar*, at the second; and F. Kiel's *Christus*, at the third. According to report, Herr C. Ad. Lorenz's lay-oratorio, *Otto der Grosse*, dedicated to the Emperor Wilhelm, and twice successfully performed at Stettin, will ere long be produced here.

HAMBURG. The Bach Association will execute, during the winter, Kiel's *Christus* and the Abbate Franz Liszt's *Heilige Elisabeth*, besides giving performances of works by the great master after whom the Association is named.

LEIPZIG. J. F. Himmelsbach writes to the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin*, Oct. 13, as follows:

The first of the Gewandhaus concerts was given last evening, and with it the musical season, which doubtless will again be as rich as the most enthusiastic music-lover may desire, has been formally opened. The programme was as follows:

Concert Overture—A major.....Rietz
Aria—La Clemenza di Tito.....Mozart
Concerto for piano—C major (new).....Reinecke
Songs—An die Leyer, Schubert, Echtsucht, Rubinstein.
Funeral March.....Mozart
Symphony No. 2—E flat.....Rietz

Most of the audience would probably have preferred a Beethoven symphony to the one of Rietz, but the recent death of the latter (Sept. 12th), who was the immediate predecessor of Reinecke (from 1848–1860), made it but right and proper on the part of the directors to abstain from their usual custom in order to pay tribute to the memory of one who did no little towards retaining and even elevating the high standard of the Gewandhaus concerts.

The orchestra played with spirit and rare precision; especially was the concert overture a performance not to be excelled. Capellmeister Reinecke is certainly not only one of the best conductors, but also one of the most able interpreters of Mozart's music. This was very apparent in the rendering of the funeral march by the orchestra; from first to last it followed willingly and easily; one felt and heard the master musician in deep sympathy with the spirit of Mozart.

In the difficult Mozart aria, Fräulein Fanny Olden, from Dresden, introduced herself most favorably. She did not leave unimproved the opportunity to display the many beautiful qualities of her well-schooled mezzo-soprano voice. Not less happy was she in the songs, richly deserving all the applause she received.

Reinecke's new piano concerto, while it does not come up to the merits of his well-known F-sharp

minor concerto, Op. 72, has yet sufficient value to be ranked among the better compositions of the present day. The last exceedingly brilliant movement is the most effective, but it requires a first-class pianist to make it so; the first and second call for no particular remarks, excepting that they could only have been written by a more than ordinarily gifted musician. His playing was incomparably fine. A peculiar feature of his piano playing is his wonderfully sympathetic touch; his piano is delicate beyond expression, his forte is never hard or harsh, yet not lacking manly power. He is a master pianist.

CHICAGO, Nov. 1. Our musical season has not yet fairly opened. Mr. Eddy's Organ Recitals have been resumed with about the same attendance as last year, and with similar programmes. In the first one he brought forward a new Organ Sonata by Mr. Dudley Buck, (dedicated to Mr. Eddy). One naturally compares this work with his former organ Sonata, composed to show his hand when he first returned from abroad. That work was brilliant and effective, but somewhat too American in tone, uneven, and almost crude in places. This one is a great advance. It is worked out in a musicianly manner, and is musical throughout. It is in three movements. The first is the regular "Sonata-piece," or *Sonata-form* (as Richter calls it), and adheres to the tradition of the pianoforte sonata, perhaps something more closely than is necessary. Still the entire movement is enjoyable. The best part of the work is the second movement, an *Adagio*, which is very beautiful and perhaps more sentimental (or spiritual, shall I say?) than organ *Adagios* are apt to be. The principal idea in this movement is relieved by a very dramatic digression (by no means easy to play well). At the second return of the Principal, the melody is assigned to the pedal "eight-feet" cello, and the parts to a *voix celeste*, with a very charming effect, in spite of the stiffness of a melody on a pedal stop. The digression then comes again in a new key. This movement is well balanced, original, and of course well conceived for the organ. The finale is in 2-4 time, and is a rondo with a *torantelle* spirit, though not in triplets. It is brilliant, and when well-played, showy. Still I cannot say that it seems to me a fit conclusion for the work. Of course a finale of this character is more pleasing to a miscellaneous audience than a fugue, and more comforting to a musician than variations on "Hail Columbia" or "God save the King," however antic the pedal variations may be made.

In the production of this sort of a finale Mr. Buck has followed the precedent of the pianoforte Sonata. This, however, is no advantage in my estimation. For I have some time ago called attention in these columns to the fact that Beethoven, the only man who ever understood the Sonata, showed an increasing disposition to discard the Rondo finale which he had received in the tradition of this form; and in my opinion he did so in the effort to conclude the work with a climax, and to make the climax of the effect and of the spiritual expression coincide, which it can never do in a Sonata closing with a Rondo. It is thus that I interpret the colossal *opus* 111, which is itself only the well-rounded climax of a series of departures from Sonata traditions, extending through the last half of his productive activity. Hence it has never hurt my feelings that Mendelssohn should have allowed his English publisher to call his collection of six organ pieces "Sonatas," when not one of them is in the traditional form of the piano Sonata. On the contrary, I find the little "Songs without Words," which stand there in the place of *adagios*, and which conclude several of these pieces, not only enjoyable in themselves, but not badly placed in the work. They come with a sort of "benediction after prayer" effect, which is on the whole comfortable and artistic.

Speaking of Mr. Buck's work reminds me of his "Choir Accompaniments," a treatise lately composed by him, which throws more light on the art of accompanying singing by the organ, than I have ever seen elsewhere. And the subject is one every experienced organist finds it necessary to know something about.

The Hershey musical evenings have been resumed, but, I am sorry to report, have fallen from grace musically, and have risen in the favor of the public by the same token. After all, the programmes are not so very bad. At the last one Mrs. Von Klenze played Beethoven's 4th Concerto, (to organ accompaniment!); and Mr. Eddy played Meyerbeer's "Schiller March" and Buck's "Overture to William Tell!"

"How are the mighty fallen,
And their weapons of war perished,"
—or at least laid away for a season.

On the other hand a new turn of the musical wheel brings us something extremely gratifying in the new departure taken by the "Beethoven Society" in their reunions,—chamber concerts coming once a month. Mr. Wolfsohn has organized a String Quartet, and will bring out one piece of this class, and one for piano and strings, at every reunion. The first one took place last Saturday night and brought Rubinstein's profound and beautiful Quatuor in F, op. 17, and a new Quintet for piano and strings by Schotte, op. 1. The quartette consists of Messrs. Wm. Lewis, Fehl, Loesch, and Eichheim. They already play fairly together, and there is hope that they will develop the qualities this kind of work requires. The Rubinstein Quartet was received warmly and a general desire was expressed to hear it again. But the sensation of the evening was the Quintet. This work is called "opus one" of a blind composer in New York. It is in four movements, two of which are also divided by changes of time. It is brilliantly written, extremely genial and melodious, and the piano is concerted with the other instruments in a very clever manner. Hearing it but once, it is of course hazardous to say too much, but certainly it seems to me a work of real value. The players (Mr. Wolfsohn at the piano) speak of it with the warmest enthusiasm.

The singing at this reunion was by Mrs. Jennie Kempton, Mrs. Jennie Jewett, Mr. Knorr and Dr. Martin. The former lady is so well known in the East, that it is unnecessary to say more than that she was warmly received, and deservedly so. Mrs. Jewett is a favorite soprano here who has not previously appeared before the Beethoven Society. Her reception was most cordial and complimentary. Her Aria was a hacknied one, redeemed only by the purity and taste of the performance. For an encore she gave Schumann's "Hat of green." Mrs. Jewett excels in Schubert and Schumann songs. It will doubtless seem strange to some who read these lines, but she is a pupil of Mr. Fred. W. Root. On this occasion Mr. Knorr, a tenor here, sang two clever songs of Mr. Wolfsohn's own. Mrs. Regina Watson appeared in a piano solo (Liszt's 18th Rhapsody, that ought to be his opus 13, for he never writes anything else), and showed to better advantage in the Hershey Hall, than on two other occasions when I have heard her in large rooms, which her touch is not sufficiently vigorous to fill. She is an enthusiastic teacher, and has hosts of friends.

If Mr. Wolfsohn succeeds in suppressing the encore nuisance, these reunions will probably prove our most enjoyable musical doings here this season.

The immediate future has in store for us a season of the Fryer-Wagner business, and especially a very brilliant testimonial benefit concert to Mrs. Rivé-King, in which Miss Thursby, Miss Drasdil,

Mrs. Kompton, and the Apollo Club will appear. Mrs. King will play a new Concerto by Saint-Saëns (the 4th, I believe), Mr. Wolfsohn accompanying. Mr. Liebling's promised recitals are postponed for some weeks, on account of his teaching engagements which, with two boarding-schools on his hands, are rather pressing.

And that reminds me that the pianist who expressed the terrific heterodoxy in regard to the Beethoven Sonatas, as recorded in this correspondence a few weeks ago, seems disposed to put your correspondent in the same category—all of which is, of course, very painful! still I manage to remain, as ever,

DEB FRETSCHUETZ.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 10, 1877.

The Opera.

Manager Fryer's "Grand Wagner-Meyerbeer Opera Festival" tarried at the Boston Theatre for the two weeks ending with the matinée of last Saturday, and has whirled away like a cyclone westward to Cincinnati and Chicago. Ten evening performances and two matinées were given,—mostly to thin houses, while the few exceptions were far from creditable to Boston taste. From this comment we exempt, however, the first night, when curiosity to hear the *Huguenots* once more, and with artists so famous in the two principal rôles as Mme. PAPPENHEIM and C. R. ADAMS, as well as to test the quality of the combination as a whole, drew a really large representation of our most cultivated music-lovers. Most of these, upon the whole, were disappointed. Meyerbeer's operas never have been adequately given in this country. They have been cheaply put upon the stage; scenes have been ruthlessly cut or omitted altogether; and the orchestras have been thin and over-loud and coarse. Yet, after weeks of Wagner which stood to us for Opera last Spring, we confess to considerable enjoyment of the *Huguenots* this time, with all its faults. The orchestra was far from fine or perfect, yet we have heard the music more completely murdered. The Choruses and most of the ensemble pieces, to be sure, were bad. The scenes in the market place, with the finale of that third act, and the second also, were noisily and coarsely done, and so was the orgy of the first scene. Never did we hear the great scene of the benediction of the poniards quite so ineffective; and even the *Rataplan* was singularly weak and lifeless. But there is a great deal of beautiful music in the work which we can enjoy for its own sake, when it is decently sung and accompanied, as much of it truly was on this occasion. And then the Raoul of Adams and the Valentine of Pappenheim almost made up for all. Both were superb in singing and in action. Mr. Adams, who bore himself with grace and dignity throughout, was in better voice, more free from hoarseness, than on any other evening when we heard him. His recitative was masterly, in phrasing, in distinct enunciation, and in rich musical quality of tone. His singing of the first Aria—the delicate, romantic love song with the viol-d'amour accompaniment—was simply exquisite, his beautiful use of the *falsetto* or head-voice in the higher tones being in perfect keeping with the intention of the melody and the peculiar character of the accompaniment. But it was in the great Duet, the climax of the work, that both the Raoul and the Valentine rose to their full height of power and passionate expression; and when he gave forth those high, rich, thrilling chest tones (that was the place for them) the whole audience was

electrified and wild with enthusiasm. Quite as much might be said in praise of Pappenheim, her large and noble voice, her true and earnest style, pervaded by a deep musical feeling and loyalty to Art; only a sufficient Tenor is a so much rarer bird.

We were much pleased with the fresh, pure, light Soprano voice of Miss ALEXANDRE HUEMANN, the young and prepossessing Russian lady who sang the florid music in the Queen's part with great ease and fluency. To be sure, some of her upper tones are somewhat tart, but in most of its range the voice has a vibrating and birdlike quality which it is pleasant to hear. We think this singer has not been fairly appreciated. Her acting is at least simple and unaffected. In the Princess in *Robert le Diable* she appeared to even better advantage, lending a fresh interest to the hacknied "Robert, toi que j'aime." The charming music of the Page was but indifferently rendered. One missed Carl Formes in the grand part of the old Huguenot soldier. Herr WIEGAND has a rich, sonorous bass voice and delivered some parts well, but was not equal to the whole task; sometimes his tones were offensively harsh and blatant, and often false in intonation. This artist seemed, however, in his element the next evening as Caspar in *Der Freyschütz*. Herr BLUM, as Nevers, and Herr ADOLPH, as St. Bris, were only fair.

For the *Freyschütz* had a wretchedly small audience,—perhaps owing to a presentiment that Weber's exquisitely beautiful and wildly romantic music would be murdered, as indeed it was, taking the opera as a whole. The orchestral work was bad; the choruses were bad, even the Hunters' Chorus, which might almost sing itself; and Conductor Maretzek seemed unconcerned and reckless. But the Caspar, as we have said, was good. Mr. Adams, although very hoarse, sang like an artist throughout,—with beautiful expression in the Aria: "Durch die Wälder," etc. A new Soprano presented herself in the serious and lovely part of Agatha, Miss MATHILDE WILDE, who has a pure, clear voice of great power and not a little sweetness and sang finely. Her action is stiff and awkward. The contrasted playful music of the companion part, Aennchen, was prettily and gracefully sung and acted by Miss COONEY.

Instead of the much coveted, *Fidelio*, on the third night, *Lohengrin* was given. And never heard we so much senseless noise and discord. This opera—perhaps the best of Wagner's—has many beauties; but the most of them were marred and swallowed up in noise in this performance. Mr. Fryer's noble orchestra of last Spring was wanting, and still more that competent conductor. Mme. Pappenheim was perfectly at home in Elsa and sang and acted all in her best manner; all was beautiful, artistic and consistently sustained. The Ortrud of Miss Wilde was impressive both in voice and action. And Herr FAIRSCH, as Lohengrin, sang with refined and delicate expression and sustained the knightly part with dignity. Much praise is due also to Herr BLUM as Telramund, and to Herr Wiegand as the Emperor, though he sang often out of tune. The Herald, an important part, was always out of tune, and sang or declaimed in tones almost ridiculous.—Repeated on Saturday, this opera, we are told, went somewhat better.

Robert le Diable, on Friday, certainly fared much worse than the *Huguenots*. The beautiful music of Alice always saves it, and though Mlle. Wilde was by no means our ideal of the part, she sang it well. Of Miss Hüman's Isabelle, we have already spoken in high praise. Mr. Adams, in bearing and in action came nearer to the ideal of Robert, the romantic, reckless cavalier, than any artist we have seen

before. He sang with fire and true artistic feeling, and was indeed satisfactory in all respects save in the husky condition of his voice. Mr. Adolphe had not the subtle and magnetic quality for Bertram, the fiend father. Mr. Fritsch, as Bertram, reminded one of Brignoli, not only in appearance, but in the sweet, rich *timbre* of his voice; he sang the music finely, particularly in the duet (third act) with Bertram. The choruses and ensembles were bad enough, and the orchestral work was coarse, showing lack of rehearsal and of a tempering, controlling hand and therefore no fault of the individual musicians hastily gathered for the work of the two weeks. The scene of the resurrection of the nuns was made about as ridiculous as it could be, though we could but admire the consummate tact and grace with which Robert Adams bore himself amid their seductions.

On Thursday night—Oh! what a fall was there, my Countrymen—this high and haughty ultra-German Opera, this Wagner Festival, became Italian, and came down to *Trovatore*—Italian of the trashiest, most hacknied barrel-organ type! And that night the theatre was crowded, and so it was again and yet again the following week. Doubtless the singing of Pappenheim and Adams, and of Miss PHILLIPS as the Gypsy Mother, was as stirring and as admirable as has been reported. But from *Fidelio* to *Trovatore*! Beethoven's divine masterpiece with half a house, and Verdi's sensational affair hailed three times by eager crowds! That speaks not well for recent progress in musical taste,—not well for Boston. When the truly musical, when the lovers of the best in music neglect the best, the appeal has to be made to the half musical, to the popular crowd; and none can blame the manager, who acts from the instinct of self-preservation.

We are told that *Fidelio* was, on the whole, fairly well done. At all events it is hard to hide its intrinsic beauty, to stay its inspiring influence even by a bad performance. The other performances, of the second week (none of which we witnessed) were two of Gounod's *Faust*—one with Pappenheim and Adams, the other without,—and one of *Lucrezia Borgia*, supplemented with scenes from *La Favorita* (with Adelaide Phillips as Leonora.)

Rossini's *Stabat Mater*,—the one resource of Opera troupes when they wish to utilize a spare Sunday evening by poaching in the preserves of "sacred" music—was given by the principal artists, of the German Opera, together with the Handel and Haydn Society's Chorus, at the Music Hall, on the Sunday evening dividing their two weeks. The *Stabat* formed the Second Part, and was on the whole very effectively rendered,—the Choruses especially. Mme. Pappenheim gave out her full power of voice, with all her heart and soul, the *Infamatus*, which she sang superbly, and she was worthy of herself throughout.

Miss ANTONIA HENNE sustained the Contralto (or second Soprano) solos very acceptably. Mr. Adams's delivery of the trying *Cygnus animus* was brilliant, in the highest sense artistic, and most enjoyable in spite of even unusual hoarseness. And as to tone, the golden sun still struggles through the clouds to warm and edify any hearer who is sympathetic to the soul of Art. Mr. Blum displayed a very smooth and musical quality of voice in the Bass Air: *Pro Pocaña*, which he sang with good expression. The beautiful Quartet *Quando Corpus* could have been sung better (it was not quite in tune), yet its charm was not destroyed.

The first part opened with an Organ Fugue—Schumann's on B, A, C, H—finely played by Mr. LANG, but ignored by all but the "appreciative few." Then came Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer," finely given on the part of the Chorus. The Solo was earnestly, conscientiously sung by Mme. Pappenheim, who did not yet seem all herself; she began a little flat; and she took the airy buoyant melody: "O for the wings of a dove," painfully slow, so that its life was lost, it had no "wings." Mr. Fritsch sang Stradella's *Pietà* with much refinement, and Miss Hüman sang Gounod's *Ave Maria* in a pleasing voice and manner with accompaniment of Organ, harp and violin. The Terzetto from Rossini's *Messa Solenne*, sung by Miss Henne, Messrs. Fritsch and Blum, sounded all the time close on the "ragged edge" of discord,—not so much the singers' fault, we fancy, as the Composer's, for harmony more crude, strange and uncertain we seldom hear.

Chamber Concerts.

Miss AMY FAY's first Piano Recital took place at Union Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 16, before an appreciative, but, owing partly to the very rainy weather, rather a small audience. Miss Fay was the sole performer, and entirely from memory, of the following varied programme:—

1. a. Prelude and Fugue. F minor.....Bach
- b. Bourée. A minor.....Bach
2. Sonata Pastorale. Op. 28.....Beethoven
3. Country Scenes. Op. 28.....J. K. Paine
- [1. Wood-notes; 2. Wayside Flowers; 3. Under the Linden; 4. Shepherd's Lament; 5. Village Dance.
4. Spinning song (from the "Flying Dutchman," Wagner-Liszt)
5. Nouvelle-melodie.....Rubinstein
6. Midnight Barcarole. Op. 12.....Jerome Hopkins
7. a. Ballade. G minor. Op. 23.....Chopin
- b. Ballade. A flat major. Op. 47.....Chopin

We thought Miss Fay appeared, upon the whole, to better advantage than she did last year,—strength and firmness of touch, freedom and brilliancy of execution still taking precedence over fineness of feeling and conception. Naturally therefore she was most successful in the rendering of the more modern concert pieces. She mis-sed the spirit—a very fine imaginative, poetic spirit—of the Bach Prelude and Fugue, taking liberties with the tempo, and showing small regard to light and shade. The fugue voices were not clearly individualized; and the *Bourée* sounded altogether vague and undefined. In the Pastoral Sonata of Beethoven, the first movement lacked the serene repose which so beautifully characterizes it, no less than its sunny cheerfulness; the reiterated three-four monotone of the bass was over-loud, and the whole movement was urged on at an almost *agitato* speed. The *Andante* was better, more subdued and even; and the Scherzo and Trio were quite nicely rendered. We felt the restlessness again in the *rondo finale*.

Mr. Paine's little "Country Scenes" are charming little pieces, happily contrasted, and these seemed to be played *con amore*, certainly with grace. Miss Fay's most finished, elegant, and satisfactory performance was of the Lisztian version of the Wagner "Spinning Song;" there all her passages were beautifully smooth and flowing. In the "Melody" of Rubinstein she showed genuine expression. The *Barcarolle* by Mr. Hopkins was rhythmical, but rather commonplace. The G minor *Ballade* of Chopin came out much more fairly than the things of Bach and Beethoven; and, indeed there was much to praise in her rendering of both the *Ballades*.

—In her Second Recital (Oct. 30) Miss Fay again exhibited her wonderful memory and her brilliant and unflagging execution in a wide range of difficult and interesting pieces:—

1. Gigue.....Haessler
2. Sonata Quasi Fantasia. Op. 27. No. 1. Beethoven
- Andante—Allegro ed Allegro molto vivace—Adagio—Finale.*
3. Song Without Words—"Duetto".....Mendelssohn
4. Chant Polonais. No. 5.....Chopin
- Arranged for Piano by Franz Liszt.
5. Märchen (Fairy Story). Op. 102. No. 4.....Raff
6. Gnomon-Reigen (Elf Dance).....Liszt
7. Valse Caprice, on Strauss's "Nacht-falter," (Night-Moths).....Tausig
8. Des Abends (Evening).....Schumann
9. Capriccio.....Raff
10. Canzonet.....Jensen
11. Andante Splanato and Polonaise. Op. 22.....Chopin

As a series of interpretations of many styles and masters, Miss Fay's performances, throughout, impressed us better than those of the week before. The *Gigue* by Haessler, a pupil of one of old Sebastian Bach's best pupils, a bright and genial thing, as well as learned, was very neatly and intelligently played. The Sonata-Fantasia of Beethoven was better suited to her than the *Pastorale* of the first Recital, and its movements were presented evenly and clearly, the *Adagio* quite impressively; the Scherzo (*molto vivace*), so like a clashing, flashing sword dance, and the *Finale* were given with much fire and spirit. In the Mendelssohn "Duetto" the two voices were significantly individualized. Liszt's transcription of one of Chopin's Polish Songs was really a charming piece, and to our ears entirely fresh; nor did it seem to suffer in the rendering. Raff's *Märchen*, a pretty thing, full of fire-fly sparkle, was gracefully given with a light staccato touch;

enjoyable for the time being, but, like so many of these clever things, scarce thought of afterwards. The Liszt and Tausig fancies were fitly grouped with it. Schumann's "Des Abends" we have heard played with more expression, yet we cannot say that it was badly done. The Chopin *Andante* and *Polonaise* were highly satisfactory; indeed such seemed to be the verdict of the general audience, a larger one, and more responsive, than upon the first occasion.

—Miss Fay's third and last Recital will be on the 27th inst., when she will play, of Bach: Prelude and Fugue in B minor; Beethoven: Sonata, Op. 53, and the "Thirty-two Variations in C minor;" Field: Nocturne in C minor; Chopin: Nocturnes in F, and F sharp, Op. 15, and the Etude in A minor, Op. 25 ("Winter-Wind;") Liszt: "Liebestraum" Nocturne, and Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14.

Announcements.

THE HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY have adopted the plan of the Sacred Harmonic Society of London, that of selling tickets for the Season, which will include four performances. The first two (Sunday, Dec. 23, and Tuesday, Dec. 25) offer a rich abundance of Christmas music—Bach and Handel both!—and more besides; on Sunday, Bach's Christmas Oratorio, Parts 1 and 2, besides J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn," and the "Noli" by Saint-Saëns, each of which made its mark at the last Festival. The work of Bach will excite new interest by the use of Robert Franz's additional instrumentation. On Christmas day, Handel's *Messiah*. The intention of producing Bach's *Passion Music* next Spring has been reconsidered in the hope to avail of the presence of Mme. Pappenheim and Mr. Adams in the production of Verdi's *Requiem*. Mendelssohn's *St. Paul* is set down for March 6, and the *Creation* for Easter Sunday, April 21. The artists engaged for the Christmas Oratorios are: Miss Thursby, Miss Annie Cary, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, Mrs. H. E. Sawyer, Messrs. W. J. Winch, Joseph Mass, A. E. Stoddard (baritone, of New York), and M. W. Whitney. Season tickets with secured seats, at \$5.00, now on sale at the Music Hall.

THEODORE THOMAS will give two of his subscription concerts in this city on the 14th, and the 17th inst. Mr. Thomas will have the assistance of the Swedish Ladies' Quartette, which made a genuine sensation upon its first appearance here, last week, and Master Leopold Lichtenberg, a remarkable young violinist, who has lately returned from Europe, where he studied under Wieniawski. Among the selections to be played by the orchestra are the overture to Cherubini's "Watercarrier;" "La Jeunesse d'Hercule," a symphonic poem by Saint-Saëns; Variations (Divertissement in D), by Mozart; Weber's overture to "Oberon;" Minuet by Boccherini. Master Lichtenberg is to perform a concerto for violin by Vioti; an air by Bach (arranged by Wilhelm), and a gavotte by Vieuxtemps.

MME. MADELINE SCHILLER. The many warm friends and admirers of this distinguished artist and most estimable lady, will regret to learn that we are soon to lose her. Overworked by crowds of piano pupils, she proposes to return to her English home, and henceforth devote herself to concert playing, without the wear and tear of lessons. Before her departure, she will give a farewell series of three Piano Recitals, in December, assisted by the fresh and charming singer, Miss CROWTHER, who was so much admired when she sang in Von Bülow's concerts.

The programme of the second HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Nov. 22 in the following:

PART I. Overture ("Nameus-Feier,") in C, Op. 115, *Berlioz*; Recit. and Aria, from *Meyerbeer's "Dinorah"* (Miss Lillian Bailey); Krakoviak, for Piano with Orchestra, *Chopin* (Geo. W. Sumner).

PART II. Songs; Symphony, in C major, *Schubert*.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD announces two concerts to take place at Union Hall, on Friday evening, Nov. 16, and Wednesday evening, Nov. 28. The programmes, which are particularly interesting, contain many compositions by the great masters which are new to Boston. Bach, Beethoven, Schumann, Schubert, Chopin, Henselt and Mendelssohn are to be represented by important works. Mr. Sherwood is among the best of our resident pianists, and his concerts are always attractive and interesting.

Music in New York.

(From the Arcadian.)

DR. DAMROSCH'S FIRST SATURDAY MATINÉE.

Magnificent is the only word that expresses the wonderful ensemble, the vigorous sonority, the energetic entrain, of Dr. Damrosch's new orchestra. It is for the greatest part the orchestra dismissed by Theodore Thomas, therefore well accustomed to play together; but since there are, nevertheless, some new elements, the remarkable ensemble is not the less meritorious.

THIS IS DR. DAMROSCH'S ORCHESTRA.

Ten 1st violins: Richter; Schlüssel; Mollenhauer; Danz; S. Laendner; Christ; Arnold; Gantsberg; Finin; Herfort.
Eight 2d violins: Habes; Schreiber; Risch; Jordan; J. Laendner; Neyer; Kühn; Heller.
Five violas: Schwarz; Reinboth; Wigand; Stockmar; Ringk.
Five violoncellos: Popper; Dragoue; J. Barreither; Kaltenborn; Hausknecht.
Five double-basses: Ch. Barreither; Gebhardt; Barreither; Nowack; Siebert.
Harp: Miss E. Sloman.
Three flutes: Wehner; Wenzel; Werner.
Two oboes and English horn: Stohwasser; Hantel.
Two clarinets: Kayser; Stoherran.
Two bassoons: Hochstein; Neltz.
Four horns: Küstenmacher; Bremer; Hoffmann; A. Eller.
Two trumpets: Miller; Renter.
Three trombones: Voss; Boeper; Groebler.
Tuba: L. Nowack.
Timpani: Bernstein.
Small drum: Jordan.
Grand cassa and cymbals: T. Heller.

When we state that they played certain numbers to perfection—we, who are not lavish with superlatives of the kind—we mean what we say, although we have certain reserves to make, because neither of Dr. Damrosch nor of Theodore Thomas will we say that they performed to perfection, what we do not think deserves such high praise, in the strictest sense of the word.

We therefore take exception, before all, to the movements taken and to the execution of Liszt's prelude, particularly the pastorale. The tone—of course we mean what is called the general tone of the orchestra—was not evenly balanced. We missed in the wood wind instruments the piano altogether; they attacked chords which ought to have been soft without the necessary delicacy. So was the tone of the violoncello generally too hard, not refined and not graded enough—inind, we only speak of Liszt's Preludes. The *accelerando* taken seems to us exaggerated, and not in exact keeping with the composition, which we have so often heard well performed; and we do not think that although the slower movement following this quick tempo gains by comparison with the preceding rapid time, yet we do not think it a legitimate means of effect, to drive a small part of the work beyond what we think the exact and righteous tempo. We express here our personal opinion; but we know that Dr. Damrosch got the movements from Liszt himself, and that the composer is usually, though not always, the best judge of his movements.

The symphony of Raff—his eighth symphony, we believe—is partly very interesting, but the first and last part less so. The first motive in the first part is commonplace, and the whole treatment, although musician-like, is not distinguished, and rather diffused. Nor can the last part, notwithstanding its millions of notes, claim to be a legitimate, well-worked symphonic composition, always bearing in mind the standpoint we take with a musical author like Raff, whom we think incapable of giving an unmusician-like work to the world. But if the first and last part can neither in originality nor in treatment lay claim to a very high standard of art, there is no denying them the merit of being well written, well orchestrated, showing the master's hand in a hundred little details. The second and third part however, are real symphonic gems. Originality of style, breadth of treatment, scientific and well-calculated orchestration, broad ideas and distinguished developments, show Raff if not in a new, certainly in an excessively favorable light. The harmonies and modulations are excessively interesting, the rather often used enharmonic changes notwithstanding, and thanks are due to Dr. Damrosch for having brought the new work before a New York audience. The part representing Walpurgis night is particularly original. The bassoons, since Meyerbeer used them in his famous invocation of the spirits underground, seem to have acquired citizens' rights on all similar occasions.

The phrase played upon the G string of the violins, with short chords on the violoncellos accompanying, is of a breadth and impressiveness quite classical. In the third part the play with the G Dominant as pedal is graceful and amusing, and the whole composition certainly belongs to those that tower far above the average.

Although we have spoken of it first because it is the most important composition of the programme, the great and legitimate success of the Hungarian dances by Brahms, and the Gavotte by Bach (encored), must not be passed over without the honorable mention due to the splendid performance. The rhythmic perfection, the boldness of the attack, the precise rendering of the Hungarian type, the brilliant ensemble, and the masterly way all the rallentandos and accelerandos were kept, made the per-

formance one of the most enjoyable, and the public would, with pleasure, have heard the performance again; but Dr. Damrosch wisely declined, after having already conceded the encore of Bach's Gavotte. There is where the violoncellos and the strings altogether came out grand. The old master remains the old master, and it would be difficult to find another composer so strictly classical, and so popular, that whenever any of his smaller compositions are played in public, the encore is sure; but it must be played so, and due recognition allowed to Dr. Damrosch's orchestrating of this piece. As a leader he is as warm and energetic as ever, but we congratulate him on his movements having grown much calmer, although equally determined.

Mr. Remmert sang, in his meritorious manner, Wagner's *Abendstern* and Schumann's *Zwei Grenadiere*.

Altogether, there is no mistake about the success of the concert, the consequence of which will readily be seen at the following matinees.

MISS THURSBY'S CONCERT.

Miss Thursby, who is not only the best concert-singer in America, but who, luckily, sees this fact acknowledged by so many people that her pluck in taking the Academy of Music was borne out by an immensely crowded house, came before the public with the same style of pieces that she selected for years, and which makes it appear as if she knew only a few songs, or could sing only one, and certainly not the most artistic style of music. We told her more than once, and we cannot help saying it again, that if she will be taken for a great artist, to which title she has a right to lay claim, and not only for a successful concert-singer, she must sing what is worthy of a great singer, and not only all these *ad captandum* fireworks. The air in the "Zauberflöte," although composed by Mozart, is not a classical air, because he wrote it only for a singer with a thin and high voice, who could only produce effect with such acrobatic tunes; and to this standard Miss Thursby need not, and ought not to lower herself. The same might be said about the air from the "Etoile du Nord," Jenny Lind, for whom it was written, sang it in the last act, after having amply proved her grand style, her incomparable intonation, her deep and broad conception; but to take this air alone, unless it is sung with the superiority of execution and intonation of Jenny Lind, seems, to us, a mistake. Miss Thursby sang for a garden audience, and for some one else's benefit, Proch's variations, a parade piece, perfectly adapted for the occasion, all right; but in her own concert she ought to have shown herself able to sing something grand, at least some broad cantabile, or floriture of the Handel oratorio style, in fact something that entitles her to be more than a mere bravura singer. Besides, this continual straining of the highest notes of the voice in staccato and shakes is a detrimental proceeding, and the voice, partly from this, partly, perhaps, from exterior reasons, showed signs of fatigue, and the middle part of it is already a little impaired, and it would certainly be the greatest pity if so clear and agreeable a voice, so much musical intelligence, and the most honorable and sympathetic character, should not lead Miss Thursby to the pinnacle of fame and fortune, which she is fast approaching, and deserves not only to reach, but to hold. Rest, quiet, serious study, and not continual sacrificing to the god Baal, are the means to reach that desirable aim. That Miss Thursby was very much applauded, and of necessity, encored, is self-evident. But here again we might be permitted a question. Are there so few pieces for song known, that a piano piece adapted to the voice must be selected for an encore, and that old, hacknied "Rose of Summer" for the second? Berlioz understood that the piano was not rich enough for all the treasures laid down in the "Invitation à la Valse," and he therefore orchestrated it; but to reduce it to the voice, and to sing piano passages without the absolute perfection of mechanism which makes the execution appear faultless, was not a happy idea.

Miss Thursby has proved by her concert that she has many friends, and who is your friend is clearly seen when you give a concert—they came like a man; faces seldom seen in the Academy, who would have come through "snow and rain." They came and stood by their friend, a fact that honors both parties.

About Signor Brignoli we can only quote what the *Tribune* says. This paper, so valuable in its musical appreciation, thinks that

"Signor Brignoli appears to have stopped growing old several years ago. He has lost none of his voice this long while, and time of late seems to have affected him only as gin and water affected Elias Wegg—it has 'mellowed the organ.'"

He sang both his songs and his duet with Miss Thursby as if he was twenty years old, only he sings everything in Italian style, and though he pronounces English words when he sings Sullivan, his method is so thoroughly Italian, that you fancy you hear a Venetian cantilena and not an English ballad. Mr. Mills played some pieces of Chopin, the dearest poet among composers, like a school-master his studies, and his performance fell flat on the audience. This was the only number received with very little applause. We did not hear his second performance, but we hear that it was much better received. We are glad to learn it. But to go and play Chopin after Mme. Essipoff, who has locked the door and put the key in her pocket, is certainly not Mr. Mills's affair.

Undoubtedly the most interesting performance for the musicians was Theodore Thomas's orchestra for the two movements of Raff. Refined and delicate, sonorous and with entrain, it was irreproachable—an expression which could not rightly be used of any of the other numbers of this concert.

THE ENGLISH OPERA COMPANY, which has taken the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and of which Miss Emilie Melville is the soprano, and Mrs. Zelda Seguin, Mr. William Castle, Mr. Peakes, etc., are members, opened auspiciously on Monday night last with the "Summer Night's Dream" of Ambrose Thomas. The New York *Tribune* says of this work (produced in Paris in 1850, but new to this country)—"It deals with Shakespeare, but it has no connection with Shakespeare's play. The bard is represented as a riotous and tipsy young person, going to the bad in the company of Sir John Falstaff, but he is saved by Queen Elizabeth, who reads him several severe lectures and makes him the victim of a series of mystifications, which he is afterwards persuaded were only a drunken summer night's dream. It is not pleasant to see Shakespeare in such disguise, and the story is more elaborate than ingenious; but one soon forgets its absurdities in admiration of the light and elegant music, now tripping so gayly, now tender and sentimental—always vivacious and melodious. It is more fluent and spontaneous than the music of 'Mignon,' without showing so many original fancies; perhaps the general public will like it better than the more serious works upon which the composer's fame chiefly rests. It is certainly an admirable specimen of a class of opera in which the French stage has no rival. The brisk and sprightly English version of the libretto is by Mr. M. A. Cooney, to whom we are probably indebted for the introduction of a reference to civil-service reform at Windsor Castle in the time of Elizabeth; but it was the property man, and not Mr. Cooney, who made Sir John Falstaff address a very small snaking pig as 'that noble boar.' The New York *Times* remarks of the opera:—"Its chances of popularity, in the ordinary sense of the word, are not of the best. In the first place, its story is absurd, and, in the second, M. Thomas's numbers are far too vague as to themes, too romantic and far-sought in tone, and too delicate in form, to secure a prompt hold upon the average listener. Bad as the libretto is in French, it appears infinitely worse to English spectators. It portrays Shakespeare as a drunkard, and the whole plot turns upon the efforts of Queen Elizabeth to reclaim the poet from his evil ways by coming to him as a guardian angel in a dream."

The new composition by Professor J. K. Paine, a "Symphonic Fantasia" on Shakespeare's "Tempest," was performed for the first time at Steinway Hall, New York, by Theodore Thomas' Orchestra, on Friday evening last. Of it the New York *Tribune* says:—"The 'Symphonic Fantasia' on Shakespeare's 'Tempest,' by Mr. J. K. Paine of Harvard University, formed the only absolute novelty, as it was the principal number of the orchestral pieces. While a further bearing of it will undoubtedly be necessary for the public to obtain a full appreciation of its beauties, the impression that it created was unquestionably very favorable. It is strong and original in conception, masterly in workmanship, and it was excellently played. It contains several charming motives, which are combined with much skill and thought in one or two passages, notably that in which the Caliban and Ariel motives occur. The scoring is somewhat meagre. It is done, as a rule, excellently, and with careful discrimination."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Mariannina. Eb. 3. d to F. Cottrai. 30

"Non potare i fiori in testa."

"On the holidays dressed gaily."

A very neat and (for an Italian melody) quite easy song.

Beloved Again. C. 3. a to E. Barri. 50

"Come from my heart this glad refrain."

I love and am beloved again."

Melodious love song. Musical lovers will prize it.

God of the Free. National Anthem. A. 3.

d to E. Giannetti. 35

"Our flag—for friends a starry sky,"

For foes—a tempest every fold."

Is not an anthem, as there is but one part; but is a stirring patriotic song.

New Songs by Trubert, each 30

No. 2. Little Jacob. Eb. 3. c to E.

"May he a fairy has coaxed him down under."

"Hat ihn ein Unteririscher gefangen."

Nice children's song, for nice children.

O, give me back my Heart, my Love. Bb.

3. d to F. Danks. 30

"My Love, my Life, my Angel, tell

Why didst thou set it free?"

Musical, and likely to be popular.

The Two Obadias. G. 3. d to E. Lyste. 30

"Sold the young Obadias to the old Obadias."

Comic adventures of two toppers.

Awfully Awful. C. 3. E to E. Hunt. 30

Very good comic song for a lady.

Oh, Merry Hours. Eb. 3. bb to g.

Mme. Mario Celli. 40

"Ding, ding! Ding, ding!"

The silver bells of joy we sound."

One of the brightest of bright songs, with a very bright face on the title.

Oh! Charming World. F. 4. d to a.

Offenbach. 40

"Monde charmant,

Je suis entrainé."

Very good, and unusually nice song about the Moon, with a visit to which the writer is so pleased, as to wish to be Offenbach there.

Still thou hast my Heart's Devotion. Ab. 3.

E to E. Peck. 30

"Dreaming, love, or waking

Hopes of other years."

Good ballad and chorus, in popular style.

Instrumental.

Pasha Polka. F. 3. Keena. 30

Recommended to the Pashas, as furnishing an agreeable recreation after fighting. Bright and pretty polka.

Twilight Fancies. Morceau Caracteristique.

Eb. 4. Frank. 40

The "Fancies" evidently include the twinkling stars, the evening bells, and other sights and sounds that make the evening hour so restful. Beautiful piece.

Farewell to Summer. F. 3. Phelps. 40

A charming "reverie" which one will like to dream over again and again.

Aurora. Gr'd Concert Galop. Db. 3. Wood. 50

Has the crispness of a Galop, with all sorts of showy passages worked into the simple form. Bright exhibition piece.

Dream of Pleasures Waltzes. 3. Clouston. 60

A very entertaining set of waltzes. Rich music.

Transatlantic March. Eb. Arrigotti. 40

Full of octave passages, and easiest for large hands. A powerful march, played, with great success, by Gilmore's Band.

Combination Galop. D. 3. Steinhagen. 35

Brilliant Galop, played with great success by Steinhagen's orchestra.

Dream of Love. (Liebestraume.) Morceau

de Salon. Eb. 4. Mollenhauer. 50

Love dreams of many beautiful things;—and here is music to them.

Summer Breeze Mazurka. Eb. 3. Giannetti. 35

The music suggests not only summer breezes, but wildwood scenes, bright landscapes, and whatever else of summer beauty that may be expressed by notes.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if above or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 955.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 24, 1877.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 17.

For Dwight's Journal of Music. A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEX-
ANDER W. THAYER.

(Continued from Page 133.)

He only, whose tedious duty it is to at least look through all the new publications relating to Beethoven, can form any correct notion how numerous are those—from the newspaper article and novelette to the extended biography—in which his brother Johann is made to play a large, lamentable, and often utterly false part. No special criticism of any one of those productions is necessary, for the errors have been repeated in almost all the biographical writings on Beethoven for forty years past, and are now universally accepted as truth.

If what I have to say on the subject, should appear to be an effort to redeem Johann's character, it is not because I cherish any sympathy for him, but, first, for the sake of historic truth, and, secondly,—which is a still stronger motive—for the reputation of Beethoven himself. For if the half of what has been written upon the character of his brother be true, none but an extremely weak and depraved man could have continued to hold such relations to him as Beethoven did through all his last years; and this certainly was not the composer's character.

These writings may be chronologically divided into several groups:

I. That class in which it is taken for granted that, certainly not later than 1802-3, Johann van Beethoven was supplied with funds by Ludwig, to establish himself as an apothecary in Linz; that, he there, through the influence of his brother in the higher circles of Vienna, was enabled to make large and profitable contracts for supplies of medicines to the Austrian armies; that, in consequence of this, he soon became a man of means and was able, in turn, to lend money to Ludwig; and, that, near the end of 1807, he would no longer trust his brother and pressed him rudely and roughly for payment, which, it is argued, is a striking proof of Johann's avarice and ingratitude.

If all this be fact, certainly no fault can be found with this class of writings. But there is not a word of truth in it. Listen:

Until the winter of 1807-8, Johann was employed by an apothecary in Vienna, whose shop stood not far from the Kärnthner-Thor theatre. Industrious and economical in his habits, he had been able to save a few hundred gulden, which he had put in his brother's hands. About this time he learned that the apothecary near the bridge in Linz was dead, and that his business, with his house, etc., was for sale. It seemed to him a good opportunity to establish himself, and, upon inquiry, he found the conditions such, that the purchase was, even with his small means, possible. It was for this, that he now called upon his brother for payment. Ludwig, however, seems to have had small con-

fidence in the project; and, when at length he wrote to his friend Gleichenstein to go to his publisher for 1,500 gulden, and pay Johann out of it—the letter shows how unwillingly and angrily he did it.

Johann's funds were just sufficient to cover the first payment, the expenses of the contract, his removal to Linz and the taking possession. The contract dates from the 18th March, 1808, and on the 20th he entered into possession. The business yielded little more than the daily expenses, and the difficult question how to meet the second and third payments, soon came up. It is somewhere stated, that his old acquaintance in Bonn, Stephen v. Breuning, had stood security for him; but I did not find his name in any of the documents. At all events, Johann did not apply to him, nor did he receive any aid from Vienna. He extricated himself from the dilemma unassisted.

Those were the days when Napoleon undertook to destroy all British trade with the continent, and English tin had risen to an enormous price. The vases and pots on the shelves of the shop were all of massive tin; these Johann sold, and replaced them with others of clay and porcelain. Thus, and by the sale of the richly ornamented iron cross bars of the windows, he was able to meet his engagements this first year. In the Spring of 1809, a French army moved down the Danube. Johann, in his youth, had served for a time in the French hospital at Bonn; he knew the French language; his shop was hard by the river; naturally the French commissaries applied to him, and he made with them such profitable contracts for supplies of medicines, as relieved him from present difficulties and laid the foundation of his future prosperity.

These simple facts and dates, which I obtained sixteen years ago in Linz and Urfahr—and which were accessible to any other person as to myself—demolish at a blow the entire novelistic structure.

II. Whoever knows Schindler's book on Beethoven, will remember that, to characterize Johann's relations to his brother, he calls him "the evil principle" in the composer's life.

That which only now and then at long intervals exerts an influence, certainly cannot be called the "evil principle" in a man's life—and this expression can only mean a pretty constant and continued influence on Beethoven and his affairs. Schindler surely meant this; all his copyists have so understood him, and Johann is everywhere described as such an "evil principle."

As to this "constant" influence, the fact is quite the contrary; and I believe I can offer the following—the result of repeated examination—as being the truth. In all documents, letters and conversations,—indeed in all the sources of information upon the years 1808 to the Spring of 1822, inclusive—full fourteen years—with a single exception—nowhere does the

name of Johann appear, as one in any manner or form having any connection with his brother's affairs; and in the exceptional case, it is not Johann that meddles with Ludwig's business, but Ludwig that interferes in Johann's private concerns. This fact alone is sufficient to awaken doubt, whether hitherto the true relations between the brothers have been understood. Let us spend a moment on this exceptional case. Johann v. Beethoven was unmarried; and, as his house was rather spacious, he retained two or three rooms only for himself, and let the rest to a physician from Vienna, whose wife brought a sister with her. That this sister had become a mother in Vienna was of course kept secret. After a time Johann took the girl as companion and housekeeper. One of Beethoven's memoranda is this:

"1812, I was in Linz on account of B."

That "B" here stands for "Brother" is obvious. This and other circumstances confirm what was told me in Linz as fact, namely: that Beethoven, who had passed the summer in Teplitz, Carlsbad, etc., had been falsely told that Johann proposed to marry this girl, and hastened to Linz to prevent such a connection. So much is certain: he disappeared from Teplitz about the end of September, and appears again in Linz, October 5. Johann gave him the pleasantest room in the house, a corner chamber, cheerful and sunny, with a view upon the river, the landing-place, and the mountainous country beyond. In this chamber and during his wanderings on the neighboring hills Beethoven composed his delightful 8th Symphony.

It must not be forgotten, that Johann now is a man of thirty-five years, and that for four and one-half years, entirely by his own enterprise, he has been established in profitable business; that his brother is with him as a guest, and can therefore leave the house at any moment when dissatisfied. If now the composer had exerted all his influence as a man and as a brother—confining himself within this limit—to put an end to Johann's immoral relations to the girl—no one, not Johann himself, could have taken it ill. But he went farther. He had taken it into his head that the girl must be removed; and as he could not effect this by gentle means, he applied to the Bishop and to the civil authorities. He succeeded at last in obtaining an order from the police, that, if found in Linz on a certain day in November, she should be arrested and forwarded, as a vagabond, to Vienna!

Johann was beside himself with rage, and a scene ensued between the brothers, over which I draw the veil. The apothecary, however, still held the leading trump in his hand; should he play it, he would win, but the consequences would reach throughout his life. His wrath and the tears of the girl decided him. He played his trump! In the register of the city parish of Linz one may read, that on the 8th of November, 1812, Johann v. Beethoven and

Therese Obermeyer—were married. His wife they could not tear from him! On the 9th, Beethoven departed from Linz with the bitter consciousness, that from his own lack of patience, prudence and moderation, the mistress was elevated to the position of his sister-in-law. We will not envy him his feelings.

III. Whoever is acquainted, however superficially, with the novelistic and biographic literature upon Beethoven, knows what stress is laid upon the supposed fact that Johann v. Beethoven was in his brother's last years really his "evil principle." The main charges against him are these: Officious meddling in Beethoven's business matters; a constant striving to rule him; and continually renewed efforts to induce him to live in his house, if not in his family, not only in the city, but, in summer, in the country—and this, for no other object than to enable him to make his brother's genius a source of pecuniary profit to himself. All this has its origin in Schindler's writings, who honestly believed it, no doubt; but much has become known, which was sealed to the young Schindler and throws new light upon the relations between the brothers.

Let us rest a moment upon the Apothecary, to see how things have gone with him in these fourteen years.

On the 30th December, 1816, he sold his business and house in Linz, and soon after established himself again in Urfahr, on the opposite side of the river. In August, 1819, he found himself able to purchase a pleasant and valuable estate called "Wasserhof," adjoining the village of Gneixendorf, near Krems; so he became "Land proprietor" *Gutsbesitzer*; and as such, was able once more to pass his winters in Vienna. He took lodgings, therefore, in the first story of a house at the corner of the Koth and Pfarr Streets in the suburb Windmühl, belonging to his brother-in-law Baker-master Obermeyer, where, in the Spring of 1822, we find him.

Meantime he had learned, that a daughter of his wife, born January 30, 1807, Amalie Waldmann by name, was still living in Vienna, and, as he had now abandoned all hope of offspring of his own, he had, a few years since, adopted her.

And now to the alleged "officious meddling in his brother's affairs"—which has never yet been proved, and, it is very doubtful whether it ever will be.

The deaf, fretful, suspicious Beethoven had really at this time nobody—like in former years Gleichenstein, Breuning, his brother Carl and others, who could aid him in the sale of new works and like matters. He had a high opinion of Johann's qualities as a man of business; for certainly he had succeeded in his doubtful enterprises at Linz and Urfahr; and the still more doubtful purchase of Wasserhof might already be counted a lucky one. It could not be otherwise than gratifying to the composer to have his only brother, after more than fifteen years, again near him. And to whom should he go, if not to this brother, for advice and assistance? One sees *a priori*, that the charges on this point against Johann are, to say the least, exaggerated; to go on, and show in full that they are ungrounded, would lead us too far. Let us turn then to the alleged sel-

fish, unceasing efforts of Johann to force his brother to live with him—in discussing which no small light will be thrown upon the point just noticed.

The passage in Schindler's book, which has been often copied by other writers, runs thus:

"Beethoven was quartered (Autumn of 1822), by means of his brother Johann, in a dark lodging, fit at best for a shemmaker, and which, because it was cheap, was considered suitable for the 'brain-owner.' * * * This was a miserable abode for Beethoven, who had been accustomed to something so very different; and the winter of 1822-23 might, owing to this fatal situation of the great composer, furnish plenty of matter for tales and humorous pieces."*

The bare circumstance, that Beethoven took this lodging at the instigation of his brother, is true; but Schindler wrote under the influence of feelings of hatred and contempt for Johann, that rendered him almost incapable of treating him with justice. It is possible also that the other circumstances—if they were ever known to him—had passed out of his memory in the long interval of eighteen years. Besides, it is certain that he never saw certain letters of the composer to his brother. It is obvious, therefore, how easily he, with the best intentions to write nothing but the truth, may have put the facts in a false light;—and this is really the case.

Of the mass of conversation-books,† and papers, which Hofrath v. Breuning, after the death of Beethoven, transferred to Schindler, the latter in the lapse of years destroyed more than half; but among those that escaped, is one, which contains the very first known notice of a meeting of the brothers after Johann's return to Vienna. The nephew Carl was also present. It appears clearly from the conversation, that Beethoven had given up his quarters in the Landstrasse suburb (in the Spring of 1822) without having first secured his summer lodging in the country; and thus found himself in a dilemma. In course of the conversation Johann comes to his assistance, with the offer of the two rooms in his house, occupied by his pseudo daughter, for a few days—until he finds new quarters—and proposes to him to come after dinner and see them. Beethoven went. This is proved by the appearance, soon after, of the hand of Johann's wife in the book. She writes very politely—finds little personal resemblance between him and her husband, except in their eyes,—and invites him to pay them a summer visit in Wasserhof, where, she says, the view is beautiful and the air excellent.

Johann takes the pencil, and writes:

"Rossini just met me, and greeted me very friendly; he wishes greatly to speak with you. If he had known that you were here, he would have come with me," and so on.

Johann had now been married nine and one-half years. Is it not obvious from the words written by his wife, that Beethoven now saw her, that is as sister-in-law, for the first time? It does not appear that he needed the two rooms, and apparently he removed at once to Ober-Döbling, a village just north of the city.

* This passage is given in the bad translation of Moscheles's Schindler, as being known to many of our readers.—ED.

† In which people wrote, after Beethoven could no longer hear them speak.—ED.

Thence he wrote to Johann this remarkable letter:

I hoped surely to see you—but in vain. By order of Dr. Staudenheimer I must still continue to take medicine, and must not take too much exercise. I beg you, instead of driving in the Prater, to take your way to me with your wife and daughter. I desire nothing, but that the advantages—which are certain—of our living together, may be attained without fail. I have made inquiry concerning lodgings; there are suitable ones enough, and you would have to pay but little more than hitherto. As a matter of economy, what a saving for both parties, not to speak of the enjoyment!

I have nothing against your wife; I wish only, that she would perceive, how much your own welfare would gain by being with me, and that the little, miserable troubles of life produce no serious differences.

Now, farewell. I hope surely to see you this afternoon, when we will all drive to Nussdorf, which would be of benefit to me.

Thy faithful brother,

LUDWIG.

—Postscript.

Peace, peace, be with us. God grant that the natural bonds of brotherhood between us be not again unnaturally sundered! At all events, my life may not last much longer. I say again that I have nothing against your wife, although her demeanor towards me on a few occasions has greatly struck me; but then I am in the highest degree sensitive and irritable, owing to my three and one-half months of sickness. Away with everything that does not promote the grand object; so that I and my good Carl can enter upon a regular domestic life, which for me is especially needful. Just look through my lodging here, and you will see the consequences—how matters go, because I, when I am more than usually sick, must put myself into the hands of strangers—not to mention other things upon which we have already spoken. In case you come to-day, you can bring Carl too; and so I inclose this open note to Herr v. Blöchlinger,* which you can send to him immediately."

Now, I ask, which of the brothers made the proposition that they should live together? On the 26th July, Ludwig wrote again to Johann, who was with his family in Wasserhof for the Summer. The letter contains an urgent request for Johann to come to Vienna, to aid his brother in the sale of works, etc.—Johann, however, could not leave his agriculture, and came not. The letter ends thus:

"Greet your family for me. If I was not forced to go to Baden,† I should certainly come to you next month; but it can't be helped; if you can, pray come. It would be of great assistance—write immediately," etc.

On the 31st July, he writes again, that Peters, the Leipzig publisher, has offered 1500 gulden for the Mass, and other sums for other works, and has sent him a draft in advance for 300 gulden. I copy a few lines:

"Throughout the eagerness of the man for my works is visible; but I do not wish to put myself in a false position, and I should take it as a favor, if you will write whether you can spare me something, so that I may not be hindered in going betimes to Baden, where I must remain at least a month. You see there is no uncertainty in this; and you shall also in September receive the 200 gulden again with thanks."

* Master and proprietor of a private school in which Beethoven's nephew Carl was then a pupil.

† A place of Sulphur Springs about twenty miles from Vienna.

Farther on:

"If you were here, the matter would soon be settled. * * If you could only come and go with me for eight days to Baden, that would be just the thing. * * Put your kitchen and cellar into best condition, for, probably, I and my boy shall establish our head-quarters with you, and we have formed the grand project of completely eating you up. Of course only September is meant. Now farewell, best Brotherkin! Read the Gospel daily, take to heart the Epistles of Peter and Paul, journey to Rome, and kiss the Pope's slipper. Greet your family heartily," etc., etc.

In August, he writes two more letters on the same subject—and yet, Johann came not. Now, how does all this tally with the alleged "official meddler?"

In the letter of 26th July, Beethoven communicates to his brother his consent to accept the lodging in Obermeyer's house, in these terms:

"As to the lodging, since it is taken, let it be so; but whether it be suited to me, is the question—the chambers look out upon the garden—and just now, garden-air is the most deleterious for me; besides, my entrance is through the kitchen, which is very unpleasant and intolerable. And now I must pay for a whole quarter for nothing; as an offset, we, Carl and myself, if possible, will join you in Krems and live high until this money is made up again."

In later letters he informs his brother, that the necessity of taking the sulphur baths at Baden, and an order for music for the opening of the Josephstadt Theater, prevented him from making the proposed visit to Wasserhof.

That Beethoven was never satisfied with his lodgings, that he was constantly changing them, and always quarreling with his landlords, is well known. Schindler gives instances enough of this. Johann was different; he had settled himself in the house of his wife's brother, and, so far as I know, remained there so long as she lived. What Ludwig wanted was, that Johann should break this family connexion, and abandon these quarters, in order to try the very doubtful experiment, whether he, his brother, his nephew, and Johann's wife and daughter could live in peace under one roof.

Adjoining Johann's lodging, in the same house, there were vacant apartments, and he doubtless reasoned thus: why should not Ludwig, if determined to try this experiment, take them for one year? If it turned out well, he could change his dwelling as well later as now. If his Brother would come to him there, good; if not, also good. He must pay some regard to his wife's wishes. And so it came about, that Beethoven with Schindler, in October, 1822, moved into the lodging, which the latter describes as at best good for a shoemaker.

There is an anecdote, belonging to this winter, related by Schindler, the foundation of a great mass of malicious and contemptuous matter printed against Johann v. Beethoven, and a good instance of how everything relating to him is interpreted to his disadvantage.

In those days, it was not only the universal custom, but a decent self-respect demanded, that every man should place his social rank and position upon his visiting cards. For three and one-half years Johann was no longer "Apothecary at Linz," but "Land Proprietor" (*Guts-*

besitzer), and so it stood upon his card. On New Year's day, 1823, Beethoven, his nephew, and Schindler, sat at dinner. Johann sent in his servant with his card and the usual greetings. The composer was in good humor, turned the card, wrote on the back: "Ludwig von Beethoven, Brain-owner," and sent it back.

It was an ordinary friendly and fraternal attention on the part of Johann, and a good-natured joke on the part of Ludwig. That is the whole of it. Everything else about it, which one reads in a hundred publications, is invention and usually slander.

Johann has even been made the subject of boundless ridicule on account of his horses! Why, I cannot see. Horses he must have in his agricultural operations, and—when he removed with his family in Autumn to Vienna—should he send the animals back to Wasserhof just to eat his hay the winter through?

That the experiment of living together in one house had no good results—as was to be expected—is well known, and Johann's refusal to move out of his lodging to try it, is fully justified.

A note of that time, the subject of which is not known, may find room here:

"DEAR BROTHER! I pray you to visit me this forenoon, as I must have a talk with you. Why this behavior? Whither will it lead? I have nothing against you, I throw no blame upon you in the matter of the lodging. Your will was good, and it was my own wish, that we should be nearer together. But now, on all sides, in this house, all is bad, and you will know nothing of it; what can one say?"

What unkind behavior, now that I have fallen into so great a dilemma. I pray you again, come to me this forenoon, that we may talk over what is necessary to be done. Do not let bonds be sundered, which can only be for the advantage of us both—and for what? For causes worthy only of contempt!! I embrace you from my heart, and am, as ever,

Thy faithful brother,
LUDWIG."

That afterwards the business assumed a totally different aspect in Beethoven's fancy, that he then threw the whole blame in the matter of the lodging upon Johann, and oft-times expressed his resentment both in letters and conversation—that was only—Beethovenish.

[To be Continued.]

A Word for the Orchestra.

To the Editor of the Transcript:

It may be interesting to your readers who take pleasure in the opera in Boston, and who have heard the magnificent renderings of the different rôles by Mme. Pappenheim and Mr. Adams, during the short season just closed, to become acquainted with the position of the orchestra in regard to opera as it is given in our city.

So much has been daily said of the inefficiency of the orchestra,—and in some of the notices it has been stigmatized as careless, incapable, in fact all but disgracing itself,—that probably a few words relating to the subject, from one intimately acquainted with it, may be acceptable.

Included amongst the forces gathered together during the past fortnight, were many of our best local instrumentalists, some of whom are prominently known, and all do good service in our concerts, and also the whole of the regular Boston Theatre orchestra, which is acknowledged to rank well with similar organizations. Therefore, the above censures apply to them as well as to the entire operatic orchestra, and whilst I do not seek undue sympathy for the performers, or assert that their per-

formances were up to the right standard, collectively, I desire to say that there are many elements that aid, if they do not actually cause, the mediocre renderings we have lately heard, and which will ever remain until the present system is revolutionized, and we Americans create the supply by making the demand that we shall have complete opera in this country, and no longer rest satisfied that the glory of the grandest musical representation should be centred in the persons of one or two singers only.

It is certain that few people understand how much is required of the orchestra in the interpretation of its portion of the work, how important its duties are, and how slight the opportunities are for its members to become even moderately acquainted, at the morning's rehearsal, with the opera to be performed at night. The alterations made by each singer, according to his or her ideas, the frequent and sudden transposition of the key at sight, some portions to be left out, etc.; all of which and a great deal more, has to be clutched at, understood, in one short incomplete rehearsal, and, sometimes, without any rehearsal at all. If, therefore, opera goers had a better insight into these matters they might have possibly other words than "careless," "stupid," to apply to the orchestra when it plays too loud, is not well balanced, or seems slow in responding to the conductor's baton.

A rehearsal is called and promptly attended, and lasts two or three hours. This meeting involves the running through of one, and not unfrequently two, operas. The principal singers are rarely present. The conductor hums through soprano, contralto, tenor and bass songs, recitatives, as best he can, often without the remotest approach to a voice, and from this burlesqued preparation the orchestra has to gather an idea of the requisite light and shade, the reading the artistes will give at the evening's performance, when they take all the liberties with tempo and expression to which they are undoubtedly entitled; and it may be imagined the result is not a little different, and the task not an easy one, for the orchestra to follow and accompany them under such circumstances, without seriously marring the effect.

The copies are all manuscript, and often full of errors, and are mostly hired from musical libraries from year to year by the different companies travelling; they are replete with pencil marks (each company making its own alterations and failing to erase those previously made) to designate the "cuts" (portions to be omitted); and, as all singers make some deviation from the original score, the almost incomprehensible appearance of the pages, as they have been corrected and re-corrected, presents a view that sometimes baffles the strongest nerve to decide which of the "cuts" holds good, as the player comes suddenly upon them, and not unfrequently adopts the wrong one, leaving him little or no chance to think of anything more elevating in his work than keeping on the right track.

The company includes a few (about fifteen) instrumentalists, who form the whole of the orchestra in small towns, and when their numbers are augmented, they are of great service in helping the remainder to pilot their way through the labyrinth of "cuts," etc.; but their aid cannot take the place of complete rehearsals, when the combined forces amount to nearly forty men.

Singers study for months the rôles they propose adopting, before appearing on the stage; whereas operatic orchestras (as conducted here) have to appreciate and perform their work with the imperfect preparation I have briefly described, which in reality is no preparation, when the high character of the operas attempted is taken into consideration, and it is remembered that the instrumentation of modern operas is far more difficult than the vocal portion.

Fair and even creditable performances of the easier and more familiar operas, such as "Trovatore," "Bohemian Girl" and others, may be obtained with such little preparation; but such a result is absurd to hope for, even, when "Fidelio," "Faust," "Lohengrin," are grappled with. Then, indeed, the symphonic effect is not, cannot be reached; and more particularly with Wagner's works, as he no longer uses the instruments as an accompaniment, but brings singers, chorus and orchestra into such close relationship that all must be equally well up in their respective departments to arrive at the magnificence and poetry of his great conceptions.

I have shown that imperfect rehearsing is one great drawback to even respectable operatic renderings in this city, and how the orchestra is affected

by the defective system; let some abler pen point out a remedy for an untuneful chorus, and how to procure one that has an approach to vitality, and we may, perhaps, be nearing the day when opera in all its nobleness and grandeur shall be witnessed on our stage. Why not?

Respectfully yours,
C. N. ALLEN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
Concerning Touch in Piano-Playing.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

Having lately had occasion to investigate anew the subject of "touch" for the piano, I trust I may be excused for offering here the conclusions to which I have been led.

It is well known, to those who have given the matter attention, that not only is a bad touch common among ordinary players but even celebrated pianists differ very much in this respect, many of them having an absolutely unmusical touch. Your correspondent from Ripon seems to have referred chiefly to the *legato* as the point wherein the average pupil is likely to be faulty. Yet, grievous as are their shortcomings in this respect, they are equally defective in any power of *coloring* the touch, or adapting it to the expression of musical phrases. The two great deficiencies in piano-playing, as you find it among amateurs throughout the country, are in respect to accent and phrasing, both of which belong to touch. The instruction books have all failed to analyze touch. They have contented themselves by describing and depicting the position of the hands before and after the touch, and as it respects finger touch have confined themselves to one variety out of several useful ones. The finger touch all the instruction-books seem to have in mind is that used in playing five-finger exercises rapidly. This is a valid and useful touch, and forms an important part of good practice. Mason and Hoadley have gone farther and described the finger staccato, and the staccato touch for chords. But the pith of it seems to me to have been over-looked by all.

Touch consists of two elements, the *attack* (or the force by which the key is struck), and the *clinging-pressure*, (or the force by which the key is held down). According as the attack is made by the finger, the hand, or the arm, we speak of finger-touch, hand-touch, etc.

The first thing for a pupil to learn about touch is the clinging pressure. Unconsciousness of this element of touch lies at the foundation of all the bad *legato*, the universal fault of the pupils of average teachers. Pupils who begin by playing on the organ, necessarily acquire this element of touch. When they afterwards go to the piano, their playing is smooth. Their fault is insipidity, resulting from want of accent and adequate force of attack. The best school of touch I have ever found is that of Dr. Wm. Mason. His exercise for securing the clinging touch on the piano, is nothing else than that so well known to all organ teachers:

3rd way, 3, 4-3, 4-3,
2nd way, 2, 3-2, 3-2,
R.H. 1st way, 1, 2-1, 2-1.



L. H. similarly, up and down an octave with each pair of fingers in turn. The vertical angle is a *tenuto* mark; the horizontal angle, an accent. It is never difficult to teach this exercise to a beginner. A pupil who has become confirmed in a *non-legato* touch will sometimes entirely fail of this exercise, in spite of the utmost care on the part of the teacher. Before I knew this exercise and the expedients that follow, I have sometimes been obliged to con-

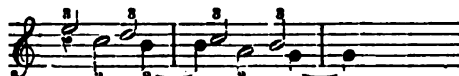
sume a whole term before establishing a suitable *legato* in the case of some unusually bad pupil. In aggravated cases Dr. Mason has had recourse to the expedient of prolonging the first tone one beat after the second is taken, making in effect two voices, as thus:

R.H. 2, 3-2, 3-2, 3-2, 3, 2-3, 3-3.



This, of course, is an expedient which, if too much persisted in, would lead to a sluggish and slovenly touch.

Another of his exercises, equally good in its way, is one founded on broken thirds:

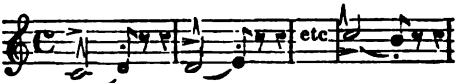


In this exercise the two voices are not absolutely *legato*; they are to be made as nearly so as possible when playing each with the same finger throughout. The direction to the pupil is that two keys are to be held down at a time throughout this exercise, except during the slight interval of time requisite to move a finger from one key to the next without raising it any higher than necessary to effect such a removal.

The great point in overcoming this bad habit in pupils is to awaken their consciousness of the clinging pressure. At first they will fall back immediately into their old way as soon as away from the teacher. After a little they will play right when they play with one hand alone, and after some time longer with both hands. For some time they will not use the clinging pressure except when looking at their hand. I say "hand," because I do not remember to have seen this faulty staccato except in the right hand. It arises from ignorance, and from attempting to play pieces before a real finger-touch has been established.

Unquestionably the most powerful exercise for strengthening the fingers is what is known as "Mason's slow two-finger exercise." I call it the "elastic touch exercise," to distinguish it from Ex. 1, which is a slow two-finger exercise for "clinging" touch. I have formerly described this exercise in this Journal. It is written:

2nd way, 3-4, 3-4, 4-3,
1st way, 2-3, 2-3, 3-2.



and is applied to each pair of fingers in turn. The first tone is played firmly with the clinging touch. The finger which plays the second tone, is to be extended entirely straight (horizontal) while the first key is being held. The second tone is produced by *violently shutting the finger* so that the point of it touches the palm of the hand. The tones are to be perfectly connected, and the closest watchfulness on the part of the teacher is necessary in this respect. The second touch is an extreme staccato, and, when properly played, the wrist must be held so loosely that the hand will rebound upwards from the key slightly in consequence of the vigor with which the touch is made in shutting the hand. This rebound of the hand (which takes place without moving the elbow or forearm in the slightest) is an essential part of the touch, since it certifies to the looseness of the wrist. Teachers who may be unfa-

miliar with this touch may try it first by extending the whole hand horizontally about two inches above the keys, and then violently shutting the hand in such a way that the middle finger strikes a key in passing. If the hand is shut *very* spitefully, the key will be struck forcibly; and if the wrist is loose, the hand will rebound upwards slightly. This touch is then to be applied to the second tone in No. 4 above. I am thus particular in describing this touch because it is really the most elementary motion of the fingers, a fact that technicians seem ignorant of. It is nothing more nor less than a complete abandonment of the fingers to the action of the flexor muscles. The five-finger motion of the finger on the metacarpal joint is effected by the flexor muscles also, but the movement is localized to that one joint by the opposition of the extensor muscles. The flexors bend all the joints of the fingers and finally the wrist. Their action is restricted to some one joint by opposition of the extensor muscles at other places. Pianists have played five-finger exercises so long that almost all of them suppose the movement of the finger at the metacarpal joint an elementary one. A little anatomical knowledge would show that this is not the case.

It is necessary that the pupil be taught three other touches as soon as possible. They are (1) a *light legato*, which is merely a milder form of the clinging touch, (the pressure being very slight), and two *mi'd staccatos*; one of them is made by moving the finger at the second joint, the other by raising the finger vertically from the key. The latter is the staccato commonly taught by strict teachers who build more or less closely on Plaidy's system. The former staccato is the "finger staccato" described in Mason and Hoadley's books. All *legato* touches have a clinging pressure which is transferred from one key to the next. All staccatos consist of attack only. The touch that I suppose to be commonly meant by a combination of slur and dots, is produced by maintaining the clinging-pressure through three-quarters of the apparent duration of the notes so marked.

A very important point remains to be noticed, namely the *force* of the attack and the clinging pressure. In order to ascertain this point with some definiteness, I once made some experiments in the manner following. Taking a platform balance, such as have a revolving index, ("counter" scales) and placing it near the piano, I played certain passages on the key-board and then with as nearly as possible the same force performed the same motions on the scale-platform. Other persons assisted in this. Thus we found that a young girl with rather a soft and undeveloped touch played the slow two-finger exercise with about four pounds attack and two pounds clinging pressure. Dr. Mason was kind enough to lend himself to the amusement. And the touch which he used, and which brought out a very broad sonorous tone, without in any way "forcing" the grand piano, was about *twelve* pounds, and the clinging pressure *ten pounds*. Of course the heavy pressure does not assist the tone. Its only value is in strengthening the hand and in keeping it in a state favorable to the proper exercise of great force. On the other hand, Mason was able to play scales rapidly and swiftly with an attack of not more than an ounce or an ounce and a half, and a pressure of about half an ounce less. Into such a passage he neatly dropped accents of four pounds without disturbing the adjacent *pianissimo*. I have no doubt that such pianists as Milla, Mason, Rivé-King, and Sherwood, in doing what they call "slow practice" on scales or pieces, use habitually a finger attack of eight or ten pounds, and a clinging pressure about two pounds less. It is thus that they lay the foundation for the brilliant *tour de force* that please us

in the concert room. Whoever has heard Sherwood play the Handel fugue in E minor, has heard him deliver the three opening tones of the subject with an elastic touch of from twelve to fourteen pounds. Such a degree of power is, of course, for artists and the concert-room only. Nevertheless the current teaching is altogether too oblivious of the degree of power it takes to play the piano effectively.

The use of names for different touches subserves convenience in teaching. Melodies are played with the clinging touch, except the terminal tones of phrases which are commonly "elastic." Accompaniments are generally played with the plain legato or mild staccato.

Anything helps, provided it leads to competent accent and good phrasing.

It is of course to be understood that Dr. Mason is in no way responsible for this cursory and necessarily very imperfect description of his school of touch. It is written for those to whom it may be useful or suggestive.

The Rive-King Testimonial Concert.

The *Chicago Tribune*, of Nov. 13, has the following glowing record of the testimonial concert given in that city to this admired pianist of the West.

The programme, which was compiled after infinite labor, demanded for its performance first-class talent, and that talent was forthcoming. What an array! That modest, unpretentious, and yet unrivalled little soprano, Miss Thursby, who stands to-day as the best representative in all respects of the lyric stage of America; that almost phenomenal-voiced contralto, Miss Drasdil; Mr. Whitney, the smoothest and best cultured basso in the country; Mrs. Kempton, an artist who has gathered many laurels in opera and oratorio; Mme. Rivé-King, the most powerful and brilliant of American pianists; a delegation from the thoroughly-drilled Apollo Club, led by their conductor, Mr. Tomlins; the Madrigal Club, who have reached a high degree of perfection in the performance of old English music; and Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, the well-known pianist and conductor. The array of artists was received by an audience worthy of the occasion. Every available foot of space in the hall was filled, the number present probably being over 2,500, and if there had been more room there would have been more people, so great has been the demand for seats. The programme does not call for special notice. With the exception of the "Rhapsody," played by Mrs. King and Mr. Wolfsohn, there was nothing specially new, but the numbers were those in which the artists have hitherto made great successes, and were all of pleasing character and judiciously chosen for a great popular concert, as this really was.

The concert, as a whole, fortunately calls for very little criticism. The more gratifying duty remains to record successes and the enthusiastic receptions accorded to the artists by a very impartial audience. Miss Thursby, of course, was a special favorite, and in her reception there seemed to be a recognition of her as a purely American artist. It is one of the most gratifying features of her success that she has made it by staying at home. She has had no European reputation to hold her up, no advance agents to blow her trumpets, no emotion letter-writers to herald her coming with appeals to popular curiosity and gossip. She has won her place legitimately, and holds it without ostentation. To enumerate the qualities which combine to make Miss Thursby's singing so remarkably attractive seems almost superfluous, and still she is not yet so thoroughly acquainted with Western audiences but that it may be done. Besides the remarkable purity of her voice, her technique, which, though not as facile or surprising as that of some other artists, is still excellent, her compass and truthfulness of tone, there remain one or two other qualities which distinguish her from many other prominent singers, and play an important part in commending her to the hearer. The first of these is an inherent refinement which displays itself in her presence and manner on the stage, in her quality of tone, and in her manner of vocalization. There is an utter absence of the sensational, the meretricious, or the affected, as well as of inordinate striving for effects. Second, out of this very quality grows the feeling of perfect

repose which lies at the very basis of true art. Third, there is a sympathetic quality to her voice, which makes a strong individual appeal to the hearer, and tells more strongly upon the popular heart even than the most perfect methods of the schools. She was received with the heartiest applause, and sang for her numbers the Barcarole from "The Star of the North," Eckert's familiar "Swiss Song," in both of which her trills and clear staccatos were specially noticeable, and the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," with Mr. Lewis' violin obligato and an undertone vocal accompaniment by the Apollo Club. The first two were encored, and in answer she sang two ballads, "I Love My Love" and a Bird Song, deliciously.

Miss Drasdil sang the familiar "Che farò senza Eurydice" from Gluck's "Orpheus," which Miss Cary has sung here so often, and the *brindisi* from "Lucrezia Borgia." Her first effort did not seem to thoroughly rouse the audience, but in the Drinking Song her superb tone and the intensity of her method fairly roused them with a storm of applause and a most persistent demand for an encore, to which she replied with a Bohemian folk-song, sung to her own accompaniment and with infinite tenderness. It is a charm to listen to a real alto who has not a suspicion of mezzo-soprano in her voice, and who can develop a tone of such magnificent 'cello-like quality. At this late day, in Mr. Whitney's many visits here, it would be superfluous to enter into an analysis of his singing. His numbers were Handel's majestic aria "Honor and Arms," and Halle's ballad, "The Sailor's Dream." His superb singing of the former brought him an enthusiastic encore, for which he sang Schumann's "Two Grenadiers," very dramatically. We question, however, whether he would not have improved it by taking the *Marsellaise* in the finale in a quicker and more spirited tempo. Mme. Rivé-King, the beneficiary of the occasion, received an enthusiastic and long-continued welcome. Her numbers were the Nocturne in G minor, the Berceuse, and the Valse in A flat of Chopin, and the Liszt Hungarian Rhapsody, Mr. Wolfsohn taking the orchestral part on the second piano. We have many times recorded our estimate of Mme. King's playing, and we see no reason to change it or to refuse to accord her the first place among American pianists. In such numbers as the Liszt Rhapsody, requiring immense power, brilliancy, and dash of execution, she stands almost without a rival. Her playing last evening was not only incomparable in this respect, but it developed even more of feeling, tenderness, and poetic sentiment than we have ever observed before. Even with Essipoff still in our remembrance, the best living interpreter of Chopin, [?] we still affirm she can play Chopin and play his music with admirable sentiment and delicacy of feeling. As an encore she gave the Perpetuum Mobile, from one of Weber's sonatas, in a very brilliant manner. Her reception was an ovation, and her playing was a genuine triumph. Mrs. Jenny Kempton, although a new-comer here, has long been associated with the lyric stage. It was a trying position to make a debut after another contralto, and that contralto Miss Drasdil, but she was warmly received, and sang her number, the aria "Più possenti" from Rossini's "Amelia," which has never been given here before, in a manner that stamps her as an excellent, painstaking artist, with an admirable method. Her voice in some parts of her registers is slightly worn, but her style is broad and dignified. She received a hearty encore, to which she replied with Miss Hodges's rather lugubrious "Rosebush," which is pathetically monotonous. The Apollo Club and Madrigal Club added much to the eclat of the concert with their fine singing, and the latter obtained an encore. Mr. Wolfsohn is also to receive credit for the careful and skilful manner in which he gave the accompaniment to the Rhapsody, and Mr. Baird for his accompaniments to the voices. In all respects, from the dainty and elegant fan programmes up to the efforts of the artists, the concert was a great success and a graceful tribute to Mme. King.

LEIPZIG, Oct. 19. The musical event of the week was the concert (the first of a series of three) given by the "Florentiner Quartett-Verein," in the Hall of the Gewandhaus. The Quartette consists of Jean Becker, violino primo; Enrico Masi, violino secondo; Luigi Chiostrì, viola, and L. Heygeel, violoncello. Their programme—Haydn, G Major, Op. 54, No. 2; Mozart, F Major, and Beethoven, E Minor, Op. 59, No. 2—was superbly rendered. One cannot conceive of more perfect quartet playing; the merely mechanical difficulties they overcame with the

utmost ease, and the unity of feeling with which they enter into the spirit and style of the different compositions is simply wonderful. The audience was large, and as appreciative and demonstrative as large. In connection with these concerts it is to be regretted that many of the Americans and English at present visiting here will be hindered from enjoying these singular performances, from the fact that they are all announced to be given on Sunday evenings.

On the following Tuesday the Euterpe Concert Society ushered in its concert, (the first of a series of ten,) offering the following programme:

Overture, C major, No. 2.....	Beethoven
Concerto, F minor.....	Chopin
Symphony, D minor, No. 4.....	Schumann
Piano Solos:—	
Polonaise.....	Beethoven
Miniatures.....	Rubinstein
Rhapsodie, No. 4.....	Liszt
Fragment of Wallenstein Symphony.....	Rheinberger

The Euterpe Orchestra has several disadvantages to contend with, the principal ones being: deficient representatives of the wind instruments; a hall, the acoustic properties of which are not perfect, and the fact that the leadership is constantly undergoing changes. Notwithstanding this, the concerts are far from being unenjoyable and occasionally they take a flight high above mediocrity, up to the very threshold of perfection; this may be said of the concert last Tuesday. The noble Schumann symphony was worthily and grandly reproduced, and even the difficult Beethoven overture came out almost intact.

Mary Krebs (who is not at all a stranger to America) interpreted the piano compositions on the programme, and that, too, in a masterly manner. There was absolutely nothing to mar the enjoyment of her playing.

On Thursday evening, the Gewandhaus in its second concert, presented the following programme:—

Concerto for string orchestra.....	Bach
Violin Concerto.....	Mendelssohn
Overture—On the Beach.....	Radecke
Violin Solos:—Legende, Polonaise.....	Wieniawski
Sinfonia Eroica.....	Beethoven

The orchestral compositions, as usual, were given in the highest degree of excellence. Beethoven's symphony was the gem of the evening, and what a gem! * * * The Overture of Radecke is a well-written composition, but seems to lack poetical inspiration. The orchestra however, did its best, and it is owing to this, probably, more than to its merits, that it was well received.

Henri Wieniawski, who is also not a stranger to Americans, was the soloist of the evening. The virtuoso in this artist preponderates very largely, so much so that the cadenza of the first movement of Mendelssohn's beautiful concerto had to submit to very material alterations and additions; his own compositions, though lacking genuine musical worth, were well adapted for displaying his peculiar powers as a violinist.

The operas of the week have been Rossini's *Barber of Seville*, Mozart's *Magic Flute*, and Gounod's *Romeo and Juliet*. The latter opera was new for Leipzig, and met only with moderate success.

JOHN F. HICKELBACH.

—*Philadelphia Bulletin*.

Music in New York.

DR. DAMROSCHE'S MATINEES. (From the *Tribune*, Nov. 12.) It was an illustration of the advance in musical taste among New-Yorkers that Dr. Damrosch's third orchestral matinee on Saturday attracted a large audience, in spite of the cold, pitiless storm. There was nothing in the programme to gratify an appetite for sensations, or to pique the popular curiosity; it appealed only to a love of art. The overtures to "Lohengrin" and to Goldmark's "Sakuntala," the two remarkable "Hungarian Dances," by Brahms, which were so much admired at the first matinee, and Beethoven's great symphony in C minor, were performed; the one novelty of the concert was a splendid arrangement for the orchestra by Dr. Damrosch of one of Schubert's "Military Marches," originally written as a piano piece for four hands; and Miss Lillian Bailey, from Boston, contributed a scene and aria from "Dinorah," and two songs of Schubert's. It is nearly seven years since Dr. Damrosch made his first appearance as an orchestral conductor in this city, and delighted connoisseurs by his ability at once as a leader, a composer and an executant. His subsequent career has strengthened him in the high position he then assumed, and has proved that he possesses not only the accomplishments of an artist, but that

fine musical instinct which is a gift of nature, and not the result of study. As conductor of the Philharmonic Society last season, it is well-known that he labored under many disadvantages. In these concerts, however, he has his own way, and he has already imparted to his orchestra the stamp of his own earnest character. A good orchestra reflects the temper and idiosyncrasies of its conductor, and it is curious to remark how exactly this ripe product of Dr. Damrosch's labors confirms the impression made upon us by his first concert, in the Spring of 1871. The peculiar merit of his interpretation of the classical master-pieces then seemed to be clearness of intellectual appreciation and masculine vigor of expression; and there was a hot enthusiasm and eagerness in his temperament which sometimes led him to disregard the niceties of execution. It is the same now, and we had several very striking illustrations of the fact on Saturday. The "Hungarian Dances" and the Schubert March were given superbly. The gorgeous middle portion of the "Lohengrin" Vorspiel was better than the fine drawn harmonies of the beginning and end. The symphony was played with majesty and force, and glowed with an inward fire, in which many graces of touch and tone were fused.

Miss Bailey is a pleasing and pretty young lady, with a good pure soprano voice. She was too ambitious [?] when she chose the air from "Dinorah," and indeed it is not an effective selection for the concert room. In Schubert's songs she gave us great pleasure. They were two of his most precious creations, examples of two of his most poetic styles, and she sang them both with intelligence and feeling. The first was "Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel," that noble and touching dramatic illustration of deep and changing sentiment, and the second was the simple and infinitely graceful setting of Goethe's "Häidelstein." This she was obliged to repeat.

The fourth symphony matinee by Dr. Damrosch and his orchestra yesterday attracted the usual large audience. The first feature of the programme was the overture "Coriolan" by Beethoven. The skill of the conductor and the admirable training of the orchestra were illustrated in their sympathetic interpretation of the magnificent theme. Another feature of the performance was the appearance of Dr. Damrosch as a solo violinist and his rendition [rendering, please!] of an *adagio* and a *capriccio* movement composed by himself. His playing was thoroughly in keeping with the European reputation which has preceded him, and was warmly appreciated by the audience. Mr. A. E. Stoddard sang with superb effect the *scena ed aria* (*Non so donde viene*), by Mozart, and was likewise the recipient of the evidently earnest applause of the critical portion of his hearers. The main feature of the matinee, however, was Schumann's First symphony (B flat). The orchestra yesterday performed it throughout with a fervor and delicacy that met with a hearty response. In rendering the *Scherzo*, with its two charming trios, difficult movements as they are, and requiring the nicest ability, the orchestra showed the result of their admirable practice and reached an excellence of expression which at once marked them as worthy of the highest professional rank. The other pieces played were a *Scherzo* by Cherubini and a minuet by Mozart, both for the first time in New York, and Wagner's overture to the "Tannhäuser."—*Herald*, 18th.

MOZART'S REQUIEM. The Liederkrantz began their season of concerts by producing, last night, at their hall in Fourth St., the whole of Mozart's "Requiem," with mixed chorus of about a hundred voices, quartet, organ, and a band of about forty pieces, selected from the Thomas orchestra. Although this master-work is occasionally heard in a very imperfect and abridged form in our Catholic churches, its presentation in its full proportions and with all the proper forces is so great a rarity, that the undertaking of the Liederkrantz ranks as an important event, and has excited a great deal of interest in musical circles. The performance reflected the highest credit alike upon the club and upon the zealous conductor, Mr. Paar. The choruses were given with dignity and in general with admirable assurance, and the quartette, consisting of Miss Fanny Hirsch, Mrs. Unger, Mr. Bersin, and Mr. Sohst, won great praise by a successful wrestling with unusual difficulties. The music for the solo voices departs so far from conventional forms, and is so strangely unlike the more familiar music of Mozart himself, that good singers might be pardoned for failing to comprehend it, and in saying that these ladies and gentlemen delivered it with intelligence and feeling we pay them a high compliment. Several of the numbers, being specially well done perhaps, seemed to produce a special impression; the splendid quartet, "Tuba mirum;" the touching "Recordare;" the "Confutatio;" and "Lacrymosa;" the great fugue—who could listen to such strains without awe? The performance included, not only Mozart's part of the mass, but the three numbers, the "Sanctus," "Benedictus," and "Agnus Dei," which his pupil, Süßmayr, added, after the master's death, to complete the unfinished work.

The Requiem was preceded by a performance of Beethoven's eighth symphony; a male chorus, "Im Gewittersturm," by R. Volkmann; and some excellent violin playing by young Lichtenberg.—*Tribune*, 12th.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 24, 1877.

Orchestral Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The first Symphony Concert of the thirteenth season took place in the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 8. CARL ZERRAHN conducted. The Orchestra numbered the same instruments (8 first violins, 6 second, 4 each of violas, cellos and double basses, 18 wood, brass and percussion), and essentially the same performers; the first clarinet player is changed, and a serious loss is felt in the death of the excellent flutist, Mr. Goering, greatly esteemed by all who knew him as a man and as an artist. The horns and trombones are better than Boston has ever had before, the sweetness, richness, smoothness of their tones, sure and prompt, and well controlled, being a theme of general remark.

The concert opened with a brilliant and truly admirable rendering of Mendelssohn's *Ruy Blas* Overture; nothing better could be asked for; it gave life and appetite to the whole concert. Then appeared a singer new to Boston and the East,—Madame EMMA DEXTER, of Cincinnati. She is an English lady, and was a pupil of Garcia and of Schira in London. She sang that very difficult and trying Concert Aria of Mendelssohn: "Infelice," etc. That she could sing it all correctly and in perfect tune, in the true tempi and with just conception and expression, as she did, was enough to prove an artist. Her voice is a large and powerful Soprano, mezzo in quality, but of high range, evenly developed, a little thick in the middle tones, but very clear and beautiful in some of the highest; her method sound; phrasing and execution of the best. It was good honest, large, artistic singing. The Recitative was delivered in a good dramatic style; the first Allegro, and especially the swift, scouring Finale: "Invano, invano!" were given with unflagging certainty and with great spirit; and the Andante: "Ah, ritorna, età felice," was sung in good sustained cantabile, although her singing is not particularly sympathetic. One drawback from the effect was the fact that much of the time the voice part runs in unison with the violins, in the middle or lower range, and was covered by the orchestra, leading some to pronounce her voice "insufficient." (1)

Then came the glorious old Fifth Symphony of Beethoven,—the work with which Boston's education in this form of music began—full forty years ago. And it is as fresh now, as grand, as thoroughly inspiring as it was then. It may be called the Alpha and Omega of our short musical life here. And what is there greater? Some feared it would seem hacknied; thought it dangerous to let it be heard again, unless by an exceptionally large and perfect orchestra. But the life and power of such a work are intrinsic, and the charm inexhaustible. You may not always be in the right mood for it; but if you are in a good mood it will bring you round. As another has truly said: "Although some of us may feel a slight disposition to groan at seeing the eternal Fifth Symphony (eternal in two senses) on a programme, the first few bars of the glorious work rebuke our appetite for novelty so soon as we come to hear it." This time it was played with so much spirit and precision, even the scramble of the double basses in the Scherzo coming out distinctly, and the *tempi* being all rightly taken, that all the old inspiration woke again, and the effect must have been uplifting to the most depressed and jaded spirit; while that lasted it felt as if the far too empty hall were full. In a thing so fraught

with reminiscences, some little circumstances are worth mentioning as not entirely trivial. That little cadenza on the oboe, which lingers on the ear after a grand climax of the *tutti*, in the first movement—near forty years ago it sounded precisely as it did this time,—we never forget it,—and it was played by the same man!

Part II. began with the Concert Overture, in A,—familiar in these concerts, by Julius Rietz, who died on the 12th of last September. It was placed upon the programme in memory of one of the truest and most gifted musicians of our time. It will bear hearing many times more, for probably no finer Overture has been composed since Mendelssohn and Schumann. Mrs. Dexter re-appeared and sang, again with orchestra, the noble recitative and Aria of Donna Anna: "Non mi dir," in *Don Giovanni*. In this she made a still better impression—music itself being more grateful and more easily appreciated. With all ease, and with clear, bright accent, she struck the high repeated notes in the bravura portion of it, and won warm applause.

The concert concluded with the stirring, buoyant *Reiter-Marsch*, in C, by Schubert, brilliantly transcribed for Orchestra by Liszt. Most of the transcription is happy; but where he gives the opening of the Trio to horns, clarinet, etc., in rather a low register, it seemed to us confused and dull, and would seem so were it ever so well played.

—The audience, as we have hinted, was small,—much smaller than so good a concert, and with such an object, deserved.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The first subscription concert in that most beautiful, most musical of halls, was given on Tuesday evening, Nov. 13, by the THOMAS ORCHESTRA and Master LEOPOLD LICHTENBERG, the young violinist. Old Harvard and its friends rallied in force, prompted by pride in their fine theatre, as well as by a certain quick *esprit-de-corps*, making a larger audience than we have seen of late at similar concerts in Boston. The Thomas Orchestra was just about the same in numbers as last year; but the majority of the members seemed to be new faces; yet the tradition and the spirit of the band seemed well preserved, and the performances of about the same degree of excellence. The programme was as follows:

Overture to the Magic Flute, in E flat major, MOZART
Adagio—Allegro.
Violin Concerto, in A minor, No. 21.....Violotti
Allegro (first movement).
Master Leopold Lichtenberg.
Suite for Orchestra, Op. 49.....Saint-Saëns
Prelude.—Sarabande.—Gavotte.—Romance.—Finale.
Symphonic Fantasy—Shakespeare's Tempest, in D minor, Op. 31.....Paine
Allegro con fuoco, Adagio tranquillo, Allegro moderato e maestoso, Allegro non troppo.
Violin Solo:
(a.) Air, arranged by Wilhelmj.....Bach
(b.) Gavotte.....Vieuxtemps
Symphony in B flat major, No. 4, Op. 60.....Beethoven

The *Zauberflöte* Overture was very finely played, the theme of the quick movement being started at just the right tempo, so as to be intelligible, instead of at the hurried, idiotic speed that is too common. We would we could give the same praise to the rendering of the warm and lovely B-flat Symphony of Beethoven, much of which had exquisite coloring and phrasing; but both the *Adagios* were taken too slow, the introductory one even painfully slow. Moreover, even the Thomas orchestra was not quite free from the too common fault of orchestras in executing that little throbbing phrase of two notes, which so marks the rhythm and the character of the second (*Adagio*) movement, and which is finally echoed in the tympani,—i.e., neglecting the exact division of the phrase, making the second note, which should be very short and light, too long, and destroying all its elasticity and right expression.—The Suite by Saint-Saëns seemed to us over-ingenious in its forms and color combinations, rather than of much intrinsic musical importance. It opens somewhat in the same pastoral vein with the prelude to his "Noël," and possibly belongs to the

same early period of his work. The Gavotte is pretty and original; but the sentimental Romance is tedious, continuing long after all its ideas are exhausted.

Prof. Paine's "Tempest" illustration is in the form, if form at all it has, of the modern *Symphonische Dichtung*. We found much in it to admire, but as a whole it was to us by no means so clear and satisfactory as his Overture to "As you like it." We will not trust ourselves to pass opinion on its merit until after further hearing; for, while we might have said much in its praise, when we came to read the criticisms in the papers, and found everything said of it that possibly could be said in praise of Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music,—every quality of musical art, invention, poetry, imagination, as well as "absolute" mastery of instrumentation, etc., ascribed to it, we concluded that we must have listened in a very dull and unappreciative mood,—a state of such insensibility and torpor that we cannot fairly be called on to report. Merit it has undoubtedly; all that Mr. Paine does has merit; but why such superlatives? they shut one up. We may come to see it, but so far we cannot feel that this music is "Shakespearean." Certain realistic allusions it contains, of course, to the elements and persons of the romantic drama; these the common hearer gladly identifies and seizes like the "plums in the pudding." It begins with a storm, which to our mind, was neither realistic nor imaginative; but then one critic tells us that it was only intended as a magician's, a Prospero's storm, a phantasmagoric, what shall we call it kind of storm, and not one of "Nature's grand cataclysms!" This subtle and profound distinction the hearer should have been prepared for on the programme. Then, among passages of grave or tender beauty, where indeed we could think of Prospero and of Miranda, there were salient phrases, like Wagner's *Leit-motive*, to say this is Ariel, Trinculo, Caliban, etc. Ariel's motive we confess we thought not worthy of so delicate a sprite. It was a pert little fillip on the piccolo, and by most was recognized as Ariel. But, to show the danger of such devices, two other interpretations of the piccolo phrase appeared in the morning papers; one critic took it for the boatwain's whistle; and one, as it occurred first in connection with a few chords on the harp, spoke of Ariel's harp and "Caliban's squeal!" We cannot help thinking that the composer would have done better to have kept to his original design of making an Overture, instead of a Symphonic Fantasia or Poem à la Liszt or Saint-Saëns. That might have been equally suggestive and Shakespearean, and more satisfactory as music. But we are open to conviction.

The young violinist, a mere boy, of interesting appearance, played like a man, and like an artist. The Concerto by Viotti in itself seemed tame and commonplace; yet one could listen with delight, not only to the sure, firm, facile execution, but to the full, manly tone, the pure intonation, and the broad style of the young interpreter. Still more interesting was the rich, large tone, the perfect phrasing, and the sustained *cantabile* displayed in that beautiful Aria from Bach's orchestral Suite in D, which, like his master Wieniawski, he played an octave below the original. Clearly he has been well taught, and has a rare intelligence, a rare aptitude for learning.

THEODORE THOMAS, last week, gave, in the Music Hall, the first two of his series of "Six Grand and Popular Subscription Concerts," with the same Orchestra he had at Cambridge, besides the Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette and Master Lichtenberg, the violinist. The attendance on both occasions was discouragingly small, showing that these are indeed "hard times" for concert enterprises. Here are the two programmes:

Wednesday Evening, Nov. 14.

- Overture, "Watercarrier,".....Cherubini
 Variations: Divertimento in D.....Mozart
 (a.) Olyn, ("Could'st thou but hear,").....A. I. Ahlstrom
 (b.) Swedish Popular Song.....A. Soderman
 Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette.
 Concerto for Violin, A minor.....Viotti
 Master Leopold Lichtenberg.
 Symphonic Poem, new.....Saint-Saëns
 La Jeunesse d'Hercule—A Legend.
 Overture, "Oberon,".....Weber
 Menuet (String Orchestra).....Boccherini
 (a.) Rosen i Nordanskog, (The Rose of the North).....Fischer
 (b.) Brollopedane, (Wedding Dance from the Peasant's Wedding).....A. Soderman
 Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette.

- Solos for Violin:
 (a.) Air.....Bach
 Arranged by Wilhelm.
 (b.) Gavotte.....Vieuxtemps
 Carnaval.....Guiraud

Saturday [Matinée], Nov. 17.

- Overture, "Magic Flute,".....Mozart
 Concerto for String Orchestra.....Handel
 Two Solo Violins and Violoncello.
 Larghetto affettuoso, Fugato, Musette, Allegro molto vivace, Finale.
 Cadenza by Ferdinand David.
 Messrs. H. Brandt, C. Hamm, and C. Hemmann.
 Concerto for Violin.....Mendelssohn
 First movement, Allegro.
 (a.) Aftonrodad, (Evening Twilight).....Schaeffer
 (b.) Norwegian Popular Song.....H. Kjerulf
 Swedish Ladies' Vocal Quartette.
 Ballet Music, "Queen of Sheba,".....Goldmark
 Solo for Violin, "Legende,".....Wieniawski
 Love Scene, "Evening in the Woods,".....Hamerick
 (a.) Sei Gegrüsst, (Hall, Hall).....Fr. Aht
 (b.) Serenade.....Eisenhofer
 Theo. Thomas' Orchestra.
 Selections from "La Damnation de Faust":
 Evocation, Menuet des Follets, }
 Ballet des Sylphes, }.....Berlioz
 March Hongroise, (Rakoczy), }

The three Overtures were beautifully played, especially that to "Oberon." Next in intrinsic worth to these, and having for our modern ears the interest of novelty besides, were those comparatively antique works, mainly for string orchestra alone, the Divertimento by Mozart, and the Concerto by Handel. These afforded ample opportunity to show the admirable training, the unity and precision, the fine light and shade of Thomas's strings. The Variations of the Andante in the former are fine specimens of what is truly classical and noble in that kind; only in one variation is the violin harmony enriched by the entrance of two horns. The Handel Concerto is a quaint and sturdy composition, worthy of the old giant, full of happy thoughts developed with a master hand, and with great variety of form. It was admirably played, particularly the vigorous fugal movement. There was more of modern flourish, however, in the Cadenza near the end by David, than Handel ever would have thought of, or have tolerated. The Boccherini Minuet can only be mentioned in this high company as being also old and played by strings alone; the performance was simply one of those pretty tricks of *pianissimo*, by which Thomas knows how to tickle the common ear and fancy, and which is like the painter's drawing of the finest line to show his marvelous skill with the brush.

Of the more modern instrumental school, the newest was the new Symphonic Poem by Saint-Saëns on the "Youth of Hercules," of which the legend, briefly given in the programme, tells that "on his entrance into life, Hercules sees open before him two roads, that of pleasure and that of virtue. Insensible to the seductions of Nymphs and Bacchantes, the hero enters the road of struggles and combats, at the end of which he sees immortality."

It seemed to us to be almost entirely a wild, bacchanalian, sensational affair, with hardly any perceptible turning to the path of virtue; all seduction and intoxication and whirling tumult of the senses; something like the Venusberg portion of the *Tannhäuser* Overture without the Pilgrims' Hymn. Nor was there, regarding it merely as music, the same clearness, the same decided point and charm that was found in his earlier, though hardly less extravagant and wilful works of the same kind. This sort of enchantment soon wears out. Goldmark's ballet music to the "Queen of Sheba" is certainly "barbaric" enough, and that seems to be about all there is to say of it; the first one or two dances, to be sure, have some originality and piquancy; the others go on noisier and noisier, maddening and stunning to the end. Hamerick's "Evening in the Woods" is a sweet, soft strain of full, rich, tranquil harmony, as befits its subject, and was most delicately rendered. The Carnival by Guiraud and the selections from Berlioz, we did not hear.

The ("original") Swedish Ladies' Quartette made essentially the same impression with the Swedish singers we had last year, singing the same kind of part-songs, mostly national, in very much the same way, with very musical, rich voices, well contrasted, exquisitely blended, with pure intonation, fine light and shade and beautiful expression, very spirited and stirring when required. The first Soprano voice is of lovely quality, and the second Alto (or Bass) is of rare power and volume.

Master LICHTENBERG, the young violinist, who grows upon us with every hearing, played in the first concert the same selections as at Cambridge. We still found the Viotti Concerto tame and empty,

while we admired the full, firm, manly tone, the pure intonation, the broad and manly style, the unaffected musical feeling and expression of the gifted boy. In the Bach Aria his large, rich tone and broad, sustained Cantabile were worthy of his master Wieniawski, and yet no slavish copy. Best of all we liked his rendering of the difficult Allegro of the Mendelssohn Concerto. That was a task for a mature artist, and yet we missed hardly aught of its fine grace or power; it was truly a finished, beautiful performance, an interpretation. The question of *genius* may be safely left to the future; but that here is promise of a bright career, none who have had the pleasure of hearing him can well doubt.

Chamber Concerts.

MR. PERABO's two concerts (Nov. 2 and 9), drew highly musical audiences, which filled Wesleyan Hall, and were of the most interesting that he has ever given. The artist himself never seemed in finer temper, or more completely master of all his rare powers as virtuoso and interpreter. Each programme began with a couple of Preludes and Fugues from Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" (Books 2 and 1, Nos. 1 and 20, C major and A minor; and Nos. 12 and 21, F minor and B-flat major), which were most clearly, simply and significantly rendered. The two *pièces de resistance* of the first programme were repeated in the second. These were, first, the fourth Trio by Rubinstein, Op. 85, in A minor, which Mr. Perabo gave once last year, and in the genius and worth of which he seems to have an obstinate belief, with a determination to bring others round to it if possible. We do not find its beauties grow upon us. Its beauties, yes,—but not its beauty as a whole. It has passages of rare, unexpected charm and rich suggestiveness scattered along at intervals; but the finest thoughts fade out before they are developed, and give way to barren wastes of *remplissage*. The first movement (*Moderato*), with much that is fine, much that is full of fire and passion, is strangely fragmentary, disappointing, tantalizing. The second (*Allegro non troppo*) starts as a wild *Scherzo*, wild and lurid as the waltz from the infernal pit in *Robert le Diable*, and then in the place of the Trio gives way to a lovely strain of pure *Cantabile*. The *Andante* is for the most in a tender, deep, poetic vein, but its thought exhausts itself long before the movement ends, and the continual empty repetition of the final cadence is intolerably tedious. The quick Finale reminded us of Schubert in his driest vein.—The other repeated work was Schubert's Fantaisie for Violin and Piano, Op. 159, which we once heard the same artists play at Wesleyan. After an interesting Introduction and Allegro, comes the main portion of the work, an *Andantino*, having for its theme his song: "Sei mir gegrüsst," with a long and rich series of variations. The Finale is only a short cut to a conclusion. This work does wear with us.

Shorter pieces in the first concert were: No. 1 of two Character Pieces, (Hungarian) new here, by Xaver Scharwenka, for pianoforte, which proved fresh and charming; and three Morceaux, Op. 11, No. 2, for Piano and Cello, by Rubinstein (third time), which were keenly relished.—In the second concert: No. 2 of Scharwenka's Hungarian pieces, in B-flat minor, full of life and charm; and a transcription, by Joseph Werner, for piano and cello, of a melodious and tranquil *Lento* from Gluck's "Orpheus," very beautiful and soothing. All the selections of both programmes were most admirably interpreted both by PERABO, and by his associates, BERNHARD LISTEMANN and HARTDOGEN.

Other concerts under this head still wait for notice. But we cannot forbear asking attention to the announcement of Miss WINSLOW, a young pianist, belonging to a well-known and respected family here, who has lately returned from five years of very earnest study in Stuttgart, under the best teachers, such as Lebert, who was Anna Mehlig's teacher. We have heard Miss Winslow and have no hesitation in promising a treat to those who may be disposed to go to Union Hall on Monday evening.

What a Musical Festival costs in England.

We find what follows in the London *Figaro*:

The balance-sheet of the Leeds Musical Festival, to which I alluded last week, is a very interesting document, and one to the details of which special attention should be directed. The first item, the charge for Italian opera stars and other vocalists,

has already been fully discussed, and it will suffice now to say that it amounts to £2200, or nearly one-third of the total expenses of the festival. The orchestra took £1780, a charge which, considering its size and the excellent materials of which it was composed, is a very moderate one. We then come to a charge of £1078 for the chorus, and here we arrive at a new point of departure. The chorus for the Leeds Festival were nearly to an individual drawn from the industrial classes. Many of them were mill hands, who worked hard for their bread and cheese during the day, and employed their leisure in practising choral music. To take away these men from their work for an entire week without remuneration would be grossly unfair, and, indeed, the men themselves could not have afforded it. Therefore, those who needed it were accorded a small remuneration, while the contingents from Bradford, Huddersfield, Barnsley, and other towns were, of course, also recompensed their railway and lodging expenses. That this money—not a very large sum, after all—has been admirably invested no one will deny. From an art point of view, the thousand pounds has given us the famous Leeds chorus, a choral body which has been accorded well-merited marks of admiration even by those who are familiar with the best choirs of the metropolis. From a social point of view, it gave these working-men an incentive to seek an ennobling and refining amusement, and if the amount were thrice as large it would have been well laid out in so good an object.

Another excellent point connected with the Leeds Festival balance-sheet is the very small amount spent in administrative expenses. Usually, amateur management implies waste of money. But Messrs. Atkinson and Spark and all concerned appear to have been untiring in their exertions, and thanks to their tact and business capacity, the festival was worked upon the most economical of principles. The entire charge for printing, postage, stationery and advertisements (the last, in unpractical hands, a terribly heavy item) only amounted to £904, while the office rent, clerks' salaries, furniture, and the 5 per cent. commission on the sale of tickets, were only £278. We then come to a very unusual item, the "use of copyrights," which is set down at £118. It appears that out of this, £108 was paid to Dr. Macfarren for the right of production of his oratorio, "Joseph." As an investment it is possible that the item resulted in a pecuniary loss, and the charge is certainly very unusual. In the ordinary course of things, the composer is only too delighted to secure a position in a festival programme for a new work, and he rarely or never is paid for it. He retains the copyright, which is considerably enhanced in value by the liberal advertising it thus secures, and he certainly rarely or never dreams of asking £108 for a single performance of an oratorio. But, although the charge is unusual, there is no reason why the composer should not share with the vocalists the profit which might otherwise accrue to a charity, and perhaps a single performance of "Joseph" was better worth £108 than the singing of all the Italian opera stars and other vocalists gathered to the Leeds Festival was worth £2200.

Patti's Girlhood.

Edward Hanslick, the Viennese journalist, writes that while Adelina Patti was in Vienna last spring, he asked her to relate the details of her early life.

"With pleasure," replied the singer. "I will tell you what I know and you may interrupt me as often as you please. That I am no longer a young woman, you know. What is the use of my denying that I was born on the 19th of February, 1843? I am a child of the theatre, like soldier's child; therefore, I have no real home. My father was a Sicilian, my mother a Roman; in Madrid, where they both sang opera, I was born, and I was brought up in New York. Of languages, I first learned English, then Italian, and finally French and Spanish. I was very young when I went to America. My father, Salvatore Patti—"("I see him now," I interrupted, "a tall, handsome man, with white hair and black eyes")—"he was a tenor, a good singer, and a favorite with the public. My mother was more than that—she was a great artist. She achieved her reputation in Italy as Signora Barilli, which was the name of her first husband. Admired by the public she even made Grisi jealous, who, once put into the shade by her, never cared to appear with my mother together. My step-brother Barilli, a good singer, first taught me to sing, and that too in a thoroughly systematic manner."

"Maurice Strakosch was not then, as is generally supposed, your first and only teacher?"

"Certainly not; Strakosch, an Austrian born in a little Moravian town, came to New York as a young pianist and married my elder sister Amalia, who at that time possessed a beautiful mezzo-soprano, which, unfortunately, she soon lost. He only taught me to sing 'Rosina' in the 'Barber of Seville,' and afterwards when I, a finished singer, travelled through Europe, he went through my parts with me. But let us return to those days of childhood in New York. A musical ear and the capacity and desire to sing were developed in me at an extraordinarily early age, and, therefore, when I was but a little child, I was taught singing by my brother-in-law and piano playing by my sister Carlotta. Carlotta, whom you know, had been educated as a pianist. It was only discovered afterwards that she possessed a voice—one, too, which sang higher notes than mine—and my success as a singer induced her to pursue the same career—only in the concert-room, of course, for she has been lame since she was a child. And thus we three sisters and a younger brother, Carlo Patti, who died recently, lived in New York with our parents, in perfect harmony and without any cares. When a little child I was already passionately fond of music and the theatre. Whenever my mother sang I was at the opera; every melody, every gesture became firmly fixed on my mind. Then, after being brought home and put to bed, I would secretly get up, and by the light of the little lamp enact, for my own satisfaction, all the scenes which I had witnessed at the theatre. A red-lined cloak of my father's and an old hat of my mother's served me as costume, and thus I acted, danced and chirped—barefooted, but with romantic drapery—through all the operas."

"You lacked, then, only applause and wreathe?"

"Oh, no, they were not lacking either, for I personated, too, my audiences, applauded and threw bouquets at myself—'bouquets' which I rather skillfully manufactured of old newspapers. Then bitter misfortune befell us. The manager failed and disappeared without even paying his debts, the troupe dispersed, and it was all over with Italian opera. Our parents' occupation was gone, we were a numerous family, and soon were harassed by poverty and trouble. My father carried many things to the pawnshop, and sometimes did not know how to procure bread for us. But I did not understand anything about such things, and sang from morning till night. My father observed this, and the thought occurred to him that my bright childish voice would save the family from starvation. And, thank God, I did save them. When seven years of age I appeared as a concert singer, and did it with all the pleasure and careless gladness of a child. In the concert hall I stood on a table, next to the piano, so that the audience could see the little doll, and there were many listeners and plenty of applause. And what do you think I first sang? Why, nothing but *bravura* arias; first, *Una voce poco fa*, with the same ornamentations and exactly as I sing it to-day. I had the happiness of seeing the pawned clothing and trinkets return, and we were again living a comfortable life. Thus a few years passed, during which I played and sang industriously with Carlotta."

"Do you know anything else?" the journalist permitted himself to ask.

"Oh, yes; I can make dresses, and know all manner of handiwork. My mother insisted upon it, for the voice, said she, is easily lost, and the operatic stage affords a very uncertain living. In the meantime Strakosch became my brother-in-law, and was connected with B. Ulmann, impresario of New York Italian opera. My ability and my love for the stage had largely increased, and when but a half-grown girl I insisted upon an operatic debut. Ulmann at first objected to allowing me to appear in New York in a leading rôle, for I would not hear of minor rôles. I was but fifteen years of age, in figure a child." ("You could not have been much smaller than you are now," I here remarked.) "Very well; I was really smaller and much thinner, but I was thoroughly conversant with a number of parts and no idea of stage fright. Strakosch, who had great faith in me, persuaded Ulmann, and in 1859, I stepped on the stage for the first time as 'Lucia di Lammermoor.' Rosina in the 'Barber,' and the 'Sonnambula' followed with equal success. The next year I sang in Boston, Philadelphia and other large cities of the Union. My career in Europe began at the Covent Garden Theatre, London. The rest you know."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Morning Song. (Morgenlied). G. 3. d to E. *Veazie*. 30
"The yellow chestnut showers its gold,
The sumachs spread their fire."
A bright, hearty song, in praise of bright October.
- You are all to me. Russian song. G minor. 4. d to F. *Thiboda*. 30
"Gone my guiding star."
Characteristic and quaint Russian song.
- My Little Woman. Bass Song. A. 5. A (bass staff) to c. *Ongood*. 40
"Tis the hand as soft as the nestling bird,
That grips with the grip of steel."
A sportive but beautiful tribute to the little ladies. Easy enough, except a couple of vocalising passages.
- Mother, sit me at the Window. Song and Cho. F. 3. E to F. *Pratt*. 30
"We but part to meet again."
Pleasing ballad, in popular style.
- Rappelle Toi. (Do not forget.) (Non ti scordar.) A. 4. d to E. *Kupis*. 40
"Ti parians d'Amore."
"When nightingales sing."
"L'oraque l'ombre t'invite."
Do not forget it is in three languages, and uncommonly sweet in either.
- The Badge of Blue. G. 2. G to E. *Dennis*. 30
"We have joined the Temperance army."
An easy, sweet and good song. Try it in your meetings.
- He always came Home to Tea. F. 2. d to D. *Lutz*. 30
"They'd have roasted him you know,
But he said, 'I must go,
For I always get home to tea.'
Perfect nonsense, but funny and good for all that.
- I wont tell any one. B minor. b to D. *Daryomzhahago*. 30
"Faded the flowers."
Specimen of Russian songs. Quaint and characteristic.
- Speed on. C. 3. b to e. *Roskel*. 30
"Methinks that I can see afar
A dove with outspread wings."
Sweet musical thoughts on the flight of a messenger dove.

Instrumental.

- Sweet Bye and Bye. Transcription. Bb. 3. *Hinman*. 40
The melody, of course, is the very summit of sweetness, and transcription well managed.
- Tales from Home. (Märchen aus der Heimath). 3. *E. Strauss*. 60
It is by Strauss. That is enough.
- School Girls' March. D. 3. *Giannetti*. 30
School girls don't march much; but call it a "promenade" and it is very pretty music to step to.
- Sailor Chorus from Flying Dutchman. C. 4. *Spindler*. 40
Sufficiently wild for the subject, but has the author's neat style of "putting" it. Good practice in octave playing.
- Magnolia Spring Waltz. A. 3. *Wallace*. 30
A very sweet waltz.
- O Beautiful May Waltz. 3. *Strauss*. 75
Has the name of a verdant month, but is bright as Autumn's glories.
- Reform Quick-step. Bb. 3. *Minter*. 30
Very bright and varied, and should be a good thing to enliven reform meetings.
- Flying Dutchman, by Wagner. 4. *Kuha*. 1.00
Good arrangement of favorite melodies. Twenty other good ones on the title.
- Evening Bell. Bb. 4. *Mendelssohn*. 40
A fine piece, composed in a sportive mood and founded on the tones of a little bell, which warned him that it was "time to go" from the hospitable house of a friend.
- Sweetheart's Waltz. 3. *D'Albert*. 75
The melody of a popular song is introduced. Ladies with Sweet Hearts, and Gents with Sweethearts, will alike be pleased with the music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 956.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music. A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEX-
ANDER W. THEATRE.

(Continued from Page 131.)

That Beethoven, through nearly all his life, had to contend with abject poverty, is a notion so universally spread by the novelists and story-tellers, that it may serve a double purpose to introduce here a paragraph upon his real pecuniary condition, in this Spring of 1823.

His debts amounted to about 7,000 gulden.* One of them was 400 gulden received in advance from the great Vienna Musical Society for an Oratorio, not yet written, and a second was of 3,000 to the music publishers, Steiner & Co., being moneys advanced to him at sundry times for compositions yet to be delivered for publication. This was the only oppressive debt; and it was so, because he neither delivered manuscripts nor would bind himself to make them his sole publishers.

He had only himself and his nephew to support; he received in semi-annual payments an annuity of 1350 gulden in silver; and was possessor of seven bank shares of 1,000 gulden each.

On the 25th July, 1823, he wrote to his brother:

"I am to receive 1,000 gulden silver, for the Mass, from Peters, who also will take other minor works. Breitkopf & Härtel have also sent the Saxon Charge d'Affaires to me to propose for works; also from Paris I have received orders for works; also from Diabelli in Vienna. In short they are all agog for works of mine. What an unlucky lucky fellow am I!!! This Berliner has also applied."

From other letters to Johann we learn that he had for sale manuscripts, which he valued at about 200 ducats. Not to mention Oratorios (three orders)—which he did not compose for want of texts that pleased him—and Masses (two orders),—he had at this moment orders for the following important works which would have been paid in cash:—Music to the Tragedy "Faust," similar to that composed to "Egmont" (Breitkopf & Härtel); Symphonies and Overtures for the Philharmonic Society in London; and an Overture to William Gardiner's Oratorio "Judah," (100 guineas gold).

Schindler says, that the debt to Steiner & Co. was only 800 gulden; but Beethoven himself says "about 3,000 gulden." Which is right, is of little import. In fact, it was settled by parting with one or two of his bankshares.

Now, Schindler and his copyists are in a rage with Johann v. Beethoven, because in this case he decidedly refused either to lend his brother the money or make himself responsible for the debt. Well; if a poor apothecary, in a small provincial town, could acquire such wealth, in four years, as to enable him to own a house and shop, in Urfahr, and a valuable es-

* A gulden then was about half a dollar.

tate in the country, and live as a gentleman upon his income—perhaps they are right; but every one, who has the least knowledge of business matters, knows that such speculations, even if in the end fortunate, must for years keep a man short of ready money. And such was the fact in Johann's case.

Soon after his return to Vienna he had lent Ludwig 200 gulden; I cannot see that he, on this account, was bound to encumber his business and estates with new debt, just to save his brother's bank-shares! As to the later pecuniary relations between the brothers, the sale of compositions and the like, much might be said against the representations of Schindler and other writers. I think it is sufficiently proved, that the charges against Johann v. Beethoven, on the two points, the officious meddling in his brother's affairs, and the living together in the city, rest upon a very slender foundation. How was it with regard to spending the summers together in Wasserhof?

In ascending the Danube from Vienna, one sees just before reaching Krems, to the right, on the high ground, beautifully placed, with a noble view over the valley of the river to the convent Gottweih and the high mountains in the background, the spacious house, in which—as Johann wrote at the time—ten rooms were unoccupied, and at the disposal of summer lodgers.

In those days, there was no end to Beethoven's book of Lamentations on the subjects of his poverty, his time-wasting duties to Archduke Rudolph, and the continual interruptions of his studies by the visits of strangers, who desired to see and speak with him. Under these circumstances Johann, in the Spring of 1823, offered his brother—whether free this year I don't know—a summer lodging in Wasserhof, and urged him to take it, not merely to save him expense, but also to give him the opportunity of working undisturbed upon the bespoke compositions. I doubt if Beethoven under any circumstances could have been induced to pass a summer fifty miles (English) from Vienna; but, unhappily, there was a reason why this offer of his brother could not be favorably received, namely: during a severe sickness, that had not long before confined Johann to his bed, his wife had exhibited a heartlessness and even immorality, which had embittered Ludwig in the highest degree, and justified his words then written in a conversation book: "He (Johann) is constantly urging me to join his family—*non possibile per me*."

So instead of spending the Summer in Wasserhof, he went into a lodging in Hetzendorf [hard by Schönbrunn], for which he paid 400 gulden in advance, remained there about eight weeks, and then removed with bag and baggage to Baden, because Baron Pronay, owner of the Hetzendorf villa, was *too polite* to him. At the lowest, the costs of lodgings this summer, including the removal to Baden, were more than

600 gulden.—On his return to the city, he of course abandoned the apartments in Obermayer's house, and took others in the suburb Landstrasse.

In the meantime, Johann, indignant at the foul conduct of his wife, acted energetically, and, aided by the proper authorities, made himself master in his own house. So far as I have been able to learn, from this time she was thoroughly tamed, and no serious difficulties arose between them, down to her death, six years afterwards.

And so we come down to the summer of 1824. Beethoven had composed during the interval 83 Variations upon a Waltz, and the last movement of the 9th Symphony; but not one of the bespoke works. As he had profited little, either from the sale of manuscripts or from the two concerts in May of this year, his pecuniary condition was still worse than the year before.

Just now a new and excellent opportunity was offered him to gain money, if not fame.

The receipts of the Imperial Opera had not covered the costs of producing Weber's "Eury-anthe," and Director Duport declared himself ready to grant Beethoven his own terms for the composition of an opera. Grillparzer's text "Melusine" was in the hands of the composer,* who had often said to the poet—as the latter told me—"The music is already finished," (i. e., in his mind.)

There was also a weighty reason more this year than the last for spending a few months away from Vienna. Johann was in Vienna at the May concerts, and again proposed his passing the summer in Wasserhof. This proposition may be still read in a conversation-book. Ludwig, Johann and the nephew Carl are together. He of course spoke; the others wrote, and therefore only their part of the talk is preserved. They talk of course upon divers matters, and I copy only what is to our present purpose.

JOHANN.—"My wife has given up our marriage contract, and given such bonds, that upon the very first improper acquaintance, that she again makes, I can instantly turn her out of the house."

Ludwig probably asked: "Why not do so at once?" for Johann continues: "I cannot do that; for how do I know what misfortune may happen to me!"

Afterward, Carl takes the pencil, and writes: "The Brother makes you this proposition, namely, to pass the four months on his estate. You will have there four or five rooms, very handsome, large and lofty. Everything is well arranged. Fowls, oxen, cows, horses, etc., you will find there. As to the wife, she will be to you only the hostess, and will not interfere with you. It is a beautiful country, and it will not cost you a heller. There is a housekeeper there; water impregnated with iron; a separate bath-room, etc. If you will not accept the offer, he will let five rooms, and advertise them in the newspapers."

* Johann had advised his brother the year before to spend the summer in Wasserhof, and compose the "Melusine." But at that time the negotiations between Poet, Composer, and Director were not yet concluded.

Again to some remark of Beethoven:

CARL.—"That business is ended. You will hardly ever see his wife. She has charge of the domestic matters and is busily employed. All the more now because she is thoroughly tamed. Besides, she has promised to behave herself properly."

Other matters follow, until at length Johann resumes the pencil and writes: "It seems to me that you will not come, just because it will cost you nothing. Who, then, shall see to the family! Who shall bear with our whims and caprices?"

In another book Carl writes that Johann has often declared: "His brother can have everything free in Gneixendorf."

But Beethoven went to a lodging in Penzing, where his brother visited him and wrote: "If you are not satisfied here in the country, I will take you with me. Then you will no longer be plagued with your servants, at least for this summer."

That Beethoven, although he had again paid 400 gulden in advance, removed at the end of three weeks again to Baden, because of the offense it gave him to have people assemble on the bridge before his windows to get a look at him, so that his summer lodgings also this year cost him more than 600 gulden—all this can be read in Schindler. Not one of the bespoken works before named was ever composed. Of course his pecuniary condition was continually growing worse, and yet Johann's renewed invitation in 1825 was rejected in these energetic terms:

"As to your wish to see me with you, I have long since declared myself. I request you not to drop another word on this subject, for you will find me in this, now as ever, immovable."

And so the matter rested.

Perhaps no one knows the faults and weaknesses of Johann v. Beethoven better than I; and yet—though originally in the highest degree prejudiced against him by Schindler—I have not found it possible to interpret these invitations to his disadvantage. Notwithstanding all that has been written against him, he was of kindly disposition, good natured and a great admirer of his brother's talents.

The most voluminous of the writers* upon Beethoven cherishes the opinions of the novelists, namely, that avarice and covetousness were not only the ruling, but almost the only motives of Johann's action whenever he had anything to do with Ludwig's affairs; and this author has with extraordinary diligence brought together and printed every thing possible, that can support these opinions and gain them general acceptance. But whether this writer is to be received as a decisive authority, on points relating to Johann v. Beethoven, is still questionable. At all events his views and mine are very different.

For instance, in one of his publications, we read concerning Johann's marriage: "After Brother Johann purchased the estate, Gneixendorf near Krems, he devoted himself to agriculture and lived there with a housekeeper. Beethoven, to whom this improper connection was extremely vexatious, forced him by the most cogent representations to marry the person. (11) Afterwards it came out that she already had a well-grown daughter living."

In another of his writings this author gives his readers the following, relating to Johann and this illegitimate daughter:

* Ludwig Nohl,

"Yes, so great was this wretched avarice, (i.e. Johann's,) that, after the death of his wife, he could even marry her notorious daughter,—of whom no one knew better than he, that she was even more immoral than her mother—that he might retain possession of her property."

Against this false, cold-blooded, needless, abominable slander of the poor girl, I simply quote these two official notices:

"Frau Therese v. Beethoven died on the 30th November, 1828, in Wasserhof, Gneixendorf."

"Amalie Waldmann, called v. Beethoven, was, on the 11th February, 1830, married to the I. R. registered Appraiser of Woods and Forests, Herr Carl Stolzle."

In a third publication he attacks poor Johann again thus: "His out and out shameless avarice is proved, not to mention numberless minor instances, by one fact [fact!]: that he had so invested his entire property, as to gradually spend the whole of it upon himself, so that nothing remained for his heirs."

Johann died January 13, 1848, in the Vienna suburb, Josephstadt. Now, what say certain documents in the local registry? In one we read:

"I name my nephew Carl v. Beethoven as my universal heir.

JOHANN V. BEETHOVEN.

Vienna, 8 January, 1848.

We learn from a second, that the heritage, after deducting all expenses, taxes, fees, etc., together with a legacy to his housekeeper, Therese Gottschalk, amounted to 42,123 gulden and 3 kreuzers!

In each of these cases the name of a respectable elderly woman is given as his authority. Perhaps a misunderstanding or a lapse of memory may in these cases also have caused his errors, as, once, where he wrote: "First it is certain, and indeed through the parish Register which A. B. has seen in Vienna, that Julia Guicciardi already in 1801 married Count Galenberg." There is not a word of truth in this, and it was *bond fide* written, and the errors are nothing but misunderstanding or lapses of memory.

What is and ever will remain utterly excusable in such cases, as these of Johann v. Beethoven, is the carelessness, the criminal negligence, with which such often incredible and monstrous assertions are published as facts, without previously obtaining—what is free to every one and costs but little trouble—their official confirmation.

Therefore I find no occasion to abandon my views of Johann v. Beethoven for those of the Beethoven-biographer referred to.

In the first edition of Schindler's Biography of Beethoven we find certain notices, which for 38 years have been adopted without examination in all sorts of, and innumerable, novelistic and biographic writings upon the composer.

But first a word of introduction.

It was near the end of July—not August—1826, that Beethoven's nephew, then a youth of 19 years, made an unsuccessful attempt, near Baden, upon his own life. He was discovered, transported to Vienna, after a few days arrested by the police as a criminal, and—as the hospital register shows—on the 7th

August, placed in that institution. The Police took him out as cured, on the 25th September, and detained him in arrest. "The delivery of the prisoner" says Schindler, "into the hands of his two guardians [Beethoven and Stephen von Breuning] followed with the express order from the police authorities, not to allow him to remain over a single day in Vienna."

Imagine Beethoven's embarrassment.

Now appeared Johann with his carriage in Vienna. The time was approaching for his return for the winter to the Capital; he, however, took his brother and nephew back with him to his estate, to keep them there, until Breuning—who was Hofrath in the Ministry of War—should succeed in finding a place for the nephew as a cadet in some regiment. This proved a tedious matter, and near the close of November they were still in Wasserhof.

We read everywhere the well deserved praise of Beethoven for this great sacrifice to the welfare of his nephew. Was it, however, no sacrifice on the part of Johann and his wife, to remain there until almost winter, far from the comforts and pleasures of Vienna life, in a house fitted up only for a summer residence? This seems never to have occurred to Schindler and his copyists. Our authorities on this Gneixendorf episode are: Beethoven's utterances to Schindler, as he printed them a dozen years later, and like utterances to Dr. Wawruch written out after six months' interval; a few pages in conversation books, which escaped Schindler's destructive hand; several letters written by Beethoven from Gneixendorf; and an article in the *Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, of which the draft was subjected to my criticism, and which, in consequence of questions and hints from me, took the form in which it is now printed. In this article, we find the reminiscences of Michael Kreu, who, as he states, "was hired by the Fran Proprietress for the service of the composer."

Now to the passage in question of Schindler's book.

He misdates the departure from Vienna for Gneixendorf, as at the end of October, and after a few sentences, continues:

"The roughness of the weather, and moreover, the incredible want of consideration which Beethoven had to bear from his nephew, and his other relations there, forced him to withdraw from that place and return to Vienna. This journey, which in that advanced season could not be made in one day, was taken in an open wagon, because, as Beethoven himself assured me, his brother refused to trust him with his coach."

* "On the 2d of December, Beethoven, with his nephew, returned sick to Vienna, but it was not till several days after that I heard of his situation, or even of his arrival. I hastened to him, and, among other details, which shocked me much, learned that he had often in vain entreated his two former physicians, Drs. Brannhofer and Standenheim, to undertake his case; the first declining to do so, because the distance was too great for him to come; and the second, indeed, promising to come, but not keeping his word. A physician was sent to his house, he did not know who, or by whom, and who consequently, knew nothing of him or his constitution. When, however, this physician (the excellent Dr. Wawruch, clinical professor) visited Beetho-

* We cite here from the Moscheles Translation of Schindler. Vol. II., 54-55.

ven's sick-bed, I heard from his own mouth how it happened, and it affords an additional proof that this man, belonging to the world and to posterity, was abandoned by his nearest relations, who had so much cause to be grateful to him; not merely abandoned, indeed, but betrayed and sold. Prof. Wawruch related to me that he had been sent to Beethoven by the marker at a billiard table at a coffee house, who being, on account of illness, brought to the hospital, had mentioned that, some days before, the nephew of Beethoven had come to the coffee house, where he played at billiards, and commissioned him, the marker, to find a physician for his sick uncle; but being extremely unwell at the time he had not been able to do so, and therefore begged the Professor to visit Beethoven, which, entertaining the highest respect for the artist, he had immediately done, and had on his arrival still found him without medical attendance. It was necessary, then, for the marker of a billiard table to fall sick and be taken to the hospital, before the great Beethoven could obtain help in time of need!!

Thus Schindler—shocking indeed, if all this be true! How long, do you think, judging from this account, lay the sick man thus without help? Fourteen days? Ten days? Luckily the exact time can be given. He arrived Saturday evening, Sunday and Monday he vainly expected Braunhofer and Standenheim, and Tuesday afternoon came Wawruch!

Wawruch himself writes: "Not until the third day was I called." Now Schindler not only had had Wawruch's article on Beethoven's sickness in his hands, but had made it the subject of one of his own; and yet in the revision of his book he left this passage without correction.

If we add to this, that Schindler errs a whole month in the date of the journey to Gneixendorf, thus reducing the stay there from nine weeks to four, we see that we have here a memory before us, which we cannot fully trust.

Again Dr. Wawruch writes in regard to the home journey: "Frightened at the dismal prospect into the gloomy future, in case he should fall sick and helpless in the country, he longed to be back in Vienna, and took for the homeward journey, to use his own jovial expression, 'that wretchedest vehicle of the devil, a milk waggon.'"

And this—according to the passage above cited from Schindler—because Johann denied him his close coach.

Now, we have seen that he (Johann) was still in the country simply on account of his nephew; moreover, we learn from the conversation books, that this long stay had exhausted his ready money, and that he was only awaiting a remittance to return to the city. Had Beethoven consented to remain a few days longer, all three would have returned, as they came, together. And in fact, Johann, though now no reason for haste remained, did reach Vienna on the 10th of December, only eight days after his brother. If under these circumstances Johann refused the coach it really cannot be viewed as a great crime against Ludwig.

But in the revised form of Schindler's book [Edition 1860] this charge assumes a very different aspect. These are his words: "As if to fill the measure of his heartlessness to overflowing, the pseudo brother refused his close coach to take him to the near Krems, and the short ride had to be made in an open calash. The consequence was an inflammation of the bowels of great violence from the first attack."

A drive of hardly half an hour; and such consequences? Believe it who can?

What says Wawruch?—"December was rough, wet and frosty; Beethoven's clothing not at all

suited to the season; but a feeling of restlessness, a gloomy presentiment of ill, hastened him away. He was compelled to pass the night in a village inn, where he found under the wretched roof only a chamber without fire or double windows. Towards midnight he felt the first attack of fever-frost and a dry, short cough, accompanied by great thirst and sharp pain in the side. As soon as he felt the fever-heat, he drank a large quantity of ice-cold water, and, in his helpless condition, longed for the first glimmerings of day. Weak and sick, he had himself conveyed to the vehicle, and so came at last feeble and exhausted to Vienna. Not till the third day was I called," etc.

Thirdly: It is unfortunate, that this refusal of the close coach is the only example given by Schindler of that "incredible want of consideration" on the part of Johann, of which he speaks: we therefore lack a standard by which to judge of the reported utterances of Beethoven in his diseased and excited condition:

It is obvious, however, that in a family composed of such heterogeneous elements, as that in Wasserhof, nothing but the most careful mutual forbearance could preserve peace. Until well into November, Beethoven, at all events, appears to have been contented and indeed in excellent spirits; that is seen in his letters. But at last came a breach between him and his sister-in-law. Let us hear what Michael Kren has to say upon it, copying it in the form in which it is given in the article: "Beethoven in Gneixendorf." These reminiscences begin with a few interesting notices of the Master's habits and oddities; for example:

"At first the cook had to make Beethoven's bed. One day he was sitting at the table, tossing his hands about, beating time with his feet, and singing or growling to it. The cook burst out laughing; as Beethoven happened at the moment to look round he saw her, and instantly drove her out of the room. Michael was running out with her, but Beethoven drew him back, gave him three twenty-kreuzer pieces, told him not to be afraid, and added, that he must for the future make his bed and keep the room in order. . . . Michael had to go up to him very early, but generally had to knock a long time, before Beethoven opened the door. He usually rose at half-past five, seated himself at his table, and began to write, singing and growling and beating time with hands and feet. At first, Michael used to creep out of the room, when he could not keep from laughing, but by degrees he became accustomed to it.

At half past seven the family breakfasted together; after which Beethoven always went out walking, loitering about the fields, shouting, tossing his hands, now moving very slowly, then again rapidly, or stopping suddenly and writing in a sort of pocket-book. After reaching home one day, he noticed that he had lost this book. 'Michael,' said he, 'run and hunt for my manuscript, I must have it at any cost.' It was found.

At half past twelve he came home to dinner, and afterwards retired to his room until about three o'clock, and then went wandering again through the fields until about sunset, after which he rarely went out again. At half past seven was supper; then he retired to his room, wrote until ten o'clock, and went to bed. Sometimes he played the piano-forte; the instrument, however, was not in his chamber, but in the hall. His chamber, which nobody but Michael was allowed to enter, was a corner one, towards the garden and court. While Beethoven was taking his morning walk, Michael must put the room in order. He found money several times lying on the floor; and when he returned it, Beethoven would ask, where he found it? And Michael

must show him the exact spot, where it was found, and then it was given him as a present. This happened three or four times [obviously to try Michael's honesty]; thenceforward he found no more."
(Conclusion next time.)

Music in Leipzig.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 26th, 1877.—An interesting musical event was the representation of Franz von Holstein's romantic opera, *Die Hochländer*, on the 23d inst. The composer, who is connected by marriage with one of the oldest and wealthiest families of this city, is personally well known, and to this fact, in part at least, must be ascribed the extraordinary enthusiasm which accompanied its presentation; the opera has, however, such genuine merits, is so intensely dramatically conceived, and the purely lyrical moments are so many and so happily written, that it would be difficult to suppose its being otherwise than successful whenever represented. The performance was, in every respect, an excellent one. The Gewandhaus orchestra, which is also the orchestra of the opera-house, only under a different leader, Sucher, instead of Reinecke, was, of course, very good, as was also the chorus, largely augmented for the occasion. The several artists taking part all sang and played as if inspired. The composer was repeatedly called. *Oberon* and *Martha* were the operas that preceded and followed *Die Hochländer* during the week.

On the 21st inst., the Florentine Quartette had its second concert, the programme being:

Schubert, A minor, Op. 29.
Schumann, A major, Op. 41, No. 2.
Beethoven, F major, Op. 59, No. 1.

The same degree of perfection which marked their productions of last week also characterized these. The violoncellist, who had particular opportunities in the slow movement of the Beethoven quartet, produced such ideal tones as the undersigned, at least, never before heard.

The audience could not have been more appreciative, and certainly it could not have been more select and exclusive, composed as it was largely of kings and princes in the world of art. The third and last concert takes place next Sunday evening, in which the daughter of Jean Becker, the originator and leader of the quartette, will play the piano part of a quartette written by Bungert.

The programme of the Gewandhaus Concert, on Thursday evening, was as follows:

Mozart, Overture to Figaro's Marriage.
Rossini, Aria from Barber of Seville.
Hoffmann, Concerto for Violoncello.
Hiller, Symphony, C Major (manuscript).
Dietrich, Romance for Violoncello.
Rubinstein, } Songs.
Taubert, }
Jensen, }
Schumann, Overture "Genoveva."

Ferdinand Hiller personally conducted his new symphony. The applause and orchestral flourish that greeted him as he stepped to the conductor's stand are proof of the esteem and respect with which he is regarded here. Both are well-deserved, and long ago his name was inscribed on the roll of fame, together with those of Mendelssohn, Gade, Lachner, and others. The symphony is far from being his best composition, and would be a woful disappointment to those acquainted with his famous piano concerto, Op. 69. The first and third are the best, while the second (slow) movement is utterly devoid of even the shadow of sentiment, and is altogether unworthy of the name of its author.

F. Grützmacher, from Dresden, played the violoncello compositions on the programme in a manner only consistent with the great fame he has acquired as a master of that difficult instrument. The Hoffmann concerto is a decided enrichment of the comparatively little that has been written for the violoncello.

The vocalist, Frau Koch-Bossenberger from Haver, is gifted with a rich sympathetic soprano. She, with the orchestra, after the overture of Mozart and Schumann, were mostly in harmony with the audience; at least the applause after each seemed more hearty and genuine than after the other productions.

The accompaniment to the songs was played by Capellmeister Reinecke, who also conducted the overtures and the accompaniment to the aria. Concertmeister Röntgen conducted the violoncello accompaniments.

Lux, Nov. 2, 1877.—On October 28th, the Florentine quartette gave their last concert, with the following programme:

Lux, D minor, Op. 55.
Rungert (piano and strings), Op. 12.
Scholz, G major, Op. 46.

Of these only the piano quartet excited interest; not that the other compositions were not equally as well played, but because as compositions they were entirely too labored and too barren of sentiment to leave room for any other feelings but those of vexation and disappointment. All three are new, and not one of the twelve movements of which they are composed has a bright and pleasant looking face. *This must be a sign of the times, for the same must be said of almost all the modern compositions.* The pianist played with spirit, but at times too noisily. She did not have opportunity for displaying any finer qualities. She evidently has talent, and may eventually become a very good pianist, especially as she will have such an able master (Reinecke) during the coming winter.

The second Euterpe Concert, last Tuesday evening, had this programme:

Overture—"Conflict and Victory".....Bolk
Aria, from "Faust".....L. Spohr
Concerto for Violin.....Paganini
Song, }Jensen
Alto, }Walln fer
Polonaise, } for Violin.....Bach
Symphony, No. 2, D major.....Beethoven

The most interesting and also the most successful part of the concert was the playing of the lady violinist, Fr ulein Bertha Haft, from Vienna. She is probably not more than eighteen years of age, but her playing was neither suggestive of her age nor of her sex. Her technique is already remarkably developed, and she is certain to become an artist whose fame and name will spread far and wide.

The basso, A. Walln fer, also from Vienna, was less fortunate, owing partly to his unsympathetic voice and partly to the unattractive songs chosen. The new overture of Bolk, the composer directing, was moderately successful. The orchestra was apparently not in its best mood, which was mostly felt in the Beethoven symphony. The concert as a whole was below the usual standard of the Euterpe.

On Thursday evening the fourth Gewandhaus concert presented the following programme:

Schumann—Symphony, E flat, No. 2.
Saint-Sa ns—Concerto for piano, C minor, No. 4.
Beethoven—Aria from "Fidelio."
Rameau, } Piano { Les tourbillons et les Cyclopes.
Chopin, } Solos { Berceuse.
Liszt, } Valse { Venezia e Napoli.
Saint-Sa ns—Le R set d'Omphale.
Franco Tacc , } Songs, } La Nana.
Graziani, } Bolero.

The centre of attraction was Camille Saint-Sa ns, from Paris, who introduced himself in the double capacity of composer and pianist. If his success is to be measured by the enthusiastic applause that greeted him after each appearance, it was indeed a genuine success.

Much might be said of the pianist; it was piano-playing very different from the usual order and, therefore, all the more difficult of objective criticism. His technique is an almost infallible one, and he is in this respect the equal of B low and Rubinste n. The subscriber could not reconcile himself to the thumping and decidedly coarse manner of playing "forte" melodies. Philippine von Edelsberg, the soprano, is well known in the musical world, and sang the aria with all the nobility and earnestness of expression it requires; in the songs her voice seemed tired, but this did not materially mar their enjoyment.

The orchestral compositions, Reinecke conducting the Schumann symphony and Saint-Sa ns his own, were in the usual happy manner of the orchestra. The two compositions in such close proximity made the former seem like a huge pyramid overshadowing a mole-hill.

The operas during the week were *Armida* (Gl ck), *Tannh user* (Wagner) and *Die Hochel nder* (v. Holstein.)

JOHN F. HENKELSACK.

French Uncleaness.

This paper made no comment upon the performances of the French *Op ra Bouffe* Company at the Arch Street Theatre last week for the reason that we considered the entertainments unfit for presentation to the public, and because experience has

shown, that to denounce such exhibitions as unclean is to give to certain classes of people an impulse to attend them. It is a fact that numbers of apparently respectable men did visit the theatre, accompanied by ladies, although they knew that they would hear evil things and see obscene actions; for no one who knows anything of *La Jolie Parfumeuse* or *La Marjolaine* can fail to comprehend that both are crammed full of villenies. Others went, unassuming, believing that they might trust themselves in a first-class theatre, conducted by a woman, without fear of having their modesty offended. These, unless they are ignorant of the French language and generally dull of comprehension, must have learned that their confidence was misplaced. We are strongly inclined to believe that the authorities, in such cases, should afford protection to the latter and forbid the indulgence of the prurient tastes of the former. We know of no reason why an indecent American "variety show" should be suppressed by the police, if the performance of an immoral drama by a band of French blackguards is to be permitted.

This particular matter, however, is but a small branch of a very large subject. The *Alm de* opera company is only a single drop in a vast stream of impurity that is poured in upon us by France. French *op ra bouffe* has well-nigh driven legitimate opera from the American stage. It has replaced high and beautiful art with lechery, which has been made attractive by being clothed in gay and fantastic dress. The lively and sparkling music of the composers covers a loathsome mass of uncleanness, which, if it were presented without such a garment and without the veil of a foreign tongue, would be repulsive to all but the lowest and most vicious. Men like Offenbach and Lecocq have lent their genius to the glorification of dirt, to the work of extinguishing pure art beneath an accumulation of indecency which they have decorated with garlands. And the saddest thing about it is that they have thus seemed to follow the fashion of their country and to respond to a real demand of their countrymen. The French novel and the French drama of to-day have but one theme: adulterous intrigue. There are noble exceptions to the rule, among French writers, of which Victor Hugo and Erckmann-Chatriain are shining proofs; but the great mass of the French men and women who write works of fiction for the stage and for the closet, who write poetry and prose, seem to know of no other motive for human action but that which is born of base animal passion, and to have no conception of the possibility of a plot which does not involve the destruction of female virtue. Sardon builds his plays upon a foundation of evil, and the host of lesser play-writers follow closely his example. The French novelist who writes for the educated few finds his highest delight in depicting the pleasures of impure love; and the *feuilletoniste* who compounds fiction for the daily newspapers scratches in the dirt for the material that he thrusts before the eyes of a million readers. The other mighty impulses that move the world, the passions that are born of the intellect rather than of the body, are almost wholly neglected. The modern French dramatist seems unable to comprehend the power which lies in such motives as those that govern Lady Macbeth, or to perceive the dramatic possibilities of the forces which impel the characters of *King Lear*. He has his eyes resolutely fixed on the mire, and he will not discover any richer and purer ground in which to dig.

Those who comprehend the extent to which French literature of the lighter class is saturated with foulness, cannot help believing that it fairly represents the condition of public morals, and if it does, the inevitable conclusion must be that the nation is in one of the stages of decay. French home-life under the best conditions may be very pure and beautiful; there may be among the people a vast body who regard the existing condition of things with the disgust we feel for it; French methods of finance and industrial theories may be very sound and wise; but a nation which upon its stage and in its fiction expresses itself in the exaltation of unhallowed passion and manifests an insatiable appetite for gross impurity, must have some rottenness at its core; it must have gotten so far away from the sound principles of morality and from affection for the higher and holier things of life that its return to them, as the only sure basis of the social life which brings happiness and progress, is nearly an impossibility. No nation can hope to proceed in that civilization which was born of Christianity, if it casts aside with contempt all regard for the purity and decency which are among the first require-

ments of Christianity. And the sooner we learn that lesson the better. What there is of good in France and her literature we want, but the things that are devised to feed the prurient appetites of her people ought not to gain an entrance here. The American who pays his money to witness an hour of obscene opera does an injury to his country and his fellow-citizens; he lifts a little higher the flood-gates which ought to shut out the polluted stream which France is pouring toward us.—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*

A Permanent Opera.

(From the Daily Advertiser.)

There has been some talk of late of organizing a permanent local opera in Boston. The musical public gets some satisfaction from companies which visit us from season to season, but they do not fill the bill. The conditions of a travelling company, hurrying from city to city, with little time for rehearsals, an enormous expense attendant on its movements, with the fatigue and exposure which the singers have to undergo,—all these things exclude any prospect of satisfactory opera while travelling companies are depended on. If two or three times a week during the season there could be operatic performances in English, with principal singers able to render their parts intelligently, if not brilliantly, and with an efficient, well-drilled orchestra and chorus, the change would be heartily welcomed.

For a pattern, Germany may be looked to. There the caravan opera is unknown. Every city of importance has its permanent opera, which, except in Berlin and Vienna, generally alternates with the drama at the principal theatre. "But," some one remarks, "in Germany they can well have good opera, where the theatres are supported by the government!" To this may be replied: Not all; some of the finest and most famous operas in Germany receive no support from the government, and are entirely successful; for instance, in the great commercial cities of Leipzig, Hamburg and Cologne, where opera is heard in a degree of excellence unknown outside of Germany.

The modern lyric drama is the highest form of music; it combines the vocal and instrumental in a way which gives each the greatest freedom of expression. Without a permanent opera, music must remain exotic here to a great degree; with it, the public would ever have the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the works of the standard composers, who are now, for the great part, strangers to us. The music-loving American who stays at home cannot become familiar with the masters as they show themselves at their best. Once in a few years, perhaps, the public gets an aggravating taste of Mozart, Beethoven or Weber, but they come like angels' visits; this year it may be "Don Juan," next year "Fidelio," or the next "Der Freisch tz," but they never come all together. The American operatic diet consists chiefly of the light and hackneyed works of syrupy composers; year after year our public listens to the same old hand-organ tunes with uncommendable patience, and has no chance to better its tastes or its opportunities. But all this would be changed if the works of the great composers, the unknown worlds of Gl ck and Schumann, were once worthily revealed. Both the old and the modern master might be voted "slow" if "Iphigenia in Aulis" or "Gen veva" were now heard for the first time; but if a beginning were made with the simpler and lighter works of standard composers, both opera company and public would soon come to demand the grander things. Such a beginning as Theodore Thomas made is a good example. Starting with Schumann's *Tr umerei*, he has educated a large public in almost all the great cities to appreciation of the greatest instrumental works.

Other great advantages of a permanent opera would be the splendid material for the best concerts which its singers and orchestra would afford; the latter especially would supply a great want which has been a serious drawback in Boston concert seasons.

To avoid a fiasco any steps toward the organization of a permanent opera should be well considered. Public co peration should first be secured. Possibly arrangements might be made with the managers of some one of the principal theatres for two operatic performances a week,—say Wednesday and Saturday evenings; the running dramatic attraction could easily be transferred to some of the neighboring cities on those evenings. A portion of the reserved seats might be offered at a reduction from

the regular theatre prices, by subscription, for a season of twenty-five or fifty nights; that would give an assured and regular public, and transient patrons would be likely to fill the rest of the house. It can hardly be doubted that, if the work were rightly taken in hand, a hearty response would come from well-to-do citizens who have always shown themselves quick to encourage artistic undertakings.

In London, where fashionable prejudices against English opera have had to be overcome, Carl Rosa has done a magnificent work, and established a fine opera which promises finally to supplant the fashionable Italian in the estimation of lovers of good music. This season he is to have Her Majesty's opera house in the Haymarket, and to bring out many of the best works of old and modern composers in English for the first time. A man of his genius and organizing power might make a similar enterprise successful in Boston. The material is at hand.

Verdi's Requiem in Chicago.

The Beethoven Society made its first public appearance this season last evening at McCormick's Hall. The programme consisted of Verdi's "Requiem Mass," which the Society gave last season in the Plymouth Congregational Church. Notwithstanding the sudden cold weather, the anniversary character of the day when so many people stay at home, and the strong counter attraction at the Tabernacle, there was a very large audience in attendance, which greeted the Society and its performance very cordially, and at times with enthusiasm. The performance differed from that of last season in two or three respects. Then the accompaniments were given upon the organ, this time they were given by orchestra, as they were originally written, the scores having been procured from London at large expense to the Society. The quartet last year consisted of Mrs. Thurston, Miss De Pelgrom, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Bergstein; this time it was Mrs. Thurston, Mrs. Kempton, Mr. Knorr, and Mr. Martin. Some slight changes were also made last evening, the "Liber Scriptus" being given according to Verdi's revision as an alto solo, with an occasional intoning of the mere words "Dies Irae" by the chorus, instead of full chorus, the orchestral score containing only the solo. The Society turned out in very full ranks and did its work with exceeding credit. The sopranos were specially strong, and the other parts were well up to their work, the tenors showing a decided improvement over last year, although they still need strengthening with some leading voices. The orchestra forced them to their utmost, and although they were sometimes covered up by the brass, they nevertheless sang with a spirit and power for which they should have great credit. The overwhelming weight of the orchestra was clearly enough shown in the "Sanctus," which, those who were present last year will remember, received an enthusiastic encore from the choral strength of the Hosannas in its finale. On this occasion they were given with no less of power, but the chorus could not cope with the orchestra, and the brasses failed to get the encore which the voices deserved to have.

The quartet was decidedly stronger than that of last year, its ensemble being very effective. The changes that were made were for the better, the tenor being able to sing in tune, the mezzo-soprano having a broad, majestic style suiting the character of the Mass, and the bass making up for what he lacked in sonorousness, depth and strength of tone in the care and correctness with which he sang. Mrs. Thurston sang her trying part in the most careful and conscientious manner through the first half of the work, but in the Offertory ("Domine Jezu"), which is very long and very exacting, and in the final fugue, the "Liberate me," either from fatigue or a cold, she fell from the key. The soprano work of the Mass, however, is not child's play, and Mrs. Thurston is entitled to a large degree of credit for the manner in which her part was taken. Mrs. Kempton sang her part in a broad, free, and dignified method, and with an earnestness and pathos in keeping with the majestic character of the music. Mr. Knorr's singing of the tenor part was some of the best work he has ever done, not alone for its correctness and the clear, penetrating voice, but for the expression with which he gave his numbers, especially the "Ingemisco," which was admirably sung. Mr. Martin has not the breadth, depth, or volume of tone to do full justice to his part or to bring it out in all its majestic solemnity, but he sang with so much of care, and feeling, and general

correctness that it was a pleasure to listen to him. If we were to select those numbers which were most effectively given, we should say they were the "Salva me" (quartet and chorus), in the "Dies Irae," the "Recordare" duet (soprano and mezzo-soprano), and the "Lux perpetua" trio (mezzo-soprano, tenor and bass). The orchestra, considering the difficulty of the score and the very short time it has had for rehearsal, did exceedingly well. There was an occasional tendency to drag, and the brasses were at times somewhat too strong for the strings and voices, but the general effect was very fine. Those who heard it done before with organ, excellent as that accompaniment was, should not fail to hear it with its original orchestral setting, and this they can do next Tuesday evening, when the Mass will be repeated at the same place. Mr. Wolfsohn and the Society may congratulate themselves upon their first concert.—*Tribune*, Nov. 30.

CATALANI. It was in the year 1806 that Mme. Catalani, who had already won golden opinions on the continent, first appeared in London. Passing through Paris on her way to England, she sang before the Emperor, who was greatly delighted with her. "Where are you going," he demanded, "that you wish to leave Paris?" "To London, sire," she replied. "You must remain in Paris," was the peremptory rejoinder. "You will be well paid, and your talents better appreciated here; 10,000 francs a year, two months' leave of absence. That is settled. Adieu." The lady, however, contrived to escape across the Channel, and to fulfill her engagement. Her terms were 2000 guineas for the season. But the next year she increased them to 5000 guineas. The manager objected that it left him nothing for his other artists. "What do you want else when you have my wife's talent?" demanded her husband, Valabreque; "she and four or five puppets (poupées) are enough." And that was all the public got, and for a time it sufficed to crowd the theatre. Finally, her terms became so enormous that managers, especially when the public began to grow tired of "the four or five puppets," even with madame, feared to incur the responsibility of engaging her. She left the King's Theatre in 1813, and after that was heard chiefly in concerts. She gained by these entertainments in one season of four months, in London, £10,000, and doubled that sum in a tour through the English provinces, Scotland and Ireland. Catalani herself seems to have been a simple-minded, good-natured creature, and more than one story is told of her charitable disposition. But her husband was a low-bred, avaricious fellow. He called her his *pau's d'or*, which she certainly was to him. Capt. Gronow relates in his "Reminiscences" that when she was on a visit at Stowe he sent in a bill to the Marquis of Buckingham for £1700 for seventeen songs his wife had sung in company, although she was on the footing of a guest. But Valabreque was actually left behind when she was invited to distinguished houses. She is described by contemporaries as being very beautiful, not a great actress, but making up for all deficiencies by the charm of her manner. Her voice, Capt. Gronow says, "was transcendent." But she appears to have preferred to astonish her audience by extraordinary feats of execution, such as leaping two octaves at once, and the most florid *fortissimo*, rather than pleasing them by purity of style. These faults, as an inevitable consequence, increased with time. One of her favorite feats was to sing the "Non più andrai" of "Figaro," and by mere force of lungs and volume of voice rise above all the brass of the orchestra. Her last appearance in opera took place in 1814, in Mayer's "Il Fanatico per la Musica," but she cut out everything that did not tend to display her *bravura* powers, and walked through her part without condescending to act. Each night the audience grew thinner, until she withdrew from the theatre never again to appear upon the stage. Her last appearance in public took place in Dublin in 1828. The following anecdote, taken from Mr. Hogarth's book, is a capital illustration of her simplicity and her intellectual calibre. When she visited the court of Weimar she was placed next to Goethe at dinner, but without having been previously introduced to him. Struck by his appearance, she inquired his name of the gentleman on the other side. "The celebrated Goethe, Madame," was the reply. "On what instrument does he play?" "He is not a musician, madame; he is the renowned author of 'Werter.'" "Oh, yes, I remember!" cried Catalani delightedly, and turning to the poet, she exclaimed, "Oh, sir, I am a great admirer of 'Werter.' I never read anything so laughable in my life. What a capital farce it is, sir!" "A

farce, madame!" said the astonished Goethe. "Oh, yes; and there never was anything so exquisitely ridiculous," she answered, laughing heartily at the remembrance. Catalani had seen a parody of the "Sorrows of Werter" at a Parisian minor theatre, and had never heard of the original.—*Belgravia*.

Music in New York.

NEW YORK, Nov. 28.—The season opens with a new order of things in the musical world, and New York is to be greatly favored in the department of orchestral music. There will be plenty of the best of such music performed with a degree of care and skill hardly to be exceeded in any of the European capitals.

The Philharmonic Society has entered upon the Thirty-sixth season of its existence with an orchestra selected from the best resident talent and complete in every detail, under the direction of Theodore Thomas. By this bold stroke of policy the society has extricated itself from difficulty, recovered a lost prestige and solved all doubt as to its future success. Twelve concerts are announced in the prospectus; six of them are called rehearsals and take place in the afternoon; but the performance is in no respect inferior to that of the evening concerts, and the programme is the same. The concerts are given at the Academy of Music on the following days:

Afternoon Concerts: Nov. 23, Dec. 21, Jan. 11, Feb. 8, March 8, April 5. Evening Concerts: Nov. 24, Dec. 22, Jan. 12, Feb. 9, March 9, April 6.

Theodore Thomas began the Eleventh season of his Symphony Concerts at Steinway Hall, Nov. 3. The concerts and rehearsals are eighteen in number. Six evening concerts and twelve rehearsals. As originally projected the rehearsals were to be six in all; but as the demand for subscription tickets was greater than the capacity of Steinway Hall, six extra rehearsals were added to the list. The dates are: Concerts: Nov. 3, Dec. 1, Jan. 5, Feb. 2, March 2, April 13. Rehearsals: Nov. 1, Nov. 28, Dec. 13, Dec. 26, Jan. 3, Jan. 24, Jan. 31, Feb. 21, Feb. 28, March 14, March 28, April 11.

Dr. Leopold Damrosch has organized from the best available material a fairly efficient orchestra; one which, if kept together, will doubtless improve under his direction. He has already given five "Symphony matinees" at Steinway Hall, and another, to complete the series, will follow on Saturday, Dec. 1. He will give a second series during the winter. It appears therefore that in a season of five months we are to have at least forty-two concerts, at which the highest order of orchestral music will be rendered, and the list will doubtless be increased.

The concerts of the Oratorio Society are as follows, at Steinway Hall: Nov. 15, *Judas Maccabaeus*; Dec. 29, *The Messiah*; Feb. 28, work not yet selected; April 25, *The Seasons*.

The programme of the first Thomas Symphony Concert consisted of the following numbers: Mozart's Overture to the Magic Flute; a Concerto for two violins and violoncello, with string orchestra, by Handel; Beethoven's "Eroica" Symphony; the Introduction and Quartet from the third act of Wagner's "Meistersinger," and Liszt's "Tasso." Much to my regret I was absent from the city at the time of this concert.

The first Philharmonic concert took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 24, on which occasion, according to time-honored custom, there was a dismal rain-storm. [The mere mention of a "Philharmonic" brings a vision of umbrellas and water-proofs.] The audience was large, but not sufficient to fill the house to the extent of its seating capacity. The programme was as follows:

Overture—"The Water-carrier,".....Cherubini
Symphony, No. 6, in F.....Beethoven
Overture—"Manfred".....Schumann
Suite, for piano and orchestra, Op. 200,
(first time).....Raff
Mr. S. B. Mills.
Poème Symphonique—"Mazeppa".....Liszt

The orchestra at present numbers ninety-four performers, comprising 34 violins, 10 violas, 12 cellos, 12 double basses, 3 flutes, 1 piccolo, 3 oboes, 3 clarinets, 1 corneo-anglia, 3 bassoons, 4 horns, 3 trumpets, 3 trombones, tuba, cymbals, triangle, bass drum, and tympani.

The strength and excellent quality of the strings were shown in the very beginning of Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, in the crescendo measures for violins and violas; but the greatest defect in the playing of the former orchestra was in the wind instruments, and here the greatest improvement is shown. The horns in the allegro were clear and accurate, where they have usually been faulty. And every part of the Symphony was carefully and beautifully executed. Certain critics take exception to that which they call "hurrying over" the brook-scene; but Mr. Thomas, although he took this movement at a quicker rate than we are accustomed to hear it, simply played it as it is written, "*Andante molto*."

The Suite by Raff comprises an Introduction and Fugue, Minuet, Gavotte and Musette, Cavatina and Finale. It is a very ingenious and complicated work, but our first impression is not an enduring one. The first four parts are like a brilliant succession of unfulfilled promises; but in the Finale the themes of the four preceding parts are introduced in the most novel and startling manner, and treated with wonderful ingenuity and skill. Even those who fail to credit Mr. Mills with the possession of the sixth sense, thought to be essential to an artist, could not deny the ability and good taste of his performance in this very difficult work. The peculiarity of Mr. Mills's playing is this: he *pleases* his hearers, but never awakes enthusiasm. Perhaps it is because he himself does not feel that emotion. A.A.C.

(Conclusion next time.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 8, 1877.

Harvard Musical Association.

A considerably larger audience than before attended the second Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Nov. 22), and was manifestly well pleased and edified. The Orchestra, it was generally thought, played even better than in the first concert, which won universal praise. Of course, there were imperfections, "roughnesses," false intonations, occasionally obvious even to inferior mortals not provided with the critical detective's microscopic ear, which listens for the faulty details rather than for music,—just as the purest water reveals to the microscopic eye infinitesimal monsters and all sorts of vegetable and animal impurities, whereof we loathe to drink. Let us, we blind and deaf and ignorant majority, who nevertheless "love much," be thankful to the good genius, whether he be Schubert or Beethoven, that we can enjoy a great musical work in spite of little imperfections in the rendering, nay, positively feel uplifted and inspired by its whole glorious development and movement, meeting the intention as it were half way—without which willingness we were unworthy to enjoy it, shutting the Master out.—The solos also were delightful. Here is the programme:—

- Overture, in C, Op. 115, composed for the "Name Day" of an Emperor.....Beethoven
 Scene et Berceuse: "Si, carina caprettina!" from "Dinorah".....Meyerbeer
 Miss Lillian Bailey.
 Krakowiak: Grand Rondeau de Concert, Op. 14, for Piano-forte, with Orchestra.....Chopin
 George W. Sumner.
 Songs, with Piano-forte:
 a. Frühlings Ankunft ("Spring is come!") Op. 23, No. 5.....R. Franz
 b. Suleika, No. 2, "Was bedeutet die Bewegung?".....Mendelssohn
 Miss Lillian Bailey.
 Symphony, No. 9, in C.....Schubert
 Introduction and Allegro.—Andante con moto.—Scherzo.—Finale.

The "Namensfeier" Overture is not one of the colossal overtures of Beethoven, but it is instinct with his fire and genius throughout, and should be heard much oftener than it is; it may never be popular, but it will reward attention. It was first given in this city, in these Symphony Concerts, in the Beethoven Centennial year, and then it was given twice; since which time we think it has not again been heard here until now. It was composed for the "Name-day" festivities of the Emperor Francis II. in Vienna, in 1814, and is commonly regarded as a companion piece to the much larger and grander Op. 124 in the same key, called "*Weihe des Hauses*," or Dedication Overture (for the opening of a theatre). The Introduction (*Maestoso*) is broad, stately and commanding. The *Allegro assai vivace*, which follows in 6-8 measure to the end, a light, tripping, nervous movement, which at first seems sketchy, develops with a marvellous consistency and beauty, fresh at every turn, and fulfilling each strange expectation with an easy certainty that still surprises and delights. It requires to be rendered with extreme precision and delicacy, and the orchestra were more successful than one might well have feared. At all events it made a good impression in spite of short rehearsal—and the want of a few more strings.

Miss LILLIAN BAILEY, with her delicate, sweet, fresh voice, her charming naturalness of manner, and her artistic, earnest feeling and expression, sang to great acceptance. She has gained much in power and style within a year, and, being very young, she will gain more. But it is already a rare treat to listen to her. The scene and cradle song from *Dinorah* cannot, indeed, make its best effect in the

concert room, taken out of its dramatic connection; nor do we entirely like the music; the opening recitative and pretty pastoral hints in the instruments are pleasing, but, in the latter half, the music becomes over ingenious and affected, as is often the way with Meyerbeer with all his truly creative genius. She sang it softly, as the dramatic situation requires, and therefore her young voice, with orchestra, did not pervade the great hall in this with such power as in the Lieder afterwards. But the recitative was given with true expression, the occasional highest tones were singularly pure and firm and satisfying, and she has the art of holding out a high tone and diminishing it with beautiful effect. The accompaniment was delicately played. There was more room for fervor and impassioned accent in the two songs, in which she had the advantage of Mr. Dresel's exquisite pianoforte accompaniment, and she entered into the spirit of them, as if singing out her soul. The Franz Spring song was particularly suited to her.

Mr. SUMNER played the brilliant, piquant *Krakowiak* of Chopin very neatly and distinctly, showing a thorough study and a right conception of it, and bringing out many of its quaint melodic motives with great vividness and fineness. The only failure was of strength of touch; there was a lack of resonance for so large a space.

But charming as all these things were, the grand attraction of the concert was the great Schubert Symphony,—one of the inspired works, with common consent now spoken of as "heavenly" as "divine," worthy to be throned with Beethoven's immortal Nine. Once, while its beauty and its grandeur, and its absolute originality, were recognized, audiences were apt to find it excessively long; but Schumann was right about its "heavenly length;" and this time, we think, all who listened in the right spirit (and there were very few who did not) were convinced that it is of just the right length. Even the longest movement, the unspeakably beautiful Andante, actually seemed short; for you are led on from one beauty to another, with ever increasing interest, with never a dull passage, or a single measure of mere *remplissage*, until it has developed all it had to say and no more,—one pure inspiration from the first note to the last. Allowing for some occasional false intonation in one or two wind instruments, a few hitches in the violins, and some brass tones coarser than they need be, all the movements were so well rendered that the Symphony was heard with intense interest and enthusiasm; for it is trivial to note slight defects in detail—at all events trivial to remember them—in one or two instances, we fear, worse than trivial—with such a glorious, god-like procession moving past one. The tremendous Finale was made remarkably effective.

We have received many unsought assurances, from musicians as well as amateurs, of the deep impression made by this performance. Here, for instance, is a passage from a private note, from an organist, a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatorium, written on first sitting down at home after the concert, "while the spell was on him":—

"My Dear A.,—What a rich treat the Harvard Orchestra gave us to-day in their playing of the 'heavenly' Schubert Symphony! It seemed to me a great step in advance of any previous performance, and the *tread of the Giants*, in the last movement, carried one along as only an earnest and confident orchestra could. This was a performance to be proud of, and was a fitting following to Mr. Dresel's uplifting and poetic accompaniment to the pair of Songs."

—We cannot conclude without one word in praise for, and in justice to Mr. Zerrahn,—the faithful and long tried Conductor, who with such imperfect means, small orchestra and musicians allowed few opportunities of playing thus together, exceedingly short time for rehearsals, and amid the discouragement

of a perpetual cross fire of a petty and yet maddening "criticism," much of it plainly personal and prompted by an evident desire to pull down and destroy the best we have or can have under present circumstances, has yet succeeded in bringing out that long and difficult great Symphony with such inspiring and uplifting power. These concerts, with the reduced patronage they get, must needs be given on a very economical scale. Those who find most fault with the performances are the very ones who do their best (worst) to warn off subscribers, and thus make it necessary to perform a great Symphony with only four hours of rehearsal; and that too, when a number of the musicians never played it in their lives before. Two short rehearsals! And then you judge the effort by the standard of a body of men who are kept in constant practice of this sort the whole year round,—who play together *all the time*, are well paid for it, and do nothing else! The only wonder is that our brave orchestra and leader can achieve so much, can kindle such a love for what is best and noblest in the art of Music.

These concerts are in no sense a speculation. Nobody profits or seeks to profit pecuniarily by them. The Association which gives them—a social, private one, not organized for concert-giving, and not dependent upon that—does it purely and solely for the end of building up in time a permanent local orchestra in Boston, and of keeping alive the love and taste for the great masterworks through frequent hearing. It knows their present limitations and deficiencies. It perseveres, doing the best now possible, in the hope of keeping the nucleus alive and whole, until "better times" shall bring it greater means and power. And it has a right, one would think, to expect from the friends of music here all sympathy and favor, instead of reckless and destructive criticism. For *real* criticism, which is sincere and to the purpose, prompted by good motive, it is always grateful.

Chamber Concerts.

That was a very pleasant one given in Union Hall on Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 14, by Miss LILLIAN SHATTUCK, one of the promising young violin pupils (yet in her teens) of Julius Eichberg, and with the aid of several of these young violinists, beside other artist friends. This was the programme:

1. Quartet in D major.....Haydn
 Allegro moderato, Adagio cantabile.
 Miss Abbie Shephardson, Miss Lillian Shattuck,
 Mr. Wulf Fries, Mr. Edwin Sabin.
2. Piano Solo:—
 Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35.....Mendelssohn
 Menuetto, Op. 72.....Rak
3. Concerto for Violin, 1st movt.....Mendelssohn
 Miss Lillian Shattuck.
4. Scene and Aria.—Der Freischütz.....Von Weber
 Miss Lillian Bailey.
5. Cello Solo:—
 Song without words.....Mendelssohn
 Serenade.....Lalo
 Mr. Wulf Fries.
6. Elegie, for Violin.....Ernst
 Miss Lillian Shattuck.
7. Song—"They Say,".....Randegger
 Miss Lillian Bailey.
8. Concertante for four Violins.....Eichberg
 Misses Lillian Chandler, Lettie Launder,
 Lillian Shattuck, Abbie Shephardson.

Father Haydn would not have been cross at all, we think, could he have heard his two beautiful movements played so clearly and so smoothly, and with such good mutual understanding; nor could Mr WULF FRIES feel ashamed of such companionship. Miss Shattuck's rendering of the Mendelssohn Allegro, and of Ernst's Elegie, really astonished. Her tone is pure and delicate, her execution clean. Miss BILLINGS contributed much to the general pleasure in her pianoforte selections, though we have heard her when she seemed less constrained than in the Mendelssohn Prelude and Fugue. Miss BAILEY sang the great *Freyshütz* scene with wonderful dramatic fervor and expression for one so young, as well as with rare beauty of voice, style

and execution. The climax was almost thrilling. We were sorry to have to lose the Concertante for four violins, which we have heard particularly praised.

MISS WINSLOW'S RECITAL, at Union Hall, Monday afternoon, Nov. 26, was largely attended, by an appreciative and, in the main, well pleased audience. Her youthful and attractive presence, and her whole look and manner, as of one in earnest with her Art, bespoke sympathy from the outset. Her programme was as follows:

1. Trio in B flat, Op. 11.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio—Allegretto.
2. { a. Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
b. Cradle Song.....Henselt
c. Spinning Song.....Wagner-Liszt
3. Andante and Variations.....Schumann
For two Pianos,
4. { a. Nocturne.....Chopin
b. Etude.....
c. Ballade.....

Musical feeling, a clean, crisp, vital touch and accent, with a good deal of power and brilliancy of execution were manifest throughout. In the Beethoven Trio—with the Variations on a popular air—she was assisted by the brothers FAIR, and its beauties were all well brought out; although here and elsewhere we could not but remark a certain anxiety in her playing which told of the severe and unremitting finger drill of those five years at Stuttgart. The Prelude and Fugue by Bach were very distinctly, evenly and beautifully rendered. The Cradle Song by Henselt sang itself with the most delicate and tender feeling; and the "Spinning Song" was given with the greatest ease and fineness. The Schumann Duet, with Mr. J. C. D. PARKER, was also a success. Miss Winslow was less happy in the Chopin pieces, particularly the *Ballade*, where she several times struck a wrong note, which evidently robbed her of her presence of mind and somewhat blurred the whole interpretation. We understand the darkness of the hall, with the shadow on the keyboard, was what embarrassed her. It certainly speaks well for the intrinsic musical nature of this earnest young student, that the long and terrible technical drill has not killed all fine expression. We shall be glad to hear her more.

MISS AMY FAR'S third and last Piano Recital, Nov. 27, was as follows:

- Prelude and Fugue in B minor.....Bach
Grand Sonata, C major, Op. 53.....Beethoven
Allegro con brio—Adagio molto—Rondo.
Nocturne, C minor.....Field
32 Variations in C minor.....Beethoven
Nocturne, F major, No. 1, Op. 15.....Chopin
Nocturne, F sharp major, No. 2, Op. 15.....
Study, A minor, No. 11, Op. 25.....
(Sometimes called the "Hurricane" or "Winter-Wind" Study.)
Liebes-Traum, Nocturne.....Liszt
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 14.....

It was certainly no slight evidence of power of will and intellect, as well as of physical nerve and muscle, to carry through such a programme with unflagging certainty, nay much of it with grace and ease and good expression, and the whole of it without a note before her. We arrived only in time to hear the Rondo Finale of the Beethoven Sonata, her performance of which seemed to us to lack the elasticity, the airy lightness that should characterize it. In all the other interpretations we found more satisfaction than perhaps ever before in Miss Fay's playing. At this time of writing the pieces are not fresh enough in our mind to enable us to say more.

In Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD'S second of two concerts (Union Hall, Monday afternoon, Dec. 3), we seemed to hear this fine pianist at his best, and in a great variety of interesting work, relieved too by some excellent singing. These were the selections:—

1. a. Fugue, No. 3, C major (Pet. Ed., 200).....Bach
b. Prelude and Fugue, A minor (Pet. Ed., 200).....Bach

2. a. "Der Abend Stern" (The Evening Star), J. Hallström
b. "Elfenreihn".....Carl Reinecke
(Composed expressly for the Swedish Ladies Quartette.)
3. Sonata, E minor, Op. 90.....Beethoven
a. Allegro. b. Rondo.
4. Tenor Solo. Cavatina from "Faust," "Salve dimora," Gounod
Mr. Carl Pfeuffer.
5. Trio, "Lift thine eyes," from "Elijah," Mendelssohn
Misses Wideberg, Aberg and Soederlund, of the Swedish Ladies Quartette.
6. a. "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, No. 1, D minor, No. 5, G minor.....Schumann
b. Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 142, No. 2, Schubert
c. Tarantelle, E flat minor, Op. 11, Gustav Schumann
7. a. "Necken" (The Water Sprite), arr. for Quartette, by.....L. Ohlson
b. "Hochzeitstanz" (Peace and Wedding Dance).....Soedermann
Swedish Ladies Quartette.
8. a. Etude, Op. 2, No. 6 ("If I were a bird," Henselt
b. Ballade in A flat major, Op. 47 (by request).....Chopin
Mr. Sherwood.
9. Tenor Solo—"Im Frühling".....Fesca
Mr. Carl Pfeuffer.
10. Toccata, B major, Op. 38.....Auguste Dupont
(First time in Boston.)

Mr. Sherwood played all from memory. And the finished ease and grace of style, the power and certainty of execution were not more observable, than the air of dreamy and imaginative abstraction with which he seemed to think every phrase and passage out as he went on, happy apparently in such fine mental occupation. It was by no means automatic memorizing, but the clear consciousness of what he was expressing. The fugues of Bach,—though not of the most interesting specimens, not from the "Well-tempered Clavichord," were most conscientiously and neatly rendered, made to say all that was in them. Of the Beethoven Sonata he evidently had his own conception, most carefully thought out in every detail. It did not correspond with that which we have always held. In the first movement, which, to be sure, has something of the moody freedom of a Fantasia,—and in which Beethoven again employs that overlapping, echoing alternation of two voices *sempre diminuendo*, which is so expressive in the horn-like dying away of the "Adieux" in the preceding Sonata—Mr. Sherwood indulged in a (to us) inconceivable *ad libitum* of tempo, which marred the continuity. And in that placid, smooth and flowing Rondo, with the finesse and exquisite surprise of each return of the lovely theme, there seemed to be too much jerkiness; the stream was too often suddenly ruffled. Yet, allowing him his own conception, it was a beautiful poetic rendering.

The group of pieces by Schumann, Schubert and a younger Schumann were all interesting; but the most fascinating was the Schubert *Impromptu*, to which he lent a most delicate and airy touch. The familiar "If I were a bird," by Henselt, was so played that it seemed to have lost none of its fresh charm. Of the A-flat *Ballade* of Chopin, which we have so often heard of late, Mr. Sherwood's rendering was one of the most satisfactory. The modern French Toccata by Dupont is a very rapid, difficult and brilliant movement, of a dance-like character, and was most brilliantly executed.

The Swedish singers' voices sounded doubly rich and full in that small hall, and blended very musically and sweetly, sometimes with a wild and sombre pathos, then again laughingly and brightly. The remarkably low register of the two Contraltos is probably the reason why so much of their music is set in a low key, compressing the harmony into a narrow compass. The Trio from *Elijah* lost something of its aerial, angelic character by being taken in a lower pitch.

Mr. PRUZOSZ has a robust tenor voice of remarkable volume and musical sweetness. The surprise of a single high falsetto tone seemed more unnatural in such a voice than it does in a light *tenore di grazia*. He sang the "Salve dimora" with fervent expression

and in a good sustained *cantabile* style. In the Spring Song by Fesca, too, he gave much pleasure.

Of Mr. Sherwood's first concert (Nov. 16), which we were unable to attend, we can only record the programme:—

1. a. Prelude and Fugue, C minor (Well-tempered Clavichord, Book 2, No. 2).....Bach
b. Fugue, C major, No. 2 (Peterson's Ed., No. 200).....Bach
2. "Bussied".....Beethoven
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
3. Sonata Pathétique, C minor, Op. 13.....Beethoven
4. Song—"Die Loreley".....Liszt
Miss Lillian Bailey.
5. a. Nocturne, F major, Op. 23, No. 4.....Schumann
b. Etude, C minor, Op. 10, No. 12.....Chopin
c. Grande Valse Brillante, Op. 34, No. 1.....Chopin
6. Songs—
a. "Du bist die Ruh".....Schubert
b. "Italy".....Mendelssohn
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
7. a. Two "Songs without Words," No. 16, B minor and No. 25, G major.....Mendelssohn
b. "Chorus of Dancing Dervishes," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," translated for piano by.....C. Saint-Saëns
(First time in Boston.)
8. a. "Kina" (old Italian song).....Pergolesi
b. "Heldenleben".....Schubert
Miss Lillian Bailey.
9. Valse de l'Opera "Faust" de Gounod.....Liszt

IN PROSPECT. Some extremely interesting concerts have occurred this week, too late for notice in this number; particularly the first Recital of Mme. Schiller, on Wednesday; the third Thomas Concert, Wednesday evening; the third Harvard Symphony Concert, Thursday afternoon, and the Cecilia, Thursday evening.

The fourth THEODORE THOMAS concert comes this afternoon, when Prof. Paine's Symphonic Fantasia on Shakespeare's "Tempest" will be given. Also the Orchestral Suite, Op. 49 (new) by Saint-Saëns; "Siegfried's Death," Wagner; a new Polonaise by Raff, etc. Miss MATHILDE WILDE will sing, and the young violinist, Master LIOUTENBERG, will play.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The second concert comes next Tuesday evening, Dec. 11, and will consist of Chamber Music. Miss FANNY KELLOGG, Soprano, Mr. ERNST PERABO, and the Boston Philharmonic Club will assist in a choice programme, embracing the Kreutzer Sonata (piano and violin), Beethoven, Messrs. Perabo and Listemann; Aria, "Si t'amo, O cara," Handel, Miss Fanny Kellogg; Larghetto and Scherzo, for Piano, Violin and Cello, Paine, Messrs. Perabo, Listemann and Hartdegen; Violoncello Solo, Sarabande and Gavotte, from Suite in D, Bach, Mr. A. Hartdegen; Songs, "Gehimes," Schubert, "Tanzlied im Mai," Franz, Miss Fanny Kellogg; Octet for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon and Contrabass, Op. 166, Schubert.

CHRISTMAS ORATORIOS. The sale of tickets for the whole season of the Handel and Haydn Society has been so far quite successful, and the sale of single tickets will begin next week. First, for the two performances at Christmas time. On Sunday evening, Dec. 23, will be given, for the second time in Boston, the first two parts of Bach's Christmas Oratorio,—this time with the additional accompaniments by Robert Franz, which arrived just too late for the Festival last May. This will be followed by J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn" and the Cantata: "Noël," by Saint-Saëns. All three works were among the chief successes of the May Festival.—On Tuesday evening (Christmas Day), the time-honored "Messiah" of Handel, also with the Franz accompaniments, completing those by Mozart, will be given. The principal singers in the first performance will be Miss EMMA C. THURSBY, Miss ANNIE LOUISE CARY, Mrs. H. E. SAWYER, Mr. WM. J. WINCH and Mr. A. E. STODDARD (baritone), of New York; in the "Messiah," Miss THURSBY, Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY, Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, and Mr. MYRON W. WHITNEY. Mr. ZERRAHN will conduct and Mr. B. J. LANG will sit at the Great Organ.

The fourth Harvard Symphony Concert will take place on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 20, at the Music Hall. The programme includes: Overture to "Coriolan," Beethoven; Aria; Symphony in D minor, Schumann. Nocturne (MS.) for Orchestra (first time), C. C. Mueller; Songs; Overture: "In the Highlands," Gade.

Rhythm, Touch, etc.

MR. EDITOR.—In some recent numbers of the "Journal," Mr. Mathews seems to be much interested concerning the subject of Rhythm, Touch, etc., as connected with Piano-playing.

Allow me through your valuable columns to call his attention to the fact, that Mr. Ditson published, some twenty-four years ago, a concise and useful Theoretical Text book for the Piano, by Prof. E. B. Oliver, which, in Chapter 5, contains a statement of the Theory of Touch, as communicated to the author by Friedrich Wieck, of Dresden, whose authority neither Mr. Mathews nor Mr. Mason would probably question. Also, a few years later, was published a "Thorough Bass Manual" by the same author, which contains a system of exercises and rules regarding the value of notes, rhythm, accent, etc., which is quite exhaustive on these subjects, and which may contain hints useful to Mr. Mathews, judging from his articles on Rhythm, Accent, etc., in your columns. The exercises for accent in practice of scales, which have been claimed as original by the compilers of a certain method for Piano, are also suggested in the above mentioned Text-book, and were given to his pupils by Prof. Oliver, years before their publication in the method above referred to, as many of his pupils will be happy to testify.

New light upon musical subjects of Theory in practice, should be heartily received, but let us also accept and appreciate the work of those who have for many years been arduously laying the foundations for the advancing knowledge, and high standard of Musical Art which we now enjoy.

A PUPIL OF MENDELSSOHN MUSICAL INSTITUTE.

PHILADELPHIA. (From the *Evening Bulletin*, Nov. 23.) At the Arch Street Theatre last evening, Ambrose Thomas's *A Summer Night's Dream* was presented by the Hess English Opera Company to a full house, and so excellent was the performance that the favorable impression made by the company in *The Chimes of Normandy* was fully sustained. *Le Songe d'une nuit d'Été*, first produced in Paris in 1850, is happy, especially in the second act, in its illustrations of Thomas's finest traits of composition, being marked by a delicacy of shading, a flowing sweetness and a quaint grace that is wonderfully attractive. Unfortunately, the music is marred by a bad libretto—bad in French, and still worse in the English translation. The animating idea of the drama—the grouping of a number of Shakespearean characters with Shakespeare himself as the central figure—is admirable, but the realization of this idea is faulty to a degree. Few of us but would be glad to see Shakespeare, but few of us would care to see him drunk; but it is just in this condition that he is presented to us, and his summer night's dream is supposed to be dreamed whilst he lies in a drunken sleep. Queen Elizabeth, in the dual rôle of a fairy god-mother and a lecturer upon temperance also, is rather a sharp attack upon the unities; and her queenliness when she crowns the entirely sobered poet with bays, scarcely reconciles us to her previous exhibition of qualities scarcely so queenly. Elizabeth, however, was an eccentric sort of a person, much given to having her own way, and her conduct in the opera is more pardonable, poetically speaking, than is the conduct of the playwright. The little strain of love making between Latimer and Olivia interjected into the work is pleasant in its way, and furnishes an opportunity in the first act for a pretty air, sung by Latimer, "Dear Love of Thee," and in the last act for an admirable song by Olivia, "Hear me but once," and an attractive duet by the lovers. The music throughout, as we have said, is charming, being by turns

sparkling and poetic, and always marked by the play of the delicate, tender fancy of the composer. The notable numbers are; in the first act, Elizabeth's ogle song and the trio by Elizabeth, Falstaff and Olivia; in the second act the especially brilliant duet by Shakespeare and the Queen; in the third act Elizabeth's song "Ah! idle splendor that surrounds me," the succeeding trio, by Falstaff, Olivia and the Queen, Olivia's song, "Hear me but once," and the duet immediately following.

The cast last evening included Miss Melville as the Queen, Mrs. Seguin as Olivia, Mr. Castle as Shakespeare, Mr. Penkes as Falstaff, and Mr. Turner as Latimer; and, as there were no minor characters to be represented by second-rate singers, the performance was admirably smooth and effective. Miss Melville's acting as Elizabeth was most astonishingly queenly to those who saw her frolicking about as Mignonette, and her singing was still more worthy of approval than in the former part. Her ogle song, the air "Ah! Idle splendor," and several of her concerted numbers with Shakespeare and Falstaff, were peremptorily re-demanded, and throughout the entire opera the audience was prompt and enthusiastic in its applause of her admirable work. Mrs. Seguin as Olivia had not nearly so many chances for exhibiting her thoroughly good qualities, but she made the most of her opportunities, and in the duet with Latimer, in several duets with the Queen, and, notably, in her song "Hear me but once"—sung with singular purity of tone—secured the praise that she so abundantly deserved. The parts of Shakespeare and Latimer, while somewhat dull in acting, were sung with fine effect, and Falstaff was acted with conventional drollery and was vigorously sung. The chorus and orchestra, as before, were noticeably excellent.

THE JUBILEE SINGERS have recently gone to Germany to continue the work they have for the last six years been so successfully doing in the United States, Great Britain and Holland, in the interests of the education of their race at Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.

Within a few days of their arrival at Berlin, they had the honor of appearing before the Imperial family of Germany under circumstances of peculiar interest. They were invited by Their Imperial Highnesses the Crown Prince and Crown Princess to sing some of their Slave songs at the New Palace, Potsdam, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 4, and on presenting themselves at the appointed hour they found to their joy, that they stood in the presence of His Imperial Majesty, the Emperor of Germany, as well as in the presence of the Crown Prince and Princess, with their children gathered around them. Thus three generations stood together in the home circle listening to this little company of Emancipated Slaves from the United States as they sang the songs of the days of their bondage. And never did their strange, touching songs produce a deeper impression or call forth heartier expressions of sympathy for, and interest in, the work they are laboring to do for their race in America and in Africa.

His Majesty, the Emperor, made many inquiries of the President of the University respecting the Singers, and their personal history and the work they had accomplished, while the Crown Prince and the Crown Princess conversed freely with the Singers, making inquiries, and expressing great delight in the singing. It was especially gratifying to learn from the Crown Princess that four years ago, when the Jubilee Singers had the honor of singing before her Royal Mother, the Queen of England, she had received a long letter speaking of the Singers and their mission. The Crown Prince said these songs as you sing them go to the heart, they go through and through one.

The first public concert was given in Berlin, at the Sing Academy, on the 7th of Nov., and was greeted with such hearty demonstrations of approval that success in Germany seems quite well assured.

—We find a still more glowing and detailed account of this reception in the *Berliner Tageblatt*. Ed.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Pompey's Love. C. 2. d to E. Pratt. 30
If I was only long enough. F. 2. Eaton. 30
I took her to the Ball. Song and Chorus. Eb. 3. Hays. 30
The Black Hussars. Bb. 3. e to E. Jones. 30
A quartet of merry songs, with solo music.
True Hearts. Eb. 3. b to E. Adams. 35
"For years can bring no old age
To hearts that still are true."
Beautiful sentiment to sweet music.
Angels kiss mine eyes to sleep. Song and Chn. Eb. 3. d to E. Rutledge. 30
"Round my head the angels hover."
One of the touching ballads about a dying child.
Fare thee well, and if forever. Eb. 3. b to E. Sullivan. 30
"More than this, I scarce can die."
Well known words by Lord Byron, with good music.
Non Mama più. (He loves no more.) E. 5. d to E. Tosti. 35
"A che ti giova il vivere."
"What charm in life remains?"
An Italian song, with pleasing melody.
Sometimes. C. 3. d to G. Sullivan. 40
"Sometimes when I'm sitting alone,
Dreaming alone in the gloom."
Lady Lindley wrote the sweet words; and the music fits them well.
Have you heard, my Love is coming. F. 3. F to G. Barker. 35
"Round him beauty's eyes were glancing,
Damoiselles and Signorinas."
Mr. Barker has translated many Italian songs, but none were better than this original production. It is in the form of a light Canzonetta.
IF. Bb. 4. F to A. Finetti. 35
"If love were what the roses is,
And I were like the leaf."
Very charming suppositions, expressed in the most musical way.
Once. D major and minor. e to D. Halton. 35
"Cool salt air, and the white waves breaking."
Well-imagined reminiscence of companionship by the sea-shore.

Instrumental.

- They all do it. Waltz. G. 3. Warren. 30
A melody, "the favorite of the hour," prettily arranged as a waltz.
International Rifle Match Waltzes. 3. Pratt. 75
Mr. Pratt has hit the mark in this graceful set, which both nationalities may dance to and welcome.
Marjolaine Waltzes. 3. Mera. 50
Melodies from an opera by Lecoq. Full as good (or better) in the instrumental as in vocal form.
Po Paul Polka. G. 2. Tar-Coen. 35
Introduces five pretty airs which belong to "Po Paul" chansonnettes. Very neat.
Telephone March. G. 2. Turner. 30
No one can turn new popular word into music quicker than the composer whose name is thus made free with. And no one can do it better.
Schubert's Unfinished Symphony. First movement. B minor. 5. Perabo. 30
Very fortunately, each part of a Symphony is complete in itself, and one can enjoy this, in spite of the absence of that other part that never will be made. Very conveniently arranged for players.
VIII Daily Studies, comprising the principal technical difficulties, in brief exercises. 4. Arthur Mee. 75
Mr. Mee modestly says that the ground to be covered by technical exercises is mostly occupied. He has however discovered eight vacant places, which he has very well filled with studies which will give a very perceptible quantity of finger-ache to those who practice them faithfully.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. e to E." means "Key of C, fifth degree, lowest letter e on the added line below; highest letter, E on the 5th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 957.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 22, 1877.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Critical Contribution to Beethoven Literature.

Read before the Schiller-Union in Trieste, by ALEXANDER W. THAYER.

(Concluded from Page 139.)

Now to the breach with Madame:

"One day the Frau Proprietress sent Michael with 5 gulden to the village of Stein, to buy wine and a fish [Beethoven's favorite food]. Michael was careless, lost the money, and, after twelve o'clock, returned in the greatest perplexity. The Proprietress asked immediately: 'Where is the fish?' and, as he confessed the loss of the money, turned him out of the house. When Beethoven came to dinner, he asked after his Michael; the Proprietress related the circumstances to him. He was frightfully enraged, laid the five gulden on the table, and angrily insisted that Michael should be at once recalled.

After this he went no more to the table, but had his meals brought to his room, where also Michael had to prepare his breakfast. In fact, according to the statements of Michael, even before this rupture, Beethoven had talked very rarely with his sister-in-law and not much with his brother;—which, however, was quite natural, considering his deafness and that they were in the country, where the topics of conversation were so few. Now must Michael sit by Beethoven during the evenings and write answers to his questions. For the most part he was questioned and cross-questioned, *what had been said about the composer at dinner and supper.*"

So far Kren.

Johann's wife was, as we already know, not an angel, not even a female Job.

The house was not fitted up as a winter dwelling; the weather became cold and wet, and prevented much open air exercise; visitors there were none, and personal intercourse with her brother-in-law was no longer to be thought of; she longed for the comforts of her home in Vienna and for the pleasures of the capital; her patience gave out, she departed thither, and left the three men to their fate with the servants. That Beethoven's peculiarities and oddities found little indulgence now may readily be conceived.

Although we cannot justify this step of Johann's wife, I still think, that no mistress of a family, who considers herself as something more than the head-maid in the house, will very much wonder at it.

The presumption, that the departure of Mad. v. Beethoven and its inevitable consequences are the sole and entire basis of Beethoven's complaints of the treatment he received at Gneixendorf, is very obvious. His bitter remarks upon this, and upon something—it is not yet clear, what—between him and Johann,

may well have assumed in Schindler's strange memory most exaggerated proportions.

Allow me a few words upon a fourth point. When Schindler, thirty years after Beethoven's death, revised and re-wrote his book, that wonderful memory of his afforded him a new reason for Beethoven's sudden return to Vienna; nothing less than a too great intimacy between the nineteen-year-old nephew Carl and his forty-years-old aunt! Supposing Beethoven—whose distrust of everything and everybody had become a moral disease—to have really entertained such a suspicion and imparted it to Schindler, still, as a reason for leaving Gneixendorf, it is comically absurd; since it makes Beethoven hurry his nephew—in spite of his urgent pleadings to remain one week mere in Wasserhof—away from a place where the woman was not, to Vienna where she was!

To conclude:—

It has been stated by competent judges, that our noble President Lincoln could never have sustained the awful responsibilities, which rested upon him, but for his predilection for humor and harmless drollery, which afforded him the needful mental recreation. True, Beethoven's great calamity, his deafness, was of a personal nature, and the great end he sought was the perfecting of his art. Still, the great ruler of a nation's fate and the sublime perfecter of instrumental music, had this characteristic in common—the love of wit and humor. Allow me to cite a few lines from a former publication of my own.

"Except in his hours of profound depression, Beethoven was far from being the melancholy and gloomy character of popular belief. He shows himself in his letters—as he was by nature—of a gay and lively temperament, fond of a jest, an inveterate though not always a very happy punster, a great lover of wit and humor. It is a cause of profound gratitude, that it was so; since he thus preserved an elasticity of spirits, that enabled him to escape the consequences of brooding in solitude over his great misfortune; to rise superior to his fate and concentrate his great powers upon his self-imposed tasks; and to meet with hope and courage the cruel fortune, which put an end to so many well-founded expectations and ambitious projects, and confined him to a single road to fame and honor—that of Composition."

Precisely this side of his character has been by the Beethoven novelists, if not quite overlooked, at least almost wholly neglected. In the gloomiest periods of his life we find instances of his undying humor.

Let me add a few examples from his last years:—

In Artaria's music store, he read in a newspaper, that Mosel—the mutilator of several of Handel's Oratorios—had been ennobled on account of services to the cause of Music.

"The Mosel flows muddy into the Rhine," said he laughing.

On hearing (or reading) an overture of Weber [Weaver], "H'm!" said he, "it is just woven!"

He was talking with Carl Czerny's father, who was also very deaf. Both pointed to the window, and began talking upon totally different topics. At length Beethoven noticed it, took his hat, and went away laughing, with the remark: "Two deaf men trying to tell stories to each other!" They heard him still laughing far down the stairs.

In March, 1830, some one talked with him in a conversation-book about E. T. W. Hofmann, the author of the "Fantasy Pieces." So he began in the same book to write, with the common signs of long and short syllables, Hoffmann, thou art no Hoffmann [Courtier.] And thus originated the text to his canon: "Hoffmann, be no Hofmann. Yes, my name is Hoffmann, but I am no Hofmann."

In the Spring of 1824, Schuppanzigh, first violin of the famous quartet, introduced to the composer his new Second thus: "This is a wooden scholar of mine, his name is Wood." This was Carl Holz ["Wood" in English], who soon took the place of Schindler (for a time) as Beethoven's factotum, and whose name gave the master frequent opportunity for play upon words. One of his notes to him begins: "Splint from the Wood of Christ;" another: "Best of Splinters, best Wood of Christ."

Joseph Ries attended a rehearsal of one of the last quartets, and related to me, that Beethoven, in the finale—although he could not hear a note—signified by a motion, that something was not quite right. On Schuppanzigh's asking what the fault was, he pointed to a passage, where Holz had mistaken the bowing, and said: "Put some Holz (wood) under Holz's chair, and kindle it, that Holz may take fire."

When Prof. Seifert—about three weeks after his return from Gneixendorf—tapped him for dropsy, and he saw the clear water spouting from the tube, he said to the surgeon: "Herr Professor, you appear to me like Moses, striking the rock with his staff."

He died on Monday, March 26th. The Friday previous, he wrote a few lines making his nephew his heir, and a few minutes afterwards said to Breuning and Schindler: "Plaudite, amici, comœdia finita est." ["Applaud, friends, the comedy is over."]

That was, so far as I know, his last joke!

I should have had a far easier task, had I selected for this lecture some topic in Beethoven's history fitted to be the subject of a merely interesting and amusing essay. But we are already in the second half of a century since the great composer, in lightning and thunder, passed away, and, still, unnumbered errors in relation to the history are current as the truth.

This is not meant at all as a reproach against the many excellent musical writers of Austria and Germany; for when it once becomes known

that an author of reputation has undertaken an exhaustive work on any subject, others of course stand aside—*honoris causa*. I may perhaps say, competition in such things has no place. So it was twenty-five years since, when it became known that Otto Jahn, with unflagging zeal and untiring industry, was making collections for a Biography of Beethoven; and all the more, when his work on Mozart (preliminary to that on Beethoven), the greatest of musical biographies, came from the press.

Death, alas, called that noble biographer too soon from his labors, and our hopes of a work on Beethoven, like that on Mozart, remain to this day ungratified.

In the want of such a work, complete and authentic, it may be forgiven me for thinking it my duty to come forward against the deep-rooted, wide-spread errors current in relation to the great composer, and to establish the truth so far as my knowledge and powers enable me to do so. I have before labored in this field, and now the two evenings, on which I have had the honor to appear before you, have been devoted to the same duty.

Saint-Saëns in Leipzig.

The fourth Gewandhaus Concert of the present season (Nov. 1) was distinguished by the presence, as composer and pianist, of Camille Saint-Saëns, who occupied a large share in the programme. The impression made by him upon the well-known critic, Bernsdorf, is given in the *Signale*, from which we translate as follows:—

"The Symphony No. 3 (E flat) of Schumann, which filled the First Part of the concert, was admirably executed, and formed the brightest point and acme of the whole. The Second Part, given over to the doings of the Parisian pianist and composer, and the singer Fräulein Philippine von Edelsberg, had less that affected us agreeably, and only allows us to look back with true and full satisfaction on the achievements of M. Saint-Saëns as a piano player. These were in fact of extraordinary brilliancy and confirmed us in the opinion which we have before expressed, that M. Saint-Saëns must be counted among the *optimates* of the piano players of our time. For the composer Saint-Saëns we frankly confess we have never felt much sympathy; nor can we feel much to-day, after hearing his Fourth Piano Concerto (G minor), his orchestral piece, *Le Rouet d'Omphale*, and his *Danse Macabre* (albeit only in a Liszt transcription for piano). For, if we cheerfully admit that M. Saint-Saëns understands the musical craft most thoroughly and practices it with a great deal of talent, yet we cannot help finding that he is at bottom only a cold nature, and seeks to cover his bareness, in regard to warmth of feeling and bloom of invention, with the mantle of piquant and pointed made-up work. This hunt after what is striking and apart; this operating with exceptional things, even though it be downright hideous, as in the *Danse Macabre*; this over-spicing and over-refining in harmony and in instrumentation:—all this in the long run becomes almost unendurable, and can only be compared to the torture which any one must feel who is condemned through a whole evening to eat nothing but *Paprika Schnitzel*, or

to move for a long while in an atmosphere impregnated with patchouli or rose oil.

"With the reception which Saint-Saëns found with the public, he can be contented, even if the uncommonly rich applause lavished on him referred, as we may almost assume, less to the composer than to the pianist. Among the solo pieces which he played besides the *Danse Macabre* ('Les Tourbillons' and 'Les Cyclopes,' by Rameau, and a Gavotte by J. S. Bach) the Bach Gavotte, very effectively transcribed from the E-flat Violin Sonata of that master, was to us the most agreeable. Finally, we will not let it pass unmentioned, that the orchestra did its duty in the bravest manner towards the Parisian guest, and that he declared himself well satisfied with the accompaniment of his Concerto, as well as with the execution of the *Rouet d'Omphale*,—neither of them an easy task."

The Music of the Lutheran (as Compared with that of the English) Church.

By F. J. SAWYER, Mus. Bac., Oxon, F. C. O.

[Read before the London College of Organists on Saturday, Nov. 3rd.]

I purpose to bring before you this evening the music of the Lutheran Church, endeavoring to interest you in its present and past condition. Before entering on the consideration of the musical part of our subject, I would ask you to take a cursory glance with me, over the foundation of the Lutheran Church. One thing will at once come upon our notice,—it was the work of one man, and—he but a human being, neither almighty nor all-seeing. No one, however great, however noble, however pure his impulses, is faultless; and thus with Luther, great and noble man as he undoubtedly was, he had no one to correct the errors he might make, in the gigantic work of forming a national church. It was vastly different in the reformation of our English Church. The formation of our own Protestant religion was, I believe, entrusted, not to the hand of one man, but to a convocation of earnest and thoughtful divines, amongst whom, as individuals, there was certainly no one the equal of Luther, but who, when working together, achieved an equally grand end, through being able to correct each other's errors.

As Luther founded the National Church of his country, so is he undoubtedly also, the founder of congregational singing. With the exception of the Lollards, no religious sect, dissenting from Rome, had taken up this branch of devotion. Calvin had thought it unworthy of a place in the service of God, and thus Goudimel's settings of Marot and Beza's Psalms were not for public, but private devotions; and even Huss never recognized the power of a hymn. It was Luther who first grasped the idea and carried it out. To how great an extent his influence was felt by the English dissenters, through whom psalmody was introduced into our own church, it would be by no means difficult to show. Luther belongs—like Shakespeare, Aristotle, and Socrates—not to a nation, but to the world!

I propose treating my theme in the following way:—I would first show you a German service, that you may see how different it is from our own. I would then go briefly into the history of the musical parts of this service—the chorales, the responses, the motets and the "Church Music." After that, let us comment on the diversity of style in the general outline of the German service, in contrast to our own. Let us then draw comparisons between the two churches, and, finally, from these comparisons, make our deductions, and take away with us some practical lessons from the music of the Lutheran church.

A LUTHERAN SERVICE.

There is but one important service on the Sunday, and this commences at, to us, the most unusually early hour of half-past-eight, in rare cases nine. One reason for this is, that in Germany, the housewife is herself cook. If the service began, as with us, at eleven, and finished at one, there would be either no dinner, or else—the abomination of all true Germans—cold meat. By commencing at this

early hour, the whole family are able to attend, and yet leave time enough after its conclusion for the wife to cook that most important item—the event in the week of the working man—the Sunday dinner.

Half-an-hour before the commencement of Divine Service, the bell tolls for a few minutes. Again at a quarter before, and finally five minutes before, ceasing punctually at the appointed time. One must not expect to find the church full. On an ordinary Sunday, such a thing never happens. One must remember that half the Germans are atheists [?] or infidels. On entering, we may find perhaps, fifty people, in a church capable of holding fifteen hundred. The bell having ceased, the organist extemporizes a voluntary, leading generally without pause, into the opening chorale, usually "Allein Gott in der Hgh' sei Ehr" (Glory to God in the highest). The rate at which a chorale is sung, would much astonish most of you. The number of the chorale is not announced, but from tablets placed at conspicuous places around the building, the numbers of all that will be sung during that service can be read, while in front of the organ (which is always in the gallery) the number of the one may be seen, which is then being sung.

As many of you are doubtless aware, between every line of the chorale the organist extemporizes a few bars, introducing the succeeding line. This practice is anything but praiseworthy. Imagine ten verses of twelve lines each, drawn in the most melancholy and depressing manner, and added to this, a very poor example of extemporaneous playing between each line, and between each verse a small organ solo. It is thought that the lungs of the congregation are too small to allow them to sing more than one line without a pause. The practice is much liked by many of the ladies, since it affords a good opportunity of examining bonnets and dresses "ad libitum," and yet be apparently singing with great zeal.

All chorales are sung sitting down; in fact with regard to posture, the utmost indifference is shown during prayer and singing, but during the time that the scriptures are being read, all stand and reverently clasp their hands.

The chorale over, and the minister standing at the altar, he intones the words "The Lord be with you," to which the choir responds "And with thy Spirit." The minister then intones a prayer, and here I would beg to draw attention to the fact that all prayers that are intoned are pronounced very slowly in the Lutheran church. It would, indeed, be a great improvement, if, in our own service, this were possible; but, owing to the numbers of the prayers, it would not be.

The effect of a rich, musical voice slowly intoning a prayer, is as different from the monotonous gabble sometimes heard in England, as light from darkness.

To return to our service. At the close of the prayer, the choir sing the "amen." The music of this varies in each town. To this succeeds the epistle, the congregation standing. Then follows the belief—not, as we have it, but turned into a chorale, by Luther. It loses, of course, much of its simplicity by this transformation. Many things were thus adapted by him. It is curious, that we English, beforehand in so many things relating to musical matters, had, two centuries before, similar adaptations. It is recorded, that, in the reign of the second Edward—that is, the earlier part of the fourteenth century—William de Shoreham, vicar of Chart Sutton, in Kent, finding a difficulty in teaching his congregation the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the catechism, as ordained by the rubric, embodied these and other things spiritual, in verse, and taught them thus.

At the close of the chorale on the belief, the epistle is read from the reading-desk. Then follows what is called the "Haupt-lied," or chief hymn, chosen with special reference to the service. Perhaps only three or four verses are sung; and during the singing of the last of these, the preacher appears in the pulpit, wearing—as all Lutheran ministers do—the huge Elizabethan frill and German black gown. With regard to the choice of the text, the minister is not left quite free. Luther has chosen two sets—of three texts each—for every Sunday in the year. The first year, set No. 1 is used; the second year, set No. 2; and the third, the minister is left free to choose for himself. Having announced in what chapter and verse his text is to be found (generally in the epistle or gospel for the day), the whole congregation rise while it is being read, and then seat themselves again.

Having given the introduction to his sermon, and announced the heads of his discourse, the minister requests the congregation to join in singing a verse of a chorale.

Silent prayer is then engaged in; and, after a short extemporaneous prayer from the preacher, he proceeds with his sermon. All this happens in the midst of his discourse. I will not stop to debate the good or evil of such a plan, for much might be said on both sides. To the sermon succeeds the "confession of sins;" the "absolution;" a prayer for church and state; the publishing of the banns; the Lord's Prayer; and, finally, after the benediction, and another verse of the "sermon chorale," the congregation not remaining to the communion depart.

As soon as the church is quiet again, the service is continued. The choir (unaccompanied) sing the Sanctus. While this is being sung, the two officiating ministers come from the vestry to the altar; and, at its close, one of them slowly intones—in a kind of Gregorian "plain-song"—the Lord's Prayer, as far as the words "For Thine is the Kingdom;" at which point the choir take it up, and finish the prayer in four-part harmony. Then follows the reception of the element by the congregation, during which a chorale is sung. With the thanksgiving, and the "Dona nobis," the service closes.

Looked at as a whole, we are bound to admit that the form is a just combination of ritual and freedom, such as was exactly suited to the state of mental culture of the nation at the time of Luther. It was his great aim to found a church for rich and poor, educated and ignorant, and this end has, I think, been achieved.

Possessing no ritual that was likely to turn the minds of the simple people from the pure faith, yet he gave them a form as remarkable for its purity of design as for its reverence for the structures of bygone ages. A form—every fragment of which was the subject of deep thought—not thrown together haphazard; a form upheld by the people as well as the minister; it is the true foundation of all worship that the people must have their own part to do—and do it. Not that they are to do everything, either in the praying or the singing. Some parts of the service are to be joined in mentally. The Reformer strove to put all things straight, and while on the one hand he did not do away with the minister as the spokesman of the people, yet he taught them that it was not sufficient for the priest to repeat a prayer or intone a psalm, or for the choir to sing a motet, but that they—the people themselves,—whether in praying or singing, must do it for themselves; not necessarily vocally, for mental worship is just as devotional.

So much, then, for the first part of my paper. Let us now sketch out the history of the various musical parts: the Chorales, the "Responsories," the Motets, and the "Church Music."

First let us take the history of the Chorale.

That hymns were used in the earliest Christian services is an undoubted fact. Reference is made to them in the Gospels, and by the earliest of the Fathers. Ignatius (the third bishop after St. Peter) exhorts his "Fellow-ministers to pray their Holy Lord Christ with hymns and songs." Clement, of Alexandria, who lived A.D., 190, wrote "Wouldst thou belong to the band of Christians, and praise the uncreated, never-dying one and true God, so sing with us."

Gradually, however, as time wore on, and Latin became the language of the church, the voice of the people was all but hushed, until in the ninth century all that remained to them was to say "Amen," and "Lord have mercy upon us." One account of the revival of psalmody is the following: There lived, during the ninth century, at the monastery of St. Gall, a monk named Notker, who was engaged by Willfrid, the dean, to write Latin hymns. It was customary in the church to prolong the last syllable of the "Hallelujah" on the great festivals in a long strain termed a "sequence." These, having nothing in themselves by which they could be easily remembered, Notker found very hard to learn. At last the thought struck him of supplying words to the music, and this he did—not in Latin—but in German. He showed these early attempts to Yso, the choir-master, who suggested having one syllable to each note. This was soon done, and Yso was so pleased that he taught them to the choristers; and the congregation, hearing something that they could understand, soon learnt them, and they became deservedly popular. There is, I believe, but one of these sequences in use at the present day,

and that one is attributed to Notker himself. It is in our burial service, and commences: "In the midst of life we are in death." It was probably from a Lenten sequence.

Of now existing chorales, the earliest are traceable as far as the 12th century. Thus, for example, "Christ is arisen," and "Now pray we for the Holy Ghost." The 13th century—the time of the Minne-singers—is rich in "folks-songs" of a religious character. The 14th century saw the Latin language ruling, but still a few more were added to the list. The 15th century, besides introducing us to upwards of 120 Latin hymns translated into German, gives us some curious specimens, of which one line is Latin the next German. Thus (translated):—

"Puer natus in Bethlehem,
Whereat rejoiceth Jerusalem."

Or another (as in the original):—

"In dulci jubilo,
Nu singet und seid fro."

And thus even before the epoch of the Reformation many examples of chorales are to be found, but none of these were "doctrinal," if I may so use the term; they spoke of Christ's birth and death, but not of his doctrines. And thus we come to the time of the Reformation.

"Certainly, Luther was," says Döring, "especially fitted, as well by his knowledge and ability in music for the work which he took in hand. First at the schools of Mansfeld, Magdeburg, and Eisenach, he had studied singing; and later, as a member of the order of St. Augustine, he would practice it daily, and, therefore, the necessary ability and knowledge of the art could have as little failed him, as his deep devotion to music."

(To be Continued.)

Music with the Blind.

From the Report of the Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind (Sept. 1877.)

Music a Suitable Occupation for the Blind.

There is no doubt that the musical profession is one which the blind may follow with ease and profit to themselves and with benefit to the community. Its successful practice by so many graduates of this and kindred institutions in the country is in itself sufficient to settle the question; but the extent of the real capacity of a sightless person is not generally known. Since this is often either undervalued or exaggerated, according to circumstances, a brief statement of some facts connected therewith may serve to correct certain errors which are current, and lead to a true understanding of the subject.

For reasons easily explained by mental philosophy, the blind are passionately fond of music, and its profession is so attractive to them, that it is commonly supposed that persons whose eyes are closed to the impression of light, must have an ear widely open to the harmonies of sound, and that sightless children have more natural talent for music than those who can see. A thorough investigation of the matter, coupled with a careful comparison of data, will show, however, that in a given number of blind and seeing persons there will be the same proportion of each qualified by nature to excel in music. Yet, beyond doubt, the sense of hearing in a blind person becomes so sharpened by training and cultivation as to become almost perfect. The reasons for this are obvious.

That part of our nature which gives us a knowledge and love of the beautiful in the external world, can be cultivated by the exercise of the senses in general; but not of any one of them in particular. Sight, hearing, touch, etc., each and all play a greater or smaller part in this operation; and when one of them is closed, the others have to perform in part its work. The blind, feeling as strong a desire as others do for that kind of stimulus with which the mind is furnished by communication with the outer world through the senses, devote themselves with double zeal to the cultivation of that of touch, and still more so to that of hearing. Hence this latter sense becomes so improved and sharpened that the relations of sounds imperceptible to ordinary listeners are apparent to them; and a blind man with a trained ear and a well-developed mind finds an exhaustless pleasure in tracing out the thread of harmony which runs through all natural sounds. To him there is music not only in the human voice and in the sound of special instruments, but in every

thing. From the hum of the insect to the peal of the thunder, he perceives harmony in all.

The sense of hearing is with some of the blind, however, as sluggish as it is often found among the seeing; and its improvement is a process both difficult and slow, requiring special efforts. But in many such cases zeal and patience have triumphed over the deficiencies of the ear, and an unexpected success has been the reward of industry and energy. In these instances, proper facilities for a thorough systematic and scientific musical training, as well as the strength of the will, sustained by an ardent desire for the musical profession, have often conquered nature.

There are reasons which render this profession particularly attractive to the blind, and which spur on a certain number of them to make uncommon efforts for its attainment.

In the practice of music, more than in any other employment, they have free scope to exercise those faculties which are scarcely impeded by darkness, and to raise themselves in the social scale. Here they can overcome all technical difficulties, and become good performers and instructors. Here they find an occupation agreeable to their susceptibilities, congenial to their tastes, and promising a successful career in practical life. Hereby, above all, they are so armed as to start in the race of life under no disadvantages, and to compete on almost equal terms with those who see, in gaining a livelihood, and becoming useful and independent members of society. History, experience, statistics, and common sense, all testify alike to the truth of this statement.

It is obvious, then, that music, taught as it is in this Institution, is not a luxury, or mere accomplishment, as some are apt to suppose, but the most effective and powerful agent in the education of the blind. Besides improving their intellect, purifying their moral nature, elevating their sentiments, refining their tastes, and promoting their happiness, it opens a wide field of profitable employment to all who have marked ability.

Work of the Past Year.

Under the faithful management of Mr. Thomas Reeves, assisted by five competent resident teachers, and of three non-resident professors, distinguished in their respective branches, the musical department has made steady advancement, and a great amount of practical work has been accomplished during the past year.

The number of pupils who have received instruction in this department during the last twelve months is eighty-eight. This does not include several who have taken lessons, but who, for want of the necessary talent or ability to study music to advantage, have been discontinued after a patient and fair trial.

Our practice has been to give elementary musical instruction to all our pupils, with the sole exception of those who are defective in hearing or utterly lacking in the capacity for perceiving, or enjoying, the harmonious relations of sound. Such cases, however, are not very common.

Instruction in music is not postponed until after the mental faculties of the pupils have been developed. It begins early. Childhood is the most appropriate age for its commencement. If it be not cultivated in the early spring-time of life, its fruition becomes doubtful. Inaction enervates the musical faculties; the ear grows dull from lack of culture, and the voice unmanageable by long disuse.

The branches taught are the same as heretofore; viz., the piano, organ, class and solo singing, the flute, clarinet, cornet and other brass-band instruments, harmony, and the history of music. To these may be added a class in pedagogics, whose main object has been to commit to memory, thoroughly and minutely, the contents of an instruction book for the piano. This has been done in the light of the experience of the instructor, Mr. Kilbourne, which he has gained since he graduated from this Institution, in teaching a large number of seeing children with satisfactory results.

It is often asked whether the blind learn to play by note or by the ear. As this Report may fall into the hands of many who are likely to make the same inquiry, the following statement will give an idea of the method by which our pupils are taught music.

All the advanced scholars have their music lessons read aloud to them by a professional reader; and, as soon as they have committed them to memory, are ready to receive the instruction of their teacher. There are three seeing young ladies em-

played for reading music, who devote from one to four hours a week to each scholar. The pupils in their turn repeat occasionally to each other what they have learned, if this seem to be desirable. When a piece of music is well read, every word, dot, and line, without the omission of the smallest detail, is so distinctly transcribed and fixed in the mind of the learner, that it appears before his mental vision as clearly as the notes on the music-desk present themselves to the natural eye of the seeing musician. By the above method of reading, or dictation, a professional musician can learn, on an average, five or six pages of music per hour. Thus it may be in part understood how the blind are able to teach the seeing.

Instruction-books for all branches of music, printed according to Braille's system of tangible musical notation, would render our pupils in a great measure independent of music readers. For want of the appropriate books in the study of harmony, the teacher has been compelled to have the pupils write in the above system, from dictation, an abstract of Richter's manual on this branch of music. This was drawn from the introduction and the first twelve chapters, and consisted of all the exercises to be worked out, together with the most important explanations, and a few of the musical examples. The whole occupies from sixty to seventy pages, and is bound in a convenient form for present and future use; but considerable valuable time has been given to it, which might another year be very advantageously devoted in some other direction, if printed books of this and similar kinds could be obtained.

During the past year two new pianofortes have been added to our collection of forty, and several old ones repaired and put in good order. Other instruments have also been purchased, and nothing was omitted, compatible with the means of the establishment, which might tend to increase the proficiency of the music department.

Besides the ample means for a scientific instruction and thorough practice afforded at the Institution, opportunities for attendance upon performances of various kinds, and of hearing great compositions interpreted by eminent artists, have been eagerly sought and amply enjoyed by our pupils. Boston is the acknowledged centre of the profession of music in America. Owing to various causes, and most especially to the thorough musical instruction given in its schools by a corps of able and accomplished teachers, the musical taste of the community has been widely promoted, and the appreciation of excellence in music has been increased from year to year. This develops a discriminating love for what is beautiful in art, and elevates the character of public performances. To show what rare advantages are afforded in this city for musical culture, suffice it to mention, that, among numerous other classical compositions, there have been performed during the past year by eminent artists and societies of the first order, eighteen of Bach, nine of Mozart, thirty-one of Beethoven, twenty-one of Schubert, twenty-nine of Schumann, twenty-nine of Mendelssohn, and fifty-two of Chopin, together with four oratorios of Handel, and one of Mendelssohn. Thanks to the kindness and generosity of the artists, societies, and managers, whose names will be hereafter mentioned in the list of acknowledgments, our pupils have been allowed to derive great benefit from attending most of the best concerts, rehearsals, oratorios, operas, and the like. I can assure the gentlemen who have conferred these favors upon us, that no hearers in the community can be more thoroughly appreciative of these performances than our pupils; for the reason, that, in addition to the actual sensuous gratification enjoyed on each occasion, they are conscious of the great benefit accruing to themselves as students of an art by which they are to earn their livelihood and to become independent and happy.

Professor Paine's Symphonic Fantasy.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:—

SIR,—The first concert of this season at the Sanders Theatre has been justly extolled by the press as one of the most thoroughly artistic concerts ever given in this country, both in programme and performance. One of the principal features of this glorious concert was the production of Professor Paine's new symphonic fantasy on Shakespeare's "Tempest," a work exhibiting consummate technical knowledge and rare imaginative power, as full

of stimulus to the intelligence as of sensuous beauty. The University is certainly fortunate, not only in being able to have such concerts given within its precincts, but also in being able to furnish from the pen of one of its own members works such as this and the C-minor symphony, which can hold their own in a comparison with almost anything that has been achieved by old or recent masters. The merit of the Symphonic Fantasy consists as much in the freedom and originality of its general form as in the intrinsic beauty of the musical ideas; but the originality is obtained without the slightest disregard of that orderly thematic treatment which is the indispensable basis of all good music. So lucid, indeed, is the structure of the work that one is surprised to find the critic in *Dwight's Journal of Music* intimating a doubt as to whether it has any form at all. Since, however, such a doubt has been expressed, I will crave permission to offer some suggestions as to the form of the Symphonic Fantasy, having had opportunities for studying the work for some time before it was performed in public.

Professor Paine's "Tempest" is not conceived as an ordinary fantasia, a form which is too subjective and too nearly akin to free improvisation to be properly amenable to orchestral treatment. Each of the four movements is clearly thematic in character, and they are grouped together by the law of contrast as much as are the several movements of a symphony or sonata, though they are developed with greater conciseness, except in the Finale. At the same time they are worked out on a much broader scale than the introduction and allegro of an ordinary overture. The "Tempest"—such a wonderful fantasy of the poet—seems to demand a unique treatment from the composer. Some form less closely confined by traditional usage than the overture or the symphony seems to be called for; and the title "Symphonic Fantasy" suggests the real scope of the orchestra in representing in musical tones the general characteristics of the drama. In such a free form the wonderful soul of the modern orchestra is fully enabled to give expression to the emotions of the principal personages of the play, while indicating by appropriate devices their peculiar idiosyncrasies. The regular symphony or overture form would not have served the purpose so well. That the "freedom" of the form employed, however, does not involve any essential departure from sound classical precedent, is apparent enough from the following brief synopsis:—

The first or "storm" movement—*allegro con fuoco*, in D minor—is marked out in regular prelude form, thematic from beginning to end, with the motives chiefly in the strings. The second movement—*adagio tranquillo*, in E major—is in the cantabile song form, followed by pianissimo chords with Ariel's flute-motive supported and enriched by the harp.

The part of *Caliban* enters immediately afterward with grotesquely capering bassoon. As regards the matter of form, all this is merely an episode which leads directly into the third movement—*allegro moderato e maestoso*, in C major. Here enters the noble Prospero theme, with all the strings in unison. This is carried out in rondo form with thematic development, modulation and varied instrumentation, relieved by occasional contrast with the Ariel motive. In a new episode the grandeur of the arch-magician finds fit expression in a brief choral passage of brass instruments in fortissimo, diminishing superbly into a sustained pianissimo of strings (a passage over which I believe that Beethoven would have clapped his hands); and then, with the repetition of the harp and flute motive we enter a new key, leading into the fourth movement—*allegro ma non troppo*—in regular sonata form. Professor Paine's genius has never found more adequate expression than in this delightful climax, wherein the dialogue of Ferdinand and Miranda has acquired a new and abiding interest for many a year to come, for all such as can duly sympathize with the wedding of musical tones to a poetical theme. The coda which follows introduces reminiscences of the Prospero theme of the third movement, after very much the same manner as Beethoven in the finale of the Fifth symphony, introduces a reminiscence of the scherzo.

This interesting work is to be performed again on Saturday afternoon by Mr. Thomas's orchestra at the Music hall, and I hope that these suggestions may prove helpful to listeners who will then hear it for the first time.

JOHN FISKE.

—Cambridge, Dec. 4, 1877.

Music in Leipzig.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Nov. 9, 1877.—The fifth Gewandhaus Concert, last evening, was decidedly an attractive one, as will be seen by the following programme:

Beethoven—"Coriolan" overture.
Joachim—Scene from Schiller's "Demetrius."
Spohr—Concerto, No. 9.
Schubert—Aus Hallipolis.
Brahms—Minstrel.
Ernst—"Othello" fantasia.
Svendsen—Symphony No. 2, B flat.

Johann S. Svendsen, from Christiania, the composer of the symphony, conducted in person. He is yet quite a young man, and, from what he has already written, is doubtless destined not only to add still more lustre to the fame of his northern country, the home of Gade and Grieg, but also to become a particularly bright star in the musical firmament. His King seems to be personally interested in his development, granting him both sufficient means and a year's leave of absence from his post in Christiania. * * * The music has freshness and originality, is strikingly instrumentalized and has throughout the genuine marks of talent combined with learning.

Bertha Haft played her violin again like a full grown master artist, and not at all like the youthful maiden she is. The enormous difficulties of the Ernst composition she overcame easily and apparently with no more effort than it is for her to smile. In the Spohr Concerto the tones, rich and mellow, seemed to melt from her instrument. It was an ideal performance. It need scarcely be stated that she created a sensation.

Frau Amalie Joachim, wife of the great violinist, in the elaborate composition written by him, was enabled to show to excellent advantage all the peculiar qualities of her remarkable alto voice. Her singing is forcibly suggestive of a powerful stream in its rush towards the ocean; such is her volume of voice, which seemed to grow in power with every succeeding lower tone. She has no rival. Standing before the audience, every inch a queen, the strong sympathies naturally excited in favor of the young violinist were for the time being forgotten.

The orchestra was more than equal to the requirements expected of it; every member seemed to play his respective part with hearty pleasure and with full accord with the different composers. Concertmeister Röntgen conducted the violin compositions; Capellmeister Reinecke the others, excepting the symphony.

Don Juan, Hochlaender, Romeo and Juliet (Gounod), and Barber of Seville, were the operas of the week.

Nov. 16, 1877.—The death of the mother-queen of Saxony caused the postponement of all public performances announced to have been given from the 10th to the 12th instant, inclusive. At least six concerts were to have been given during these three days; the managers of these were, no doubt, very indignant, for the order forbidding them was final, permitted of no appeal or redress, and made no allowance for losses, which, in two instances at least, must have been very severe. Dr. Förster, the director of the theatre and opera-house, attempted to evade the order by substituting tragedies for the other plays and operas to have been given, but he, too, was unsuccessful, yielding gracefully to the inevitable.

On Tuesday evening the third Euterpe Concert, had the following programme:—

Overture to "Manfred".....Schumann
Aria from "Figaro's Marriage".....Mozart
Symphony, C minor.....Brahms
Wartend.....Mendelssohn
Songs—{ Stille Liebe.....Schumann
 { Im Mai.....Franz
Finale from unfinished opera—"Loreley".....Mendelssohn

The symphony is the same that created such a sensation, under the composer's conductorship, at the Gewandhaus last season. It was no mean undertaking on the part of the Euterpe. That, well realizing that comparisons with the performance of the rival combination would be made, it nevertheless did not hesitate to have it on its programme so shortly after, is evidence of the energy and progressive spirit which have always characterized this orchestra. Unfortunately both the symphony and the overture require an orchestra stronger just where the Euterpe is weakest: in the wind-instruments; but, in spite of this, both compositions were played creditably and without serious mishaps.

Frau Koch-Bossenger was most happy in the Mozart aria and in the songs; her voice seemed tired in the Mendelssohn finale. She is an admirable artist, and has firmly established the favorable impression made at the Gewandhaus quite recently.

The Gewandhaus last evening gave "The Seasons" (Haydn) entire. The solos were ably sung by Frau Otto Alvalleben, Herr Köhler and Herr Ernst, the two former from Dresden and the latter from Berlin. Orchestra and chorus could not have been better, and when it is remembered that the whole was prepared and conducted by Carl Reinecke, an idea of the excellence of the performance will be conveyed.

The operatic representations since Tuesday have been *Lohengrin* (Wagner), *Das Goldene Kreuz* (Brüll) and Mozart's *Schauspiel-director*. The two last were novelties—Mozart's opera had not been given for many years, and Brüll's opera is entirely new. It has met with deserved and large success wherever represented. It is an opera which will probably be for the composer what *Der Freyschütz* was for Weber—a stepping stone to fame. The audience gave no uncertain sign of approval and appreciation. A thousand hands doubled were moved in applause, and such applause as has rarely been witnessed within the walls of the beautiful Leipzig Opera House.

JOHN F. HINCKELBACH.

The Mock Mother.

[From the Saturday Review.]

An idle married woman who does not care for her husband, who either has no children or else takes no interest in them, must have something to give flavor to life. Take the case of a woman who has risen from the ranks and attained that social position which the judicious expenditure of a large fortune can generally give, at least in London. She must take up some line to make her footing secure. She must discover a rising star in art, science or literature, and bring him before the public. Perhaps she succeeds in persuading herself that the passion of her life is for music. She is utterly ignorant of the subject, and without any natural taste, but, meeting by chance at an evening party a youth with long hair and nimble fingers, she decides that he is the composer of the future, and invites him to her "at home." As he turns out to be even more eccentric than she could have hoped, he is at once adopted as a child of the house, and given a footstool at his new mother's knee. He comes after breakfast, and remains to lunch. The silent and long-suffering husband, who expresses toward him no paternal feelings, is compelled to retire to his club, while his wife plays duets with the rising genius. True, the poor youth has a certain fatal facility, and can ring changes on a feeble motive, with a dexterous accompaniment formed out of the common chord. But his compositions, though numerous, are always slightly incoherent. There seems no particular reason why they ever begin, why they should ever end, or why they should be counted as compositions at all. They seem to be invariably studies of chords or sequences from various haphazard points of view. Here and there a truly sweet little air is begun, but it vanishes unfinished, and the attentive listener is saddened by his ears nearly as much as is the critic by his eyes on beholding the rough sketches of a deceased artist of promise. Nothing is finished, nothing complete; there is a certain amount of talent, but no industry; there is fancy, but it ends in failure. Naturally his adopted mother sees nothing of this. She hears a pleasant jingle, and is more than satisfied. She talks to him of his wonderful heaven-sent originality, his poetic touch, his thrilling tones. Then she begs him to play over again that air for the left hand. As he looks up from the piano he sees her sitting spell-bound on the sofa. She is in a morning dress of white muslin, evidently not donned from vanity, for nothing could well be more unbecoming to her portly form. She rises with a deep-drawn sigh, and declares that sooner than believe that a talent like his can be wasted, she will renounce her belief in a future state of existence. She startles him, but being mystical and impressionable, as an imperfect musician must needs be, he rises to the occasion, and endeavors to refresh her religious belief by a sketch of his own. A new mission presents itself. She must save her dear boy's soul, if any one has a soul, which she very much doubts. He must come daily and spend the morning beside her at the piano. She buys him "Hymn to Sardanapalus,"

and invites him to her grand evening entertainments to play the accompaniments. Afterward, when he is very tired, he is allowed to improvise on the airs of the latest opera bouffe, and, as a great treat, to give a rendering of his latest sacred piece, which he composed to be played on the organ in the Albert hall. Next morning she tells him that she alone can understand his yearnings and his genius; that she, too, has inspirations which none but he can fathom, and then only through the love he has for her. Hereupon a great horror seizes him, for her manner is more than maternal. The poor young musician, being secretly madly in love with a German princess whom he saw when on a pilgrimage to Vienna, recoils, and taking up his hat in his bewilderment, thinking it is his roll of music, tries to stuff it into his pocket and get out of the room. His want of presence of mind leaves him an orphan. His hopes are gone, his only chance of patronage is withdrawn, and if he can get the post of organist in some obscure county town, and keep himself from starving, it will be the future limit of his ambition.

The London Popular Concerts.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

The twentieth season of these concerts began on Monday week with the usual absence of fuss. Good music well performed, like good wine, "needs no bush." Wherever it may be found, there will amateurs gather uncoaxed; and Mr. Arthur S. Chappell, who has satisfied the conditions, continues in the enjoyment of this inevitable result. The artists at the first concert were all old members of the Popular family, and the work with which the programme opened was one of the most familiar in the popular repertory. It is too late in the day to praise Schumann's Quartet in A minor. That composition, so characteristic of the tender and thoughtful genius to whom we owe it, holds a place in the affection of amateurs not less exalted than the A minor of Schubert, and is never heard apart from the rapt attention with which it was listened to as interpreted by Mme. Néruda, MM. Ries, Zerbini, and Platti. The second concerted work was Mendelssohn's familiar pianoforte Trio in C minor, played by Mme. Anna Mehlig in conjunction with the violinist and violoncellist already named; and after it came Haydn's Quartet in B flat, introduced for the second time only at these concerts. Simple in the extreme, though distinguished by the consummate art which simplicity, in music, never excludes, this work might, as the notes to the programme happily said—"be played during a recital of Guarini's 'Pastor Fido,' the 'Galatea' of Cervantes, or any of the ecological poems of Sannazaro." It is as deliciously fresh, notwithstanding its quaintness, as though written yesterday; and if any real taste survive after late experiences of "advanced" music, the Quartet in B flat will be often asked for and heard. Miss Mehlig's solo was Beethoven's variations on a theme in E flat (Op. 35)—an example of his skill in that form of composition second only to his famous 33 variations on the Diabelli waltz. Both these, and the pianoforte part in the trio, were played by the German lady, if not to absolute perfection, with a degree of acceptance that appeared thoroughly to satisfy her critical hearers. The vocalists were Mdlles. Friedländer and Redeker, who sang in their usual charming fashion duets by Mendelssohn and Rubinstein, accompanied by Sir Julius Benedict. It need scarcely be added that each of the artists engaged received a warm recognition on making a first appearance for the season.

The Saturday series of concerts began on the 17th with no less success than did the Monday series on the 12th, precisely the same instrumental artists appearing. In this case the Schubert quartet already referred to occupied the place before filled by that of Schumann in the same key, and was received with not less delight. But the Vienna composer's A minor has long been a stock piece in Mr. Chappell's repertory, and one certain to please whenever put forward, whether the listener be a connoisseur in the stalls or a "popular" patron in the shilling gallery. It was admirably played on this occasion, Mme. Néruda especially acquitting herself well in a task which she always enters upon *con amore*. The second concerted work—Rubinstein's pianoforte Trio in B flat major—seems now to have established itself in St. James's Hall, and with this was given a very interesting set of variations on a theme in F minor by Haydn, which Mdlle. Mehlig brought forward for the first time. It belongs to a set of six; and if the other five be as good, we ought speedily

to know them all. Distinguished not only by Haydn's liveliest fancy, but his boldest and least conventional manner, these variations deserve the attention to which Mdlle. Mehlig's capital performance recommended them. In the course of the afternoon Mme. Néruda played in her chastest style Beethoven's Romance in G, and Mr. Santley sang, with his usual ability, Sullivan's "Thou art passing hence" (encored) and "Revenge, Timothy cries," to both of which Sir Julius Benedict supplied a finished accompaniment.

Last Monday's programme included Mozart's Quartet in B flat (No. 9), and Rheinberger's pianoforte Quartet in E flat, these works being appropriately kept as far apart as possible. As on Saturday, there were two solos, Miss Mehlig playing Bach's Prelude and Fugue in G minor; and Signor Platti introducing some melodies of Molique with pianoforte accompaniment. Marked by the tenderness and grace of their composer, and played to perfection by the inimitable Italian violoncellist, these pieces commanded general approval. The vocalist was Mme. Antoinette Sterling, who, besides Sullivan's "Thou art weary," introduced three German songs, the works respectively of Schubert, Grieg, and Franz, accompanied by Mr. Zerbini.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 22, 1877.

The C-minor Symphony by Brahms.

This Symphony, the first by the composer, has attracted so much attention in Europe during the past year, having been performed first at Karlsruhe, Mannheim and Munich, then in December 1876 at Vienna, then at Leipzig, and afterwards at Cambridge and London; and it has been so extravagantly praised, some even calling it the "Tenth Symphony," that naturally it finds its way to America now that the score is published. It was performed in Dr. Damrosch's Symphony Concert in New York, last Saturday; it will be given by Mr. Thomas in the next New York Philharmonic Concert; and it forms the *pièce de resistance* of our next Harvard Symphony programme for January 3d.

It may interest our readers to see some of the German criticisms, which we here translate. The first is from Vienna (Dec. 30, 1876) where it was performed under the direction of the composer:

"As a whole the work impresses by its moral earnestness and by the iron force of will with which it pursues its goal. After the first movement, with its heavy cloudiness, its struggling with dark powers; after the second movement, with its yearning *cantabile*; after the concise third movement, a soft and tender sunny point of rest, with its charming shifting play of rhythm, the fourth movement receives us, highly dramatic in the beginning, and pressing onward with more and more impetuosity toward a clear solution. A *unisono pizzicato* of the strings cutting in suddenly, is followed by a startling thunder clap, the gloomy clouds are rent asunder, the soul is freed from pangs unspeakable. Like a call from another world the trombone tones are heard; a reconciling choral melody snatches us from earthly chains, all doubts are solved and yield to a hymn of joy kindred in its course of thought with that of Beethoven, which bears all before it in the consciousness of victory upon a clear and brilliant flood. Every future performance will confirm the statement, that the impression of this last movement is an overwhelming one. Many a hearer to be sure, not without reason, would wish to find more pregnant motives in the first movement, and fewer hard and enigmatical passages; a firmer articulation in the progress of the noble song of the second movement; and especially a more satisfying conclusion to the third movement (which might more properly be termed an *Intermezzo*). But these defects are richly compensated

by the bold, majestic way in which the final movement builds itself up. That every part of the Symphony unfolds a fulness of instrumental charm and of ingeniously formed passages, one needs no assurance, after the warm reception of the distinguished composer and his work."

After the first performance of the Brahms Symphony in Leipzig (at the Gewandhaus, Jan. 18, 1877) Bernsdorff wrote of it in the *Signale* as follows:

"The fourteenth concert was principally devoted to Johannes Brahms; for besides Beethoven's *Cericlean* Overture and Schumann's 'Cello Concerto, the programme contained only works of Brahms: namely, the new Symphony (C minor, MS.); the orchestral variations on a theme by Haydn; and six songs. As further contributions to the physiognomy of the concert we may mention the circumstances that Herr Brahms conducted his own orchestral pieces, besides sitting at the piano as accompanist to his own songs; and that a regular Brahms party meeting was organized, since a pretty strong contingent from abroad had joined the resident disciples and admirers of the composer. It will be understood, of course, that the consumption of enthusiasm was enormous, and that the success of the Symphony was one seldom exceeded in the annals of the Gewandhaus.

"We for our part, bound by our duty as reporter to maintain a cooler attitude toward it, and under no circumstances to allow ourselves to be brow-beaten—we have frankly to confess that this first Symphonic creation of Brahms has brought us not one step nearer in the love for this composer, although it has not injured our general appreciation of him as a composer of ideal aspiration and of conspicuous technical ability in Art. The great obstacle to our love for Brahms is: that his inventive quality has for us nothing, or too little, that touches the heart and makes one happy; that reflection with him is paramount to inspiration; that he *à tout prix* pushes into the foreground what is interesting at the expense of beauty; and that things far-fetched and over-strained in all possible forms and shapes continually claim attention. What we have said will meet with the most positive and violent contradiction from the Brahms fanatics, but it is our deliberate conviction, and nothing can restrain us from expressing our opinion, or persuade us to change it out of regard to any momentary current of the times."

Orchestral Concerts.

We have yet to mention the second pair of THOMAS THOMAS'S Concerts, which took place too late in the week for our last number. On both occasions the Music Hall was far from being full,—one of the signs of the times which we may read in all such entertainments. The third Concert (Wednesday evening, Dec. 5) offered one of the best programmes which Thomas has yet given, namely:

Symphony, B flat.....Mozart
Adagio-Allegro. Andante. Menuetto (Allegretto). Finale (Allegro).
Scene and Aria—Alceste, (Act 1).....Gluck
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Solo for Violin, Romance.....Wagner
Master Leopold Lichtenberg.
Selections from Manfred.....Schumann
Overture. Interlude. Invocation of the Alpine
Fay.
Scene and Aria—(Fidelio).....Beethoven
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Solo for Violin—Polonaise.....Wieniawski
Symphonic Poem—"Les Preludes,".....Liszt

The Mozart Symphony—"a thing of beauty" and "a joy forever"—could hardly have been more exquisitely played. All its grace and delicacy, its genial warmth, its pure, spontaneous, even flow of inspiration, the spell which only genius wedded to perfect Art can exercise, were felt throughout the

whole four movements. Never before have we heard Schumann's *Manfred* Overture so well interpreted; and it can well be imagined that those delicate, imaginative little pieces (the Entr' acts and Invocation), which have made a charming feature in several of our own Symphony Concerts, would have all justice done them by this nicely trained orchestra. Liszt's "Preludes," the least unsatisfactory of his Symphonic Poems, so interesting in its instrumentation, but so cloying and disappointing in its thematic development, or rather in its poverty of germ thoughts, we did not hear; it could not be heard to better advantage than through this Orchestra.

The Scene from Gluck's *Alceste*, heard here for the first time, is a noble specimen of the old lyric reformer's musical dramatic genius. The situation which it suggests—Alceste resolved to sacrifice her life for that of her husband—as well as the whole plan and character of the music, the long passages of impassioned declamation, the recurring sublime periods of sustained cantilena, make it a most arduous task for any but a great singer. Miss WILDE has the large voice for it—more remarkable, however, for power than sweetness, and she threw herself into it with great energy and fervor; so that music, which might have been found dry and monotonous in its severity by a miscellaneous modern audience, really called forth a show of something like enthusiasm. She gave also an impressive rendering of the great Scene and Aria ("Abscheulicher!") in *Fidelio*, though certainly we have heard better.

Master LICHTENBERG'S performances delighted as they do always, but his selections were not particularly interesting; indeed that transcription of a Pianoforte Album piece by Wagner seemed to us little short of ugly and unmeaning.

The fourth Programme (Saturday afternoon) was this:

Suite, Op. 49, (new).....Saint-Saëns
Prelude. Sarabande. Gavotte. Finale.
Scene and Aria, (Oberon).....Weber
Ocean! Thou mighty monster.
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Siegfried's Death, ("Goetterdaemmerung") Wagner
Solo for Violin, Russian Airs.....Wieniawski
Master Leopold Lichtenberg.
Symphonic Fantasia, ("Tempest").....J. K. Paine
Songs, s., "Waldegesprach,".....Schumann
s., "Es glänzt im Abend Sonnengolde," Fesca
Minuet.....Bocherini
Spring Orchestra.
Solo for Violin, Romance.....Vieuxtemps

We found no more to admire in the Suite by Sainte-Saëns, than we did at Cambridge. The Wagner Siegfried Dirge did affect our imagination more powerfully than it has done before, though not precisely in the way we can call musical; but rather as a vast, vague, gloomy and appalling element of tones, haunted by shadowy gigantic figures dimly discernible—a half chaotic night of trailing clouds and sobs and bursts of agony.

In Professor Paine's "Tempest" music we confess to have found more beauties than before, and to have enjoyed it more, though we still fail to perceive wherein it is so strikingly "Shakespearean" or "imaginative." In intimating, perhaps too thoughtlessly, a doubt as to whether it had any form, we did not mean to deny that it possessed organic—or, as Mr. John Fiske would say, thematic form (see his article in another column), but only to hint of the perplexity we felt between its simply musical pretensions as to form and the apparent character of "programme" music which seems to have chiefly occupied the mind's eye of admiring critics. It was not necessary for Mr. Fiske to show us that it had form, thematic development, distinct, yet mutually related movements, &c. We grant all that. It was the warning that we were to be looking out for Ariel, for Caliban, for Prospero, for Mi-

randa and Ferdinand, that interfered with the purely musical sense of and delight in form. What few misgivings we expressed were aimed more at the wholesale eulogists than at the work itself. Perhaps in due time we, too, may become convinced that it is all an inspiration of pure creative genius, "Shakespearean," and "of imagination all compact." But time alone can set that seal upon a work; to take it all for granted at the first blush, and proclaim it with such flourish, seems extravagant and childish; at least one may claim the privilege of an old head to be cautious. When Mr. Fiske prefaces his analysis with the grave assurance that these works of the Cambridge Professor may hold their own with those of "any masters old or new," we must decline all argument. These are the pardonable and no doubt sincere superlatives of friendship, and we would as soon dispute a lover's transcendental tribute to his mistress' eyebrow. In the same way we hear just now the "Brahms fanatics" placing the new C minor Symphony upon a level with Beethoven's and christening it "the tenth Symphony," forgetting what Schubert, Mendelssohn, and Schumann have created in this form.

Miss MATHILDE WILDE was even more successful in the great Aria from *Oberon*: "Ocean, Du Ungeheuer," than in what she sang before. Master LICHTENBERG played the Russian Airs with great expression, and the admiration for his art, so fresh yet so mature, does not begin to flag. The rest of the Concert we were obliged to lose.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—The third Symphony Concert (Dec. 6) had the smallest audience of the season so far; surely an unkind and unappreciative response to the invitation of such a programme:—

Symphony, No. 4, in B flat, Op. 20.....Gade
Allegro vivace—Andante con moto.—Scherzo.—
Finale.
Violin Concerto, in E minor, Op. 64.....Mendelssohn.
Allegro appassionato.—Andante.—Allegro
vivace.
Dr. Leopold Damrosch.
Overture to "Medea".....Cherubini
Chaconne, in D minor, for Violin Solo.....J. S. Bach
Dr. Leopold Damrosch.
Overture to the Hindoo Legend, "Sakuntala".....
Goldmark

Respect for the high artistic character of Dr. DAMROSCH, and the still fresh recollection of his admirable performance last year of the Beethoven Concerto, ought, alone, to have ensured a much larger attendance; but the Concert happened to be unfortunately timed,—close between a Thomas and a Cecilia Concert, and just after one of those periodic blasts of a combined aggressive criticism. How elated the storming party must feel! Everybody appeared charmed by the exquisitely refined, artistic, spirited and intellectual style in which Dr. Damrosch played the Mendelssohn Concerto.—Every phrase was gracefully and clearly outlined, the intonation unimpeachable, the tone rich and pure; the execution highly finished. The orchestral accompaniment was fair upon the whole, though now and then a little rough and loud, particularly in the pizzicatos; and if he could only have taken the Finale at a less scouring tempo, it would have been better for the orchestra, at least for the wind instruments. It is a long time since we have so heartily enjoyed that noblest of all solo compositions for the violin,—a solo which contains or implies within itself the complete harmony, and which, composed a century and a half ago, anticipates all the important effects and developments of the whole modern violin school,—the *Chaconne* by Bach. Dr. Damrosch played it without any accompaniment; perhaps the piano accompaniment by either Mendelssohn or Schumann would have given it a larger and a weightier seeming to a general audience in the great hall. But to our feeling he appeared entirely

master of it, bringing out its power and beauty, ever deepening and growing to the end, in a manner we have only heard surpassed by Joachim, whose large, firm tone he does not possess. We should have been glad to see this masterwork, so worthily presented as it was, more universally appreciated; for truly we regard it as the best piece on the programme.

The little Gade Symphony, so romantic and poetic, full of grace, and unsurpassed in beauty of tone coloring, was nicely played, renewing the fresh impression of last year. Cherubini's Overture to "Medea" can hardly be heard too often, having so much of the imperishable stuff in it. We cannot say the same of the long, loud, cloying Oriental Overture to "Sakuntala," which certainly is one of the most brilliant and imposing instances of the modern over-full and over-strained orchestration,—over-full in proportion to its intrinsic musical thought material. Yet there is some poetry in it, something that sounds legendary and dramatic; and it has certainly some startling effects of brass, while the pervading melodic theme, given by the English Horn sounds quite romantic. Such a work is interesting by contrast once in a while, and as a modern curiosity. It is extremely difficult, and it is greatly to the credit of the musicians that, with so short rehearsal they performed it so acceptably.

This week's Concert offered the fourth Symphony of Beethoven, and his "Coriolanus" Overture; a new Nocturne by C. C. Mueller, of New York; the Scherzo from Mendelssohn's Reformation Symphony; and Gade's "Highlands" Overture; besides which the fresh, charming singer, Miss LIZZIE CROXY, was set down for Bach's "My heart ever faithful," Franz's Ave Maria, and the Romance and Prayer from Rossini's *Otello*.

In the fifth Concert (Jan. 3) will be performed for the first time in Boston, the famous new Symphony by Brahms, and Mr. W. H. SKEWWOOD will play the almost new Piano Concerto by Grieg.

Chamber Concerts.

Under this head we may mention the second Cambridge Concert (Dec. 11), although it was given in the large Saunders Theatre, inasmuch as the programme this time was made up of chamber music

1. Sonata for Piano and Violin (Kreutzer) in A minor. Op. 47.....Beethoven
Adagio sostenuto, Presto.—Andante con variazioni.—Presto.
Messrs. Ernest Perabo and Bernhard Listemann.
2. Aria, "Si t'amo, o cara," from the Opera "Musie Soevola".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
3. Larghetto and Scherzo in B flat, op. 33, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.....Paine
Messrs. Perabo, Listemann and Hartdegen.
4. Violoncello Solo: Sarabande and Gigue, from the Suite in C major.....Bach
Mr. Adolphe Hartdegen.
5. Song; a. Geheimes.....Schubert.
b. Tändel im Mal.....Franz
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
6. Octet for 2 Violins, Viola, Violoncello, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Contrabass, in F major. Op. 166.....Schubert
Adagio, Allegro.—Andante un poco mosso.—Scherzo, Allegro vivace.—Andante molto, Allegro.
Messrs. B. & F. Listemann, Heindl, Hartdegen, Whitmore, Bels, Elts and Greene.

The ever green old "Kreutzer" Sonata was exceptionally happy in the rendering and gave the greatest pleasure. Mr. Paine's Larghetto and Scherzo seemed to us the finest of the several compositions he has given us in this form. The Scherzo is quite original and piquant, in striking contrast, yet well related to the rich and thoughtful slow movement that precedes it. The Octet by Schubert it was a rare treat to hear; we do not remember to have heard it since there were concerts in the Boston Melodeon, and then only once or twice by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club. The Sanders Theatre is precisely the right place for compositions of this kind. It lends itself most naturally to Septets, Octets, Nonets, the Serenades, Divertissements, &c., of Mozart,—in short, to works between the Quartet and Symphony. It was artistically interpreted by the well matched company of

artists and was heartily enjoyed. Whatever of weakness or of sweetish melodic commonplace—almost Italian in the Andante—there may be in it, there can be no mistake in saying that it is remarkably euphonious throughout. It all sounded well, much of it deliciously. The Scherzo was to our mind much the most original and striking part: next to that, the first movement; the Finale is more in that routine Rondo manner, so common in the finales to Schubert's Sonatas, &c., which seem to have composed themselves almost automatically. We trust it will not be so long again before we have another chance to hear this beautiful Octet again, and that the beautiful, acoustically almost perfect Sanders Theatre has other treats of the same kind in store for us.

We wonder that the excellent violinist could have chosen for his solo (without accompaniment even of the Piano) that solemn, stately Sarabande of Bach; surely it never could have been intended to be given down in the depths in that way, unrelieved by any other instrument. And we wondered still more at the applause which it received; but that was probably for the well beloved Ceilo in itself, and for the finished style of the performance. In the Gigue, to be sure, with its rollicking, lively motion, there was more to catch the sense, and, upon second thought, we suspect it was that too that caught the applause and called the artist back.

Miss FANNY KELLOGG sang in her sweetest voice, to Mr. DRESSER's accompaniment, her choice selection of pieces. The Aria from one of Handel's Italian Operas, was given with refined and tender feeling, with chaste and finished execution, and the roulades, so evenly and smoothly done, seemed not less expressive and spontaneous than the simpler melody. Never before have we heard that unique and lovely song of Schubert's "Geheimes" (the secret), so perfectly expressive of Goethe's verses, sung so intelligibly, so tastefully, and with such delicate expression. After it was interpolated a charming song composed by Fanny Hensel, Mendelssohn's sister; and the dancing May Song of France, hardly a minute long, was given for an encore.

MME. MADELINE SCHILLER'S PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—Horticultural Hall has been the scene, for three successive Wednesday afternoons, of some very choice artistic experiences. It is too well understood that this is the last winter which this admirable artist, who as a lady too has won her way to general esteem and friendship here, will spend with us,—at least for some years to come, since it is her purpose to retire from the exhaustive labors of incessant teaching, and return to Europe during the summer, there to devote herself entirely to concert playing. Slowly and surely, more and more, has our musical public learned to appreciate her rare musical talent and her remarkable accomplishments as one of the most complete pianists of our time. Few have covered so wide a field in the best literature of her instrument; few have so quick and sure a faculty of mastering the most important and most difficult compositions; and very few can play them to us with such accuracy and clearness, such delicate variety of light and shade, such pearly clearness of execution, and so much expression. Never were those qualities more signally displayed than in the three Recitals just completed. The programmes were remarkable. Here is the first one (of Dec. 5.)

- Suite, Op. 91.....Joachim Raff
Fantasia e Fuga. Gi con variazioni. Cavatina
Marola.
Aria, "Voi che Sapete," Figaro.....Mozart
Sonata, C. major op. 2, No. 3.....Beethoven
Etudes de Concert.
a. Gnomontans.....Seeling
b. Ricordanza.....Liszt
c. II Tremolo.....Gottschalk
Song "Du bist wie eine Blume,".....Rubinstein
Variations, E flat, op. 82.....Mendelssohn
Valse, op. 34, No. 1.....Chopin

The Suite by Raff is an exceedingly long and trying task for any pianist; and we may say too, that it contains more of truly fine and original matter than almost any composition we have heard of; while it includes also not a little that could well be spared, long passages which we found wearisome and commonplace, passages which appeared to add nothing to the essential statement. The opening Fantasia is full of imaginative romantic charm, exciting wonder what will come; we would rather hear it again before venturing to pronounce the Fuga somewhat disappointing. The Gigue in its simple form is very lovely and unique, and several of the variations show a fine inventiveness. The Cavatina, too, is beautiful, in a sentimental, serious vein; the March much after the model of his *Lenore* march, clever enough, but spending all its substance long before it makes an end. We thought we never had heard Mme. Schiller play any elaborate work so mar-

velously well as she did this; nor leaving the Rubinstein and Billows out of the question, should we know where to look for her equal in such an achievement. That early Sonata of Beethoven, requiring the most finished artist for its satisfactory interpretation, was faultless in her rendering and full of life and charm. And all her other selections, so various in character, were presented, each after its kind, in rare perfection. The mechanism was so perfect that it seemed to cost no care, no effort, leaving the mind and soul free, simply to conceive, feel and express the spirit of the music.

The singer was Miss LIZZIE CROXY, from Buffalo, who charmed everybody when she sang here a few years since in Von Bülow's concerts. Her pure, sweet, sympathetic voice, her refined and delicate musical sensibility, the chaste fervor and perfect simplicity of her song, in which at the same time true artistic training shows itself, and the modesty of her demeanor, are quite irresistible. The only drawback is that her physique is delicate and she is easily fatigued. She is not made for an impassioned prima donna of the stage; her sphere is rather among the fresh and fragrant wild flowers of song; and we were not surprised to learn that since this concert, she has taken instinctively to the songs of Robert Franz, of which she knew not one before. With Mr. Dressler for accompanist, her numbers lent a fine fresh fragrance to the concert.

Mme. Schiller's second Recital was entirely dedicated, on her part, to the illustration of Chopin's genius in all its various phases; and the third to the important works of Raff, Schumann, Beethoven, Liszt, concluding with the *Serenade* and *Allegro giusto* of Mendelssohn. Miss Cronyn sang the "Lark" Aria from Handel's *L'Allegro* and numerous choice songs by Franz, Mendelssohn and Schumann. But to speak worthily of all this we must make room in another number.

We are compelled still further to postpone notice of the fine concert of the Cecilia, and several other vocal Concerts.

BEETHOVEN LITERATURE.—We are sure most of our readers have been interested in the translation of Mr. A. W. THAYER's pamphlet of which we give to-day the last instalment. It was published recently by W. Weber of Berlin, under the title: "Ein Kritischer Beitrag zur Beethoven-Literatur, vorgelesen im 'Schillerverein' zu Triest von Alexander W. Thayer." Lest some of the matter should seem trivial to some, we add here from a private letter, the author's reasons for taking the matter in hand so thoroughly; surely his vindication of Beethoven's slandered brothers is complete. He writes:

For ten or more years past a certain Ludwig Nohl—"the most voluminous of writers on Beethoven"—has been publishing articles in newspapers and monthlies, has been delivering lectures and writing volumes on Beethoven, and finally a 3 vol. Biography, in all of which he has embraced every possible occasion to exhibit Beethoven's brothers and their wives, as well as the nephew, in the worst possible light. Of course by this time his readers are myriads in number; and thus far no one has replied to, or criticised him, on the principle that each should stand or fall on his own merits. I have let him alone, except in two instances on single points. But since the appearance of the 3d vol. of his Biography of B. I have felt it a duty to take the first, best occasion to show how baseless is much of the slander and vituperation with which he has endeavored to overwhelm the memory of Johann von B. with infamy.

The musical public of Germany will understand me; and I hope that your readers will find the details, which I have given, interesting. I have also desired to subject opinions, so opposed to those which have prevailed for forty years upon the relations between the brothers, and between Beethoven and Nohl, to thorough criticism before giving them a more permanent place in a large work.

WORCESTER, Mass.—Mr. B. D. Allen is giving a new Course of musical lectures,—this time on Musical Form. For illustrations he gave last Monday evening the following programme of Old English Ditties, Rounds and Catches:

1. (a) The Hunt is up.....Sixteenth Century
(b) To the Maypole come away.....Reign of Elizabeth
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
2. (a) The Ballif's Daughter of Islington.....Traditional
(b) Come Lasses and Lads.....Seventeenth Century
Miss Minnie Sullivan.
3. (a) The Oak and the Ash.....The Commonwealth
(b) The Country Lass.....Eighteenth Century
Miss A. V. Kinney.
4. (a) Since First I Saw your Face.....Reign of James I
(b) Heart of Oak.....Reign of Anne
Mr. B. T. Hammond.
5. Rounds.
(a) Antipater's Elegy on Sophocles.....Dr. Hayes
(b) Hark the Bonny Christ Church Bells.....Dean Aldrich
Mrs. Marsh and Misses Dearborn and Kinney.
6. Catches.
(a) Hold Thy Peace.....Traditional
(b) Have you seen Sir John Hawkins' History?.....Dr. Calcott
(b) Ah, Sophia How Can You Leave?.....
Messrs. Rich, Morse and Bacon.

Dr. Hans Von Bülow on Meyerbeer, etc.

The following remarks concerning Meyerbeer appear in Herr Hans von Bülow's *Reise-Recessionsen*, or *Notes of Travel*, recently published in the Leipzig *Signale*:—

"But when, at a period of such operatic poverty, of such noisy sterility, as the present, Master Giacomo is loudly cried down as a 'surmounted dragon,' and the pigmies of the present day, jealous of his successes, appeal as they cry him down to the Olympic audacities which Robert Schumann buried against the presumed Antichrist forty, and Wagner twenty-five years ago, we must simply reply—*Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*. Schumann understood just as much about an opera as Rossini did about a symphony; Wagner was guilty of injustice with greater consciousness, though he may be excused in consideration of the hard laws of a struggle for existence." But 'everything has happened before,' says Ben Akiba. Let the reader call to mind Weber and Beethoven, etc. Epigoni, however, who do not deserve to be named with Wagner (even as a specific musician) in the same day, and whose most striking success will never equal the *fiasco d'estime* achieved by *Genoessa*, should, before they are bold enough to try and write operas, *poke their respected noses a trifle further into the scores of men like Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber*, and see if they possess talent enough to derive some little practical benefit from the process."

Music in New York.

(Concluded from Page 141.)

Dec. 3.—At the second Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall on Saturday evening, Dec. 1st, Mr. Thomas gave a very interesting bill, beginning with Mozart's Symphony in E flat, one of the most popular of that composer's works, and one which, with the G minor and the "Jupiter," marks a point when his genius had reached its highest development. The four movements, with their lovely themes and felicity of treatment, are quite beyond description, and, were I inclined to be lavish of adjectives in their praise, I should still hesitate; for on turning over the leaves of the "Analytical Review," sold at the concert, I find that the minuet, which, in some form, has crept into every household in the land, and which is dear to thousands who have never known more of it than an arrangement for piano-forte,—this minuet is described as "jovial, without being vulgar." We are not told what it is to be vulgar without being jovial, but after reading this patronizing sentence, we can readily imagine.

The other selections for orchestra were the introduction to the Third Act of "Medea," by Cherubini, and Schumann's Symphony in D minor, a splendid work, which is only relegated to the second rank, because Schumann himself has produced others that outrank it. The very freedom of thought and style, the so-called lack of finish, which are urged as defects, make the work attractive. It is a rude strength of inspiration, which casts off the restraint of form as Samson cast off the cords, when they bound him.

The vocal selections comprised a Scene and Aria from *Alceste*, Act 1st, (Gluck), and a Scene and Aria: "Abscheulicher," from *Fidelio*. The vocalist was Miss Mathilde Wilde, who has a mezzo-soprano voice of good quality in the middle range, but not at all at home in the high key in which the music of *Alceste* is pitched. The agreeable quality of her voice was lost in the high notes, and her intonation was sometimes defective; but she sang with taste and correctness. In the aria from *Fidelio* the defects I have named were avoided and she was much more successful.

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, Dec. 12, 1877.—The multiplicity of other duties prevents my giving this correspondence the attention it deserves, and even now, after this long delay, I can give but a summary of musical matters here since my former communication.

The Beethoven Society, under Mr. Carl Wolfsohn's leading, has come to the front this winter as our principal exponent of music. Their first concert brought a repetition of Verdi's Requiem Mass with orchestra.

As the solos were entrusted to amateurs, the work was not as effective as would otherwise have been the case. I do not see how Mr. Wolfsohn with his love for classic music can "enthuse" so over this work. To me it seems merely Verdi. It is *Trovatore*, *Traviata*, *Aida*, and a slight imitation of certain Wagnerian effects. Mr. Fred. Root gave a very striking account of it when he said it seemed to him like a musical setting of the old-fashioned superstitious views of death and the judgment.

The choral work of the society was rather better than last year. The enthusiasm at the concert was mild.

Another of their reunions has been given, and the programme includes a Haydn quartet and a Rheinberger quatuor for strings and piano. The latter is melodious and well done.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue. On one occasion this year he gave a really immense programme, containing among other things Liszt's fantasia on "E in Feste Burg" and Bach's "Musical Offering." I did not hear this recital, and have not been able to get a copy of the programme, otherwise I would send it. On another occasion he played a two-hand arrangement of Merkel's duo sonata in D minor. Last Saturday's recital brought Mr. Gleason's organ sonata in C sharp minor. The last half of this work is anything but severe, but throughout it displays fine musical feeling and an expert handling of material. I should say, however, that the composer was hardly in sympathy with the organ. This work is a piano sonata, or a very light orchestral work in sonata form, written for organ. Something like this might be said of Mr. Buck's second sonata; yet that is thoroughly well adapted to the organ. In other words the composer does there exactly what the organ permits doing well. Mr. Gleason, on the other hand, seems to me to bring forward ideas and modes of treatment which would have been much more perfectly expressed through the orchestra. He possesses a pleasing flow of melody, and a remarkable facility of modulation. The smoothness with which he slips around among a half dozen or a dozen keys without apparently disturbing the flow of his melody, is one of the things I wonder at!

The Hershey popular concerts continue.

I am glad you copied Mr. Upton's pleasant account of the Rive-King testimonial. It was a splendid tribute to that accomplished pianist, and was a better account of it than I could have made, especially as the "encore fiasco" was on hand and doubled a programme which was already too long and too heterogeneous. The excellent critic of the "Inter-Ocean" went off in a long disquisition about Mme. Rive-King's inability to play Chopin, which, considering that on this occasion she undertook nothing more exacting than a nocturne Valse, and the Berceuse (all of which she played beautifully), seemed to me a little far-fetched. The *Times* spoke very highly of her playing but thought these pieces unworthy the occasion. One of the pleasantest bits of news about Mme. King is that she is presently to play a series of six or eight recitals in Oberlin; and in February will give five here in Chicago.

The Apollo Society gave their first concert last week. I was not present, but I hear the enthusiasm was very mild. The only success the Club made was in the performance of Gounod's "Nazareth." For soprano solo they had Miss Welsh from Boston. For pianist they had Teresa Careno, who made a decided sensation. Nobody seems to know whether she played very well or badly. She was a hit with the audience, and I am very sorry I did not hear her. None of the papers ventured an opinion on the goodness or badness of it. It looks now as if the Apollo Club had passed its prime and was getting ready to be offered up, singing: "Down life's dark vale we wander." Meanwhile, Mr. Tomlins has organized a Bach mixed chorus of carefully selected voices. What they will do we shall see.

The Haydn Orchestra has given one symphony concert. This week they have the Abbott Troupe, and the Hess English Opera.

The music schools, of which there are three or four, all seem to be doing well.

Mr. Ledochowski of the Chicago Conservatory (formerly Guldbeck's) has taken a partner, Mr. C. A. Havens. Mr. Ledochowski is a most excellent musician, and a great pianist. I have great respect for his work.

The Church of the Holy Name has lately procured one of the most effective three-manual organs I have ever heard, from Johnson & Son; and the opening of it has led to a bitter controversy between the organist there, Mr. Herman Allen, and his friend, Mr. C. E. R. Muller, on the one hand, and certain "parishioners," "Jeremiahs," and other disgruntled pseudonyms on the other. It seems Mr. Allen sticks to the plain song, and "parishioner" and the rest desire him to return to the grand old music of *St. Charles* by Lambillotte, Mercadante, etc.!! Fancy Allen's disgust!

Mr. Blackman's society, "The West Side Choral Union," will give a concert presently with selections from "Samson," etc.

There must be now as many as six or eight choral societies in operation here, besides the German. All this is very good, but it plays the mischief with the choral choirs in the churches.

DEB. FREYHUTZ.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Thou art my Star. F. 3. c to F. *Marriott*. 30
"It sweetly shines, for it divines
That I am near and seeking thee."
Words by Oxford. Love and Stars are pleasant things to sing about.

The Waggon. G. 5. c to E. *Molloy*. 35
"Ribbons red, and ribbons blue,
Dolly knows my heart is true."
A cheerful rustic song of the waggoner, as he drives "Vi'let" and "Blossom" thro' the woods.

'Twas but a Rosebud you gave me. Ab. 3. *Darling*. 30
E to F.
"Bright with the morn's early dew."
Words by Geo. Cooper, and like the music, are of good quality.

Sad and Forlorn. (Russian Song.) D minor. 4. d to a. *Kanabena*. 30
"Where find a shelter firm and true."
One cannot but sympathize with Mr. Kanabena and Mr. Dargomeshchagin in their troubles, which are so far beneficial to us, that they give us an insight to the character of Muscovite poetry and music.

Roll out! Heave dat Cotton. Song and Chorus. E. 3. E to G. *Hays*. 30
"I hear dat bell a 'ringin'."
Fine picture of rush at the landing of a Mississippi boat. The "fun" may be unintelligible at the East, but a river-man will at once see it.

Tell me you're not angry, Darling. Bb. 3. F to F. *Bennett*. 30
Pretty ballad, with chorus, in popular style.

My last fond Song to thee. (Mein letztes Lied.) F. 3. d to a. *Hörsel*. 35
"Each day some new delight is flowing."
"Will ich nur ewig Nonne sausen."
A well wrought song, requiring more thought in its composition than four ordinary ballads.

Instrumental.

Minuet. C. 3. *Boccherini*. 35
Played by Thomas' Orchestra, who have restored to favor the pretty thing, which is about a century old.

Album Leaf. Ab. 5. *Staab*. 60
Something like a sonata with very neat and clear runs, and that "nice" quality that makes a teacher's mouth water,—since here is a capital piece for practice.

Violettes Waltzes. 5. *Waldteufel*. 60
The epithets in praise of good waltzes are almost exhausted; but one may apply some of the best of them to the Violettes, which will also be a novelty, being provided by a Wald-Teufel.

Pomponette. A. 3. *Durand*. 40
This is a "dancing tune" of the style of Louis XV., and is very prim and pretty. The tinge of quaintness adds to the interest of the performance.

Yes, Mazurka. G. 2. *Mack*. 25
This is No. 20, of Mack's "Telephone" set. Like the rest, a neat, easy instructive piece.

Sweet By and By. Transcription. F. 3. *Warren*. 30
A new form of an universal favorite.

La Fontaine. Morceau de Salon. G. 3. *Bokm*. 40
More like a swift flowing stream than a fountain, but is a good piece by either name.

Telephone Galop. C. 3. *Mosses*. 35
Bright galop, with considerable octave playing.

Morning Promenade. (Une Promenade de Matin.) Characteristic Piece. Bb. 3. *Bendel*. 40
One of those carefully compiled pieces that it is a pleasure to practice.

BOOKS.

A SCHOOL OF VELOCITY. 33 Studies for promoting Strength, Agility, and Certainty of Touch of the Fingers. Op. 136. Composed and arranged for Piano, by A. Loeschhorn. In 3 Books, each, 1.25
These are studies of reputation, designed as a supplement to the Author's studies, Op. 64.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 958.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 5, 1878.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 20.

Beethoven's Famous Love-Letter.

This article is a translation from the Appendix to the third volume of Thayer's "Beethoven," now in its translator's hands, and is a discussion—with some other matter appended—of the date of Beethoven's famous love-letter, and of the question whether it could have been addressed to Julia Guicciardi, as Schindler states, or possibly to a certain Therese Malfatti. The Guicciardi question was settled to the satisfaction of most of the critics in Thayer's second volume; and Herr Ludwig Nehl, who has since adopted Thayer's view as to that point, at first violently dissented in an article, from which citations are made in this. Partly in reply to him, partly because, when Thayer's second volume was written, it was not proved that the letter did not belong to 1807, and partly because the discussion will have a bearing upon a topic in the chapter on the year 1810, it seemed necessary to take up the matter at some length. Schindler uses the expression "three letters"—in fact they are one letter on one piece of note paper, and two postscripts on another, all written with a lead pencil, as follows, (Moscheles, I., 101-6):—

"July 6th, morning.

"My angel, my all, my other self!—Only a few words to-day, and in pencil (written with yours.) My future abode will certainly not be fixed till to-morrow. What a frivolous waste of time, etc.!—Why this profound sorrow, when necessity commands? Can our love subsist otherwise than by sacrifices, by not wishing for everything? Canst thou help it that thou art not wholly mine, that I am not wholly thine? Cast thine eyes on beautiful Nature, and let not thy mind be ruffled by that which must be. Love requires everything, and very justly: so it is I with thee, thou with me; only thou forgettest so easily that I must live for myself and for thee. If we were completely united, thou wouldst not feel this sorrow any more than I. My journey was terrible. I did not arrive here till four o'clock yesterday morning, for want of horses. At the last stage, I was warned not to travel at night, and told to beware of a certain wood; but this only spurred me on, and I was wrong: owing to the execrable roads—a bottomless by-road—the carriage broke down. Prince Esterhazy, who travelled hither by the other road, had the same accident with eight horses that I had with four. Nevertheless, I feel some pleasure again, as I always do when I have conquered some difficulty. But now let us pass rapidly from externals to internals. We shall soon meet again. I cannot communicate to thee to-day the observations which I have been making for some days past on my life. If our hearts were close to one another, I should certainly not make any such. I have much to say to thee. Ah! there are moments when I find that language is nothing! Cheer up!—continue to be my true, my only love, my all, as I to thee: as for the rest—we must leave it to the gods to dispose for us as they please.

Thy faithful

LUDWIG."

"Monday evening, July 6th.

"Thou grievest, my dearest!—I have just learned that letters must be put into the post very early. Thou grievest! Ah! where I am, there art thou with me; with me and thee, I will find means to live with thee. What a life!!!! So!!!—Without thee, persecuted by the kindness of people here and yonder, which, methinks, I no more wish to deserve than I really do deserve it—humility of man towards men—it pains me—and when I consider

myself in connexion with the universe, what am I, and what is he who is called the greatest? And yet again herein lies the divine in man! . . . Love me as thou wilt, my love for thee is more ardent—but never disguise thyself from me. Good night!—As an invalid who has come for the benefit of the baths, I must go to rest. Ah God! So near! So distant! Is not our love a truly heavenly structure, but firm as the vault of heaven!"

"Good morning, on the 7th of July.

"Before I was up, my thoughts rushed to thee, my immortal beloved; at times cheerful, then again sorrowful, waiting to see if Fate will listen to us. I cannot live unless entirely with thee, or not at all; nay, I have resolved to wander about at a distance, till I can fly into thine arms, call myself quite at home with thee, and send my soul wrapped up in thee into the realm of spirits. Yes, alas! it must be so! Thou must cheer up, more especially as thou knowest my love to thee. Never can another possess my heart—never!—O God! why must one flee from what one so fondly loves! And the life that I am leading at present is a miserable life. Thy love makes me the happiest, and at the same time the unhappiest, of men. At my years, I need some uniformity, some equality, in my way of life; can this be in our mutual situation? Be easy; it is only by tranquil contemplation of our existence that we can accomplish our object of living together. What longing with tears after thee, my life, my all! Farewell. O continue to love me, and never misdoubt the most faithful heart of thy Beloved Ludwig."

If this letter be read in connection with the facts and letters given in Vol. II. of this work, under the dates 1800-2, the conclusion is perfectly clear and certain, that it cannot belong in either of those three years. Even if no weight be granted to the general tone of this document, there are two sentences in it, which, in that brilliant period of Beethoven's life, could not have been written, and are therefore decisive:

First, "And the life that I am leading at present is a miserable life," [Should read: "Still my life in W. (Vienna), as it now is, is a wretched life"]; and then: "At my years, I need some uniformity, some equality, in my way of life.

In fact, the most careful reconsideration of the argument in the second volume,* aided by all that has been urged by any critics to the contrary, has not resulted in the discovery of any error, except in the unimportant remark, that any mistake made by Beethoven as to the day [in his date] is "inconceivable." For it has happened to the author, since that was written, to experience, how easily an error of that sort, made in the morning, may be continued during the day in private letters, and until the necessity of absolute correctness, in an official document, has brought the mistake to his notice.

Every careful and thoughtful reader of the above letter will see that it is irreconcilable with the hypothesis that Beethoven's passion for the person to whom it is addressed, was new or suddenly awakened; that, secondly, whoever she was, Beethoven had just parted from her; and, finally, that he writes in full confidence that his love is returned, that the

* Proving Schindler mistaken, in making Julia Guicciardi the addressee of this letter.

wish to be united in weal and woe was mutual, and that, by patient waiting and constancy, the hindrances to "the object of living together" would at length vanish or be overcome.

In an attempt to determine when Beethoven thus wrote, his own imperfect dates cannot be passed by in silence, but must rather, and at some length, begin the discussion.

If the words: "Evening, Monday the 6th July," are to be taken as decisive of the date, the inquiry is confined to the years 1807 and 1812, because 1801 and 1808 are both out of the question: if, however, an error of one day be admitted, it extends to those noted here, three at one period and three at another:

We have then

	1806,	1807,	1808.
July 5th,	Saturday,	Sunday,	Tuesday,
July 6th,	Sunday,	Monday,	Wednesday,
July 7th,	Monday,	Tuesday,	Thursday.
	1811,	1812,	1813.
July 5th,	Friday,	Sunday,	Monday,
July 6th,	Saturday,	Monday,	Tuesday,
July 7th,	Sunday,	Tuesday,	Wednesday.

The years 1808 and 1811 are excluded, not to mention other grounds, because they involve an error of two days. There remain therefore the years 1806, 1807, 1812 and 1813, the claims of which may be best examined in the reverse order.

The year 1813 is at once excluded as impossible by the date of a letter to Varenna, "Baden, July 4th, 1813," and by other circumstances which prove that Beethoven passed that summer in Vienna and Baden.

In like manner the year 1812 falls out of consideration, because on the 28th of June he writes a note in Vienna to Baumeister, and on Tuesday, July 7th, arrives in Teplitz.

There remain therefore but the two years 1806 and 1807. To this point the question at issue was satisfactorily brought, when the passages in Vol. II. relating to it were written. If it be impossible that Beethoven can be in error in his two dates (the 6th and 7th of July), this makes it impossible to decide for the year, which for other reasons would be certainly correct, viz., 1806.

There is a letter from Beethoven to Brunswick, proposing to visit him in Pesth, printed with the date, May 14, 1806, which might be strong evidence in favor of that year; but unfortunately the true date is 1807, and so adds to our difficulty; for it is known that on the 23d July (and for some days, at least, before) 1807, he was in Baden; and there is nothing *thus far* to prove, that he could not have made the proposed visit and returned to Baden from Hungary in season to have written the love-letter on the 6th and 7th of that month.

If, however, the date of a correspondence with Simrock concerning the purchase of certain works, could be accurately determined, there is little doubt that this would solve the problem satisfactorily. If this correspondence

belongs to the year 1806, it seems quite impossible to escape the otherwise very improbable conclusion that the letter was written in Baden in 1807.

The late head of the house Simrock told the writer some years since, that Beethoven's letters to his father had been stolen;* there remained therefore only the hope that the old letter-books of the firm might afford the desired information. Not until July, 1871, when it was too late to use any new material in Vol. II., was it possible for the author to revisit Bonn, and to request of the present proprietor of the business permission to have those books examined, and any passages to his purpose copied for him. His request was most kindly granted, and the passages printed in the text soon after forwarded.

To his great satisfaction, the most important of these bears the date, May 31, 1807. This and the letter which follows in the text proves that Beethoven passed both the months, June and July, 1807, in Baden, and made no "terrible journey," with four horses, in a "bottomless by-road" where his carriage broke down.

The conclusion is evident and irresistible; there is an error of one day in Beethoven's date. The letter was written in that summer, which he spent partly in Hungary and partly in Silesia. There is no other in all the years from 1800 to 1815, in which the letter could have been written in the first days of July—all known facts and probabilities concur in this.

This discussion has also a still more important end in view, than the mere determination of the date of a love-letter; it is to serve as the basis of a vindication of the manliness of Beethoven's character, which just now is loudly called for.

The contributor of Beethoven's "Letters to Gleichenstein" to Westermann's "Monatsheft" (1865), learned from Gleichenstein's widow, that the composer once offered his hand to her sister, Therese Malfatti. Upon this circumstance, combined with various remarks and allusions in those letters, he based a whimsical hypothesis, which, in course of the various uses to which he has turned that correspondence, has assumed in his mind the aspect of undoubted fact, and been repeatedly given to the public as such. We have no fear that any other writer of reputation has so accepted it, nor, on the other hand, do we know that any one has thought it worth refuting. But it has now become far too widely current, to be longer passed by in silence.

"Beethoven," says that writer, "fell in love with the dark-brown Therese," who, "although now, 1807, only fourteen years old, was physically fully developed." * * "His passion developed itself with equal suddenness and vehemence; but was neither then nor later returned by the young maiden." This matter "was evidently for the family somewhat unpleasant, for the passionate regard of this half deaf, more-than-thirty-six-year-old, most whimsical man for the fourteen-year-old girl, could not, as time passed on, be otherwise than distasteful."

* Since his death they have been discovered.
† L. Nohl.

"Very well; I hope here be truths!" says the clown in "Measure for Measure."

Remember, that this was the year of the Mass in C, and of the C-minor Symphony, and now, look on this picture:

Beethoven, the mighty Master, inspired with and working out compositions, which stir the soul to its profoundest depths!

And then on this:

"The lover, sighing like furnace, with a weeful ballad made to his mistress' eyebrow."

Or, if preferred, oppose to the first picture this:

A "half deaf, most eccentric Corydon of more than thirty-six years" wandering where "amid mosses soft ripples in crystal flow the brook," vainly piping in melancholy strains, to this cruel, "early developed and early beloved fourteen-year-old" Phyllis! Grant for the moment, that this last pleasing picture of Beethoven in 1807, be true;—still, the wildest imagination, the most illogical mind, can by no possible contempt of reason and probability pretend that the letter of July 6th and 7th, 1806, can have been addressed to the Therese of thirteen years.

Still another hypothesis or conjecture must be noticed and, if possible, refuted, which otherwise might at some future time be accepted as true by some writer

"Of a free, intellectual, indeed eminent artistic activity,"

"To whom the deeper and true sources of German opinion and culture in an art, like Music, have remained sealed, and who rightly comprehends the German character,"

"Who does not forget, that it is just this beautiful habit of the artist of keeping himself with his whole soul close to Nature and to her equally mysteriously powerful and involuntary impulses, which lends him the power to exhibit these forces and impulses in his art,"

"Who is no shallow snob [*bornirter Philister*], that with the austere morality of historic investigation, will sit in judgment upon the finest and most individual tissues of human nature,"

"Who is wholly free from that austere morality, which is perceptible in Jahn's 'Mozart'—in the presence of which the Muse of Art forever veils her benignant countenance—that austere morality so much bepraised, which views mankind from the point of duty alone,"

"Who never in his writings produces the impression of a pedantic investigation of moral character, and of a certain unpleasant ethical censorship, as is the case in O. Jahn's 'Mozart,'"

"Who is also totally free from a certain conventional narrowness of view, which blushes at that which is most human in man, and therefore is unable to understand, how any one can lay bare all the weaknesses, errors, and even the moral lapses of a great, that is, a real man,"

"Who holds himself far from conventional pedantry, or rather prudery, and ever demands the frankest publicity." *

* If any one takes this for a fancy sketch of character made by the present writer, let him look into an article by L. Nohl, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik* of December 15 and 22, 1871, whence these citations are made, and see that gentleman's opinions given there at length of the style of man fit for the work of a biographer.

An author, ready to defend the moral principles here announced, might easily go to the length of presuming, that, even in the year 1806, Beethoven's letter may have been addressed to Julia Guicciardi, although she was then married to Count Gallenberg. Nor could there well be a more natural solution of the doubt to whom it was addressed, than this, if it were once proved or indeed accepted as truth, that the composer belonged to that distinguished class of musical geniuses, who (to quote again from the same writer) "are no longer subject to the precepts of the generally received moral law, and to the most ordinary obligations of duty," and in respect to whom "such mere ethical shallow-mindedness can never be elevated into binding laws for the conduct of life." If such was indeed Beethoven's character, would any farther argument be needed in support of the hypothesis, that he and that lady in the summer of 1806 impatiently awaited the moment, when she would be able to steal away from husband and children, so that the happy pair might gain "their object of living together," with "hearts close to one another."

Against this presumption there is a single objection, which, however, is sufficient: Count Gallenberg and his wife were already, long since, in Naples. No; this foul blot rests not upon the name *Beethoven*. Whoever has thought it worth his while to follow this discussion thus far, will now understand, why so much time and labor has been devoted to the efforts to fix, beyond all doubt, the dates of the letters of June 29, 1801† and of July 6 and 7, 1806; and this, too, long after, in the opinion of the writer, not a shadow of doubt remained. For, let these dates be once determined beyond controversy, and the wide-spread structures of romance, erected upon the sandy foundation of conjecture, must tumble in ruins. The young Beethoven, of highly excitable and susceptible temperament, endowed with remarkable genius and other attractive qualities, which more than compensated for his lack of personal beauty—the great pianist, the favorite teacher, the very promising composer, well received and admired in the first circles of the capital—this Beethoven was, as Wegeler expresses it, "never without a passion, for the most part, usually, in the highest degree intense." But with increasing years the passions cool; and it is a fact of common experience, that at last a deep and enduring affection may conquer the most fickle and inconstant lover. In the opinion of the writer, this was the case with Beethoven; and the famous love-letter was undoubtedly addressed to the object of such a rational, honorable, all-absorbing affection.

If this be so, and if in 1806 Beethoven was such a lover, it follows, that the allusions in the Gleichenstein correspondence, which its editor makes relate exclusively to "a fully developed (1807) girl of fourteen years," are to a very different person; and such in the writer's opinion was the fact.

The article in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, from which the quotations above are taken, contains also this passage:

† A letter to Wegeler, see Moscheles' Book, II., 205 et seq.

"Alas for future progress, if such mere ethical narrow-mindedness should ever be elevated into binding laws for the conduct of life! We should soon degenerate from good and free men into those wretched botcher and cobbler souls, of whom indeed our Fatherland, in every corner of it, has at any rate hatched out enough; and who to-day stand a hindrance to all real development of art in like degree as they are incapable of comprehending the genius of our great artists, who, because of their profounder insight into humanity, have made a purer and loftier development of art possible."

It is obvious to every reader that the author of that article had in mind a then recent occurrence, which had shocked the religious, and outraged the moral feeling of the public; and that the passages cited are from a labored defence of the guilty parties. It was this: an artist in a great German capital, standing among the first in his profession, and having a flattering prospect of attaining its highest positions, sacrificed his present emoluments and future hopes, to devote himself soul and body to the service of another, for whose productions he cherished an absurdly extravagant admiration. He, for whom the sacrifice was made, in return for this noble and disinterested generosity—this boundless devotion—seduced the wife of his admirer and stole her away from husband and children!

To what lengths a partisan spirit will carry a writer! Neither in the article above cited, nor elsewhere, has its author a word of censure for the crime against religion; of rebuke for the outrage against good morals; of abhorrence for the base ingratitude of the deceiver; of contempt or aversion for the faithless, shameless wife; nor of pity or sympathy for the injured husband. He speaks solely in the way of excuse, palliation, approval! It is but just to believe, that this writer's zeal may have urged him beyond the limits of discretion; that in momentary excitement he may have spoken rashly; that—had the case been his own—had his domestic circle been thus invaded, the sanctity of his family altar thus polluted, himself deserted and his children left motherless—he would never have written of it in language which all principles of religion and good morals condemn, which even an ordinary regard for the rights and happiness of one's neighbor must censure; that, with all his expressed contempt for austere morality and ethical narrowness of mind, he would never have rejoiced in the destruction of his own domestic happiness, because the destroyer, through this experience, would be able "in his heart more profoundly to comprehend the world and humanity," and, therefore, to express lust and lasciviousness in his music, with all that strength and positiveness with which the great composers have exhibited the loftiest sentiments of our common nature.

Still, one does not know. Many men, many minds, says the proverb. A certain honest citizen, when his friend remarked the great contrast in person and character between one child in his family, and all the others, replied, with a fond, proud glance at his beautiful wife: "Yes; His Sacred Majesty did us the honor!"

The Music of the Lutheran (as Compared with that of the English) Church.

(Concluded from Page 147.)

In 1524, "Enchiridion" appeared, being (according to the preface) "a little book very useful for a Christian to have with him at the present time, for a contemplation of spiritual songs and psalms, judiciously and carefully put into German by Dr. Martin Luther." The work contained in all, I believe, 24 chorales, of which 18 were by him. The same year appeared a larger book, the "Wittenberg Chorgesangbüchlein," edited by Luther and Walter (cantor to Frederic the Wise). Five years later (several others having appeared), there was printed at Wittenberg the "Gemeindegesangbuch," in the preface of which Luther complains that his hymns have in some editions been falsified, and he, therefore, forbids anyone enlarging or bettering them without his leave. He adds the following caution to his readers:—

"Now many false masters are making of song, Look out then and see to whom they belong. Where God would erect His church and His word The Devil with murder and lies has deterred."

Rather strong language. The book is in five parts, for tenor (containing the melody), discantus, altus, bassus, and vagues (or 2nd tenor.)

Shortly after this appeared, however, he wrote the "Preface to all good hymn books." It is in rhyme, and the following is an attempt at an almost literal translation:—

"Of all the pleasures of the earth,
None can be found of such great worth
As those that I get by my singing,
And by the sweet sounds with it ringing.
Here can no evil thought have way;
Where comrades sing a heavenly lay;
Here stops no hate or envious gain,
And flies away each bosom's pain;
Want, greed, and all that's bad below,
Go forth with every grief and woe!" etc.

From the time of Luther, chorales became part of the German nation. The troublous times that had seen their birth, seem to have traced them with an indelible pen on the hearts and affections of the people. Times may change, persecutions may arise, foes may conquer the German race, but I firmly believe, against all will the chorale hold its own in the life of the people. It is an inseparable part of their being, almost as much as the air they breathe. "Though not so rich in its forms," says Ritter, "as the mass of the Catholic Church, the Protestant chorale, in its simplicity and grandeur, influenced the musical education of German composers not a little, and of these composers Bach and Handel were the greatest."

With regard to the "responses," I have but little to say of their history. The earliest mention of this kind of singing is, I believe, to be found in the works of Basil, one of the church fathers, who says that the Christians sang "sometimes one voice alone, the others joining in at the next verse." In the Romish church it had formed an important part of the worship, and thus Luther had brought it over into the German worship, the only difference—an important one—being, that he translated them from Latin into the national tongue.

With regard to the "mottetts," it is likewise difficult to trace any exact influence of the Reformation. They had long existed amongst the Italians, and containing nothing in opposition to the new doctrines of Luther, they obtained a ready entrance into his church—especially through the works of Senfle. He was a pupil of Isaac, and became chapelmeister to the ducal court of Munich, and by his compositions, although a catholic and engaged at a catholic court—became in intimate relationship with the Reformer. The motett we may roughly call the "anthem" of the German church. The motetts of the older masters are always sung without accompaniment, although some of the more modern writers—Mendelssohn, Hauptmann, Rheinberger, and Richter, have used the organ with the voices. And here I beg leave to make a slight digression from my subject, and give you a few facts relative to motetts and mottett singing in the town of Leipzig. It is indeed in that town that it especially flourishes, owing to its connection with the Thomas school. This institution is nothing more nor less than a "Burgerschule," or "National School," supported as most schools are, by the town, and affording education to all—rich or poor. There may be, perhaps, 300 boys in it; and out of these, all with voices are chosen and receive instruction in music. Over the musical part of the academy is placed the "Cantor," or head singing-master, and it

is this post, together with the directorship of the music at three of the Leipzig churches, that Bach held for so many years of his illustrious life.

From this school, all the church choirs of the town are supplied. Beyond the chorales, it is the duty of the boys to take part in the motetts and the "church music" (a phrase I will further explain). On Saturday afternoons, and on the afternoon before each festival, a short musical service—of half an hour's duration—is held in the Thomas Church. The service consists merely in the singing of one or two motetts, with sometimes an organ fugue between, but generally only a few chords on the organ. No minister appears during the whole service. The bell tolls, the organist plays a voluntary, and ceases. The conductor (generally an assistant-master of the Thomas school), raises his baton, and the singing commences. The choir numbers about sixty voices. Should the motett be a long one—taking up the entire service, such, for instance, as one of Bach's—a pause is made in the middle, and the organist extemporizes. As I said before, most of the motetts are sung without accompaniment; and it is, indeed, a great treat to hear thus, perhaps, one of those glorious works of the old cantor—Bach—who once stood in that identical place himself, conducting them.

During a recent visit to Germany, some two months ago, I fell in with an old gentleman, of sixty years of age, who was himself, when a boy, a chorister at the Thomas school, and who had many recollections of Mendelssohn. At each service, the choristers would watch the doors for that well-known form. At last it would appear, and a thrill of excitement would pass through the boys, and the words "Mendelssohn's come," went from one to another. There he stood in the doorway, said my old friend, with his long black cloak thrown carelessly over his shoulder. He would make his way into the building, and all eyes turned towards the form they knew so well and revered so much. As the singing began, he would lean forward, and supporting both arms on the pew in front, would bury his face in them, and remain thus, motionless, until the music was over.

So much for the motetts. I come now to another branch of the service, of which I have as yet said nothing, except in a passing allusion. I refer to the "church music," as it is called. It is customary from Christmas to Trinity Sunday to perform at the morning service a composition, or part of a composition—for soli, chorus, and orchestra. The orchestra for this purpose is paid—as are, I believe, all functionaries of the church—by the town. It was for this part of the service that Bach composed that large number of church cantatas—some of which have become so popular. Thus the so-called Christmas oratorio consists of six parts, appropriated to the days between Christmas and Epiphany. The celebrated "Ein feste Burg" cantata was written to be performed at the service on Reformation-Day. Sometimes extracts from oratorios are given, the soli being taken by the boys and masters of the Thomas school. The orchestra is placed in the gallery with the organ and choir; and, as soon as the music is over, the players leave by a door close by, without disturbance. The conductor of the church music is the so-called director, which post—as I said before—is, in Leipzig, combined with that of cantor to the Thomas school.

With the subject of "church music," i. e., the production of sacred works, with orchestra, soli, and chorus, in the church, is closely allied to that on which I would now say a few words, viz., the Good Friday oratorio service. Let me here quote from Ritter's admirable history:—"The custom of representing during Passion Week, in an epic dramatic form; the Passion of Christ, dates back to the earlier period of the middle ages; and this became foremost among the miracle plays. A priest recited the part of Jesus; another, that of the Evangelist; and a third, the other parts. The people, the disciples, the Jews, &c., were represented by the chorus. This is the traditional manner in which it is still performed in the Sixtine Chapel, in Rome." "In the sixteenth century, some Protestant congregations introduced the custom of having the 'Passion' performed in an entire musical form." The first passion music of importance was composed by Schütz, who died in 1672. This year was, indeed, one of special note in the annals of church music. At Rome, it saw—in all probability—the death, at the ripe age of eighty-five, of Carissimi, whose genius, one may almost say, created the church cantata. At Dresden, it beheld the death, at the age of eighty-seven, of him who has been rightly called "the father of German

music," the veteran Schürtz. And it recorded the composition and publication of what was to prove the type and forerunner of perhaps the greatest effort in church music: it saw Sebastiani's passion music given to the world. It was he who first introduced the chorale into such works, setting and harmonizing them in that free way of which Bach made so much and so excellent use.

The next composer in this form was Keiser, who was a chorister at the Thomas school at Leipzig. He attempted to introduce into his Passion music a more sentimental style, which, though severely censured by many, exerted a great influence on the poem of Brockes, verses of which have been used by Bach in the "St. John Passion." On Bach's Passion music, I need say nothing. You are all acquainted, doubtless, with those glorious works—and reverence them as highly as I, who have lived where, from my study-windows, I could look right into the identical rooms in which the old cantor lived, and where were composed these very works we value so much.

Having now finished the historical part of my paper, it remains for us to glance at the diversity between the Lutheran and English services, and from the comparisons we make, to draw our deductions. In considering the two services closely, I think we must admit that although our own possesses by far the finest ritual, the most devotional prayers, and in a form more likely to grasp and retain the attention of the congregation, yet undoubtedly the Lutheran church is the richest as regards musical matters. Another difference in the two services lies in the fact that the chief point of our English worship is the form of prayer—in Germany the chief point of interest is the sermon. Again, we have in our liturgy the confession, absolution, and Paternoster at the beginning of the service before the sermon; in Germany all three occur at the close of the Service and after the sermon. We have chanting in our service—in no form whatever does this exist in Germany.

These are some of the facts which, I think, should interest us; and now let us draw our deductions.

First and foremost, as having the most influence on the art we love so much, and would most faithfully serve, let us remember the "Church Music," and "Good Friday oratorio services." With great pleasure you have doubtless noticed the increasing number of churches where musical services are held. It is, I know, often difficult to introduce such things, but the chief scruple to be overcome is very apparent. Try to impress on the people with whom you come in contact, that it is not an essential thing in musical worship that the worshipper must, himself, sing. Let it be once felt, that the congregation with books of the words in their hands, can as fully enter into the singing of an oratorio, as if they were, themselves, joining in the Old Hundred, and I believe we should find the greatest obstacle overcome. It may be argued that the works at hand for such performances are too long or too difficult. If this be the case what a capital chance for our excellent composers to furnish the church with works, which, by their moderate difficulty and length might become deservedly popular.

Another point, worthy of notice and imitation, is the slow intoning of the prayers in the Lutheran church. As the superintendents of the musical part of the service, we can surely do something to suppress the gabbling which has crept into our own worship.

We have much to be proud of in our English church; for there is, indeed, no nation that can boast of such an institution as our British "Church Service." It is a grand monument to the faith and belief of bygone generations, but like all else on earth it is not perfect. Here and there we find places which might be slightly improved; and, I am prone to think that music is one of these places. As time goes on, and a higher feeling is entertained towards art, especially by the clergy, we may hope for even still better times for church music than those in which we live; and if the feeble remarks that I have made in presenting to you some few facts relative to the music of a neighboring church, shall help you in any small way whatever, either to better or more fully appreciate our own glorious form of worship, I shall feel amply repaid for the trouble I have taken on your behalf in preparing this paper.

The Blind as Tuners.

From the Report of the Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind (Sept. 1877.)

This department is a very important branch in our system of training the blind to become self-supporting, and has received, under the able management of Mr. J. W. Smith, all the attention which its practical ends and useful purposes merit.

The instruction therein given during the past year has been as thorough and systematic as heretofore, and the results have been satisfactory.

The pressure for admission into this department has been stronger than ever; but the fact is kept constantly in view that there are many qualifications requisite to make a successful tuner of pianofortes, or a thorough music-teacher. Acute ear, mechanical skill, and natural talent, all are valuable possessions; but they do not suffice. To turn these to advantage, good manners, pleasing address, gentlemanly conduct, modesty in demeanor, and cleanliness in person and habits, are indispensable. Great as is the care, however, exercised in selecting those who seem well adapted in most respects, the number of pupils under instruction during the past year has reached nineteen, and is steadily increasing. Two of the recipients of the benefits of this department have left it at the close of the term.—Charles Libby of Sanford, Me., and Charles Lindsay of Melbourne, Can. The latter graduated and returned to his home, where he has excellent prospects of success as a tuner.

The time devoted by our pupils to taking lessons and practising in the tuning-rooms varies from four to twenty-four hours a week. They are carefully and scientifically instructed in the theory and practice of the art of tuning, as well as the construction of the pianoforte. Pains are taken not only to train their ear, but to acquaint them, by means of models of various kinds of actions, with the minutest detail of their mechanism, and to make them familiar with the form, size, and relations of every part, the material of which each is composed, the office it performs. A cabinet-organ has been added, during the past year, to the collection of instruments employed in the tuning department; and several of the pupils have been taught to tune reed organs, with promising results. If this proves a success, it will open a new field of usefulness to blind tuners, and especially to those who are obliged to seek employment in the country, the number of these instruments in the rural districts far exceeding that of pianofortes.

The outside work in tuning has more than doubled during the past year, and our best tuners have been kept steadily busy. This increase, as well as our success in obtaining the contract for tuning and keeping in good working order the pianofortes used in the schools of Boston, is largely owing to the active sympathy given to the pupils by most of the prominent musicians in the city. Praise and thanks are due to all of them, but especially to Messrs. B. J. Lang and Carl Zerrahn, who, after a patient and conscientious trial of our tuners, have furnished them with the following recommendations:—

J. W. SMITH, Esq.: *Dear Sir*,—I desire to tell you how thoroughly contented and satisfied I have been by some tuning which has been done for me by persons sent from the Perkins Institution for the Blind.

In the cases which have come under my observation, the work was excellent; in one of them the instrument has held its tune six or seven weeks, almost without disorder of any sort.

That the pianoforte tuning which may be done from your people must invariably be good I have no doubt; and I give you and them my hearty wishes for the success and patronage which is so well deserved.

Yours,

B. J. LANG.

Boston, Feb. 3, 1877.

Boston, March 21, 1877.

It gives me great pleasure to state that I examined a pianoforte tuned by one of the pupils of the Institution for the Blind, and that I found the work done on the same to my perfect satisfaction.

CARL ZERRAHN.

These words of approval and countenance, coming from such eminent authorities, have done much to swell the number of our patrons, as well as to fill the blind themselves with hope and courage, and have undoubtedly had their weight in the decision by which the pianofortes of the public schools have been placed under the care of our tuning department. This event is of so vast an importance to the blind of New England, and of the whole country, as to merit a brief notice by itself, followed by a statement of some of the reasons for the success of the blind as tuners of pianofortes.

Contract for Tuning the Pianos in the Public Schools.

Nearly a year ago the attempt was made to secure the contract for tuning the pianofortes used in the public schools of the city of Boston. Application was made to the proper committee of the school board, and the matter duly canvassed; but it was decided that it would be utterly impossible for the blind to fill the terms of the contract, however well qualified they might be as tuners.

Early in the spring, owing to the sudden death of the person who had taken care of the pianofortes in the public schools for many years, the contract was opened to competition. Our application was then renewed, and our claim strongly urged by the earnest friends of the blind, foremost among whom were Charles L. Heywood and Abraham Cutter. Some of the most influential daily papers of Boston unreservedly advocated our cause. Petitions were signed by numerous distinguished citizens, by several of the leading musicians of the city (some of whom had employed blind tuners), asking the school board to give them a trial. The members of the proper committee were interviewed; and all seemed disposed to grant our request, provided they could feel sure that the work would be thoroughly done. Satisfactory assurance on this point having been given, the contract was cheerfully awarded to this Institution, on the ground, that, other things being equal, the blind had the first claim on the public patronage. Our tuners entered on this new field on the 1st of May, with zeal and enthusiasm; and we believe that their work has thus far given satisfaction to all parties.

This contract is of high value to the blind in its practical bearings, as well as in its moral effects. Besides furnishing with steady work three or four sightless tuners, it will serve to eradicate some of the deeply-rooted prejudices against the abilities of all their brethren in misfortune, and give new scope and power to our tuning department.

One of the most grievous but entirely unjust burdens with which the blind are gratuitously laden, proceeds from the common supposition that they are and must ever be helpless and dependent. Their mental faculties, their moral attributes, and their social affections are hardly disputed, in this country at least. But their capacity for usefulness, their skill in handicraft, and their efficiency in arts and professions, are often doubted, even by intelligent persons. This is a gross error of popular judgment; and every practical illustration which goes to prove the abilities of the blind will help to overcome distrust, and vindicate their claim to social equality with industrious and cultivated people. No demonstration could have accomplished this end so directly and effectually as the fact of 127 costly instruments used in the public schools of the city of Boston being placed by contract under the charge of the tuners of this Institution by a committee composed of well-informed persons and business men. The moral effects of this official recognition of the ability and proficiency of the blind tuners are worth more to them, and to their fellow sufferers, than gold and rubies; and to the school-board of the metropolis of New England justly belongs the honor of having done justice to them, and rendered a great service to humanity. The good effects of this act are already beginning to be seen. Our tuners are steadily gaining the confidence of the community, and their services are sought and employed by some of the best families in Boston and the neighboring towns. They bring to their work a finely cultivated ear, and a thorough knowledge of the art of tuning; and, as will be shown by the following remarks, their infirmity, instead of being a drawback to them, gives certain positive advantages in their profession.

Reasons for the success of the Blind as Tuners.

That sightless persons succeed remarkably well in tuning pianofortes, that they have in some respects decided advantages over their seeing brethren in the craft, is no matter of wonder to those acquainted with their skill. But a careful consideration of the effects of their infirmity on the remaining senses, and of the cultivation which these senses receive at schools intended for the benefit of the blind, will dispel even the shadow of a doubt from any thinking mind.

No one can deny the possibility that the optic nerve influences those of the other senses to the extent that one nerve can act on another through the medium of the brain; but the sense of sight, which generally deals with material objects, has no jurisdiction whatever in the department of sound. Here the ear reigns supreme, absolute monarch,

without any rival, or even subordinate minister. Here the auditory organs alone can be advantageously employed, and render efficient service. True, when we come in contact with the vibrations of sonorous bodies, there are certain sensations produced in the sensorium, even when the avenue of the sense of hearing is hermetically sealed; but these differ widely from those caused by the impression received through the auditory nerves, and are not pleasurable. Laura Bridgman says that she hears the brass band play; but, in point of fact, her hearing consists in a kind of sensation which is produced through the nervous fibres of her feet by coming in contact with the vibrating floor of the music-room, and of which the ordinary sensitive nerves are generally susceptible. In other words, she perceives the vibration of bodies, by the nerves of touch, as mere tremors, a sensation wholly different in its nature from sound. Delicate and extremely exquisite as her organization is, it does not enable her to distinguish pitch, or harmony. It is ear, therefore, and ear alone, that deals with sounds and their qualities and relations, as the eye judges of light, or of colors and their combinations; and it is the acuteness of the ear, and not the sharpness of the eye, that enables a tuner of pianofortes to distinguish the difference of the notes, and to balance or distribute the inequalities of the scale.

Now, in consequence of the loss of sight, the blind begin early to concentrate their attention upon impressions received through the auditory nerves. They constantly employ the ear for various purposes for which seeing persons use the eyes, and they let it rest only when they are asleep. By continual and steady exercise they render it a close observer, so that they are enabled by its aid to determine distances, to avoid dangers, to thread their way through the crowded streets of the city to their places of business or to the house of a customer, and to recognize their friends through the different tones and peculiarities of the voice. Moreover, the atmosphere of this Institution being in a high degree musical, uncommon opportunities are offered for the thorough cultivation and refinement of the ear; and its acuteness and nicety are hereby so greatly improved that the blind acquire a most astonishing power and accuracy in distinguishing the pitch and quality of sounds. Owing to their peculiar training, the sensation of the auditory organs in the blind is so increased in intensity that distant sounds are perceived by them as distinctly as remote objects are clearly discerned by the eye armed with a telescope. Hence, so far as the work of tuning is concerned, if there be any advantage possessed by one class over the other, it must necessarily be in favor of the blind.

It must be admitted, however, that in repairing pianofortes the sightless tuner is at a disadvantage, because here the hand is not guided by the ear, but directed by the eye. Nevertheless, even here there are many things which he can do quite as well as the seeing workman, although he may require a little more time. General repairing, however, should never be undertaken by any tuner, whether blind or seeing, unless he be a practical piano-maker. Many costly instruments have been injured by inexperienced workmen who have attempted to do on them what did not belong to their profession, and was beyond their knowledge and skill.

Mme. Marie Rozé-Perkins.

The Chicago *Musical Review* gleaned from *Figaro* and other English journals the following sketch of the career of the distinguished singer who will soon be heard on this side of the Atlantic.

Mlle. Marie Rozé was born in Paris, in 1846. At an early age she entered the Conservatory of Music, in which she was a pupil of Auber. Upon the completion of her studies in that institution, she carried off the *premier prix* for opera comique—which gained for her an immediate engagement at the Salle Boieldieu. From the first, her success was very marked, and she displayed genuine histrionic talent in every character that she attempted to personate. In fact, she won laurels so rapidly that in 1869 she assumed the role of *Marguerite* in "*Faust*" at the Grand Opera, and at once gained the favor of one of the most cultured audiences in France, although Mesdames Miolan-Carvalho, Hisson and Christine Nilsson had appeared in the same character, the same season. Immediately, in almost every shop window of every photographer, could be seen the portrait of the beautiful *Gretchen*, distaff in hand, sitting at the spinning wheel. From this time, she began the study of the repertory of Grand Opera, under the tuition of the best masters in

Paris. In 1867 opera goers remarked the artistic manner in which Mlle. Rozé rendered the ungrateful role of *La Contessa* in Auber's "*L'Ambassadrice*," and a year later created a furor in the title-role of Mehul's opera of "*Joseph*." Her first creation was the part of *Thérèse* in "*Le Fils du Brigadier*," and her second, the principal female role in Auber's "*Le premier jour de bonheur*." (Feb. 15, 1868), she being expressly chosen by the great composer. Her rendering of the air, "*Les Djinn*," took the whole capital by storm, and the fair interpreter directly became one of the most popular personages of the French stage.

In the latter part of the same year, she created the part of *Jeannette* in Flotow's "*L'Ombre*." When the Franco-Prussian war broke out, Mlle. Rozé, being the most popular vocalist in Paris, was chosen to sing the "*Marseillaise*" at the patriotic concerts for the benefit of the sufferers of the war. She refused to take advantage of the liberty accorded by the enemy to all women, to leave the city, but remained courageously at her post, giving concerts for the benefit of the sufferers, and attending upon the sick and wounded with the devotion of the most plucky and patriotic Frenchwoman.

For these many acts of charity and courage, she was presented with several medals, and by the Government of France a special diploma of thanks for distinguished bravery. After the close of the war, Mlle. Rozé filled a most successful engagement in Brussels in Italian Opera.

Her success in Italian Opera was so marked that Mr. Mapleson, manager of Her Majesty's Opera House, London, offered her a good engagement, upon which she entered in 1872. She made her debut in Gounod's "*Faust*," and was received with enthusiastic applause—in fact, created a splendid impression by her fine vocalism and highly artistic and intelligent rendering of the character of *Marguerite*. Later, she created the part of *Marcellina* in Cherubini's opera of "*Les deux Journées*," and of *Queen Berengaria* in Balfe's "*Il Talismano*."

As well known, Mr. Jule E. Perkins entered into an engagement with Mr. Mapleson, at Milan, Italy, in the summer of 1873, for a term of five years, and entered upon his engagement with Her Majesty's Italian Opera Company, London, during the autumn, as primo basso, when he made the acquaintance of the fair donna, the subject of this sketch. As a sequence, they were married in London July 23, 1874. The happy artists made a tour of this country directly after the nuptial ceremony, and attending an artists' banquet given by the Lord Mayor of London. Aug. 11th, they sang soprano and bass solos in "*Elijah*." They were also heard at a private gathering of artists and friends in Boston, at the residence of Mr. W. O. Perkins, previous to their departure for Europe, August 29th.

Mme. Rozé-Perkins has been connected with Mr. Mapleson's company, as one of his leading prima donnas, since 1872, always sustaining herself to the great satisfaction and delight of the critics and public of London and the provinces. During the spring of 1875, she was connected with M. Carl Rosa's company for the provincial tour, as his leading artist, and was equally successful in her rendering of English Opera. During the past two years, whenever the great artist, Titlens, was unable to appear, Mme. Perkins was invariably chosen to sustain her roles, which she often did at one or two days' notice. At a few hours' notice, she assumed the part of *Ortrud*, in "*Lohengrin*," for Mlle. Titlens, in London, without even a rehearsal, and with great satisfaction to the public, which serves to demonstrate the great histrionic talent, culture, and adaptability of this lady. Since the death of the lamented Titlens, Mme. Rozé-Perkins has sustained her roles in all of the principal operas, and has received the most hearty and enthusiastic applause from the English public, as well as the highest meeds of praise from the press.

The operatic engagement of Mme. Rozé-Perkins with Mr. Max Strakosch was signed Oct. 9, 1877. The five months' season opens in Philadelphia, Jan. 7th, 1878. The repertory of Mme. Rozé-Perkins is very extensive, including *Ella* in "*Lohengrin*," *Aida* and *Norma*, *Valentine* in "*Les Huguenots*," *Donna Anna* in "*Don Giovanni*," *Alice* in "*Robert*," *Amelia* in "*Un Ballo*," *Susanna* in "*Le Nozze di Figaro*," *Pamina* in "*Il Flauto Magico*," *Leonora* in "*La Favorita*," *Arline* in "*The Bohemian Girl*," *Leonora* in "*Il Trovatore*," *Marguerite* in "*Faust*," *Agatha* in "*Der Freischütz*," and the title-role in "*Mignon*."

In speaking of the untimely death and almost irreparable loss of Mr. Jule E. Perkins, the London

Figaro says: "Mme. Rozé-Perkins has kept steadily onward in the path that Mr. Julius Perkins marked out for her. She has yet her allotted work to perform; for the Anglo-Italian stage can ill afford to lose so thoroughly useful an artist." And in speaking of her American engagement, it says: "Our opera goers will therefore be deprived of the services of the popular prima donna during the whole of the spring, and greater part of the summer season. Her absence will be felt, for Mme. Rozé-Perkins has long been considered the artist whom the public will most willingly accept as a substitute for Mlle. Titlens."

There is an important point connected with this American engagement, in that the entrepreneur has not contracted to pay more than he can properly afford. The extravagant sums paid to artists have now become ridiculous—so absurd, indeed, that in many cases there exists a strong suspicion that they are not quite genuine. Mr. Strakosch has doubtless taken into consideration her gifts of person, the voice with which she has been endowed by nature, and which has been so admirably cultivated by art, her dramatic talent, her great English and continental popularity, and the fact that she is the widow of an American vocalist whose memory is still cherished. Looking at all these facts, it cannot be denied that Mr. Max Strakosch has made an exceedingly good bargain.

The Irish Times (Dublin) Oct. 16th, says of Mme. Rozé-Perkins, in "*Der Freischütz*": "It need hardly be said that she looked as pretty as possible, and her delightful acting was exceedingly attractive. A more satisfactory *Agatha* it would not be easy to find. We may say that the performance was one of exceptional merit, and worthy of the repute of the charming artist."

Mme. Rozé-Perkins is a brunette, full medium height, with a robust physique, beautiful features, queenly in appearance, and graceful in every movement, betokening the intelligent and cultured Frenchwoman. The route of the Strakosch company will be as follows: Philadelphia, Jan. 7 to 12; Washington, Jan. 14 to 19; Baltimore, Jan. 21 to 26; Pittsburg, Jan. 28 to 30; Cleveland, Jan. 31 to Feb. 2; Chicago, Feb. 4 to 16; St. Louis, Feb. 18 to 23; Indianapolis, Feb. 25 to 27; Louisville, Feb. 28 to March 2; Cincinnati, March 4 to 9; Detroit, March 11 to 13; New York, March 18 to April 7; Boston, April 8 to 21.

SAN FRANCISCO.—A friend, well known in Boston musical circles, writes us of the fine Quintette Concerts given in that city by the Schmidt family, three of them pupils of the Leipzig Conservatory. They are: Miss Alice Schmidt, piano, Mr. Louis Schmidt, Jr., and Mr. Clifford Schmidt, violins, Mr. Louis Schmidt, viola, and Mr. Ernest Schmidt, violoncello. They are assisted by Miss Isabella Thomas, Soprano, from the Conservatoire at Paris, and Mr. Jos. Wrba, clarinet, and other vocalists. The letter is private, but we take the liberty of copying a few sentences:

"I send you a set of the Programmes of the first series of the Schmidt Quintette Concerts, thinking that you would be interested to know what is being done at this side of the continent in advancing the musical standard."

"In the dearth of musical entertainments of a good character, you may judge what a treat these concerts have been to me, as the playing has been, on the whole, very fine from all the members. Mr. Louis (Jr.) Schmidt has quite a poetic nature and instils into all the performances in which he takes part that subtle something which stirs one's emotions and removes the sense of mechanical effort. I wish to say one word in praise of the Clarinet playing of Mr. Jos. Wrba, whose superior I have never heard, in delicacy and refinement of tone, even the upper notes coming *pp* and sure. I am quite surprised and delighted to find such an artist here. Of the vocalists—Mrs. Tippetts and Mrs. Norton are quite the equal of our home concert singers, Mrs. N. reminding one of Miss Thursby in the clear cut execution of piano staccato passages. Her enunciation was especially good in every language in which she sang. She responded to an encore with a French song."

Here are the programmes:

Nov. 6, 1877.

String Quartet in F major. No. 2. Op. 17. First movement.....Rubinstein.
Song, "On Song's Bright Pinions".....Mendelssohn.
Violin Solo, "Mozart Variations".....David.
Trio, in E flat, Op. 100. First movement.....Schubert.
Violoncelle Solo. {a. Nocturne.....Cossmann.
 b. Mazurka.....David Popper.
Piano Solo. {a. Impromptu.....Hiller.
 b. Novelette.....Schumann.

String Quartet. Op. 64. Adagio and Finale. Haydn.
Two Songs, with Violin obligato.
a. "The Forest's Greeting." Reinecke.
b. "Spring Flowers." Schumann.
Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat. Op. 44.
First movement..... Schumann.

Nov. 20.

String Quartet in E flat major, Op. 74, First movement. Beethoven.
Cavatina. "Salve dimora," from Faust, with Violin Obligato. Gounod.
Violin Solo, "Airs Hongroises"..... Ernst.
Trio, in G major, Op. 112, Third and Last movements. J. Raff.
Vocal Duet, "La Serenata"..... Rosini.
Violoncello Solo, "Serenade," from Concerto, Op. 34..... Lindner.
Andante con Variazioni, from String Quartet in D minor..... Schubert.
Song, with Violin Obligato, "Forest Sounds." Lachner.
Quintet for Piano and Strings, in E flat, Op. 44, Second and Third movements..... Schumann.

Dec. 4, 1877.

String Quartet, in G major, Op. 34, No. 1, "Allegro Moderato"..... Jos. Haydn.
Recitativo and Aria, from Orfeo, "Che farò senza Euridice"..... Gluck.
Violin Solo, "Clacsona"..... Tomaso Vitali.
Trio, in D minor, Op. 49, "Andante con moto" and "Scherzo"..... Mendelssohn.
String Quartet, "Andante Cantabile," from Op. 18, No. 5..... Beethoven.
Rondo Brilliant, in E minor, Op. 70, for Piano-forte and Violin..... Schubert.
Songs, a. "In a Distant Land"..... Taubert.
b. "Wanderer's Song"..... Schumann.
Quintet, for Clarinet and Strings, Op. 106, Allegro, Larghetto, and Tema con Variazioni. Mozart.

Dec. 18, 1877.

String Quartet, in D minor, Op. 75, No. 2, "Allegro Appassionato"..... A. Bazzini.
English Song, "The Lark now leaves his wat'ry nest"..... Hatton.
Violin Solo, "Concerto Militaire"..... C. Lipinski.
With Piano and Quintet accompaniment.
String Quartet, "Austrian Hymn Variations," Jos. Haydn.
Piano Solo "Capriccio Brilliant," in E minor, Op. 23..... Mendelssohn.
With Quintet accompaniment.
Aria and Cabaletta "Ah! Forse e lui"..... Verdi.
Violoncello Solo, a. Nocturne, Op. 6..... Davidoff.
b. Mazurka, Op. 6..... Davidoff.
Quintet, for Piano and String Instruments, in E flat, Op. 44, "Finale"..... Schumann.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 5, 1878.

The Christmas Oratorios.

To listen to the sublime harmonies of Handel's *Messiah*, during the week of the Nativity, has come to be indispensable with all musical and religious people hereabouts. We have the musical Society, the well trained multitudinous Chorus, the fine solo singers, the Orchestra and Great Organ, the spacious noble Music Hall, and the experienced Conductor, all to be relied on for its worthy presentation. This year our old Handel and Haydn Society have done still better. They have given us two evenings of great Christmas music. Reserving the *Messiah* for the evening of Christmas proper, they gave us on the preceding Sunday evening our second hearing of the equally beautiful and great Christmas Oratorio of Bach—that is, the first two Parts or Services of the six which he composed for the six days of the week—followed by Mr. J. C. D. Parker's "Redemption Hymn," and the "Noël" (another sort of Christmas Oratorio) by Saint-Saëns,—all of which were heard for the first time here in the Triennial Festival last May. The audiences on both evenings were as large as the great Hall could conveniently hold, and manifested much enthusiasm, for the performances were in the main remarkably good, and all passed off satisfactorily; besides which, this wonderful period of mild, clear weather, with most exhilarating air, without wind or snow or wet, and night after night of brilliant starlight, the evening star in the West, so heavenly pure and bright, ever reminding of the "Star in the East," appeared to reach its perfect climax on that holy night, and disposed one all the more to open heart

and soul and sense to heavenly Symphony and Song.

Bach's music was deeply enjoyed, we are sure, by most of the listeners, and more or less of it by all. How could it be otherwise? Such music is sure to reveal new beauty, power and meaning every time we hear it; it is inspired, instinct with genius, as with deep piety, with warm, sincere humanity throughout, and its Art is perfect. Anything more full of joy uncontainable and glorious jubilation than that opening chorus, ushered in with drum and trumpets, "Mortals, be joyful," can hardly be conceived of; and it was splendidly sung by the 450 voices. Still greater, could we have it in equal perfection, is that other chorus: "Glory to God," which is more complicated, but which grows and swells in power and volume to the end, sweeping the voices on with it as in a whirlwind. This is not so easily appreciated, but is sure to reward study. But the Chorals,—those broad, rich, deep and tranquil moments of repose—were most refreshing and sustaining; every one felt better for them; and those who marked the different character lent by different harmony to the same Choral,—especially the lovely manner in which strains of the Pastoral Symphony are made to accompany it in the end,—had a beautiful example of the unflinching resources of the polyphonic art. One of the most strikingly original and beautiful numbers of the work is No. 7, where a charming bit of Symphony, a Choral in unison (trebles): "For us to earth he cometh poor," and sentences of Bass recitative continually alternate; this did not seem to us to be appreciated at its full worth; at least there was no demonstration.

Passing to the solos, there was but a single sentence of Recitative,—the Angel's announcement,—for the Soprano; and its exquisite purity and beauty was just suited to Miss THURSBY'S voice, who gave it simple, yet refined expression. Mrs. H. E. SAWYER took the Contralto recitative, which she delivered in a large, full voice and style. The most admired of all the Arias was of course the Cradle Song, for which Miss ANNIE CARY'S noble voice is so well suited, and which she sang wonderfully well, with the exception that she did not seem so lost in the feeling of the music as one could wish, and in the cadences let the great voice come out a little too much on its own account; but it was superb singing. In the Franz arrangement the repetition was somewhat abridged, while Franz's introduction of reed instruments in the middle harmony certainly enriched the music very much. Mr. Wm. J. WINOX gave the Tenor recitative intelligently and finely, and really achieved a great feat in the way of fluent, rapid, florid execution in the extremely difficult Aria: "Haste ye, shepherds," which might have been taken a little slower to advantage. The Bass solos were entrusted to Mr. A. E. STODDARD (Barytone), of New York, his first appearance here. He has a solid, telling voice, and for the most part good delivery, albeit a little dry and sometimes coarse, and his enunciation is by no means perfect.

Now for the instrumental part, with (for the first time) what Robert Franz has done for the completion of the Score. The Pastoral Symphony certainly sounded better than it has ever sounded here before, even when more smoothly played by Thomas, who, however, had not the Franz score. It was unfortunately taken too fast, nor was the *legato* character sufficiently preserved in the reed instruments. The added pair of low clarinets (which had to pass for the English horns with which Franz replaces the old *Obol di Caccia*, &c.), made the whole harmony sound richer, warmer and less poverty-stricken. The beauty of the piece was felt more than before; but it was still far short of the ideal rendering which it deserves, as being almost the most beauti-

ful piece of pure instrumental music in existence. In the Cradle Song the added accompaniments lent a new charm, but the performance is to be credited with worthy intention rather than with adequate realization. In the choruses, the all important flutes and oboes were difficult to hear, smothered among all those voices. We forbear further comment, since what we would say is so satisfactorily said by another in a passage which we append to this article.

Of Mr. Parker's Hymn we have only room to say that it was splendidly performed, and with a will, fully confirming the good impression which it made before. And of the "Noël" of Saint-Saëns, that though it contains much that is beautiful, more that is ingenious, and a few passages of grandeur, yet the oftener we hear it, the more it seems to us, as a whole, frivolous and superficial heard right after Bach. His Pastoral Symphony has a certain French romantic quaintness and simplicity (affected?), and skillfully helped out as it was by Mr. LANG upon the Organ, it made a decided effect with the larger, or the louder, portion of the audience. The solos, trio and quartet, quintet, &c., by the already mentioned artists, were very finely sung, Miss THURSBY'S sweet, pure voice, and delicate, refined expression appearing to great advantage. There was also excellent harp accompaniment, in this and the preceding work, by Mr. FRYEANG.

Social engagements on Christmas evening deprived us, as doubtless many others, of nearly all of the *Messiah*; but we were not missed in that crowd, most of whom probably have not heard it about one hundred and fifty times, as we have! Given by that great Chorus, all knowing it by heart, and by a fine quartet of solo artists:—Miss THURSBY, Mrs. FLORA E. BARRY (welcome back to these scenes and to work like this!), Mr. JOSEPH MAAS, and Mr. M. W. WHITNEY,—and in this vigorous and zealous period of the old Society, we can well trust the general report of the excellent performance it received. This performance, too, was distinguished by the reinstatement of certain fine numbers of the work which for many years have been omitted,—but at the expense of certain others which no one could help missing; such as: "He trusted in God," "And with his stripes." And shall we never hear again the second part of the Air "He was despised?"

We reached the Hall only in the middle of the Hallelujah Chorus. That and the still greater final choruses never sounded more sublime to us. Miss Thurstby sang the great song of Faith in a sustained and noble style, with chaste and pure expression, although her lovely voice showed signs of fatigue, probably from much travelling and concertizing. The trumpet Aria, grandly sung by Mr. Whitney, was, for the first time, given in Mozart's arrangement, which substitutes the softer horns for trumpets in some parts, besides shortening the piece, which seemed to us an improvement on the old way.

And now to return to the Franz instrumentation. We borrow from an article by Mr. W. F. Apthorp (who seems to have a special turn for the investigation of such points) in last Sunday's *Courier*, what follows:

To discuss the absolute necessity of what Franz has done towards filling out the incomplete and sketchy scores of the above-mentioned works, or even to more than mention the singular fitness for his task and the rare and complete musical culture that Franz has shown in his difficult work, would carry me far beyond the limits of a newspaper article. For the present it will be sufficient to assume the necessity of such filling out, as well as the able manner in which it has been done. The late performance of the Christmas Oratorio showed, however, that some special conditions have to be observed before Franz's score will be as perfect to the ear as it is to the eye. The prime object of all music is certainly to sound well, but we must not always conclude rashly that an unsatisfactory effect is the fault of miscalculation or ignorance on the part of the composer. That a Franz-Bach score is a fundamentally different thing from a score of Mozart, Beethoven or any of the modern composers, can be seen at a glance. The orchestra is treated on a different principle. Each separate instrument has an individual rôle to perform; each one is as important as the others. For instance, the flutes and reeds are rarely employed, as we find them so constantly by Mozart and Haydn, merely for the sake of enriching the orchestral coloring by variously contrasted qualities of tone: with Bach they are made to play independent parts in the contrapuntal web of the music. It is not enough for the ear to grasp the fact that now a flute lends its voice to the harmony, and now a pair of oboes give a different shade of tone to the whole, but the ear must distinctly hear exactly what

the flute or oboes have to say, for in nine cases out of ten what they have to say is of the utmost importance—an organic and indispensable part in the structure of the composition. Now it is unavoidable that, in so large a place as the Music Hall, a single flute, oboe or clarinet should be unable to assert its theme in the face of a chorus of several hundred voices and a respectable mass of strings. As it was, the wind instruments (excepting the trumpets) were scarcely audible at all. Their very position on the stage was against them: they were so surrounded by the chorus and the rest of the orchestra, so hemmed in on all sides by had reflectors of sound, that they were robbed of half their usual resonance. As a proof of this may be cited the fact that in the opening bars of the *Christmas Oratorio* two flutes, playing almost alone, made such a feeble sound as to be virtually inaudible to such listeners as had not the score before them, and to be hardly perceptible even to those who knew the score, and had the printed notes to guide their ears in the right direction. Such substitutions of an almost inaudible buzzing for definite and essential musical phrases occurred so frequently as to enforce the conviction that the whole dynamic balance of the orchestra was wrong. Whether this balance of power can be restored by placing the weaker wind instruments in a different position in relation to the chorus and the rest of the orchestra, or whether it is necessary to double the flute and reed parts when works of this class are given with so large a chorus in so large a hall, is only to be determined by experiment. If this doubling proves necessary it will place one more difficulty in the way of having wholly satisfactory performances of Bach's choral works, but one which will not be insurmountable to energy and good will: and the Handel and Haydn Society have given abundant proof that they possess both these excellent qualities in a high degree. Indeed it is no mean task to attempt to give either the *Passion-Musik* or the *Christmas Oratorio*. If we may believe what is said, the Society have already won the most important victory in the arduous path of success in this direction; the chorus have learned to love the music. That already bespeaks much, perhaps everything. They have even done more, they have succeeded in singing very much of the music admirably well: with correctness, security and power. But with love comes respect. The Society knows by this time the difficulty of the undertaking. Its performances up to this time have been—must have been—experimental in a great measure, and the experiment has been almost wholly their own. They have had little or no tradition to fall back upon; they have not been able to stand in a position of authority, with knowledge and experience on their side and ignorance on the side of the public; they have been studying Bach in fellowship with the public, and they have by this time learned that he is worth studying. Upon the whole, it may be said that they have learned more than was to be expected, and their rapid progress gives the fairest hopes for the future. But that they should have already arrived at the pitch of Bach-knowledge which will enable them to give wholly satisfactory performances of the grand old Saxon's works is not to be expected. As I have said, the whole affair is so purely experimental. Even the Franz-Bach scores are almost untried: it is plain enough that Franz has been signally successful in the "purely musical" part of his work; he has worked out Bach's figured basses contrapuntally in the most masterly manner; his perfected scores, when arranged for the pianoforte, are absolute gems, but it is only by repeated experiments that it can be proved that he has put his admirable counterpoint well upon the orchestra—that his instrumentation is as fine as his part-writing. And let us not forget that neither Bach, when he composed the *Christmas Oratorio*, nor Franz, when he completed its score, had such a vast choral body in view as that of the Handel and Haydn Society. Franz's score may sound superb when played by a common orchestra and sung by a chorus of a hundred and fifty or two hundred voices, but if the chorus is increased to the size of that of the Handel and Haydn Society, the orchestra must be increased in the same ratio; and if it cannot be so increased, the organ must step in to help it out. Of the successive performances of Bach's works by the Handel and Haydn Society it may be said, and said with enthusiasm, that they have been steadily improving; the Society has undertaken a noble work with a will, and the first word of discouragement that is spoken, the first attempt that is made at inducing them to desist from accomplishing their high task, is a stroke delivered right in the face of the best musical interests in our community. It is equally idle to say that they have already reached their promised goal. That they have done as much as they have, is enough to boast of for the present.

Concerts.

THE FOURTH HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, (Dec. 20) had a beautiful programme, which was greatly enjoyed by the too few who were present in those busy hours of Christmas shopping.

Overture to "Coriolan,".....Beethoven
Air: "My Heart ever faithful," with Piano and Cello.....Bach
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
Symphony, No. 4, in B flat.....Beethoven
Adagio; Allegro vivace.—Adagio.—Scherzo.—
Allegro ma non troppo.
Ave Maria, with Quartet of Strings.....R. Franz
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
Nocturne, in E minor (MS.).....C. C. Mueller
Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony, Mendelssohn
Romanza: "Assisa a piè d'un salice,"
Prayer: "Deh calma, o ciel,"
from "Otello,".....Rossini
Miss Lizzie Cronyn.
Overture: "In the Highlands,".....Gade

The concise and fiery Overture to Collin's *Coriolanus* was given with spirit and precision; and the lovely Fourth Symphony was for the most part clearly and delicately rendered, particularly the Adagio. The Nocturne by Mr. C. C. Mueller, a

learned German musician who has resided for some years in New York, translator of Sechter's "Harmonies," an industrious composer of large orchestral scores (Symphonies, Suites, Overtures, &c.) is in the modern romantic vein, intended to illustrate a passage in Longfellow's "Hiawatha."

Peacefully slept Hiawatha,
But he heard the Wawonaissa,
Heard the whip-poor-will complaining,
Perched on his lonely wigwam;
Heard the rushing Schowisha,
Heard the rivulet rippling near him,
Talking to the darksome forest;
Heard the sighing of the branches,
As they lifted and subsided,
At the passing of the night-wind,
Heard them as one hears in slumber,
Far-off murmurs, dreamy whispers:
Peacefully slept Hiawatha.

It was both interesting and disappointing. There were pleasing suggestions of natural sounds, night and mysterious murmurs of the forest, worked out and colored with much skill; and there is something like a Choral in the middle. But there was a certain mistiness about it all, a want of life and clearness, as if a cloud of dust enveloped it. Yet on the whole it seemed to give not a little pleasure. The clear, bright, buoyant Scherzo from the Reformation Symphony, right after it, was like the voice of Spring, and made a fine relief. Gade's picturesque "Highlands" Overture closed the concert well.

Surely nothing could have been more fit, more interesting than the selections for Miss CROXON. The joyous Bach Aria, accompanied by Mr. DRESSEL and Mr. WULF FAIRZ, was beautifully sung, and with a full conception of the spirit of the music. Yet a slight soreness of the throat, under which this very delicately organized young artist had been laboring, prevented her from singing with her usual ease. But the lovely voice, the fervor, the unaffected and complete absorption in her music, were there, and these rare qualities are sure to charm. The *Ave Maria* by Franz has found in her its best interpreter so far; she sang it with the whole heart and soul; and the string quartet accompaniment, arranged by Mr. Dresel when it was sung some years ago, made the exquisite effect complete. The Scena from *Otello*, with Rossini's delicate yet full instrumentation made complete by Mr. FAIRZ's harp, proved itself a charming concert piece. It is the sweet sad song of "Willow, willow," which Desdemona sings, followed by a short dialogue with Emilia, and then the short but heart-felt earnest prayer: "Deh calma." The jovial Rossini here has shown that he could be sentimental in the finest sense. It was tenderly and beautifully sung and carefully accompanied.

We have here to complete the record—far too briefly and inadequately—of Mme. SCHILLER's delightful Pianoforte Recitals. In the second (Dec. 12) her own selections were all from Chopin:—

Bolero, Op. 61.....Chopin
Etudes, a, Op. 10, No. 5, b, Op. 25 No. 2 and 7. "
Rondeau, Op. 16....."
Aria, from "Allegro".....Handel
Larghetto and Allegro Vivace, from F minor
Concerto.....Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 12....."
Berceuse, Grand Polonaise, A flat, Op. 63....."
Songs, a, Ave Maria, b, May Song, c, Expec-
tation.....Robert Franz
Waltzes, a, Op. 64, No. 3, b, Op. 42.....Chopin

These specimens of Chopin, in their great variety, were all most artistically interpreted, some with exceeding delicacy, others, like the Polonaise, with rare power and brilliancy, some playful, light and airy, others with tender, almost tearful sentiment; with strong impassioned accent, or with a grace that seemed near perfect, as each case required. If now and then the dreamy sentiment, the fond lingering over some exquisitely fine phrase or passage, might seem carried almost to the extreme of morbidness, one must allow something for the momentary mood of both interpreter and hearer. The two movements from the Concerto were wonderfully well played, and the orchestra accompaniment was well suggested on a second piano by Miss BILLINGS. We have not heard a more exquisite rendering of the *Berceuse*, except from Rubinstein.

Miss CROXON sang the Air from Handel's *L'Allegro*: "Mirth, admit me of thy crew," very beautifully, accompanied by Mr. DRESSEL; but it was less keenly appreciated than the songs by Franz, the beauty and the genius of whose compositions had but just been revealed to the young singer, who caught at once their spirit and fell instantly in love with their fresh charm and fragrance as of violets. Never have we felt the beauty and the fervor of that *Ave Maria* more than in her singing. The Franz songs sprang into being for just such a singer.

The third and last programme was as follows:

Prelude—Minuet and Fugue, (from Suite, Op. 73.)
Joachim Raff
(By Request.)

"Kreisleriana," Op. 16, No. 2.....Schumann
Songs:
a. "Stille Liebe,".....Schumann
b. Stumber Song.....Rob. Franz
Sonata, Op. 81, No. 3.....Beethoven
Songs:
a. Savoyard Song,.....Mendelssohn
b. Greeting.
Grand Polonaise, E major.....Liszt
Songs:
a. "Ich hab in deinem Auge," Op. 5, No. 6,
b. "Liebchen ist da," Op. 5, No. 3,
c. Approach of Spring, from Op. 37, Franz

Serenade, and Allegro Gioioso.....Mendelssohn
The most spirited and brilliant manifestations of Mme. SCHILLER's virtuosity were in the Polonaise by Liszt and the *Allegro Gioioso* by Mendelssohn; they were indeed splendidly presented. For poetic fineness of conception and expression, her rendering of the "Kreisleriana" of Schumann, and still more of that most original and delicately imaginative Sonata of Beethoven are to our mind the memorable features of that concert. With the exception of what seemed to us an excess of retardation and *ad libitum* in the Minuet, we thought the ideas of the work were brought out with rare truth and beauty. The Raff Prelude should have been mentioned among the brilliant specimens of pure and easy mastery of a task most difficult. We must confess, the movements played from that Suite were not to our taste so interesting as much that is contained in the Suite played in the first Recital. The Fugue, in this earlier work, with its by no means concise and pregnant theme, seemed more a triumphant exercise of ingenuity, than the development from a germ thought, with a true *raison d'être*, a something worth while to express. Miss Cronyn's songs were all delightful as before, and so were Mr. Dresel's thoughtful and fine accompaniments, which always do full justice alike to the composition and the singer.

Madame SCHILLER's return to Europe, during the coming summer, will be felt as a great loss to our little world of Art here; but it is not time yet to say Good-bye!

The third of the Sanders Theatre Concerts at Cambridge will be on Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, and like the last it will consist of Chamber music, the programme including:

String Quartet in E minor, op. 59, Beethoven, Boston Philharmonic Club; Part Songs, Reincke and Eisenhofer, Swedish Quartet; Miss Hilda Wideberg, 1st Soprano, Miss Amy Aberg, 2d Soprano, Miss Maria Petterson, 1st Alto, Miss Wilhelmina Söderlund, 2d Alto; Duo for Harp and Violin, op. 113 Spohr, Messrs. Freygang and Listemann; Part Songs, Swedish Quartet; Nonetto by Spohr, op. 81, for Violin, Viola, Violoncello, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Contrabass, Boston Philharmonic Club.

The following interesting programme of Piano music was performed on the 22d ult., in Bumstead Hall by pupils of the Boston University College of Music:

Sonata Appassionata, Op. 57.....Beethoven
Allegro assai. Andante con moto. Allegro non troppo.
Miss F. V. Dillrance.
Allegro Agitato.....Schulhoff
Miss H. S. Peckham.
Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin
Mr. D. S. Blanpied.
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 2.....Chopin
Etude in A minor.....Thalberg
Miss N. D. Sewall.
"Les Contrastes," 8 hands.....Moscheles
Andante. Fugue. Presto.

Miss LILLIAN BAILY gives a Concert at Union Hall, on Monday evening, Jan. 14, assisted by Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD, Mr. C. R. HAYDEN and others.

The programme of the fifth Harvard Symphony Concert (this week) was sufficiently "modern" to please Young America: It was: Part I. Overture to "Eury-anthe," Weber; Piano Concerto, in A minor, Op. 16, *Edvard Grieg* (second time in Boston) played by Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD; Allegretto from Third Symphony, Gade, (second time).—Part II. Piano Solos: a, Fugue in E minor, Handel, b, Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15, No. 1, Chopin, c, Scherzo, from Suite, Op. 31, *Bargiel*; Symphony in C minor, Op. 68, by *Johannes Brahms* (first time in Boston).

An interval of *four weeks* before the second half of the series of ten concerts, beginning with the sixth on January 31st, when the Brahms Symphony will be repeated. Other features of the programme will be the Overtures to "The Water-Carrier," *Cherubini*, and "The Naiads," *Sterndale Bennett*; and Mr. ALFRED WILKIE will sing "Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni," "The Garland," by Mendelssohn, and "The Hidalgo" by Schumann.

It is stated that THEODORE THOMAS, also, will perform the Symphony by Brahms in his Fifth Subscription Concert here on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16. Boston, like New York, will have several opportunities for making up its mind about the merits of the work.

Music in New York.

(From The World, Dec. 22.)

SECOND CONCERT OF THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—BRAHMS'S SYMPHONY.

The real interest of the evening centred upon the Brahms Symphony, which stood at the head of the programme. There is no living musician about whose compositions there is a greater variety of opinions, or whose opinions more changeable, than this same Johannes Brahms. People whose patience is limited, and whose ears itch for taking melodies—well or ill elaborated—may find enchantment at a first hearing of such limpid works as Raff's "Leonore" Symphony. But let a Brahms "Requiem," or wonderfully complex and original variations, or symphony, for the first time sound forth, and they will compare the work to muddy water and perhaps sigh for the clearness of a Mozart or a Gluck. But if such a work as the "Leonore" Symphony be performed side by side with a work of like character by Brahms, after a few hearings of both the relations will be reversed. The former work, notwithstanding the almost universal delight it at first arouses, soon becomes comparatively wearisome; while the latter seems to grow more and more beautiful, and adverse judgments of its originality and merits are gradually fused into enthusiastic approval. Almost every one (even of his admirers) is at first disappointed in a new work by Brahms. There is one striking peculiarity about his works—they at first seem filled from beginning to end with resemblances to familiar themes; and, what is for the time the more exasperating, these resemblances seem purposely to have been modified into attempted originality by the concealment of slight changes in form, or color or the like. Many hearers express the hasty judgment that the elaboration and the harmonization may be remarkably good, but there is not an original theme to be found. But, with few exceptions, the very passages which at first appear least original will by-and-by thrill these rash judges with feeling and power, not only in themselves, but especially as they are served with all their surroundings. The resemblance will for the most part be seen to consist in turns of phrase, and in combinations of these with coloring familiar in connection with them. But when the coloring changes, and Brahms covers them with the syncopated iridescence of which he is such a master, the resemblances vanish and present new beauties drive them from the memory. A striking instance of this is to be found in the introduction (*più andante*) to the last movement of the symphony performed last evening, where, over the rippling surface of the pianissimo string orchestra, the ethereal tones of the horns breathe forth with mysterious power. The second and last phrase of the horn passage, in form and color both, irresistibly recall the introduction to Schubert's C major Symphony; and the shading of the passage recalls that part of Schubert's *andante*, in the same symphony, so particularly admired by Schumann. But when the flute succeeds the horn with the very same notes the resemblance is gone, and we are constrained to acknowledge that there is no want of originality in essence to complain of. Brahms is not a mere copyist of the old masters whom he studies and admires so much. Unlike that omnivorous student of philosophy and science, Rev. Joseph Cook, he thoroughly assimilates what he learns, so that it becomes fused into new truth and beauty, and on reappearing, it is never clumsily managed, and must be acknowledged to be Brahms's own.

Our public owe thanks to Dr. Damrosch for consenting to bear the brunt of conflicting impressions and opinions by first performing the Brahms Symphony in this country. Its success in other countries had been so loudly heralded that the hearers were tempted to lay the blame of their first clouded impressions upon Dr. Damrosch's performance, which some said had been so hurriedly prepared that the spirit was crushed out of the greatest orchestral work of the day. But the fault was to be found in the novelty of the work itself, much more than in its rendering. Mr. Thomas therefore reaped the benefit (as far as his hearers' ears were concerned) of that first public rehearsal of the symphony by Dr. Damrosch. But it must not be supposed that the renderings of the two experienced conductors were identical. Mr. Thomas seemed to bring much more out of the first movement than Dr. Damrosch. He took the tempo more quickly

and made a grander effect, which even the acoustic defects of the Academy of Music could not entirely obliterate. What he may show up in this movement at the next concert in Steinway Hall, with four-fifths of the Philharmonic orchestra is a subject for bright hope. In the *andante sostenuto* (second movement) the general effect of the two renderings was the same. But Mr. Thomas brought excessive refinement and delicacy of interpretation to bear upon certain passages, with the effect of greater contrast and lucidness. For example, in the five bars ending with the thirty-first, he restrained the force of the tone of the first violins until they had nearly reached their highest point in the syncopation, when they suddenly rose to the climax with a flash of brightest light. But Dr. Damrosch distributed the expression over a larger space. In this movement the long held tones, followed by variations between the oboe and clarinet were beautifully blended in Mr. Thomas's rendering.

In the *allegretto* (third movement) Mr. Thomas assuredly lost what he had gained by brightness in the first movement, for he took the tempo much too slowly and dragged the life out of it. But Dr. Damrosch made this movement serve the needed purpose of a relief between the *andante sostenuto* and the *adagio* introduction to the last movement. His rendering did much to overcome any unfavorable impression of sombreness in the whole work. Dr. Damrosch took eighty-four beats to the minute; Mr. Thomas only sixty-six.

In the last movement the two conductors had their distinctive tempos and merits in rendering. The pizzicato passages in the introduction were hurried too much by Dr. Damrosch (for greater effect) and not quite enough by Mr. Thomas. Something between the two would be better than either. The horn passage, already referred to, could not be better rendered than it was last evening. It was almost impossible to know when the tone of the horn began. It seemed gradually to condense out of the ether. The introduction well prepared for the grateful outburst of the theme, which Beethoven did not entirely find [!] for the "Ode to Joy" in the Ninth Symphony. Brahms had probably an object in introducing this striking resemblance on the hill-top of his symphony. The theme in itself is really an improvement in form upon the two Beethoven themes which it resembles—that in the Ninth Symphony and the variation theme in the "Fantasia." But the use Brahms makes of it is quite noticeably limited, and he avoids using it for his final climax. Dr. Damrosch seemed to put more zeal into his rendering of this *allegro* than Mr. Thomas brought out. Like Mr. Thomas he took it *non troppo*; but he took it *con brio*, in advance of Mr. Thomas.

As a general opinion of this symphony, it must be acknowledged to be a great work. If Brahms has more talent than genius, then that talent is nearer to genius than anything we have had since Schumann. While listening to the symphony you get glimpses, but they are mere railroad glimpses, of the great masters, from time to time. Should Brahms be blamed for thus occasionally showing what beautiful landscapes surround his own domain? Not when that to which he has a clear title is so extraordinarily beautiful in itself. The work on this symphony is simply wonderful, and by it Brahms shows himself to be an artist of the highest rank in the use of materials at his command. The colors may often seem thickly crowded together, but study and the choice of proper points of observation will bring out the lines and the perspective with beautiful effect. This will be secured in the many performances of the symphony yet promised in this neighborhood.

Mr. G. D. WILSON, the composer, who resides at Nyack-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., has organized an orchestra of 22 or more persons, of the first young men of the place, who give weekly rehearsals at Rockland Institute, assisted by the young ladies. The last one given, Thursday evening, Dec. 20, is spoken of with much enthusiasm by those who were present. Here is the programme:

Symphony, No. 6, in G.....Haydn
Adagio, Vivace, Andante, Menuetto, Allegro,
Ave Maria—(with Violin, Piano and Organ,
Bach—Gounod
March from "Tannhäuser,".....Wagner

Selection from "Judas Maccabæus,".....Handel
"Come, ever Smiling Liberty."
Mrs. Wilson and Miss Graves.
Suite in D. No. 1.....Wilson
Introduction, Allegretto, Andante, Rondo Allegro.
Chorus of Ladies—"The Reapers,".....Cloppason
Polka—"Frida,".....Zikoff

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- I'll tell you when. G. 8. d to E. *Havena*. 30
Semi-comic song, with neat music.
Three Simple Words. F. 8. d to G. *Molloy*. 35
"I trace three words upon the sand,
Three easy words to understand."
Very sweet and melodious words and music.
When Katie met me at the Gate, Song and
Chorus. G. 3. c to D. *Danka*. 30
"I had a charming little mate."
Pleasing ballad in popular style.
The Son of a Gambolier. Song and Chorus.
G. 2. d to E. *L. M.* 35
"A son of a—son of a—son of a—son of a—
Son of a Gambolier."
Such a jolly song that we sing and sing, and
forget that it's all nonsense.
Somebody over the Sea. A minor. 8. E to G.
Halley. 35
"What shall I do w' the hours, dear,
W' the days what shall I do?"
A very well imagined Scotch ballad.
Triumphant and Glorious. Bass Song. D♭.
5. G Bass staff to f. *Dr. Russell*. 60
"—the Lord still maintains
His honor victorious and o'er his foes reigns."
Very fine Bass and Baritone Solo, as sung by
W. W. Whitney.
Come and cheer me, little Treasure. Song
and Chorus. F. 8. c to E. *Speck*. 30
Neat popular song with a nice chorus.
Good Bye. G♭. 4. G to D. *Kayra*. 30
"Good Byes that breathe of happy love,
Grown tender with the lapse of years."
In the unusual key of six flats, but is not difficult to the singer. Of limited compass, and is a good song.

Instrumental.

- With joyful Mood and happy Mind. (Mit frohem Muth und heiterm Sinn.) Waltzes.
8. *Strauss*. 75
A new set by Edward Strauss; and Strauss is always welcome.
Frauenlob. (Praise of Women.) Mazurka
Brillante. E♭. 4. *Bohm*. 40
The mixture of brilliancy with the graceful flow of a Mazurka makes a pleasing union of good qualities. A fine Mazurka.
Four Easy Compositions by Francis Mueller.
Morning Glory Waltz. G. 2. *Each*, 30
Water Lily Waltz. F. 2.
Pearl Waltz. D. 2.
Pretty pieces for beginners.
On Flowery Banks. 6 instructive pieces by
C. Ed. Pathe. *Each*, 25
1. Shower of Blossoms. F. 3.
2. Hope. D. 3.
3. The Swallow. C. 3.
Good substitutes for studies for those a little advanced.
Morton's Funeral March. D minor. 8. *Clarke*. 30
Mr. Wm. H. Clarke had charge of the music at the funeral of the great senator, and this beautiful composition, rendered in the masterly manner, which is Mr. Clarke's habit upon the organ, must have contributed greatly to the interest of the ceremony.
Illusion Grand Waltz. A♭. 3. *Captani*. 75
There is no illusion as to the beautiful quality of the Waltz, which will be sure to please.
Lohengrin. Nachplänge. In 5 keys. 5. *Spindler*. 60
This is No. 14 of *Crème de la Crème*, and has special interest as combining in attractive form, some of the beauties of a romantic opera.
Hidden Smiles. Mazurka Caprice. F. 5. *Jones*. 65
The melody of the Mazurka is prettily hidden by a sort of butterfly flight of light arpeggios, runs, &c., to which the frequent accented notes give life and variety.
1st Grand Valse Brillante. E♭. 4. *Sudds*. 60
A "grand" waltz has this advantage for the player, that his attention is not continually called to its connection with the dance. Here his enjoyment is purely musical.
Polacca Brillante. A♭. 5. *Bohm*. 60
Brilliant from beginning to end.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, B♭, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 959.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JAN. 19, 1878.

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The Art of Phrasing.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

Having in a previous article on The Art of Singing, disposed of vowels and consonants, we propose to speak a few words touching another requisite. We have referred to tone, and to words; we will now speak of the putting of notes together. If a student can join two notes or tones, he can join a hundred. The characteristic of singing being smoothness, it follows that notes should be so blended or dovetailed together that a succession of them, which may be called a phrase, or a section of a phrase, should have the smoothness and the shape of one note. And, as a note should be smooth and round, so should be a phrase. A figure somewhat resembling the shape of the human eye is the form that a note should take; and it is, therefore, precisely the form that the several notes should take which we call a phrase, or a section of a phrase. If we analyze a piece of good music, we shall find that it consists of these phrases, and the vocal student should be careful to master them before he gives a public rendering of the composition; otherwise, he may be twisting the author's work into all sorts of shapes—a proceeding which will impair the composition, much to the sorrow of the friends and admirers of the author. But by a judicious recognition of the phrases of the piece, and an equally judicious presentment of them, he will be showing himself possessed of a musical requisite—which is the third that has been pointed out as being necessary for the "listener" to look for in what may be styled good singing. Now, it has been said that the notes forming this phrase or section of a phrase should be sung as one note. It will be understood, therefore, that there must be nothing jagged in it—if this word may be allowed to pass current. With whatever amount of sound one note ends must the next note begin; this is dovetailing the notes together. Between the phrases of a composition is the singer's place for taking breath; or, if the phrase be long, he will do so between the sections of the phrases. A good singer will take breath seemingly with as much intention to mark the phrases as to enable him to proceed. The listener should notice how a singer takes breath—whether he does it under the circumstances named, or, as many amateurs do it, just when they have a fancy for it. An attention to this will furnish him with another of the requisites which help to make up the account of good singing. This may be the right place to observe, that, in ascending passages, the stream of sound should be fuller as the singer proceeds; and, in descending passages, the opposite course should be observed. This is a rule; but it is one from which it is often necessary to deviate. But whether the rule is being observed, or departed from, the voice should emit a stream of sound; and, as a rule, the middle of the phrase or section should be the largest volume of sound.

Allusion has already been made to color in tone, in order to express sentiment. In speaking of tone, it was essential to make that reference—although this is the proper place for the due consideration of the subject. Most persons have heard such an expression as the merry ring of a voice. The tone of the voice was in thorough accord with the feelings of the heart. The joyousness within gave the bright color to the voice. It has been often said that a sentiment is half expressed by the

tone assumed. We know the actuating emotions of a speaker almost as much by the tone of his voice as by the words which he uses. What a power there is, then, in tone! By tone here, is, of course, meant vocal color. We begin to sympathize with the speaker immediately if his sentiment be wise, amiable, or generous; and it is the color of the voice that first moves us. How essential, then, it is to cultivate this color of voice; and especially so, when there is an intention to give expression to artificial sentiments! The emotions and passions to which a singer gives expression—or aims to give expression—are not natural to him at the time; but he has to assume them; hence the voice should have whatever color helps to express the emotion he is assuming. It used to be said of the great tenor, RUBINI, that there were tears in his voice; and that the great Italian vocalist brought tears to the eyes of very many opera frequenters, is beyond contradiction. But there are no RUBINIS in these days. There is, however, no adequate reason why there should not be such singers. And one of the things for which RUBINI was renowned, was this—that his voice assumed the color of the sentiment he was expressing. Let the listener then expect to find the singer's voice in accord with the emotion, or the sentiment, which is assumed. Grief, anger, love, hate, anguish, revenge, and the other feelings supposed to be engendered, must be heard in the color of the voice. And some of these emotions will justify the use of the vibrato. This truth will make it evident that the perpetual employment of the vibrato can only be regarded as a grave fault in singing.

We have said that good and pure singing should be like streams of sound. This expression, of itself, implies that the notes—whatever the intervals between them—should be thoroughly joined together. Let not the "listener" imagine that he must expect to find this junction effected by means of a slur. If the two notes, for example, be separated by an interval of an octave, the voice of the artist goes direct from note to note; and whatever the *timbre* or size of the sound with which the first note ends, with that sized sound should the second note commence. It may then be increased or diminished in volume. This rule—like most others, admits of exceptions being made to it. But to the student we would say, adhere always to the rule rather than be too fond of the exceptions, and injudicious in their use.

These few observations have been made that they may be fresh in the mind of the reader, while we direct attention to another requisite in good singing:—*accent*. Smoothness is the characteristic of singing; but, without accent, singing would be lifeless. We do not here speak of primary and secondary accent—for some of those persons who may derive benefit from the reading of what is now being written, know nothing of music; and to tell such persons that certain tempi have two accents in each bar, while other tempi have but one, might tend to perplex them; and it would be directing their attention in a way that might be quite foreign to their desire. But to point out that a good vocalist is something more than an automaton, and that there should be warmth and energy (we were going to say blood) in his singing, is but another way of stating that the listener should expect to find certain notes in the singer's phrases emphasized. Accent gives life to singing; it helps to arouse the hearer's sympathy. To call it the pulsation of singing, will be giving it a definition that may reach

the comprehension of many. Singing, however pure and beautiful, if it be without accent, will bear a resemblance to a cold marble statue; but give it accent, and it is like changing that statue into a living being. A judicious care is requisite in the use of this essential to good singing. Were this written solely for vocal students, we should say, if you emphasize the first note of every bar in common-time music with a strong accent, and the third note in the bar with a moderate accent—assuming these notes to be crotchets—your singing will be indeed like that of an automaton; and as phrases frequently end at the commencement of a bar, by accenting that final note you will be condemning yourself at once as being no musician, as well as a bad singer. But, of course, you would not think of accenting the last note or point of a phrase; nor would you accent your notes in the manner just referred to. You look at your phrases, and accent your notes according to the musical demands of each phrase.

We now turn our attention more particularly to the listener. In speaking of accent, it is essential that the musical and the verbal accent should be in thorough accord with each other. Although intelligent musicians in setting words to music are careful in this respect, there are many vocal pieces in existence in which there is a great want of agreement between the words and the music, so far at least as accent is concerned. In songs that have been translated from another language into English, the disagreement spoken of is often to be seen. The attentive listener, though no musician, will soon be able to accustom himself to look for the singer's accents in the right place if he pay due regard to the words sung, for he will know which words should be emphasized; and, assuming that the musical and verbal accent correspond, if he find that the singer has neglected his accent he will put that circumstance down to the debit side of the singer's account in his estimation. He will be the better able to arrive at a correct judgment in this matter if all the singer's words are distinctly enunciated, and he does not have to give a part of his attention to the "book of words" he may be holding in his hand.

The Last Years of Beethoven.

[The following reminiscences are among the most interesting of a long series of papers entitled: "Beethoven judged by his Contemporaries," which the London Musical Standard translates from the French of M. NIKOLAI, in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.]

The winter which followed the comparatively happy summer of 1825, was very sad. The malady from which Beethoven suffered became visibly aggravated. It was apparent that his days were numbered.

"Every evening he repairs to a little inn situated near his home. He asks for a glass of beer, and smokes a long pipe. He sits with eyes closed, apparently asleep. If one of his friends address him in passing, he abruptly raises his head, and with a gruff laugh presents his pocket-book to the person who thus disturbs his ecstasy, in order that he may exchange with him some salutations and small remarks. More frequently he writes his replies, instead of giving them verbally. Then, when he has apparently slept some time, he draws a pocket-book from his pocket—of a larger size than the one he keeps for conversation—and begins to write, his eyes all the time half closed."

These lines are extracted from a young poet who was passing through Vienna, who recounted his impressions in a German paper some time after Beethoven's death. As the name of this young man

will not add anything to the interest of his account, we shall not give it; but inscribe, instead, the more important name of

FRANZ SCHUBERT.

One evening, when the poet of whom we have spoken asked him how Beethoven could thus write? the author of the "Rot des Aulnes" replied:

"He composes.

"But he writes words, not notes.

"It is his way. He indicates the course of his ideas by words, and only occasionally employs notes. The art has become a sort of science with him."

These words may appear like a criticism on the part of Schubert. But it is not so. No one held the great master in greater reverence than he. On another occasion, when he beheld Beethoven absorbed in composition, he said:—

"The waters of the Danube will empty themselves into the sea many a time before the creations of this man will have been received with full comprehension. And that not only because he is more sublime and more elevated than other musicians, but because he is also more complete. He is equally great in epic music and dramatic music, in the lyric style and the prosaic style. In a word, he can do everything. He is to Mozart what Shakespeare is to Schiller. People understand Schiller, no one has as yet fully comprehended Shakespeare. Everybody understands Mozart. Those who know Beethoven say of him, that he has still an infinity of spirit and heart; and indeed he must have loved in an extraordinarily unfortunate manner, to have become plunged in such horrible melancholy."

Schubert's mind was so constituted, that, in his greatest enthusiasm there mingled always a vein of causticity. We have said that he figured among the greatest admirers of the master. The reply that he made to one of his friends in a moment of confidence sufficiently proves it.

He was singing to his friend one day some of his first Lieder, and asked him if he thought that he, Schubert, would ever do anything good. He was then quite young.

The friend replied, that this was already done.

"Ah, well, I persuade myself so, sometimes," Schubert replied; "but what can any one do, after Beethoven?"

For the first time for many years, Beethoven passed the summer (that of 1826) in Vienna.

He was then, as is known, occupied in the termination of several already commenced works. This epoch is a distressing one; and yet an incident which attaches to it is not without a somewhat comic side.

The account is from the pen of the Swedish writer,

ATTENBOM.

"My encounter with Beethoven" (thus this personage expresses himself,) "deserves to be recorded. My friend, Doctor Jeitteles, undertook the introduction. One scorching afternoon, we took our way to the house where Beethoven lived. We mounted two flights of stairs, we knocked; no one replied. We turned the button of the door; the antechamber was empty. We knocked, no one came; we knocked again, still the same silence—and yet we heard footsteps inside. We decided to enter. What a scene presented itself to our eyes! Large sheets of paper marked all over with lines drawn with charcoal were hung over the wall which faced us. Beethoven had his back turned towards us: but in what a condition we beheld him! It was extremely hot, and he had removed his garments one after the other till only his shirt remained. He was hard at work, and wrote with a red pencil upon the folio lying before him, beating the time, and striking chords upon a stringless piano.

"It chanced that he did not happen to turn round. We did not dare to advance. To endeavor to attract his attention by coughing, or disturbing the furniture, was useless; he had not heard us. We were extremely ill at ease; and, without consulting each other, we slowly retired, trembling lest he should perceive our presence. It seemed to us that we had committed a crime of the highest magnitude.

"When we were outside, Jeitteles said to me—'Your end is not attained; but you will be able to say—and I only shall be able to say it with you—I have seen Beethoven at work; I have seen him create.'"

"I quitted him with this impression on my mind; and, in consequence, happier perhaps than as if he had entertained me with one of those commonplace conversations which the most elementary laws of politeness often impose upon men of genius."

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Concerning Touch in Piano-Playing.

By ARTHUR MERR, Wesleyan College, Cincinnati, O.

The excellent articles by Mr. W. S. B. Mathews, which have of late appeared in your Journal, on pedagogical questions in musical instruction, encourage me to give the results of careful investigation and experiment on the same and kindred subjects treated of there, as it is evident that the interest in a truly scientific course of study, founded not only on a knowledge of the anatomical structure of the hand, but also on the very important consideration of psychological influences, is being more and more excited. The work of Adolph Kullak on "The Aesthetics of Piano-playing," created a decided impression in German musical circles; and many of the valuable suggestions found in that work could certainly be introduced with advantage in our Methods and Instruction Books. But the efforts of that author, to point out the relation between the mechanical and psychological sides of piano-playing, seem scarcely to have been so thoroughly appreciated as the importance of the subject would warrant. As several points bearing on this very question have been enlarged upon by Mr. Mathews, a few words relating to the same problem may not be amiss. The field for investigation in this particular direction is so very large and comparatively uncultivated, that I may be permitted to turn specially to the remarks made by Mr. Mathews in No. 17 of your valuable Journal, "Concerning Touch in Piano-Playing."

The universal want of ability to "color" the touch is certainly to be ascribed to the fact, that compound touches (coming from several joints simultaneously) are taught at too early a stage of piano practice, whereby a perfect control over the separate joints employed is made most difficult. It is a physiological fact that the intensity of effort and its success depend upon the concentration of mind on one point, that is to say, one set of muscles. The most serious error made in piano instruction is, that the attention of the student is not sufficiently concentrated on those points only which are directly brought into activity. A naturally gifted pianist will have unusually sensitive finger-tips, and the gradations of touch will be judged by him not so much through an analysis of the joints or muscles employed in bringing out a certain effect, as by the sensation which is produced through the nerves of the fingers, in performing this certain motion. A short staccato, for instance, (and here distinction between positive and negative staccato must be carefully made) will produce on the performer's nervous system, through the nerves of the fingers, an impression in direct relation to the effect of the blow. The sensation produced through the nervous system in executing a passage must impress itself on the mind with the utmost accuracy, and come to the consciousness, thus enabling the performer by renewing this sensation through muscular action, to bring about the very same effect at will again and again. The purely automatic movements of the fingers, which are the result of innumerable repetitions of precisely the same succession of efforts, and which invariably produce a mechanical and unsympathetic touch, are principally the result of failing to develop the sensitive-

ness of the nerves of the fingers. The difficulties which arise from the construction of the hand, such as weakness of the fourth and fifth fingers, are of course not meant here, as these can be removed only by developing the muscles through mechanical practice, although here too the training will be materially aided by constant mental concentration and not, as Dreyschock and others teach, by purely mechanical work, simultaneously with the performance of which a book may be read or the mind otherwise diverted—but those motions are referred to, which are retarded by the want of ability to concentrate the mind with sufficient rapidity and impetus on the muscles to be brought into play. The difference of piano *mechanics* and *technics* must here, as at every stage of study, be carefully observed. The *clinging pressure* must therefore be insisted upon not only because it will strengthen the muscles, but because it will make *perception* and *reflex action* become perfect and well defined. The necessity of developing the muscles and bringing their activity to consciousness demands that the attack should be most decided, and brought about by raising the fingers high, as Plaidy and Koehler very emphatically teach. The legato touch will be successfully developed if care is taken that the weight of the hand (the resisting power after the blow) be at no time removed from the finger, but shifted from one finger to the other. [See introductory remarks to Koehler's "Laufer Studien."] This will at the same time cause the nerves to transmit a constant current of sensation, which, as long as it is uninterrupted, and comes from one finger only at a time, will give the best idea of what legato touch ought to be, namely a constant and unbroken pressure on one key or the other (one key only at a time, of course.) Sebastian Bach's style of playing, as described in Forkel's biography, will give excellent information as to the correct manner of playing legato. The danger which arises from calling in-to activity any other than the knuckle joint (before the normal firm touch has thoroughly become flesh and blood with the pupil) lies in the tendency to assist the blow with motions coming from the first and second finger joints. In playing the F scale downwards, for instance, the fourth and fifth fingers will generally be kept contracted until the moment of passing them over the thumb, when they will be extended; in striking B flat the fourth finger being again contracted sympathetically with the third, which is preparing to press down A, will produce too loud a tone and generally play it slightly staccato. It is one of the greatest difficulties to deliver the blow from the knuckle joint, while the finger joints remain firm and immovable. Koehler's different positions of the hand, made necessary by the short fingers (the thumb and fifth) half on black and half on white keys, wholly on black and on white keys, point to the necessity of adapting the degree of extension of the fingers to the succession of white and black keys, thus securing a quiet position of the hand. As regards the staccato, there are doubtless two classes, the one, the positive staccato, in which the starting point is a small distance above the key, and which is produced by a blow from above and the sudden rebounding of the finger from the key; the second, the negative staccato, in which the starting point is the surface of the key and which is caused by pressure and a sudden relaxation, by which the finger is rapidly thrown from the key. Pupils of Prof. Kullak, in Berlin, will remember how carefully he discriminated between these two classes of staccato touch. It is only in the hope that others more competent and experienced will take sufficient interest to write on similar questions—that these few remarks are offered after careful study and observation.

Production of the "Antigone" of Sophocles at Dresden.

(From an Occasional Correspondent of the Advertiser.)

DRESDEN, Dec. 8, 1877.

Of all people the Germans appear to be those who most truly regard the stage as a means of education and mental culture, rather than as a mere institution for entertainment and an agreeable invention for passing away the time. With laudable perseverance they offer to the public, at not infrequent intervals during the season, various works of their great dramatists, and in Dresden it has for some time been the custom on one evening in every week through the winter to reduce the entrance fees to inconsiderable sums, so that the poorer classes may be afforded an opportunity to form an acquaintance with the masterpieces of dramatic art.

Besides the more stirring plays of Shakespeare and Schiller, the theatre directors do not fear to place upon the stage poems almost devoid of dramatic action, like Goethe's "Iphigenia" and "Torquato Tasso," Lessing's "Nathan the Wise," etc., nor do they shrink from occasionally producing Goethe's "Faust," the beginning of which is so filled with lengthy speeches, and whose representation, even in the abridged acting edition, lasts from four to five hours. To young minds still, as the Germans say, "im Werden—in the act of becoming,—the witnessing of such works of art is of great value, as it brings them into a new and more ideal world, where the pettinesses of actual life disappear and its great emotions exist, refined and elevated, in a half intangible atmosphere, while the ear is tuned to an appreciation of the beauties of language and gains an unconscious conception of its myriad possibilities, and the intellect finds food for reflection and thought in the poet's resolution of those problems which he treats. For the many foreigners, too, who flock to the German cities, it is most advantageous to have the characters which they have studied in books presented to them in the appropriate setting of costume and scene, and that they are thus enabled to take, as it were, an objective view of that which before they have seen only through the medium of their own fancy.

For some years Sophocles's "Antigone," admirably translated into German by Donner, has held its place upon the German stage, and to the beauty and dignity of the drama itself is added the charm of the music Mendelssohn composed for it, heard last winter in Boston with so much pleasure from the Apollo club. As one enters the theatre he finds the stage entirely disclosed to view, the curtain, as well as the usual change of scene and division into acts, being abolished for this evening. The stage is divided, in imitation of the Greek stage, into two planes,—the principal actors standing upon the upper plane, the chorus having their position on the lower, while the two are connected by a staircase ascending on either side. The background represents the entrance to Creon's palace. On the right are pillars and a gateway, on the left the same with the first, trees of a grove appearing beyond. In the middle of the foreground is a Grecian altar piled with *thyrsi* and wreaths.

For the full apprehension of the underlying pathos of the "Antigone," the main facts of the story of *Œdipus* must be briefly recalled. *Œdipus*, ignorant of his true origin, accidentally meets his father and kills him; then, having slain the Sphinx who had been devastating the Theban territory, he receives, as the promised reward, the hand of his mother, Jocasta, in marriage, becomes ruler over Thebes, and has by Jocasta two sons and two daughters, Eteocles, Polyneices, Antigone and Ismene. When, after the lapse of years, the secret of his birth is disclosed to him, and he discovers what crimes he has unwittingly committed, he is seized with horror and deprives himself of his eyesight; then (Jocasta having already taken her own life), he is cast out by the people and wanders forth from Thebes. On his sad way Antigone accompanies him; she is the support of his feeble steps and the sight of his blinded eyes, and fulfilling her tender office we meet her in "Œdipus in Colonus," when she bids farewell to the dearly beloved and long-attended father, who, clothed in more important honors than in the days of his first prosperity, is caught up amid thunder and lightning to the abode of the immortals—like the prophet Elijah, to whom there came "a fiery chariot, with fiery horses, and took him away to heaven."

With the apotheosis of *Œdipus*, Sophocles's play of "Œdipus in Colonus" ends, but the imagination follows *Antigone* grieving for the loss of the dear burden, and with all the horror of her house's history upon her, back to Thebes, where await her the dissensions of her two brothers, each of whom claims the crown, the apprehension of war, and finally the terrors of the siege itself, when seven proud chiefs come against Thebes's seven gates, when brother fights against brother and each falls by the other's hand. All these woes has *Antigone* suffered and survived, when, at the beginning of the play which bears her name, she appears before us, and in spite of them all, as if for future compensation for the desolate loneliness into which she is plunged, has been formed a bond which promises her "the bridal-song, and the joy of marriage, the blessing of wedlock and the happiness of children." She is the betrothed of *Hamon*, son of *Creon*, and we hope for her the dawn of a brighter day upon a near horizon. But this is not to be. *Eteocles*, who fell in defence of Thebes, has received funeral honors, but *Creon* has decreed that the body of *Polyneices*, who fought against the city, shall remain unburied, exposed to the birds of prey, an abomination in the eyes of gods and men. In defiance of *Creon's* command *Antigone* sets forth to cover with earth, as best she may, her brother's remains. With this the play begins, and then comes a chorus of rejoicing for the triumph of Thebes over her enemies, at the close of which *Creon*, arrayed in scarlet and white robes, issues from his palace and formally repeats his decree concerning *Polyneices's* corpse.

Terrible anger seizes him when he hears that, in spite of his order, the dust has been sprinkled upon the body; and when the culprit is discovered to be *Antigone*, she is condemned to death. Calm and beautiful, she stands before the incensed king and receives the sentence which his indignation utters. Firm and unshaken, with indescribably tender dignity, she insists upon the respect due to the gods of the under-world and on her duties as a sister, "Nicht mit zu hassen, mit zu heben bin ich da!" But neither her explanation, the entreaties of *Hamon*, nor the expostulations of the chorus of Theban citizens, can soften *Creon's* stern determination; *Antigone* is led out to die. This is the most thrilling and beautiful part of the play. In language, which rolls and swells in waves of sorrow, in the reaction which follows the first sublime indifference to fate, and as the chill of the approaching grave sends a shiver to her young breast, *Antigone* laments her lot and the lot of her doomed house. The orchestra follows the pauses of her recitation, and at times sustains it with wailings deeper than words, more powerful than speech, while at the close of the strophe and antistrophe, the chorus takes up the burden of her griefs. A last address to the city of Thebes, to its gods and its chief men on whom she calls to witness her undeserved fortune, and she is seized by the servants who are to execute *Creon's* will. She struggles in their grasp, throws herself suppliant for one moment before the altar, and in the next a black veil is flung over her and she is led away, while a thrill of horror pierces the heart of the spectator, and the orchestra follows her departure with sombre chords.

The action, which has flowed in a steady stream from the beginning, seems to slacken a little now in interest and give one time to breathe, when *Teiresias* enters and foretells misery to *Creon* if the body of *Polyneices* remains unburied. Moved at last by his predictions and by the urgent entreaties of the chorus, *Creon* revokes his former decree, and hastens himself to release *Antigone* from the tomb, where she had been buried alive. Here follows the one bright spot amid all the gloom, the one relief from the tragic influence of the whole play, as the chorus crown themselves with wreaths, seize the *thyrsi*, and, waving them in the air, march about the altar, singing with powerful voice a hymn to Bacchus. But the exultation is of short duration. *Antigone* has hanged herself in her narrow prison, from which she knew no escape. *Hamon* has fallen upon his sword. *Eurydice*, his mother, on hearing the fatal tidings kills herself, and *Creon* is left alone amid the ruin and desolation he has caused. Horrible end! Tragedy far more terrible than death, or than any wrong by which he might have suffered, to stand thus, surrounded by the corpses of all those who meant for him hope, and love, and joy, and to know that with his own hand he had laid them low. The body of *Hamon* is borne off the stage, *Creon* following. The doors in the background, which had opened, exposing to view the dead *Eurydice*, slowly close again. The chorus, with an admonition to man that the foundation of

happiness is wisdom, that he should never forget to reverence the gods, and that he shall surely expiate insolence and rashness, move off the stage, leaving it empty as at first, while the orchestra completes the profound impression made upon the mind with its appropriate parting notes.

L. W. J.

Mendelssohn in Paris.

A LETTER FROM JACQUES ROSENHAIN.

SIR.—I have just read in the last number of the *Gazette Musicale de Paris* a very interesting article on M. Adolphe Jullien's essay, entitled *Mendelssohn à Paris en 1831*. The writer says among other things:—

"M. Jullien's special object has been to prove that Mendelssohn was far from having formed so unfavorable an opinion as biographers have stated of Paris and French artists."

To back up this assertion and to show how far Mendelssohn was from entertaining feelings inimical to France and French artists, I now lay before you a letter, hitherto unpublished, from him, which he wrote me in 1842. In a conversation I had at that epoch with Habeneck, who honored me with his friendship, I told him how much I thought it was to be regretted that Mendelssohn's works were still so little known in Paris. Hereupon, Habeneck commissioned me to write and inform Mendelssohn that he was resolved to have several of Mendelssohn's compositions performed at the Conservatory, and also to take steps at the Opera to procure him a libretto. The following letter from Mendelssohn is an answer to my own, and you will see with what respect he speaks of Habeneck, and how much importance he attaches to the opinion of the French public.—I remain, etc..

JACQUES ROSENHAIN.

—Baden, 15th November, 1877.

"Berlin, 12th January, 1842.

"MY DEAR ROSENHAIN.—I was very much pleased at hearing directly from you, and being enabled to conclude that you have remained, what you always were, my dear, kind, and indulgent friend. A thousand thanks from the bottom of my heart. Only, next time, you must not speak to me at such length of my affairs but of *your own*. Of these you do not say a word, and yet they form a subject, I should take the greatest pleasure in hearing you talk about. Remedy this in your next missive, which, it is to be hoped, I shall soon receive. Come! a continuation of our conversation as we returned from our walk from Gohlis to Leipzig! Do you still remember it? I received your piece in B minor,* a few weeks ago, with a line from your pen. It pleased me extremely, and completely recalled the happy time in question; I have often and often thanked you in my mind. But now I should like to know what you have new. I have heard something about an opera, but are there no pieces for the piano, no songs, etc.? Write and tell me everything.

"The W . . . spend the winter here (it is true that one of them is betrothed); but fancy how I should rise in their estimation if I were to take them fresh intelligence of what you are doing!—Think, too, how I should please my wife, who is, as she always will be, your faithful pupil and admirer; who begs me to remember her to you; and who, thank Heaven, is, like the children, as well as one could wish. We are leading a somewhat dissipated life here; we think every day of the good time past, and should very much like to return to Leipzig. Whether there is any chance of this desire being realized, we shall see between this and a few months. What you say concerning my works and their performance in Paris interested me deeply; receive my best thanks. But I must confess that I do not promise myself a great success. If, while remaining in the path I have pursued, I should, at some future date, succeed in composing better and more characteristic works, I may perhaps hope to see one or other of them make its way in Paris as elsewhere; but I doubt this, as regards what I have done up to now; the compositions in question are not sufficiently different from those where you are. However, as you may imagine, it will be a great delight and a great honor for me if anything of mine is performed in Paris, and especially if a man like Habeneck interests himself in the matter. Present him my best, my very best regards. I entertained in years gone by a great liking for him, and he was then so good and kind towards me that I have thought of him ever since, not only with respect and admiration, but with true gratitude. Please kindly tell him this, and give him my most affectionate compliments.

"The metronomical directions for my *St. Paul* are to be found in the large score, which is indispensable for the performance. Do you think it would be well to commence with "Fingal's Cave"? Should not Habeneck rather try, at any rate, the four overtures, or at least three, at a rehearsal, so as to choose the one best suited to the members of the orchestra? I should very much wish him to do so, and I earnestly beg, through you, that he will. Please tell me, when an opportunity offers, whether he yields to my request; and, in case he does, correct a typographical error in the score and the parts of the *Meeresstille*: the *allegro* should be marked *alla breve* instead of *per*; the movement is very quick; half-a-bar is worth about a crotchet—as in the last piece of Beethoven's Symphony in A.

"I write an opera for Paris! You know how strong is my desire to have a libretto by Scribe; you know that

* "Poème pour piano," Op. 24.

for years I have been yearning with all my heart for a genuine, fine dramatic notion. But to come out in Paris with a first work of the kind is beset with such difficulties, that I really could not think of your proposal before having had one or two operas played in Germany, and unfortunately I do not yet see a chance of anything of the sort, that is, a good subject or a good libretto. But thank Habeneck for his kind intention in this instance also, and ask him, if he knows any good and fine subject, for Heaven's sake to inform me of it. I should consider this as the greatest service anyone could do me in my artistic career.

"Please present my best compliments to Eckert, who, a short time since, transmitted me yours; kindly tell him I have not yet received the pieces of which he spoke to me. Should you see Baillot or Chopin remember me to them. And now enough for to-day. Adieu; write soon, and remain as attached as ever to yours, most truly,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY."

Von Buslow's Notes of Travel.*

Or would you prefer a title: "Inappropriate Remarks on Things in General." O my respected patron of many years? I at once call your attention to the fact that one part of the above heading may agree too well with the contents of my articles, and that you may feel bound suddenly to stop your recent puff of my talent as a writer of operative notices (of course, at watering-places only.) By the way, was not there a slight flavor of irony about that said puff? Is it quite certain that you did not mean to characterize me as a Jack-of-all-trades? However, be that as it may,—

"Bin fremd dem Literatentreiben,
Kann ungedruckt im Pulste bleiben."

The fact is, it amuses me to chat, purposelessly, with you, *publico et privato*, and I am amply rewarded for my trouble by a friendly smile from you in your study. I have, unfortunately, no connection with the ideal Corinth, where the much-lauded fair friends of Herren Eckert, Hiller, and Lindau are said to thrive, and I sometimes suffer from a yearning to unbosom myself. It matters, therefore, little to me whether you preserve the dry flowers of my ink-bottle in your herbarium of epistolary celebrities, or ———. Our good friend Pohl, poor fellow, is unfortunately not in so enviable a position. It was absolutely necessary for his "Friendly Letters from Bayreuth" to be printed at any price. To ensure his pamphlet's appearing with any approach to neatness of form, he was compelled, *noblesse oblige*, to dedicate it to the editor of the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, the second husband of Herr Brendell's widow.

He would probably have been glad enough to select a fair being, younger and prettier than the individual chosen, as his addressee; Herr Pohl, however, like myself, seems unable to obtain letters of recommendation to ——— Corinth. But this is enough in the way of prelude, as the key is settled.

I. BRUSSELS.

26th October.

Thomas dead.—Meyerbeer still alive—Robert . . . but not the Devil . . . and Richard . . . but not Cœur de-Lion.—Gratification, despite the police, of the impulse to manufacture operas.—Conductororial pantomimism.—Sanculottism in the Pianoforte Playing of the present Day.

You see, respected Sir, that I have not been in America quite for nothing; I have gone through a course of study of the Yankee newspaper style, and it is with unconcealable satisfaction that I perceive spreading over your features a look of electric expectation, like that in the case of a "fifth," at the fourth desk of the first fiddles in the hall of the Gewandhaus, when a new Canonic Suite is being played. Do not be alarmed, I am not cruel, and you shall not snap, or "go off with a bang," like the fifth in question. I can now quite imagine the feeling, for, on Thursday evening, I myself was very near it—"going off with a bang," to wit—in the Théâtre de la Monnaie, at one time with rage and at another with weariness. Had I been a crowd in myself I might have confounded the little successor of the great Auber at the Conservatory with the wholesale murderer of the same name at Bremen, translating dynamite by *embêtement*. (He has nothing to do with Theodore Thomas of New York.) I say: "near it;" I was saved solely by the partially very admirable manner in which the persons engaged performed their tasks, and by the friendly way in which my colleague and respected neighbor in the parquet, M. Louis Brassin, shared my torture. I shall speak further of my benefactor presently, when I have somewhat got over my excitement; the latter would render me without more ado capable even of "praising asses," were such a course not forbidden by the virtue which after we have cut our wisdom teeth becomes a duty; I mean *modesty*. The fact is that it was especially myself who was the "ass," for having had the hardihood to appeal from the miserable impression produced on me by the perusal of *Hamlet* in the piano-forte score to the impression acoustically receivable from a scenic representation.

*From the *Leipzig Signale*, edited by Herr Senff. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

The empty nothingness, devoid of all special physiognomy, which marks Thomas's music, as likewise its pretentious conceit, was then for the first time apparent to me in all its glaring brightness. Even in purely technical matters, such as the instrumentation, where Meyerbeer has shown us that, like Vatel, a man may by skilful preparation render even boot-soles palatable, I was most bitterly disappointed. The only miserable joke my ear came across was in the second act: the golings on, not so droll as repulsive, of a saxophone which was new to me, a bastard of bass-clarinets and English horn, a pair of wooden bellows, certainly not generated by any natural combination, and therefore, thank heaven, not destined to live. Do not think, my dear Herr Senff, that I went to the theatre afflicted with German prejudices or specific musical whims.

The sounds of *Fidelio*, the opera with which I had entered on my duties as conductor, had completely died out of my ears, and, shortly before leaving Hanover, I had thrown my whole heart into directing the production of *La Muette de Portici* and *Lucresia Borgia*. Still less, though a Wagnerite *de la ville* (I have been one for thirty-five years, that is, from the very first performance of *Rienzi* at Dresden, in October, 1849), am I to be reckoned among the adversaries of the great Giacomo; on the contrary. With the approbation of my new chief and old colleague, Herr von Bronsart, I hope to give during this present season a comparatively model performance of *Les Huguenots*, such as the latter work needs (unfortunately!) more than *Lohengrin*, which, by the way, can be and is given as it ought to be given, in Munich alone, where it is so performed *par ordre de Mufsi*. Nor has my reverence for Shakespeare ever excited me to consider it a crime, in MM. Verdi and Taubert, for instance, to transfer *Macbeth* to music-paper, though I cannot help thinking that with his *Lustige Weiber von Windsor* (*Merry Wives of Windsor*) Otto Nicolai did the great Briton higher honor. The boldness of philosophizing in notes (the setting of the soliloquy, "To be, or not to be," to a certain extent the most endurable bit in the opera, is, however, purloined from Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust*) would, moreover not have offended me in the least; I became inured to this sort of thing, prompted by earnest intention, from *Tristan und Isolde*. So, naively *sine ira et studio*, I listened to M. Thomas's strains ("abgeschiedene Violoncelle," as David sings in *Die Meistersinger*), and, thanks to M. Brassin's spiritual consolation, continued listening up to Ophelia's scene of natation at the end of the fourth act. The result is short: a most deep-seated conviction on my part of the rottenness of this usurper of the inheritance left by Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and the most open-mouthed astonishment at those gentlemen who lay down the law, and who are incapable of distinguishing apparent life and apparent death. There is no doubt that M. Thomas writes correctly, and "academically," if you like, something in the same fashion that M. Jules Simon conducts politics; but mere smoke is the most the absence of talent in him can produce, accompanied, as the latter is, by such importance that, in its want of character and style, it cannot clear even the rock, want of taste, a rock generally avoided by educated French musicians. Verdi, with all his former roughness, and even with his present queer notions, is quite another kind of fellow, and M. Thomas is not above levying the most continuous loans on him. I say nothing of Gounod; that composer's want of character, or euphemistically speaking, his "eclecticism," has method about it, and in his own circle he has notions which his intellectual guardians did not possess before him. In a word, he belongs at all events to the first of the two classes of operative composers into which I would divide the entire species—though the worthy non-elect among the so-called "German" incapables desirous of musicalizing dramatically will not agree very cordially with the notion—the said two classes being those who can add something to the *hurdy-gurdy*, and those who are compelled to borrow the most necessary things from it. The dislike I entertain for those of the last sort—a dislike I am least capable of surmounting when, devoured by the same thirst for success as their more frivolous but more highly gifted brethren, they pretend to the orchestra and the critics (they are not able to swindle the singers and the public), that it is solely from "modesty" that they neglect the means of success—induces me now personally to beg Herr von Flotow's pardon for all the rude things once written and spoken by me against him. When, at a period of such operative poverty, of such noisy sterility as the present, Master Giacomo is loudly cried down, and the pigmies of to-day, jealous of his triumphs,

appeal, as they cry him down, to the *Olympian audacities* which Robert Schumann hurled against the presumed Antichrist, forty, and Richard Wagner twenty-five years ago, we must simply reply: *Quod licet Jovi non licet bovi*. Schumann understood just as much about an opera as Rossini understood about a symphony; Wagner was guilty of injustice with greater consciousness, though he may be excused in consideration of the hard laws of a "struggle for existence." But "everything has happened before," says Ben Akiba; let the reader call to mind how adverse Weber was to Beethoven, etc. Epigoni, however, who do not deserve being named in the same day with Wagner, even as a specific musician, and whose most striking success will never equal the *fiasco d'estime* achieved by *Genoveva*, should, before they are bold enough to try to write operas, poke their respected noses a trifle further into the scores of men like Meyerbeer, Halévy, and Auber, and see whether they possess sufficient talent to derive some little practical benefit from the process. The more sensible among them might then come down a peg or two and grow rather disheartened, which would be all the better for poor operative conductors. For the others, I will cite the winged words of Arthur Schopenhauer: "When a book and a head cannon together and produce a hollow sound, that is, once for all, not the fault of the book."

But do you not think, my dear Herr Senff, that it is time for me to conclude my digression? "The art of wearying consists in holding nothing back," says a French moralist. I will, therefore, cure my attack of sentimentality by a bit of triviality, and quickly tell you something which will interest you most deeply. It is that Mdlle. Hamackers, though no longer a young, was a very excellent, and, vocally, blameless, Ophelia, and that M. Devoyod, who played Hamlet for the first time, achieved a success as brilliant as it was merited. The chorus astonished me by its precision and freshness; and the orchestra was, in every respect, wonderfully good. I was agreeably impressed by the deep depth of the space it occupied, so indispensable an element for the promotion of discreet accompaniment, without anything threadbare about the tone; I was less edified with the arrangement which strives to realize the old periwig-principle of separating the strings from the wind with the reform introduced at Berlin by "César" Spontini, nearly sixty years ago (and long since adopted in large towns like Vienna, Munich, Dresden, etc.) It is true that bow instruments ran correctly like a red thread through the whole territory, but the contrast, equally important for audience and performers, between *brass* and *wood* had been neglected. The person of the evening who possessed the greatest attraction for me was the conductor, M. Dupont, a brother of the well-known virtuoso on the piano and Conservatory-professor. He is one of the most circumspect, most gifted with delicate feeling, most "ubiquitousish," and consequently most warm-blooded and most active of his "caste." These conductorial pantomimics ruffle me less than others, as I know the reasons which make them necessary in complicated modern works. The inhabitants of small German towns, accustomed to pitiless metronomes of flesh and (not too much) blood, who, for instance, had never witnessed a good operative performance in Italy, take great umbrage at them, and, not having the courage to look over the conductor, are apt to complain that their enjoyment is interfered with, *Il est difficile de contenter tout le monde et son père*. Such must be the consolation of a man when people find fault with him, and when, not having learnt to squint, he is unable to combine the discharge of his duty, which is to signal orders for preparation, of encouragement, and of animadversion to the four quarters of the compass, with a stylobatic bearing of the upper portion of his body.

And now, by way of farewell to-day, a word of thanks to my faithful companion in suffering, M. Brassin! I cannot tell you, O my respected patron, what good it did me at length to meet once more a "real pianist in trowsers." Such beings, especially when real individualities, have now become as rare as the "pianists in petticoats" have become legionary. And—your hands on your hearts, ye admirers of the fair sex—is there one pianoforte virtuoso who can artistically reproduce, for instance, Beethoven's G major concerto, Op. 58, unless he knows the score inside-out and upside-down? But can any fair pianists do so, except their queen, Mad. Clara Schumann! It is not difficult to draw a conclusion. Ladies' emancipation is beginning to discredit pianoforte playing. The gap occasioned by Carl Tausig's early death has not yet been filled up; I believe, however, that it may be

by M. Louis Brassin. Despite his grey hair, he is as fresh, bodily and intellectually, as he is mature; he has, hitherto, not condescended to be his own propagandist, though his talent, as a composer as well as an executant, would have fully justified such a course. He sacrificed long since all interest in himself to his "Nibelungen belief." His new paraphrases of fragments from *Der Ring* are the best and most useful things I have seen. Yet he, by no means, belongs to the non-independent Bayreuthers,* whose organ is the Fritztian *Monitor of leading Motives*. His three new pianoforte studies: "Impressions d'Automne," for performance at concerts, I warmly recommend to all those among my colleagues who are good enough to consider me not quite incompetent in such matters. He is moreover meditating a second Concerto—so it is time to think about the first.

Perhaps it is rather like offering you mustard after dinner, my dear Herr Senff,† if I recall to your mind an amusing anecdote, dating from 1852, and related of Dr. Liszt and Chevalier de Kontski at Darmstadt; but it is worth warming up again.

Attired in his most magnificent Spanish uniform *à la Marfori*, the Polish martyr in search of court-concerts called upon the Grand Ducal *Capellmeister*, and solemnly offered, in the guise of a present, the first copy of his latest offering in the instructive line: *L'Indispensable du Pianiste*, to the said Grand Ducal official. "My dear friend," observed the latter, "when you again want to indulge in a bit of humbug, you may as well do it in a slightly less roccoco style. For my part I can assure you, as a person not entirely devoid of experience in such affairs, that I know of only one real indispensable du pianiste—and that is a decent pair of trousers."—Countersigned,—HANS VON BUKLOW.

*In the German expression "*Bay-Reuthische*" there is a verbal jingle not to be reproduced in English.—TRANSLATOR.

†The reader, if unacquainted with German, must know that *Senff*—which, with the exception of an *f* too little, is the name of the editor of the *Signale*—signifies "mustard." What signifies it, if it does?—TRANSLATOR.

Music in Leipzig.

THE SEVENTH GEWANDHAUS CONCERT—JOACHIM'S WONDERFUL VIOLIN PLAYING—THE FOURTH EUTERPE CONCERT.

[Correspondence of the Philad. Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, Nov. 30, 1877.—The programme of the seventh Gewandhaus concert last evening, was a remarkable one, from the fact of Joseph Joachim being presented in a double capacity—that of violinist and composer. As the first he is known the wide world over to be without a rival—a very Liszt of violinists. To see him play is scarcely less interesting than his playing; his bearing is manly and full of dignity, and nothing more exquisitely graceful than his bowing can be conceived. He is fully conscious of his wonderful powers, which, however, like a true artist, he ever and always only uses towards the achievement of the very highest ends. In this respect he is a noble example for many artists who, having acquired the means, use these as an end.

The composer Joachim is constantly and rapidly developing; his Overture is proof of this, which certainly, without speaking disparagingly of violinists, would never lead one to infer that it had been written by one who has gained all his laurels as master of an instrument to which, unlike the piano and its harmonies, everything but pure melody is foreign.

The whole programme of the concert was as follows:

Variations, on theme of Haydn.....Brahms
Concerto for violin, A minor.....Viotti
Entr'act and Ballet music from "Ali Baba,"

Cherubini
Barcarole and Scherzo, for violin.....Spohr
Elegische Overture.....Joachim
Symphony, F major, No. 8.....Beethoven

The orchestral compositions, and especially the symphony, were played with the abandon and spirit characteristic of this rare combination of musicians; they always play, never disappoint, and not seldom, when an exceptionally good star reigns over their concert, their performances partake of the nature of the ideal and the wonderful.

Joachim, of course, was enthusiastically greeted, and, equally of course, did he show himself worthy of the grand ovation, for such it really was. He played only like Joachim, the one, peerless and unrivalled. The whole was one of the "good star" concerts.

The fourth Euterpe concert, last Tuesday, had this programme:

Overture, Op. 124.....Beethoven
Concerto, E minor.....Schoitz
Symphony, C major.....Schubert

Piano Solos:
Nocturne, Op. 9, No. 1, }Chopin
Berceuse, }
Scherzo, B minor, }
Overture, "Anacreon,"Cherubini

Hermann Scholtz, from Dresden, was the soloist. He is one of the few good Chopin players, having a touch delicate in the extreme, but scarcely of sufficient strength. This want was not felt in the compositions he played, excepting, perhaps, in parts of the Scherzo. But Schumann and Beethoven, requiring sterner handling, would suffer seriously under his soft fingers. He is a refined and highly-gifted pianist, and also not unfavorably known as a composer. His composition, which was beautifully played by him, is, not only in key, but also in form and style, in sympathy with Chopin's famous concerto, without, however, even approximately reaching up to his great model, this most charming of tone-poems. He was much applauded, and added a *Mazurka* of Chopin.

The orchestral compositions were played admirably. The symphony on the programme is not the well-known one of Schubert in the same key, but an arrangement for orchestra, by Joachim, of one of Schubert's four-hand compositions for piano—Op. 140. The arranger has apparently overlooked one fact, namely, that in compositions written for the piano, with its peculiarity of sound produced by quickly and crisply played passages, such effects cannot be reproduced by the orchestra, and as a symphony, which form of composition requires a much broader handling.

I will only give the programme of the second Gewandhaus solée:

Trió—For stringed instruments, Op. 9.....Beethoven
Quintet—Piano and strings, Op. 14.....Saint-Saëns
Quintet—Strings, E flat.....Mozart
Italian Concerto—For piano.....Bach

The composer of the piano quintet was also the pianist.

The operas during the week have been Weber's *Frey-schütz*, Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, Gluck's *Armida* and Nicolai's *Merry Wives of Windsor*.

JOHN F. HIMMELBACH.

Nov. 7.—The eighth Gewandhaus concert took place last evening, the programme being:

Overture—"Faniak,".....Cherubini
Aria from "Creation,".....Haydn
Concerto for piano, F minor.....Chopin
Songs.....Old German and French
Symphony, C major.....Schubert

The performance suffered too much from comparisons with the concert last week, which was from first to last an unusual and memorable one. Happily, the beautiful symphony (both it and the overture being played in the usual excellent manner of the orchestra) came last, otherwise there would have been positive disappointment. The vocalist, Frau Schimon-Regan, formerly in this city, now in Munich, is a good artist, with a small voice; the songs were prettily sung. The piano concerto was not in worthy hands. The young lady who played it, while talented, is not sufficiently developed to attempt successfully Chopin's concerto.

It is rumored that Johannes Brahms will shortly come to Leipzig to conduct his newest (second) symphony. Another rumor, which for some time has been agitating the minds of many, has suddenly assumed positive shape and form, and promises to become an established fact; namely, a new building and hall for the concerts of the Gewandhaus. To all, excepting to the comparatively few fortunate subscribers who have only, after long and patient waiting, acquired their privileges, the necessity of a new hall has been but too obvious for many years. The old hall, splendidly adapted to the chamber concerts, has become entirely too small for the modern symphony, and is also not nearly large enough to hold the many would-be subscribers. I have it from a reliable source that upwards of one thousand persons had unsuccessfully applied for seats at the beginning of the present season, of which large number hundreds have been on file as applicants for many seasons. Formidable difficulties, indeed, must have prevented the proposed plan from maturing any sooner; what their character I am at a loss to guess, but not improbably the deeply-rooted prejudices in favor of the old hall, with its really grand associations, were not the least of them. Over the names of men long and intimately entwined with the history of the Gewandhaus concerts, an inducing proposition has been made to subscribers and donors, of which so many at least will certainly avail themselves as to place the enterprise at once beyond the reach of a financial embarrassment now or at any future time. It is to be hoped that in as short a time as is consistent with excellence, the wishes and hopes of so many, musically inclined, will become a realized fact.

LEIPZIG, Dec. 21, 1877.—Last Saturday evening witnessed the fourth of those delightful Gewandhaus Chamber Concerts, with a programme as varied as interesting and beautiful:

Concerto for three pianos, D minor.....Bach
Quartet for strings, E flat major.....Haydn
Concerto for three pianos, F major, (manuscript),
Mozart
Octet for wind instruments, Op. 103.....Beethoven

The concerto of Mozart had for many years been lying, with many other manuscript compositions of the same composer, in Offenbach, in the possession of André, where they would probably still be, were it not that a

complete, uniform and worthy edition of Mozart is about being published by Breitkopf and Härtel, as a pendant to the great Beethoven edition of the same publishers. It is an exquisitely beautiful composition, not for a moment denying its famous authorship—every note a gem. Appropriate cadenzas to each of the movements have been written by Reinecke, which will be published with the original score. Both concertos were well played, Reinecke modestly sustaining the third, while the first and second piano parts were ably taken care of by Herr Maas and Herr Carper; the accompaniment was in the hands of members selected from the orchestra.

The Haydn Quartet and the Beethoven Octet were not only well performed, but were also, as compositions, in pleasant contrast with each other and with the Concertos. Every number was intensely enjoyed and applauded by the large and appreciative audience.

The programme of the tenth Gewandhaus orchestral concert:

Overture—"Prometheus".....Beethoven
Aria—from "Das unterbrochene Opferfest," Winter
Concerto—for piano—G major.....Rubinstein
Songs—{ Erlös, }
 { Sandmännchen, }Schumann
 { Aufträge, }
Toccata—D minor.....Bach-Tausig
Symphony, No. 3, A minor.....Gade

was not an uninteresting one. The pianist, Adele Hipplius, from St. Petersburg, had no mean task to perform in the difficult Rubinstein Concerto; that it did not seem a task, proves that she is already highly developed, both technically and musically. In spite of her youth, it may be predicted that she will shortly take equal rank in the pianistic world with the most celebrated names of her sex. The songs and aria were sung by Frau Schuch-Proeska, from Dresden, an artist of superior abilities and pleasing voice. The overture and symphony were played with marvelous precision, fully equal to the very best performance of this singular orchestra. This concert was the last for the year, the next falling on the first day of the new.

Der Freyschütz, *Heinrich der Löwe* and *Das Goldene Kreuz*, have been the operas given during the week.

According to an official announcement in the *Tageblatt*, the subscriptions towards the erection of a new Gewandhaus building, during three days, amounted to 615,000 marks from 685 subscribers. The directors are hopeful that the whole of the estimate (800,000 marks) will be reached within a reasonably short time.

JOHN F. HIMMELBACH.

LONDON "MONDAY POP." "Cherubino" in *Figaro*, who, like his American cousin in our Boston *Courier*, writes always in the first person singular, tells us:

The post-Christmas season at the Monday Popular Concerts will begin on Monday next, and the enterprise will then be prosecuted with vigor. It is extraordinary that the ante-Christmas series has not—and, I believe, never has—been found to pay its way; but whether this is to be attributed to the season of the year, to the vagaries of fashion, or to the fact that the chief artists do not appear till after Christmas, few would be inclined to venture an opinion. It is a fact that the Monday Popular Concert audience is a peculiar one. A portion of it is aristocratic, and its members attend the Monday Popular Concerts because it is the correct thing to do so. This section will be found in those stalls which are near the platform. A large portion is composed of pure music lovers, and this portion will be found to crowd the shilling orchestra, the back area, and the gallery. Yet another portion is composed of professors of music and critics, who will be found in the side-seats, in the back rows of stalls, and in the alcoves near the door. This section is, of course, on the free list, but it serves as excellent bait, the critics attracting others by the notices in the newspapers, and the professors inducing their pupils to attend. But a large section of the professors and of the aristocracy prefer only the best and most celebrated artists, and they will not attend performances given with the assistance of performers of the Madame Haas, Mdle. Schirmacher, and Fräulein Mehlig type. These artists are good enough in their way, but those who pretend to be connoisseurs will have none of them. So they wait for Joachim and Madame Schumann, and when these two great artists arrive the Monday Popular Concerts may be assured of several weeks of full houses. This year, for some reason which is not explained, Madame Schumann will not play at the Monday concerts at all. But Fräulein Krebs opens the ball on Monday, and she will be followed on Jan. 28 by Herr Ignaz Brüll, on Feb. 2 by M. Wieniawski, and on Feb. 10 by Dr. Joachim, who will appear on every Monday and Saturday thenceforward for the remainder of the season.

Mr. Prout's New Symphony.

(From "The Graphic.")

The directors of the Crystal Palace are doing good service to English music. Among the most recent productions at these concerts was a manuscript symphony in G minor, by Mr. Ebenezer Prout, one of our ablest and best informed composers. His work is modelled after the classical form of which so many examples have been bequeathed to us by Haydn and Mozart. It does not attempt to emulate the larger development distinguishing the symphonies of Beethoven from those of his illustrious predecessors, but keeps discreetly within the old prescribed limits which the genius of Beethoven, as it expanded more and more, enabled him to outstep. Mr. Prout's symphony, however, shows the hand of a musician thoroughly familiar with the elements of the art he professes, and as thoroughly practised in their use. Being uniformly regular in construction, and preserving no marked characteristics calling for special description, it is a genuine example of abstract music, equal to the majority of things of the kind for which we are indebted to modern German writers, who, in defiance of the so-called "forward" (really backward) school, adhere to the principles so emphatically illustrated in the efforts of the earlier masters. There is no "dreaming" in it; all is simple, straightforward, and at the same time scholarly. The symphony consists of four movements, which seem to constitute a happy family group. The opening movement, *allegro moderato e con fuoco*, is legitimate parent to its three successors; the *largo* is melodious and expressive, the *scherzo*, as in Beethoven's first quintet, and one of the symphonies of Schumann, is supplemented by two trios; and the *finale*, a movement of well-sustained vigor, exhibits such ingenious application of the fugal style, as proves its author to be well versed in the art of counterpoint, once the indispensable study of musicians, but in the present day not sufficiently taken into consideration. If Mozart and Beethoven when young had not labored arduously to acquire a command of this important agent, the one could never have written the *finale* to his *Jupiter*, the other the *finale* to his *Eroica*; nor, deprived of its aid, could Mr. Prout, with all his enthusiasm, have produced the last movement (*vivace assai*) of his Symphony in G Minor. The work was admirably executed under the direction of Mr. Manns, and the composer was unanimously called forward at the conclusion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JAN. 19, 1878.

Fifth Harvard Symphony Concert.

The experiment in the last concert (Jan. 3) of an essentially "modern" programme, in which new works had the lion's share,—in deference for once to the continual complaint of critics and fault-finders—afforded small encouragement for following up the "new departure." There was no increase of (paying) audience; indeed the sale of tickets has been larger in several of the preceding concerts, which offered no such stimulus to curiosity. The season tickets of course are a fixed quantity and count alike in every concert. The holders thereof may have turned out more generally than they had done of late, piqued by the same love of novelty which made professional musicians, and all of the numerous class who are wont to expect "complimentary" admission upon such occasions, eager to hear (themselves and wives) a notable new Symphony. This is all there was in the appearance of a "better house" that afternoon. And when the fact is stated that, of those eager crowds, a large proportion coolly left the hall before the Symphony was half over—(unhandsome conduct, surely, if they were among the clamorers for novelty)—it may well be doubted whether it would be politic, or not rather suicidal, for the management, to play much longer on that string. The truth is, the new music is not popular, and it is hard to escape the conclusion that the demand for it (we mean as publicly expressed in newspapers) is either frivolous or not sincere.—But

our business here is with the music of the concert, with the following programme and performance:—

1. Overture to "Euryanthe," Weber
2. Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, Op. 15, Edward Grieg
Allegro molto moderato.—Adagio.—Allegro moderato.
William H. Sherwood.
3. Allegretto, from Third Symphony, Op. 15.... Gade
1. Pianoforte Solos:—
a. Fugue in E minor..... Handel
b. Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15, No. 2..... Chopin
c. Scherzo, from Suite, Op. 31..... Bargiel
William A. Sherwood.
2. Symphony, in C minor, Op. 68..... Johannes Brahms
(First time in Boston.)
1. Un poco sostenuto; Allegro (C minor.)
2. Andante sostenuto (E major.)
3. Poco Allegretto e grazioso (A flat major.)
4. Adagio (C minor); più Andante; Allegro con brio (C major.)

The programme and the concert have been called "splendid" in some quarters where we have long ceased to look for any praise; and the term is not entirely inappropriate. It was at least a brilliant programme, and for the most part brilliantly performed. If any complained of dullness, it was not until they had listened to the middle of the first movement of the long anticipated new Symphony; and that was partly perhaps the fault of Brahms, but quite as much their own fault, or, rather, owing to their own want of preparation and of more familiarity with a work not luminous upon a single hearing.

There was a spirited, effective rendering of the stirring "Euryanthe" Overture for a beginning. The Concerto by Grieg was interesting rather as an occasion for Mr. Sherwood's admirably sure, clear, finished, brilliant virtuosity, than for the intrinsic merit of the composition. It has beauties here and there, with much of the charm of a certain wild Norse flavor; but it has also much that is extravagant, much that is trivial, albeit pretty, as in the dance melodies of the finale; and it betrays a constant straining for effect. Embellishments, elaborate cadenzas, *lours de force*, seem to make up a large part of the loose staple of the work. Nor is it free from the provoking, wilful, ugly traits so common in the music of the new Northern school,—or rather, school broke loose. But Mr. Sherwood, in its rendering, was at his very best. Refined, discriminating, full of well considered light and shade, his whole interpretation did full justice to the work, while his technique was masterly.

—The little Gade Allegretto (given for the first time last winter) was played with delicate expression, and was a sweet relief after the frantic energy of Grieg. Here was Norse music of a finer and a purer kind.

Mr. Sherwood's smaller solos were very beautifully played, especially the Handel Fugue, which had a hearty, genial sound, while the themes and the whole contrapuntal development were kept perfectly distinct. The Chopin Nocturne, too, was given with fine insight and poetic feeling. The *Scherzo* by Bargiel impressed us as an oddity, too trivial and uninteresting.

And now we come to the main feature of the programme, the Brahms Symphony, about which there has been so much discussion, and such sweeping judgments have been uttered both in praise and condemnation, some wildly shouting: "The Tenth Symphony!", others pronouncing it dry, pedantic, depressing and intolerable, a thing which one can hardly sit through with patience.

We must confess that it has grown upon us as we have become more familiar with it through several rehearsals and some study of the score and the four-hand arrangement. It is at least an earnest work. There is matter in it; themes and motives which are pregnant, pertinaciously adhered to and consistently developed. It has a pervading unity of plan and spirit, and grows to a great climax. The musical texture is ingenious, complex and masterly;

nothing seems loose or vague. The instrumentation, too, is masterly, although we have not noticed in it any exquisite surprises, any fresh bits of original effect or contrast, such as we get in Gade, or in Liszt, or Raff or Wagner; it is all rather of a uniformly rich, subdued and sombre hue; depth and fulness being the distinctive characteristic, although no extra instruments are employed, with the exception of a Contra-Fagotto, whose place had to be supplied here by the Tuba.

We are sure those who will hear it several times will find the first movement much more interesting than they did on the first hearing, though probably not less depressing. It is difficult to understand at once. The principal theme is hardly like a theme at all, and it is some time before one seizes it and holds it in his mind; the short accessory motives, on the contrary, are positive and pregnant, and continually recur with passionate significance and point. The slow introduction, beginning grandly with chromatic thirds ascending in the strings, descending in the reeds and flutes, while the tympani and basses continually sound the same deep C, in six-eight strong and regular pulsation, foreshadows the coming themes and phrases of the Allegro. It seems indeed as if some august sacrificial ceremony were preparing. This short introduction is, to our mind, one of the finest portions of the Symphony; this and the Finale are the best. But the Allegro is depressing; like most of the new compositions on a large, ambitious scale, it seems to us *sick* music; it certainly is not music which a sick man may listen to and feel better. It is wearisomely full of chromatics and of restless modulation. Nor do we find in it a positive originality. It is not much akin to Wagner, we were pleased to find; but it suggests older things continually. Schumann's "Manfred" music was in our mind more hauntingly than any other through the whole first movement; but there were also positive resemblances for a few bars now to the *Coriolan* and now the *Leonore* Overture, and frequent floating reminiscences of the Ninth Symphony. And here we may mention, in other parts of the work, a wearisome excess of a certain Schumannish trait: namely those catch-breath rhythms, where the expected accent at the beginning of a measure falls on *nothing*,—accented silence; a fine effect when sparingly used, but exasperating when it occurs too often.

The *Andante* (E major) opens in a clearer mood, much as any old master (Haydn, Mozart) might have written, and gives a short-lived promise of an interval of peace and comfort. Only for a few measures! when the sickness and the restlessness return, and still the heart is full of heaviness. Yet many a beautiful detail will reward a closer study; near the beginning, for instance, a peculiar long melodic passage by the oboe continued by the clarinet.—The *Allegretto*, in its pastoral simplicity,—a quiet Intermezzo in the usual place of the *Scherzo*—is perhaps the most readily appreciated and most fascinating piece of all. The fond duplication of a measure in each half of the first melodic period, and the blithe answering theme in thirds, have an air of unaffected genuineness. In this simpler music at least you feel that there is heart. But this too grows uneasy ere 'tis done.

It was a pity that so many left the hall before the arrival of the last movement; for it is this that makes the great effect, and leaves the impression that all that went before, however seen as in a glass darkly, was tending steadily to an almost sublime conclusion. The introductory *Adagio* is a stately preparation of the popular "Joy" theme, so palpably and closely imitated from Beethoven, filling the mind with expectation of relief and the dispersion of the clouds before a brilliant sun. There is a passage in it quite Beethoven-like, where the strings,

pizzicato, seem to be groping as on tiptoe in the dark and feeling for a door of exit. And when the time quickens to the *piu Andante* (mark the correct use here of the word *Andante*, which means *going*, and not *slow*) a fascinating phrase rings out from the horn, amid the rustling *pianissimo* of strings, which is at once echoed by the flute as from the sky above, and thrills one like the sudden omen of a clear day in the East. This is worked out with great power, and then begins the joy theme (*Allegro non troppo*, but *con brio*), which, however, we do not find so joyous, nor of so popular a stamp as that in the Ninth Symphony. The development is exceedingly rich, broad and splendid, the horn phrase heard ever and anon in the midst of it, besides many reminiscences of earlier movements. It is comparatively cheerful and exciting, the master movement of the work; and yet we cannot say it seemed to us inspired, inspiring and uplifting, glorious, transporting in the same sense, or the same degree, as the Finale of the Ninth or of the Fifth Beethoven Symphony. And after all, allowing all praise to this last movement, we cannot escape a total impression of the Symphony as something depressing and unedifying, a work coldly elaborated, artificial; earnest to be sure, in some sense great, and far more satisfactory than any Symphony by Raff, or any others of the day, which we have heard; but not to be mentioned in the same day with any Symphony by Schumann, Mendelssohn, or the great one by Schubert, not to speak of Beethoven.

Such is our impression so far; we shall doubtless find more in the work on further hearing; our interest in it will increase, but we foresee the limit; and certainly it cannot become popular; it will not be *loved*, like the dear masterworks of genius.—A word of hearty praise is certainly due to the Conductor and the Orchestra, for giving us upon the whole so clear and strong a rendering of so wholly new and difficult a work upon such short rehearsal. The musicians took it up with zeal and energy, and generously gave an extra rehearsal in their desire to bring it out as well as possible. It will be given again in the next concert (Jan. 31), after having been also heard this present week from the fine orchestra of Theodore Thomas.

The Vocal Clubs.

Our three Clubs, mixed and single, each with a host of friends ("Associates") and supporters, each sure of the largest and most enthusiastic sort of audience whenever it invites, have now given their first concerts of the season, showing what music they have so far been studying, and with what results both in the mastering of the music and in their own vocal and musical improvement. Here they lie before us, three of the neat and tasteful little square books of words and programmes, which have become the fashion with such Clubs. Being so uniform in size and shape, it is a very easy matter for the lover of this speciality in music to bind them up in thicker volumes and preserve the record of all that all the Clubs have done.

First among the miniature quartets comes that of THE CECILIA, the first programme of its second season, which was twice performed, Dec. 6 and 13, in the Tremont Temple, Mr. B. J. LANG director. The First Part was miscellaneous, beginning with a Choral from Bach's Matthew Passion: "Tis I! my sins betray thee," very evenly and beautifully sung without accompaniment, the four parts kept distinct in their melodic movement, yet blended in rich harmony. This was followed by the Overture to Cantata, No. 28, by Bach, well arranged by Mr. ARTHUR W. FOOTE for two pianos and effectively performed by him and Mr. J. A. PAXTON. Next an English part-song by Stevens: "From Oberon in fairy land," of a popular cast, ending in hearty "Ho, ho, hoies!" Again the two pianists gave a fine rendering of the Variations by Saint-Saëns on a theme from Beethoven (Trio from Piano Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3.) Finally a delicate and dreamy part-song

for female voices: "Summer Night," by Gade, sung with good light and shade and great sweetness and purity of tone.

For the Second Part the Club had prepared a novelty, a work of more pretension, in Heinrich Hofmann's Cantata: "The Fair Melusina." The old legend of the Knight who marries a Nymph of the Fountain, with all the fatal consequences, is cleverly worked up by Osterwald in the poem, which is really poetic, with much variety of character and incident, affording fine opportunities of contrast to the composer. There is in the first place a prologue and an episode of a subdued and serious character, sung without accompaniment. Then there are choruses of nymphs, of hunters, of both together, of the infuriated people shouting: "The foul witch bring out!", of stern water spirits, with dialogue and Arias in all the characters, which offer contrasts in abundance. Of the music, which doubtless would be more effective with an orchestra, we may say that it contains much that is pleasing, much that is beautiful, and some things grand or terrible, but little that is strikingly original, or much above innocent, agreeable commonplace. But there were fine opportunities for good singing, which for the most part were well improved, especially in the choruses, which showed critical and careful training,—indeed a marked improvement on the year before. The soloists were Miss MARY BEEBE, high soprano, as *Melusina*; Dr. BULLARD, baritone, *Count Raymond*; Mrs. HALL JACOBS, *Clotilda, his mother*; and Mr. C. E. HAY, bass, *Sintram, Clotilda's brother*, the last two constituting the evil element in the plot. These all sang creditably. Dr. Bullard truly like an artist.

By a strange coincidence the BOYLSTON CLUB, for the *pièce de resistance* of its concert (Music Hall, Dec. 19) had also prepared a Cantata of the Mermaid character, half watery, half human, keeping up the interest by the same contrasts, and perhaps rather more of semi-dramatic intensity, than the *Melusina*. This time the composer was English. We will let the *Courier* describe it:

Another Water-Cantata by a living composer! Salt water this time! Like Hoffmann's *Tale of the Fair Melusina*, Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron* is the story of the love of an unhappy nobleman for a water-sprite, ending, as usual, in the nobleman's destruction and the banishment of his lady-love from the spirit world. It would be unfair to say that there is not much excellent writing in Smart's work. The chorus of Storm-Spirits, *Down through the deep*, for instance, is spirited and very effective: a capital imitation of Mendelssohn. The chorus of Sea-Maidens, *Hail to thee, child of the earth* is pretty in melody and contains some quite pleasant effects of harmony, yet one is a little surprised to find such exceedingly innocent, even infantine, music in a work which aspires to the level of a serious cantata. It reminds one of the pretty little choruses for female voices that are to be found in collections of music for the use of young ladies' seminaries. As for criticising it, one might as well think of criticising a new-born baby. Upon the whole, the only claim the cantata can make upon musical consideration is that the music is generally easily-flowing enough, and is in no place either ugly or ungraceful. To call it melodious would be stretching a point, for by a melody we understand a succession of notes which is not only comprehensible as an existing entity, but has some vital character of its own. Smart's music is certainly innocent of any special vital character. The best that can be said of it is that, if it is commonplace and trivial, it is for the most part unpretentious. The composer seems to have been content not to try to do more than naturally lay in him. That he should have thought what he could do so easily worth doing at all is, however, somewhat strange. Only in one place do we find any attempt at the grandiose, and that is a lamentable failure. The terzet and chorus *Where art thou, son of a mortal race?* aims at the form of the conventional operatic grand Ensemble-Piece, but it is turgid, uninspiring, and often vulgar. The airs and duets do not rise above tame mediocrity.

The chorus was richer in numbers and in quality of voices than ever before, and sang with a precision, spirit, taste and nice light and shade, most honorable to themselves and their accomplished Conductor, Mr. GEO. L. OSGOOD. The solos were by Miss L. C. NASON, as the Sea-Maiden, who has a fresh, clear, sweet and powerful soprano voice, of large compass, and executes even the most florid melody with rare ease and accuracy; Mr. CHENEY, a smooth, sweet tenor, not robust, but singing with expression, as Dunkerron; and Dr. BULLARD, as the Storm King. Part II. was as follows:

Sweet, Honey-Sucking Bees. Madrigal,
John Wilbye, 1609
Thou'rt like unto a Flower. Male chorus.....Osgood
Sweet May. Female voices.....Barby
Oh, My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose. Mixed
chorus.....Garrett
The Long Day Closes. Male chorus.....Sullivan
Down in a Dewy Dell. Female voices.....Smart
March. (Hark! the Trumpet Calleteth Us to
Arms.) Male chorus.....Buck
When Allan-a-Dale Went A-Hunting. Glee for
mixed chorus.....De Fearnall

John Wilbye's five-part Madrigal was admirably sung, the polyphonic character being well preserved, while the composition in itself was to us the most interesting of all the selections. Mr. Osgood's beautiful part-song was most warmly received, being most delicately and sympathetically rendered. All the pieces were well sung, particularly Smart's "Down in a dewy dell," in which the pure, rich female voices had been trained to perfect unity and exquisite expression. The Boylston Club for its next task announces Mendelssohn's "Athalia" (so too does the Cecilia), Raff's "Morning Song," and Palestrina's *Missa per i Defuncti*.

Last, but not least, the oldest of the Clubs, still glorying in genial bachelorhood, the APOLLO, gave its first programme of the season twice (Jan. 9 and 15) before immense and most enthusiastic audiences. We know not when we ever listened to those seventy musical and manly voices with so much pleasure. The singing, the execution and expression of the music, was beyond praise. And there were more things of a substantial, noble character than has been usual in programmes mostly made up of part-songs. For instance, the opening piece was a harmonized arrangement of that sublime hymn of Beethoven's: "God's glory in nature," one of the six sacred songs from Gellert. With these splendid tenors and basses it was one solid cubic mass of harmony, every modulation a new phase of grandeur; and the effect was much enhanced by employing the deep tones of the organ with the piano in the accompaniment; only in the few chords of interlude the great instrument was hardly inclined to sympathise in pitch with the smaller. The martial double chorus from *Oedipus*, also, was superbly sung and was worthy of their pains. And, for a conclusion, the German patriotic "Wander Song," by Raff, was at least a work of high emprise, one of the most elaborate compositions for male voices, containing baritone solos grandly sung by Mr. JOHN WINCH, a Choral, Fugue, &c.

Besides these there was a "Rhine Wine Song" by Franz, a part-song with some contrapuntal cunning in it; Bischoff's "I know a maiden," with Baritone Solo by Dr. BULLARD; "The Flower Net," by Goldmark, a delicate and quite original conceit, not without poetic charm; a "Twilight Song" by Lachner, chiefly interesting as a piece of wonderfully pure, sustained and even pianissimo; and Schumann's breezy "Foresters' Chorus." The Club that evening was at its best.

The entertainment was varied by Mr. WM. J. WINCH's admirable singing of Schubert's "Erl-King," and Jensen's "Murmeldes Lüftchen, Blüthenwind." Also by a couple of instrumental pieces. First the *Andante* and *Variations*, and the *Presto*, from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata, very finely played by Mr. LANG, Conductor of the Club, and Mr. RICHARD ARNOLD, a truly excellent, artistic violinist. The other was a pleasing Romance in B flat, Op. 27, by Saint-Saëns for violin, piano-forte and organ, by the same artists, with Mr. SUMNER as pianist.

We said we never listened to the Apollo with more pleasure. We did not hear them sing the *Andante* music last year, which must have been a greater treat. Will they not give it again?

Since writing the above, we have heard the Brahms Symphony played by the Thomas orchestra; but we have said enough perhaps on that theme for once, and, lacking room for more, must reserve our impressions of the concert. The same of the interesting concert this week at the Sanders Theatre, and that of Miss Lillian Bailey.

NEXT IN ORDER.—Mr. ERNEST PERANO will give two more concerts at Wesleyan Hall on the afternoons of Jan. 25 and Feb. 1. These, to the regret of all who have so richly enjoyed his concerts in the past, especially the two this season, will be his last in Boston for some time to come, and may be regarded as benefit concerts. Mr. Perano proposes ere long to resume his residence in Europe for a while, and we shall miss him as well as Mme. Schiller,—two of our very best. To make his Matinees as complete as possible, the artist, with characteristic enthusiasm, has been lavish in expenditure for new music and professional assistants. Will not a grateful public help him to recover some of it, sure of rich treats in return for a small price of admission. He will be assisted, in some works for four hands, by his pupil, Miss Elise B. Fay, a sister of Mrs. Sherwood.

The sixth HARVARD CONCERT comes on Thursday afternoon, Jan. 31, when the Brahms Symphony will be repeated, and Mr. ALFRED WILKIE will sing "Il mio tesoro" and songs by Mendelssohn and Schumann.

The sixth and last Thomas Concert will be on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, preceded on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, by the fourth Cambridge Concert, and followed on Thursday afternoon (14th) by the seventh of the Harvard Symphony series.

Music in New York.

DR. DAMROSCH'S NINTH MATINÉE.

Brahms's First Symphony was repeated by the grand orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Damrosch yesterday, and was received with even greater warmth than it was on the previous Saturday, when it was first produced, although the audience was much smaller. It was certainly played with greater rapidity and fire than before, and if not quite a perfect performance was rendered with sufficient clearness of outline to enable the audience to judge its merits.

The second part of the concert was devoted to "Christmas music." A biblical legend by Hector Berlioz, called "The Flight into Egypt," never before performed in this country, headed this part of the programme. Albeit a quaint and somewhat eccentric composition, it is

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Song.

Stay, stay at home, my heart, and rest;
Home-keeping hearts are happiest,
For those that wander they know not where
Are full of trouble and full of care;
To stay at home is best.

Weary and home-sick and distressed
They wander East, they wander West,
And are baffled and beaten and blown about
By the winds of the wilderness of doubt;
To stay at home is best.

Then stay at home, my heart, and rest;
The bird is safest in its nest;
O'er all that flutter their wings and fly
A hawk is hovering in the sky;
To stay at home is best.

—H. W. Longfellow, in *February Atlantic*.

Dum Vivimus Vivamus.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The rose as where some buried Caesar bled;
That every hyacinth the garden wears
Dropt in her lap from some once lovely head.

And this reviving herb whose tender green
Fledges the river lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my beloved, fill the cup that cheers
To-day of past regret and future fears.
To-morrow!—why, to-morrow I may be
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years!

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his vintage rolling Time has prest,
Have drunk their cup a round or two before,
And, one by one, crept silently to rest.

—OWEN KHAMMAM.

The Heart.

Two chambers hath the heart,
And there
Dwell Joy and Care.

Wake Joy in thine;
Thus Care in his
Will peacefully recline.

Oh! Joy, beware!
Speak gently,
Lest thou waken Care.

Von Bülow's Notes of Travel.*

II.

SYDENHAM.

27th Oct. to 4th Nov., 1877.

Dread of the Sea-Serpent under its most recent Mask as a Pianoforte Concerto.—Agreeably undeceived—"Yankee-Doodle" on the Spree.—Pianoforte playing in light Trousers.—Doubtful Gain for the Spaniard from the Spanish-Rhenish Alliance.—The *Congregatio Judice* in the Königsplatz, Berlin.—Temper spoiled by the Tenth Symphony.—Paul the reversed way, or a whilom Music-of-the-Futurist's Conversion to "Judaism."

As you have had the goodness to signal me, most highly honored Sir, that it is not too difficult for you to acclimatize yourself and your readers to my exotic style as a *Capellmeister* on leave of absence, I invite you to follow me to-day to the Crystal Palace, where the first, and, indeed, the only blossoms worth chronicling, of London musical life, during the winter season, burst forth. The orchestra of the Crystal Palace Concerts, as most persons are aware, is, both as regards numbers and quality, the most notable in England; next it stands

*From the *Leipzig Signale*, edited by Herr Benf. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

the orchestra created in Manchester by Mr. Charles Hallé (whose services as a conductor I am in the agreeable position of being able to place quite as high as his services as a pianist); and the third place your correspondent hopes gradually to conquer for the orchestra in Glasgow (inclusive of Edinburgh, Dundee, Greenock, etc.). Herr Hallé's chapel-mastery is at present *under-valued*, except at Manchester, in the same degree that Mr. August Manns' at the Crystal Palace is usually *over-valued*. A man really need not be so exceedingly clever to get up comparatively speaking model performances, at least of classical works, with a picked body of artists whom he has constantly and almost daily under his conducting-stick, and with whom he can hold as many rehearsals as he deems necessary. Moreover, as everyone knows, Polyphemus is a king in the realms of the blind; Englishmen themselves frankly admit that their native "conductors" show their relationship to the "omnibus-conductors" by being "always behind"—the verbal joke cannot well be translated. I feel convinced, however, that the conductors of the New and even those of the Old Philharmonic Society might boldly compete with Mr. Manns, if they could command the necessary rehearsals and the time the latter would require. But in the high season,† in summer, when the above societies work, Berlioz's winged words: "*A Londres les musiciens n'ont pas le temps de faire de la musique*," are as applicable now as they were a quarter of a century ago. Must this state of things continue forever?

The fourth grand Crystal Palace Concert was opened by Rossini's overture to the *Stège de Corinthe*. I entertain no prudish prejudice against this kind of summer music of itself, especially when it is performed with the requisite joviality. Notwithstanding, however, that, without any conceivable motive, Mr. Manns exerted himself to realize for us the gymnastic exercises of the *præ* electric telegraph, he did not get his troop out of elephantine polka-time, and as from the concert *menu* there was a prospect of Schumann's "*Manfred Overture*" for dessert, I could not feel easy about the enigmatical *entrées*, until the clever secretary of the society, Mr. George Grobe* (author of the really model analytical programmes), at length explained to me that the laggards arriving by the last train were accustomed to create so much confusion on entering the room, that it was not advisable to select a first-class composition wherewith to open the concert. Against this no valid objection can be urged.

The second number was a very recent novelty: Herr Xaver Scharwenka's Pianoforte Concerto, in B flat minor, played by Herr Edward Dannreuther.

A short time since, I had the misfortune of being assailed by various pianoforte concertos, some engraved and some desirous of that distinction; their mastodontic volume insinuated into my mind the humiliating consciousness that I was no longer on the level of the "new epoch" ("Neuzeit") and caused me, for my recreation, to take to the G minor *Opera* of Mendelssohn and Moscheles. I rather too hastily ranked Herr Scharwenka's concerto among these *monstra*; moreover, a hurried perusal of the arrangement for two pianos had rather startled me, on account of the unmistakable

† For "high season" Herr von Bülow is responsible. The expression is introduced probably to impart a locally linguistic flavor to his letter. He no doubt means: "in the height of the season."—TRANSLATOR.

* *Sic* in original. Probably "Grove" is meant.—TRANSLATOR.

loan the Pole had thought fit to levy on the Russian (namely: on Tschaiowsky's Op. 28, in B flat minor, dedicated to myself.) Lastly, the somewhat too strong American puffs in the Berlin papers had filled me with unfriendly suspicion. The said puffs had, I must state, violently startled me with the *fortissimo* flourish that the Abbate Franz Liszt travelled expressly from Weimar to Berlin for the purpose of organizing a "*zwei-bach-steinig*"† Xaver-Festival in the highly aristocratic hotel, where tea is served, not with sandwiches, but with patrons' vouchers (which, of course, it is incumbent on the guests themselves to lay on, or rather lay out.)‡ The more refreshing was my astonishment at the composition, which is thoroughly charming, and frequently interesting and original, besides being distinguished by a natural flow and almost purposelessly employed form. It shares with a work by Chopin the merit of being genuinely adapted for the piano, while it has the advantage *over* such a work, inasmuch as it can boast of being admirably scored, a recommendation for which Chopin's E minor Concerto was indebted to Tausig, and his Concerto in F minor to Klindworth.

The composer may feel proud of his success with the public and critics here, but he may also thank his interpreter for the excellent rendering of the principal part. The style in which Herr Dannreuther played the concerto was full of fire, clear and bright, like the trowers which a pianist has to wear at morning or afternoon concerts in England (a frock coat and colored necktie complete the unceremonious attire), if he would not render himself ridiculous—which, by the way, he may also succeed in doing by putting on the Order of the Falcon, or some other little bit of ribbon, impressing people at a distance that it is the *Légion d'honneur*. My esteemed colleague must allow me to seize the opportunity of congratulating him most cordially on his return to his proper avocation, that of a thoughtful virtuoso and a virtuoso-like writer on musical matters. * * * * *

I have likewise to mention a very respectable performance of Mozart's "*Haffner Sinfonie*," that in D major, with menuet, which formed the *pièce de résistance* at the concert of the 27th Oct. The performance would merit a higher tint of praise did it not furnish fresh evidence of the crass and universal mistake, committed by manufactory-directors everywhere in supposing that, without regard to the parts assigned to the various instruments, all dynamic gradations should invariably be carried out in common. It is high time to have done with this bad and antiquated tradition of democratic homophony! We have plenty of pedantic, periwig-pated absurdities without that!

At the following concert, the fifth, on the 3rd Nov.,—a concert dedicated to the thirtieth anniversary of Felix Mendelssohn's death, and solemnized by the "*Lobgesang-Sinfonie*," together with the overture to and an air from *St. Paul*—Señor Pablo de Sarasate concluded his far too short engagement. Unfortunately, he did not on this occasion play Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, because he had done so a fort-

† To employ Herr von Bülow's own expression, "the verbal joke cannot well be translated." Our readers, however, may be informed that the gist of it appears to lie in the italicized middle syllable, the name of the immortal composer of the *Passionmusik*.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ Another "verbal joke," which "cannot well be translated." I have endeavored, however, to give something like an equivalent. The German original is: "*Welche zu 'belegen' natürlich den Gästen obliegt*."—TRANSLATOR.

night previously in the same place, but, with the composer himself as conductor, he played the second Violin Concerto dedicated to him by Herr Max Bruch, with whose first Concerto he made his first appearance here on the 18th Oct. In justice to the actual fact, I must at once record the enthusiastic applause which was lavished on the Spaniard, and the participation of the Rhenishman in the Spaniard's frequent recalls. You must now, however, permit me to remark that I could not consider this new Opus, this faded new-born bantling of Dr. Hiller's favorite pupil, in any way worthy of being placed in a frame of the unfading beauties of the Mendelssohnian muse. Heavy instrumentation, extreme poverty and frigidity of the fundamental idea—but, on the other hand, good writing for the violin and a style suggestive of long routine. In everything technical, Herr Bruch may be considered as, so to speak, a Hiller who has turned out well, and who will certainly succeed in England as he has already done in Germany. But—to say nothing of Edward Lalo's genial "Symphonie Espagnole" (!) which Señor Sarasate's magic violin has placed in even a brighter light than before—the novelty cannot be compared, for instance, with the Violin Concertos of Rubinstein and of Raff. I am afraid that Professor Joachim will not be inclined to grant this, but will accuse me of a corrupt taste, whose owner has lost, if, indeed, he ever possessed, the genuine and right feeling for what is genuine and right. May I prophylactically defend myself against this charge? It is only since my becoming acquainted with the *tenth* Symphony, alias the first Symphony by Johannes Brahms, that is only for the last six weeks, that I have been so insensible to and hard on Bruch-Stücke* and similar compositions. I do not call the Symphony the *tenth* because it ought to stand over the "Ninth"; I would rather place it between the Second and the Eroica, just as I maintain that by the First (C major), not the one composed by Beethoven, but the one composed by Mozart, and known as the Jupiter, should be understood. When I furthermore acknowledge that, despite my sympathetic admiration for Schubert's Symphony, and for certain passages in Schumann's (II. 3 and III. 1, 4, etc.) Mendelssohn's "Scottish Symphony" (No. 3, A minor) holds, to my thinking, the first place as a *work of art complete in itself*, Professor Joachim may perhaps feel, on this ground common to us both, less disinclined to grant that Herren Brahms and Bruch do not share with each other much more in common than the initial letters: "Br"—apart from a perhaps equally good musical education.

"Kill him—the dog; he is an enthusiast!" is another reading of Goethe's line on the reviewer, and we hear it nearly as often as we hear the original version. I must beg leave to be excused from singing about Señor Sarasate's seductive speaking on the violin, because I should run the risk of falling into bad odor with those who are always ready with the argument, as inevitable as it is of course irrefutable, "*But he cannot be compared with an artist like Joachim!*" Certainly he cannot. For that very reason let us leave comparisons to all those opinionless brain-eunuchs for whom the business of a critic is included in the same category as that of a sworn appraiser. Allah il Allah! Joachim plays like a god—but Sarasate plays like an angel, or like an arch-angel. May I not insert in my album, with the photograph of Jehovah, the photographs of Gabriel and Michael? Do I insult Mad. Zimmermann and Mad. Koch, the prima-donnas of the Theatre Royal Hanover, each most admirable in their own line, if by the side of their portraits I place the portrait of Signora Albani, for my

* Still "another verbal joke," which, etc. In this instance the merit of the joke is evidently based on some imaginary connection in Herr von Bülow's mind between the common noun (written as one word), "*Bruch-Stücke*," in English: "Fragments," and the uncommon noun (written in two words connected by a hyphen), "*Bruch-Stücke*," in English: "Bruch-pieces," or "pieces by Bruch."—TRANSLATOR.

ear the most luminous vocal star of the day? Nothing is more insufferable in matters of art than intolerance. Would that this maxim, which is neither new, nor daring, nor original, were taken a little more to heart in the Berlin High School, with reference, for instance, to *litera* L! Do not be alarmed, my dear Herr Senff; if only on account of my short stature, I renounce playing Dr. Langhans II. As far as concerns Joachim, I simply institute a "dynastic" opposition. But the leader of the pianoforte-division, Professor Rudorff, is amenable to my forum. I by no means dispute the fact of his being a most skilful and sterling interpreter of Beethoven's "Geistertrio," and, as far as aught I have to say, a Chrysander reduced to practice (Herr Julius Schäffer is not a subscriber to the *Signale*, is he?)—that, however, does not justify him in—the incredible fact of forbidding the pupils of the institution, to their most serious detriment, not only from studying, but even from rendering themselves acquainted with Franz Liszt's works for the piano. Will the Director kindly point out to me a piece by Herr Rudorff which contains such good specific music as, for instance, only No. 8 ("Pastorale," F major) from the grand master's *Twelve Studies*? And when Professor Rudorff's immature though not beardless adjutants, on their return from Hanover, after having enjoyed there the unmerited good fortune of hearing Liszt, had nothing more to say than that: "Liszt's technique had become very faulty," the fact is not highly comic only because it is so deeply lamentable! *Diri, et—perdidisti—animam meam!*

It is not for the purpose of setting an example of respect and reverence to the nameless young gentlemen, but to satisfy the necessity for the resolution of dissonances in my epistle to you, most patient editor, that I return to the Crystal Palace. The elevating performance of Mendelssohn's Cantata really deserved a "Song of Praise" for all the instrumentalists and vocalists, including the conductor, Mr. Manns, the guide of the imposing mass, who, in this instance, occupied a high position.

Since the model performances, never to be forgotten by me, which Professor Julius Stern got up, with his Association, of similar choral works in the years of my Berlin servitude, I have had to enter in the book of my thoughts no impressions in any way so pure, so undimmed, and moving harmoniously both the senses and the mind in an equal degree as this. It was a solemn "evocation" of that master, who is, at the present time, misappreciated only by unseasonably Schumannizing Conservatorists, and whom Herr Richard Wagner (in conversation, at least) was accustomed to characterize as (*sic*) "the greatest specifically musical genius who has appeared to the world since the time of Mozart." Granted that this genius, in the course of his development, descended to the rank of mere talent (a paradox of Herr Felix Draseke's net to be absolutely rejected); we find in the "Song of Praise," side by side with much that has grown pale and is wanting in inspiration, plenty of passages on which the seal of genius is indelibly impressed. How irresistibly does the first movement of the Symphony stream forward, carrying us with it; how does it flow "*warm bis ans Herz hinein*!" How powerful is the first chorus, how dramatic the question of the tenor solo: "*Hüter, ist die Nacht bald hin?*" and the affirmative reply given first by the æthereal whisperings of the soprano solo, and then by the chorus swelling up into ecstatic joy! Enough—you in Leipzig know all about it much better than I do. On the other hand, you do not believe in alliterative rhymes as I do; and I am of opinion that Mozart, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer, Bach, Beethoven, and Brahms, do not thus mutually alliterate without an understanding on the part of chance. May the heretical details, which my reckless sincerity, as your flying collaborator, could not spare you, pass unopposed under

the flag of this my confession of faith! Good bye, my dear Herr Senff, till we meet again—which will perhaps be in Glasgow.

HANS VON BUELOW.

—4th November, 1877.

After-Thomas Opinions of the Brahms Symphony.

(From the Boston Courier, Sunday, Jan. 20.)

The Brahms symphony was once more the central point of interest. It was indeed superbly played; the orchestra has never given more convincing evidence of that thorough and conscientious rehearsing for which Mr. Thomas has become noted. Every phrase in the whole wonderfully complex work was well-considered and clearly rendered: every smallest detail was made the most of. In how far Mr. Thomas's conception of the composition is in sympathy with the composer's intention it were impossible to say. It certainly seems at first sight as if no composer could have intended such an unbroken chain of slow movements without the faintest hint at anything approaching to a nimbly running phrase, as Mr. Thomas gave us, counting from the end of the first movement up to the entrance of the 1a Allegro. To be sure there is nothing in the tempo marks in the score to contravene Mr. Thomas's conception, and it is pretty well known that Brahms is somewhat prone to forget that the element of tediousness is worthy a moment's consideration from an earnest artist. And yet it is hard to believe that Brahms should have so miscalculated the perviousness to boredom which makes most mortals tire of even the most luscious linked sweetness when it is too long drawn out. The effect of the second and third movements and the first part of the fourth was certainly unfortunate. As Grétry exclaimed after listening for some time to an opera of Méhul's, in which the composer had composed his string-orchestra of violas, 'celli and basses, without violins: "I would give a hundred francs for an E-string!", one feels like crying out long before the last movement of Brahms's symphony: "A hundred francs for an *allegro*." Upon the whole, the symphony is disappointing. One cannot surely help recognizing it as an exceedingly earnest work throughout. The composer has in no instance allowed himself to substitute mere gorgeousness of orchestral coloring for an idea: he has worked hard and faithfully towards very high ends, but the symphony sounds for the most part morbid, strained and unnatural; much of it even ugly. The composer seems to have been forced to hold his inspiration by the very hair of the head that it should not escape him. He is often involved and obscure, rather than profound. One meets now and then with passages of great beauty, but they are so exceptional as to seem almost out of place; the rays of gracious light are so few and far between that they do little more than to make darkness visible. What of deep feeling, sentiment and passion there is in the music is no doubt as genuine as it is intense. The symphony is no cooked-up sham, but sentiment and passion do not of themselves constitute a work of art; they must be embodied in a perspicuous and artistic form. In the matter of melody some will call Brahms deficient, and others will call him strong. Melody has become, by this time, a pretty vague term. Berlioz once said in reference to his own works: "My melodies are often of very large dimensions, and short-sighted, infantile minds do not clearly distinguish their outlines." Brahms may possibly say the same. Yet we must say that in a composition in which certain melodies are not the be-all and end-all, but the texts which are to be treated musically—in other words, the themes—the rational dimensions of a thematic phrase find their natural limits very soon, and a theme which is too long, or too vague in character to be readily grasped by the ear, and easily remembered, is unfit for clear contrapuntal development. Nothing is more charming than the old and yet ever young effect of different instruments calling to and answering each other across the orchestra, but when it comes to an oboe and a clarinet making absolute speeches at each other (*vide* for instance, a passage in Brahms's *Andante*), the listener's mind is at so great trouble to remember what the first has said, that it is impossible to appreciate whether the reply of the second is pertinent or not. If the theme of a movement is too vague to appeal directly and by itself to a listener's imagination as a firmly grasped idea, its further development will be incomprehensible to him. The orchestra may discuss the theme with admirable wisdom and in perfect counterpoint, but the listener will get no satisfaction, simply because he does not know what the talk is all about. But I must not leave this symphony without a word of heartiest admiration for the theme of the last movement. That is really superb. Strong, pithy and concise. It does, to be sure, remind one of the Ninth Symphony. But it only reminds one of it; it is no plagiarism. Pity only that one is so tired out by what has gone before that even this glorious outburst fails to awaken a lasting enthusiasm. The rest of the concert was very interesting, save only the Volkmann *Serenade*, which was unutterably dreary. Meyerbeer's overture to *Struensee* showed how weak a man Meyerbeer was when it came to anything like sustained solid writing. It is, however, a superb bit of orchestration throughout. By the way, some witty person once called Meyerbeer the Cuckoo. As that bird can only repeat its own name, "Cuckoo!"

Cuckoo!" so does Meyerbeer's music keep repeating: "Meyerbeer! Meyerbeer!" Any one who remembers the *Sirènes* overture will have no difficulty in seeing the joke.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

(From the Evening Gazette.)

The entertainment was especially interesting for the opportunity it afforded for a second hearing of the Brahms Symphony, this time by an orchestra that had given it long and careful study, and had played it several times in public. Upon listening to the work again under these more favorable circumstances, we find nothing to change in the general tenor of the judgment we have pronounced upon it. Certain passages were rendered more clear, and there were broader effects of light and shade produced, but the work, as a whole, seemed to us as hard and as uninspired as upon its former hearing. It is mathematical music evolved with difficulty from an unimaginative brain. How it ever came to be honored with the title of "The Tenth Symphony," is a mystery to us. Can it be that the Bonicaulding system of puffery has crept into German musical art? The Tenth Symphony! This noisy, ungraceful, confusing and unattractive example of dry pedantry before the masterpieces of Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Gade,—or even of the reckless and over-fluent Raff! Absurd! In all that Brahms has written he has shown himself to be a composer without a heart. We cannot call to mind a single work of his that impressed us save for the learning shown in it. All that we have heard and seen from his pen abounds in head-work without a glimmer of soul. In fact, we will even venture so far as to doubt whether Brahms possesses true musical genius in the sense that the recognized masters of the art possessed it. As for this symphony, we believe that it would have fallen flat upon the world had it been left to make its way upon its own merits; but it was enthusiastically lauded from the outset, Schumann's praise of the composer was unearthed and noisily shouted as an *avant courier*, and the sensationalism of the day was brought to bear in stimulating curiosity. The warmth was all in the praises of the composer's friends, for there is none in the symphony. The last movement is a brilliant piece of work undoubtedly, and had the preceding movements been as fine, the composition might have easily taken rank among the great symphonies that have followed the Choral, but even then it would scarcely have deserved the overwhelming praises bestowed upon it. A symphony that demands in its hearer a profound technical knowledge to understand, that appeals only to the wonder of the student, may show the composer's industry and his learning, but this is artistic egotism and not genius, save of that kind shown in the manufacture of the intricate Chinese carvings in ivory. But even in these the workmen are skilled in the art of concealing art, while Brahms, on the other hand, delights only in obtruding his art. It is possible that as we grow more familiar with this symphony it may become clearer to us, but we might pore over a difficult problem in mathematics until the same result was reached without arriving at the conclusion that it is a poetic inspiration. While there is much that is lovely and inspired in art that will better repay the study, and while life is too short to exhaust the beautiful, we feel that it is a wanton waste of time to devote it to long contemplation in order to discover whether or no this Brahms symphony is the most stupendous musical triumph of our day.

The other selections on the programme were a horn-pipe, a largetto, and an allegro by Handel, Mozart's Masonic funeral music, a serenade by Volkmann for string orchestra, with violoncello obligato, and Meyerbeer's overture to "Sirènes." The Handel music, though quaint in style and formal in effect, proved delightful in the hearing. The Masonic music is somewhat heavy, and not in the composer's best manner, but there are some delicious instrumental combinations in it. The serenade by Volkmann is melodious and graceful, and, save for the undue length to which it is spun out, would be thoroughly interesting. All of these works were played with that exquisite finish and appropriateness of expression that Mr. Thomas has taught us always to expect from himself and his orchestra.

(From the Daily Advertiser, Jan. 17.)

The work certainly grows upon the listener, and one is so conscious of the progress made in enjoyment and comprehension of the symphony after a second hearing that he hesitates to predict what favor the work might win from him after many repetitions. We venture, however, at this stage of our acquaintance with the Brahms symphony to express a doubt—amounting with ourselves, we think, to a personal conviction of the contrary—that this work demonstrates its author's right to a place beside or near Beethoven, or that it entitles his admirers to disregard the claims of Mendelssohn and Schumann in ranking this composition as the greatest since the Ninth Symphony. Johannes Brahms—though the slow development of his fame indicated in him a late ripening of a sort very usual with musical geniuses, who as a class have been marvellously unconscious—has had the immense advantage of Schumann's trumpet-tongued announcement of his worth. Schumann's rep-

utation as a composer is fortunately much better grounded than his reputation as a prophet, but his unquestioned skill as a critic made his statement of the power and promise of Johannes Brahms extremely influential. Brahms has avoided the dangers which attend upon rapid and careless composition, has written slowly and carefully, and has known how to make prudent use of popular expectation. But may it not be fairly questioned whether this mode of composing, as well as the chief works by which Brahms has added to his reputation, do not indicate the patience and laboriousness of the student rather than the affluence and self-derived fruitfulness of a true musical genius? And are there not hints of such a truth even in this admirable symphony? But despite the saucy doubts and fears which refuse to be dispelled when we try to look at Brahms as the leading composer of the century, we find his new symphony a noble and an imposing work. The closing movement is certainly its most impressive part, but we agree with the accomplished critic of the *Tribune* in profoundly admiring the originality of the sombre opening *allegro*, in which mental and spiritual gloom and conflict are shown with wonderful dramatic and picturesque skill, and in which the forms, both by their number, their novelty and their intrinsic beauty, suggest a depth and richness of resource which would belong only to a composer of the first rank. The two following movements, though pleasing, are so much lighter, and we think we must say thinner, that by contrast they seem a little inadequate, and the themes of the third movement, though graceful,—the first one being especially so,—in their original statement we find to be rather dryly worked out. The last movement may well be designated as magnificent. It shows a strong grasp, great learning, a large mind in the author. Of the last hundred measures Beethoven himself might surely have been proud at any stage of his career. One expression made in a former article upon this symphony we find, however, that we must qualify. The last movement is not, we find, exactly joyful; it is rather very intense; it lacks the spontaneous and simple quality, the outwardness, we might say, of joy; and in this respect it strongly and interestingly differs from its prototype of the Ninth symphony. And in this difference we find the keynote of one of Johannes Brahms's chief peculiarities as a composer. He is a modern of the moderns, and this symphony is a remarkable expression of the inner life of this anxious, introverted, over-earnest age, which cannot even be glad in a frank and self-forgetful spirit.

We close with many thanks to Mr. Thomas for his brilliant and well-nigh faultless interpretation of this very difficult work, and for the new and clear light which his orchestral performance has thrown upon it. Such a re-introduction to such a work of art is indeed a true and lofty delight.

A Letter from Berlin.

THE "JUBILEE SINGERS."—ORCHESTRAL AND CHAMBER MUSIC.—ANOTHER AMERICAN PRIMA DONNA.

The *Independent* publishes the following letter from the Rev. Joseph P. Thompson in Berlin:—

The musical season, which begins here in November, opened this year with a novelty—the appearance of the "Jubilee Singers," of the Nashville University, whose successes in England and Holland are well known in America. There were grave reasons for doubting that they would receive a like encouragement in Germany. For here there is no old-time, anti-slavery sentiment and no spontaneous philanthropy—such as was prepared to give them a considerate and sympathetic hearing in England; but they must pass the trying ordeal of German musical criticism. That they have passed this successfully; that the musical critics of the Berlin press, without exception, have awarded to them the praises of fine voices, and of clearness, harmony and effect of execution, is worth far more to the success of their enterprise in Germany, than would have been a handsome philanthropic subscription to Nashville University, headed by the Imperial family. What the singers receive they earn and richly deserve; and the financial success of their concerts, which is already considerable, is a higher compliment to themselves than any words of royal patronage.

But these they have also had. Before appearing in public, they were invited to sing at the "New Palace" in Potsdam, in the presence of the Emperor, the Crown Princess, and a number of distinguished guests; and the kindly, hearty approbation of such an audience was a certificate of character, as well as of musical merit. They were received at the palace not as a strolling band of singers, but as ladies and gentlemen; and the degree of culture and politeness of manner which they exhibited were gracefully recognized by their illustrious hosts. How marvellous the contrast between that scene in the palace of Frederic the Great, when a negro woman expressed so appropriately the disappointment

of Americans that His Imperial and Royal Highness had not visited the Exposition at Philadelphia, and the old scenes of the plantations upon which she was born a slave! Here the pleased and complimentary answer of the Crown Prince of Germany; there the oath and lash of the overseer! I do not hesitate to say that these emancipated slaves, in propriety of demeanor and politeness of address, appeared to better advantage in the highest circle of Germany than would many a former slaveholder and his family.

I had the opportunity of noting the social manners of these singers at a *soirée* given by Baron George von Bunsen (who so worthily bears the name of his illustrious father) where the *élite* of Berlin were assembled as guests. The singers mingled easily and freely with the company, but always modestly; and I heard from the foremost men of science and culture, expressions of astonishment at their discreet and polished bearing, and the frank admission that it would be impossible to take the same number of German peasants and in the same time to raise them to a like degree of cultivation. Let those ponder this who fancy that the Negro race is incapable of high civilization; and especially let Southerners consider what a wealth of economic improvement lies in the culture of their former slaves. The success of the "Jubilee Singers" in Germany is now assured; and this is due in no small degree to the wisdom and energy with which President Cravath has managed their affairs.

It is of great advantage to these singers that while in Berlin they can hear some of the best choral music which Germany affords—as, for instance, the famed choir of the Dom and the perfect rendering of such music as Mozart's "Requiem" and Bach's "Gottes Zeit" by the Academy.

In orchestral and chamber music Berlin now rivals Leipzig and Stuttgart. The symphony concerts of the royal orchestra and the *quintette soirées* of Joachim and his colleagues are unsurpassed in the rendering of the highest classical compositions.

The opera has fallen behind its standard of ten years ago. Not in the orchestra, nor the chorus, nor the setting of pieces, nor the balancing of the whole; but in the conduct of the leading parts. Niemann is declining and seldom appears; Lucca was long ago lost to Berlin; Mallinger is losing her voice and her charms; none of the newer leaders can yet compete with these, and the Berlin public will not pay the Tietjens, Patti, Nilsson, Albani, Gerster prices, which London, Paris, Petersburg are so ready to meet. Gerster I hope you may soon hear in New York—the purest gem of modern song. Do not strain her tender voice in the Academy; but learn its sweetness in Steinway or Chickering Hall.

But why should Americans covet the singers of the Old World, when Miss Kellogg, Miss Thurbay, Minnie Hauck, and others of native birth are proving that America may yet rival Italy as a nursery of song? A new name will be added to these next spring, and will soon become as familiar and as favorite as theirs—Mrs. De Land, of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Gifted by Nature in person and presence, and with a voice which combines in an unusual degree fullness and sweetness, compass and clearness, strength and sympathy, Mrs. De Land has devoted four years of the most assiduous study and practice, under the best training which Berlin affords, to perfecting herself in musical science and execution. The *timbre* of her voice is of that pure, fixed quality which German critics so much admire, and which makes her equal to the most distinct and effective phrasing; but, at the same time, it is altogether free from that hard, metallic tone so often heard in notes of the upper register in the German school, and she will throw off a *bravura* passage of Mozart or Verdi with the distinct warbling and the joyous freedom of a bird—sonorously sweet and critically exact. Her principal teacher is a critic of such capacity and candor that his word goes for law with managers of concerts and the opera; and he has pronounced her voice one of the most admirable which ever came under his training and her training to be now complete. When she appears among you, she will be equally at home in English, German, and Italian.

Some of the choicest music in Berlin is to be heard in select coterie of *virtuosi*, to which only members and their friends are admitted. It was in such a circle that I lately heard Mrs. De Land, who sang by their special invitation. As she closed, I heard on all sides, from these critical hearers: "How fine!" "What a wonderful voice!" "Such a fin-

ished execution!" "What a charming singer!" The other singers of the evening, who are leaders in the opera, joined openly in such commendation. Proud of these praises of my countrywoman, I said to a stranger next me: "She is an American." "Impossible!" he answered. This fine German accent, this pure tone and distinct articulation, one seldom hears. But Mrs. De Land is not a German, nor a Germanized American; but an American in home, spirit, ideas, affections.

Such women as those whom I have named, who have given so much time, means, labor to ennobling our musical culture, should be generously sustained at the opening of their career. Do not wait for foreign commendation; but consult your own taste and feeling. Do not leave them to the mercenary schemes of a foreign *impresario*, but when duly introduced, give them a kindly hearing. It will be time enough to drop them when they disappoint you. What is a concert ticket to you, which may be to them the bread of toil and tears? What are ten, fifty, a hundred dollars to you, for the encouragement of an art that ministers to pure enjoyment and refining culture?

—Berlin, Prussia, Nov. 23d, 1877.

Mr. Dannreuther on the Piano-Forte.

CHOPIN.—LISZT.

The lecture on the above subject by Mr. Dannreuther was delivered at the Crystal Palace on the 19th inst. He said: "When lecturing a fortnight ago and endeavoring to throw some light on the harpsichord, it was found expedient to speak almost exclusively of Sebastian Bach. In the same manner, for this lecture, in order to avoid a mere scampering over a mass of pianoforte literature, we will confine ourselves to Chopin and Liszt. But as it would be an absurdity to illustrate the modern school of pianoforte music without playing Beethoven, I have chosen one of his larger sonatas to begin with. Reviewing some works of Chopin in 1830, Robert Schumann writes: 'Chopin is and remains the boldest and proudest poetic soul of the time.' And this was strictly true. Beethoven and Schubert were dead; Schumann, himself, had done but little at that time; Berlioz was only, as it were, gleaming out of darkness; and Wagner unknown. But contemporary musicians failed to perceive Chopin's gifts, and if Schumann had asserted that he was a trained musician, they would have laughed him altogether to scorn. It is indisputable that Chopin's influence as a melodist and harmonist has been felt in every branch of music, and it is strange that there should be a fixed notion that he was nothing but a trained amateur. His originality as a youth of eighteen is as bewildering as when a mature man of thirty. To the general public he was *caviare*. He was not a public player, and his compositions had to make their way by their own merits, not by his interpretation of them. 'I cannot play before a large audience, I can only indicate,' he used to say. His pupils and other competent and incompetent witnesses speak of his playing as veiled, graduated, evanescent, clear, and full of endless *chiaroscuro*, and in style unequalled by any other musician. For the peculiarities of the piano, Chopin's treatment was varied, such as the effect of the pedals, the shades of color produced by the different accentuating one or more notes of a chord, and many subtleties of touch. To Chopin a piano and no pedals would have been as a fish out of water. Another point as much to be observed as the use of the pedals is the range of rhythm employed. All instruments, except the organ, admit of differences of tone, according to the will of the performer, and it is also possible for an orchestra to produce rhythm and accent; but, still, in the adjustment of sound resulting from a single will, the piano has the advantage, as Chopin's refined treatment shows. Before his time, pianoforte pieces were like engravings or etchings, or like Beethoven's bagatelles, they suggested the whole orchestra, over and above the pianoforte proper; Chopin's were especially for the pianoforte, and more refined than any other composers.

A glance at Chopin's figure, frail and graceful, with a thin pale face, prominent nose, dreamy eyes, soft hair worn long, as was the custom then, and slender wrists, will explain his peculiarities. He was self-absorbed, the *poète intime*, not concerned in social or political matters, and alien to most subjects beyond the piano. He lived in the tinged hues of twilight of the aristocratic circles of 1835,

the Paris of Balzac. He bore the impress of Parisian society during the Restoration. It is a pity that Balzac did not embalm Chopin in one of his books, for he has many characters like his, hothouse plants, yet tough enough for trials which plebeian spirits could not bear; unfit for protracted work, but soaring into sudden flights. Such admirers of Parisian manners as Victor Hugo and Balzac were, however, acquainted with the whole of Paris; they studied all, high and low; but Chopin frequented the aristocratic *salons* alone, consisting mostly of Poles or Russians. After the disturbances of 1831 there were many refugees in Paris. There was Chopin and his music—he sang the past of the Poles in the pageants of the polonaise; he re-set their songs and dances.

Chopin's reading was cursory and limited; he only read for pleasure, and Rousseau's "Nouvelle Héloïse" was his favorite book. He avoided works with whose authors he was not intimate. If Chopin had been familiar with English, he would not have sworn by Shakespeare or Fielding; he would have preferred "Clarissa Harlowe" to "Tom Jones." He seemed to, and probably did, like Ossian; but he read little poetry. Chopin knew little Latin, less Greek, and a minimum of Italian; Polish was the only language he knew well. He did not read German—indeed, we can hardly imagine him doing so—although he had some acquaintance with the language. The ballads of the Polish poet, Mariejowski, became the subject of Chopin's "Ballades." He was tinged with the Byronic spirit. He would have admired the minor pieces of Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, to which his perfection of diction and refinement would have found an echo. Shelley's ecstatic lines to an "Indian Air" might well be wedded to one of Chopin's melodies.

It is unjust to speak of Chopin as selfish. All his powers were required to maintain his physical and mental equilibrium; he had nervous force enough for his music and no more. He recoiled from all matters not his own. And why should he not stave off what was unpleasant? He was not cold, but was like a volcano, and on days when there was no eruption, there was only the dried lava or scorias visible. His best part was devoted to music. Chopin's peculiar position with regard to Beethoven gives him his stamp as a musician. He used to play the Sonata in A flat, Op. 26, with the "Funeral March," the "Waldstein" and the "Appassionata;" but he disposed of those of the third period, as unfit for playing; as also of the E flat concerto, the Eroica, and the last quartets; the great choral symphony and Chopin exclude each other. Such works were too high for him. The exotic nature of his art restricted his sympathies, and narrowed his range of thought. Again, Chopin stands one of the rarest of inventors—a great poet and singer, with the gifts of expression like Keats, Coleridge, and Tennyson. What he tells us is worth hearing; and he was a great master of style. His material was not of the highest, and his bias was romantic and sentimental, rather than heroic or naive. In his early works the matter is sometimes weak, in the later ones turgid; but the refinement of his diction makes amends, and in the rhythm there is no halting. The bound-up collection of his works is not bulky, but shows a great deal of labor—on account of the many corrections he made. He constantly employed such rhythmical forms as the "Masurka Waits," etc., and so had the same sort of thing to say again and again; but his invention was inexhaustible, and each piece has its *raison d'être*. With few exceptions, thought and feeling, manner and matter, and the varying shades, are beautifully blended, and no duplicate is possible. Like the poet Keats, he was filled with the rapture of poetry and imagination, which he imparted to his hearers.

We turn now to Liszt. We have often heard him accused of being unscrupulous in his effects, and not above charlatanism or rant. Now, a little attention would show that these accusations come from people who have failed to play his pieces. The endless debates on modern composers all turn on one pivot: is mechanical difficulty a fault, or the contrary? It is neither; but only a means to an end. It is of small importance, whether the effect has been produced by much or little effort, if it only serves the ends of art. No sensible pianist or musician would decline to use such a means because it was not orthodox, or obsolete, or whatever the cant term may be. The question is—Does it offer advantages for new effects? All musicians before Liszt, except Beethoven and Weber, followed the school of Clementi or Hummel. Clementi used the English

piano—the Clementi-Collard make; Hummel used the lighter Viennese instrument. Beethoven preferred the former; Chopin the latter. Beethoven liked a Broadwood-grand; Chopin refused more than a semi-grand, or a cottage. Liszt followed in the wake of Beethoven. He was born in 1811, near Pesth, in Hungary. His father taught him the piano in 1817; and he played a concerto by Beethoven's pupil, Ries, in public, and extemporized on airs chosen by the audience, before he was nine years of age. Two Hungarian nobles gave him a pension, and his father settled in Vienna, where his son studied under Czerny. Young Liszt was a phenomenon in the music-shops. Nothing ever put him out of countenance. One day several musicians were looking over Hummel's new "Concerto in B minor," a hard piece of practice, and regarded at that time as the most difficult of compositions; Liszt played it off in full tempo and with no palpable mistakes. We can imagine the queer faces of the big wigs behind his chair. Czerny is the authority for this, and it is probably true, for he knew what good playing was. In 1831, Liszt played at a concert when the taciturn Beethoven came forward and embraced him. Liszt's father seems to have been a sensible man, and kept him steadily at work, in spite of a changing life. He set him to transcribe Bach's Fugues, and with the same fingering for all the keys. He settled in Paris, and took lessons in counterpoint. Paganini played there in 1831, and great was the result of the impression he made on Liszt. Paganini represented his own emotions, which was quite a new thing to musicians. Liszt was touched, and saw that what Paganini had done for the violin was possible for the piano. For five years we hear nothing of him. Some transcriptions of violin studies declared unplayable were the only signs of existence which he gave. He had during this period been seen but not heard on the Rhine and in Switzerland, according to newspaper paragraphs. Then he appeared as the mature master. For twelve years, till 1848, he travelled over Europe. Then was the golden time for virtuosi. People fought for his gloves, and it is said tore up the sheets he had slept in and treasured the rags. He visited Hamburg, Berlin, Leipzig, London, Sweden, Denmark, Portugal, Russia, and even played before the grand Turk at Constantinople. In 1848 he gave up public playing and settled as conductor at Weimar, where he remained twenty years, and had among his pupils there Bülow, Tausig, and others. In 1868 he joined a religious order in Rome, but he also became head of the school for music at Pesth, and divided his time between that place, Weimar, and Rome. In fingering and other matters, Liszt introduced such great improvements and so novel a treatment that the habits he did not adopt have become antiquated. We repeat that the grand piano is so different from Bach's harpsichord, or Mozart's, Hummel's or Field's pianos, that we are not able to play these composers' music as they did. Our hands must adapt themselves to the different tools for their use. Liszt is the best representative of the modern style. According to Clementi's method, a coin placed on the wrist would not fall off while playing. Others played with the hand rounded. Liszt holds the wrist higher, so that a coin would slide over the hand on to the keys. This reduces the physical exertion and increases the power of the finger, augmenting it by the weight of the wrist. We said before how the difference of force required by the old and new instruments was as four to one. Now it requires a weight of four ounces to make the hammer touch the string; in the old pianos it only required one and a half ounces. All Liszt's pieces are full of a telling sonority, and now at sixty-six years of age he is a perfect wonder as a player. Schumann said in 1840 that his playing was glorious and glittering, bold in character, and that he was born to command. Comparing each edition of Liszt's works we find an improved diction, and we must give to Liszt, the pianist, the credit of making the most of his gifts. He has great individuality, but his style becomes clearer and clearer. Mechanical difficulties are, indeed, a part of his treatment, and Liszt simplified would be Liszt garbled.

At the conclusion of his interesting lecture, which was delivered amid great difficulties, both to the speaker and the hearers, owing to the energetic preparations for the production of pantomime, M. Dannreuther played Beethoven's Sonata Appassionata; Chopin's Scherzo, Op. 81, B flat minor; Larghetto from 2nd Concerto, five Masurkas, Nocturnes, Op. 55, Tarantelle; Grande Polonaise, Op. 53, A flat; and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12. Mr. Dannreuther is a great pianist, and his readings are

full of refinement and poetry.—*London Musical Standard*, Dec. 29.

Our Correspondence.

CHICAGO, JAN. 20.—Aside from church concerts and Mr. Eddy's organ recitals, the period from the middle of December until now has been very barren musically. The weather has been very mild, and the streets of this city are in a dreadful condition, reminding one of the roads in Spain, about which some traveller remarked:

"The roads are impassable,
Not even Jack-ass-ible."

Apropos to which I may mention the fate of a quartette of society young gentlemen who were making New-Years' calls. To reach one of the desired points, it was necessary to diverge into a street not yet paved (of which there are many in the city.) Here the carriage floundered around for a while, until presently it came to a dead stop, the horses and carriage all being in the condition known out west as "sloshed down." The driver opened the door and asked first for them to alight, hoping, thus lightened, to be able to pull through. But no, the carriage remained as fast as ever. So all four of these amiable and well-dressed young gentlemen, in a spirit of Christian sweetness which I cannot sufficiently admire, put their shoulders to the wheels, and after much labor and objugation succeeded in liberating the turn-out from its unpleasant fix. But at what a sacrifice of appearance! A more disconsolate quartette of muddy people one would look in vain for; and, to crown their discomfort, the driver would not allow them to re-enter his clean carriage in their muddy condition, so they were compelled to walk home, and spend the day in sighing over the "might have been."

Bad as the streets are, the country roads are much worse, so that, although the country is full of grain to sell, and the buyers are not lacking, while the railroads stand ready to move it, the roads are so bad that it is impossible for the farmers to deliver it at the railroads, by means of any vehicle but a stone-boat (or "dray" as we used to call it in New Hampshire). This condition of things has put an embargo on trade for over three months and threatens general bankruptcy.

The only musical matter of importance since my previous letter was the series of five classical recitals by Mme. Rivé-King. These as originally projected had a very promising look. But, alas! Some excellent women bought them out for the benefit of the Foundlings' Home, and changed them into concerts. To give the entire programmes would take too much space, so I will give two, the least significant one of the series, and the best:

Thursday Evening, Jan. 10.

1. Mendelssohn—Sonata in A, No. 2,
"Con moto maestoso"—Andante Tranquillo.
H. Clarence Eddy
2. Calcott—"Friend of the Brave,"
W. P. Tyrrell
3. Faure—"Sancta Maria,"
Miss Abbie Whinnery
4. Beinecke—Cadenza to Concerto, C minor,
Beethoven
Chopin—*a.* Nocturne, G minor, Op. 37, No. 1,
b. Valse, A flat, op. 34, No. 1.
Mme. Julia Rivé-King
5. Berlioz—Concert Aria Romance,
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy
6. Halévy—"If Laws Severe,"
W. P. Tyrrell
7. Schubert—Sonata, A minor, Op. 42, (First
movement),
Schumann, G—Tarantella, E flat minor, Op. 11,
Weber—Movement perpetual,
Mme. Julia Rivé-King
8. Verdi—"Bolero," from *I Vespri Siciliani*,
Miss Abbie Whinnery
9. Guilmant—Marche Funèbre et Chant Seraphique,
H. Clarence Eddy
10. Rubinstein—"Evening Song,"
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy
11. Strauss-Tausig—"Man lives but once,"
Mme. Julia Rivé-King.

The best programme was this:

Matinée, Saturday Afternoon, Jan. 12.

1. Bach—Grand Fantasia and Fugue in G minor,
H. Clarence Eddy
2. Handel—"Oh! Raddier than a Cherry,"
W. P. Tyrrell
3. Haydn—"The Mermald's Song,"
Mozart—"Mi tradi,"
Miss Abbie Whinnery
4. Beethoven—Sonata Appassionata in F minor,
Op. 57,
Mme. Julia Rivé-King
5. Schubert—"The Secret,"
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy
6. Mendelssohn—"Here under the trees I am
lying,"
W. P. Tyrrell
7. Chopin—First concerto in E minor, Op. 11,
"Romanze and Rondo,"
Mme. Julia Rivé-King
Orchestral parts on Concert Organ,
H. Clarence Eddy

8. Weber—"The Maiden and the Snowdrop,"
Berlioz—Romance—"Absence,"
Mrs. Clara D. Stacy
9. Schumann—Fantasie-Bilder—Allegro—Op. 26,
Liszt—Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2,
Mme. Julia Rivé-King
10. Sullivan—"Orpheus with his Lute,"
Miss Abbie Whinnery
11. Saint-Saëns—Rhapsodie in E, No. 1,
H. Clarence Eddy

As originally projected these recitals were to have included at least four Beethoven Sonatas, four Concertos (Chopin's E minor, Saint-Saëns' 4th, Beethoven's 4th, and I believe Schumann's in A minor) along with a copious selection of other good matter. The first mistake made was in the number of people assisting. Mr. Eddy was indispensable for the sake of accompaniments, and his organ selections were of course very fine and beautifully done; still I would have preferred more piano and less organ in this case, because piano recitals are very rare here. Mrs. Stacy has a fine list of songs which she sings with taste and some sentiment, and as she is a most deserving person, I will not quarrel with her. Mr. Tyrrell is a curious singer. Some of his voice is very good; it is, I suppose, a baritone. The lower part of it is a solid bass; the upper part a hard, unsympathetic tenor. The person who carries the voice seems well enough, but somewhat inexperienced on the stage, and, not to put too fine a point on it, sings like a stick.

Miss Abbie Whinnery was new here, and I am free to say I found her a most charming singer. I could desire that she would enunciate her text a bit more clearly than she does; but her phrasing seems to me more finished than that of any concert singer I have heard here this winter. At any rate she became a favorite with the audience, and I, for one, would be glad to hear more of her.

As to Mme. King's playing, I have little to add to what I have said before. She has gained in refinement but lost somewhat in power. Her selections on this occasion, aside from the two programmes I give above, embraced Schumann's Romance in F sharp, First movement of the Sonata in G minor, Chopin's Nocturne in E flat (Op. 9), Impromptu in A flat (Op. 29), Rondeau in E flat; Impromptu in C sharp, Valse in D flat, Scherzo in B flat minor; Berceuse, and Polonaise in A flat, Op. 58. These were played in three numbers as indicated by the semicolons. She gave Beethoven's Sonata Pathétique. Of Liszt, the Tannhäuser march, Themes from Faust, and fourteenth Rhapsody. Then there was Rubinstein's "Valse Allemaigre," Field's Nocturne in A, No. 4, Mendelssohn's Spring Song, and Jensen's "Secret Love." Her Chopin playing was beautiful. I was very much pleased with her reading of the Sonata Appassionata, which went most satisfactorily. That the brilliant things went well no one could deny. In my opinion, Mme. Rivé-King owes it to herself and to the public, to give every winter in this city at least, and perhaps in Cincinnati and St. Louis, a series of at least six recitals with really fine programmes, as good, for instance, as those Mr. Sherwood gave in Boston this year, except that I do not think the new ought to have so large a place here in the West, where we are yet so ignorant of the "staples" of musical literature. One good singer, like Miss Whinnery, is better than three, for such recitals. Three songs in each recital are perhaps enough. Whatever dissent there may be from some of the good opinions I have expressed about this fine pianiste, one thing remains indisputable, namely, that for some reason the general public listens to her performance of fine music with more apparent interest than I have ever observed in the case of other pianists. This was particularly noticeable the other day while the Sonata Appassionata was going on; nothing could have been more satisfactory than the attention and apparent satisfaction of the audience. This in itself is a great power for a pianist to possess. I was particularly impressed with her Chopin playing throughout this season. It was most deliciously refined and satisfactory. This especially in the case of the Impromptus in A flat and C sharp, and the Scherzo in B flat. The little Valse in D flat I do not care to hear in the extremely rapid tempo it is the virtuoso fashion to give it; so played it means nothing but finger-work.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue. I subjoin the latest two of his programmes. I think Chicago affords as good opportunities for hearing organ music as any city in the world. Is it not so? Mr. Eddy has not repeated programmes in these recitals yet. He has, I believe, a hundred programmes, before repetitions begin. Many of the best things on them are repeated, however, in the popular concerts of the Hershey School, and at other concerts where he plays. These are the two programmes spoken of:

Thirty-sixth Organ Recital, Jan. 5.

1. Prelude and Fugue in C minor, Op. 21, No. 1,
E. F. Richter
1806—

2. "Larghetto," in B flat.....Spohr
1794—1859
From the Duet for two violins, Op. 159.
(Transcribed by Archer.)
2. "Processional March," Op. 28.....S. B. Whitney
(First time in Chicago.)
4. Hymn: "Show Thy mercy, Lord," Op. 57,
Merkel 1837—
Miss Mina Rommels.
5. Canonic Variations, in C.....Bach
1685—1750
On "Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her."
6. Choral-Prelude, Op. 100, No. 3.....Merkel
1837—
On "Allein Gott in der Höh' sei Ehr."
7. Song—"The Watcher,".....Geibel
8. Overture to "Stradella,".....Flotow
1812—

Thirty-seventh Organ Recital, Jan. 12.

1. Fantasia and Fugue in D minor, Op. 2,
Johann Schneider
1798—1864
2. "Notturmo," from the "Midsummer Night's
Dream," Op. 61.....Mendelssohn
1809—1847
(Transcribed by S. P. Warren.)
3. Fugue in A minor.....Bach
1685—1750
(From the Pianoforte Works.)
4. Aria: "Deh, per questo istante," (from
"Titus,".....Mozart
1756—1791
Miss Mary P. Hendrick.
5. Sonata in A minor, No. 4, Op. 98.....Rheinberger
1836—
Tempo moderato.—Intermezzo.—Fuga
cromatica.
6. Song: "Des Mädchen's Klage," (The Maid-
en's Lament).....Schubert
1797—1828
Miss Mary P. Hendrick.
7. Concert-Andante in E flat.....Beet
1834—
8. "Laudate Dominum omnes gentes," Lemmens
(Praise the Lord all ye people.)

Mr. Liesegang has given a quartette soirée lately on the North Side, the first of a series. The audience, I am told, was of the very little.

The Musical College, under Mr. Ziegfeld's direction, gave its annual concert, last night, Jan. 21. The programme is creditable. Behold!

1. Quintetto, Andante and Finale.....Schotte
Miss Ida Rosing, Messrs. Rosenbecker,
Kurth, Fehi and Eichheim.
2. Robert! toi que j'aime.....Meyerbeer
Miss Norah McMahon.
3. Concerto, Op. 85. First movement, with Or-
chestral Accompaniment.....Rummel
Mrs. LeRoy Grant.
4. Duet, "Ida, oh Ciel" from "La Frigione di
Edimburgo.....Ricci
Misses Ada Somers and Alice Lansden.
5. Concerto, Op. 21, first movement, with Orches-
tral Accompaniment.....Chopin
Miss Mary Wishard.
6. Carnival di Venezia and Variations.....Benedict
Miss Etie Butler.
7. Concerto for Violin, Op. 61, first movement,
with Orchestral Accompaniment.....Beethoven
Mr. Adolph Rosenbecker.
8. a. Coro "Giovini Beldi," (Huguenots),
b. Cavatina e Coro, "No, no, caso equal,"
Meyerbeer
Miss Alice Lansden and Chorus.

All the performances were very good, those of the last five numbers particularly. The orchestra was small. Only twenty-three. How strange it seems that the symphonies we used to hear in the Germania days were played by only twenty-four men! The Chopin Concerto and the Beethoven Violin Concerto were remarkably well accompanied, considering that the orchestra was improvised. Miss Wishard is a very promising young pianist, of the refined and delicate rather than the robust order. Owing to the piano-top being entirely removed, all the pieces were less effective than would otherwise have been the case. Mr. Rosenbecker is an excellent violinist (formerly with Thomas) and is now associated with the Musical College. Among the singers were Misses Alice Lansden and Miss Etie Butler, who give promise for the future, as both have good voices.

Another school affair lately was an exhibition of the violin school of Mr. Joseph Singer. This gentleman is a student, an excellent musician, and a painstaking teacher. I did not hear his pupils play, but hear that several of them showed talent.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

Music in Vienna.

VIENNA, December 12th, 1877.

Of the series of eight yearly Philharmonic concerts, three are over. At the second we heard Mendelssohn's overture, "Melusine," Schubert's symphony in B minor, a pianoforte-concerto by Liszt, and the last symphony by Herbeck. The concerto was performed by Herr J. Zarembski, a Pole by birth, and a pupil of Liszt. He has a good touch, a fine trill, and great technical execution, and earned much applause. The symphony, the last composition by Herbeck, shows the careful and

conscientious writer, who deserves on this account high praise, though he is wanting in originality. The introduction of the organ in a symphony is new, but not recommendable; its character does not mingle well with the other instruments. The work, which is short and very grave in character, is divided into four movements, of which the first, a prelude, is the best; the last is a fugue, with interpolated recitatives.

At the third concert we made acquaintance with a new composer of a fine talent. Herr Hugo Reinhold, a former pupil of our Conservatoire, introduced himself with a Suite in five movements for pianoforte and strings. It is a lovely work of a somewhat delicate character, and will make, I hope, the round of the concert-rooms abroad. The pianoforte-part was performed by Herr Epstein, professor of the Conservatoire; his playing, just fit for the style of the Suite, was excellent, and he was warmly applauded and called for, as was also the composer. Herr Walter, our lyric tenor from the Hofoper, sang four Lieder, by Brahms, from the new series just published. They are pleasing, and show much poetic feeling; one, a "Minnelied," by Hölz, was encored, and all four were received with great acclamation; Herr Walter's delicate delivery of them won him much praise. Schumann's symphony in E flat was executed to perfection under Hans Richter, and the great concert-room was filled to the very last place. In parenthesis, I add the news that Herr Richter has been nominated Vice-Hofkapellmeister, Herr Hellmesberger being First Hofkapellmeister.

Mozart's "Requiem" was performed in the great concert-room, which was appropriately decorated for the occasion, in memory of the late Herbeck, the receipts being intended for a monument to the deceased. Hellmesberger conducted, and the execution was worthy of the occasion.

The chief number of the first Gesellschafts concert was Beethoven's 9th symphony; an aria of a tender character, from an unfinished opera by Schubert, "Der Graf von Gleichen," which, being only a sketch, was finished by Herbeck, was sweetly sung by Frau Wilt. A rondo in B flat, for piano and orchestra, an early composition by Beethoven, was performed for the first time. It is a posthumous work, and was probably written for the concerto in the same key (Nottebohm, Beethoven catalogue, p. 141). If Czerny really accomplished the rest, he did his task well. Hellmesberger conducted the said concert, as also the first extra concert, in which Haydn's "Seasons" was heard to perfection. Frau Wilt, Herr H. Vogel, the famous tenor from Munich, and our own Rokitsansky, gave an excellent rendering of the solos, and the chorus was worthy of the Singverein.

The presence of Herr Vogel animated the Wagner-Verein to give the third act from "Tristan and Isolde" as a concert performance. The orchestra being replaced by a pianoforte (an inconceivable idea), the hearers had only to admire the guest who sang his difficult part in a really wonderful manner.

The first concert of the Singacademie opened with Mendelssohn's 95th Psalm, and closed with Bach's cantata, "Sie werden aus Saba Alle kommen" (Kirchen Cantaten, Vol. vii, No. 5). It is a genial work, which has just given rise to a critical pamphlet by Jul. Schaeffer, comparing the edition by Robert Franz and that of the Leipzig Bach-Verein.

Hellmesberger has given the first two quartet-evenings of his series, at which alone his sympathetic violin-tone can now be heard. There were performed Mozart's quatuor in C major, and quintuor in E flat; Beethoven's quatuor in C minor; a piano quintuor by E. Sgambati, and another by Rubinstein in G minor, Op. 99. The former, by Sgambati, an Italian composer, shows much talent and bold writing; the latter is one of the most recently published compositions by Rubinstein, full of spirit, but often wanting the last file. Both were well performed, the one by Professor Schenner, the other by A. Grünfeld.

In the newest theatre, the Komische Oper, we have had a company of Italian opera-singers, Sig. Morini being the impresario. From November 15th to December 10th we heard "Othello," "Il Barbiere," "Il Trovatore," "Crispino e la Comare," and "Poluto"—fifteen representations, and on the last evening a mixed one.

The German Spiel Oper will open on Christmas Day.

In the Hofoper, Frau Lucca has performed once as Valentine for the benefit of the Pensionsfond. She attracted a full house, which was not sparing of

ovations. "Der Wasserträger," by Cherubini, and the ballet "Sylvia," performed on the same evening, have been often repeated. "Die Walküre" has now been represented nineteen times. To increase the Pensionsfond, three Hofoper-soirées have been undertaken, the first of which took place yesterday, and was, it is said, splendid in the highest sense of the word. Parterre and stage were united into one immense ball-room, illuminated with prodigality, and visited by thousands of persons in exquisite toilets; orchestra and chorus were placed in the higher gallery, and performed some music-pieces, after which the dances began. Another year we shall have, no doubt, opera-masquerades!

Operas performed from November 12th to December 12th:—"Aida" (twice), "Wasserträger," and the ballet "Sylvia" (four times), "Lohengrin," "Walküre" (twice), "Oberon," "Landfriede" (twice), "Königin von Saba," "Lustigen Weiber von Windsor," "Robert der Teufel," "Carmen," "Tannhäuser," "Hugenotten," "Luceria Borgia," "Tell," "Das Goldene Kreuz," and the ballet "Coppelia," "Don Juan," "Profet," "Martha."—*Correspondence Musical Record.*

Music in Leipzig.

LEIPZIG, Jan. 2, 1878.—The advent of Christmas, with all its bustle and excitement, pleasures and amusements, is a season of the year occupying too largely the minds of the German people, to permit of interest being taken in anything else; there was therefore little or nothing of musical importance to be noted during the last twelve days of the old year.

The first Gewandhaus concert of the new year, and the eleventh of the season, was inaugurated last evening, with the following splendid programme:

Mendelssohn—"Prayer for Peace," for chorus and orchestra.
Beethoven—Overture, Op. 124.
Bach (J. Christoph)—Motette.
Brahms—Concerto for piano.
Schumann—Symphony, No. 3, C major.

Johannes Brahms was his own interpreter. It was intensely interesting to hear him at the piano. Those who expected to be astonished by a display of wonderful feats were disappointed, for he proved to be anything but a great virtuoso. If he did not astonish, he did thrill and impress more, however, by his manly and vigorous manner of attacking the instrument, and by his broadness and boldness of style than by great elegance and refinement of playing. His is not a sentimental nature, neither does he play nor write merely to please and charm, but to stir up and excite the deepest emotions man is capable of. His concerto, as a composition, while rich in beautiful and noble ideas, is not so original in conception as his symphony in C minor; great intimacy with the music of Schumann in general, and the same composer's A minor concerto in particular, are the evident facts under the influence of which it must have been written. This does not necessarily imply lack or weakness of creative power on the part of Brahms; it may, in this instance, have been a voluntary subjection to the influence of a master with whom he has much in common; a master, also, from whom he first received recognition, appreciation and encouragement.

The Thomaner (a boy-choir, pupils of the St. Thomas school), sang, under the leadership of their trainer and instructor, Prof. E. F. Richter, the choral compositions on the programme, and so beautifully and impressively that but few could have been present unmoved and untouched.

The overture and symphony were grandly performed; such performances, and this is most emphatically asserted, can only be heard in Leipzig.

A pleasant event in connection with this concert was the trumpet-flourish that greeted Herr Grabau, who, on this evening, celebrated his fiftieth anniversary as member (violinist) of the orchestra. The next Gewandhaus concert promises to be an unusually interesting one from the fact that Brahms will personally conduct his newest (second) symphony.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 2, 1878.

Concerts.

The Fifth Subscription Concert of THEODORE THOMAS, took place in the Music Hall on Wednesday evening, Jan. 16. The attendance was but middling,

and, like all concerts of the kind this season, this one also was apparently unremunerative. The admirable orchestra gave us some of its very best work,—mind, we do not say *works*; these were good, bad and indifferent, to-wit:

1. Selected Movements.....Handel
Hornpipe, Larghetto, Allegro molto.
2. Masonic Funeral Music.....Mozart
3. Symphony, C minor, Op. 68.....Johannes Brahms
4. Serenade, No. 2, (String Orchestra)....Volkman
- Violoncello Obligato by Mr. Charles Hemman.
5. Overture—"Struensee".....Meyerbeer

The pieces from Handel's Concertos were characteristic and, being beautifully played, quite interesting. The rollicking Hornpipe, by strings alone, seemed rather monotonous and colorless, but it was very evenly and vigorously executed. All the more refreshing was the rich, soft blending of wind instruments in the beautiful Larghetto. But what most took the audience was the crisp, bright, tripping melody of the *Allegro molto*. Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music (for clarinet, basset horn, 2 oboes and 2 horns, besides the strings) did not sound to us particularly Mozartish. It is a short piece of sonorous, earnest and impressive music, based upon a *Canto fermo*. We could have imagined some other master to have written it.

The Brahms Symphony was certainly about as finely rendered as it would be possible to have it in this country, perhaps anywhere. It had been most thoroughly and critically studied and rehearsed; every detail, every phrase in the complex contrapuntal web coming out clear and unmistakable, and the sound of all the reeds and brass was beautifully true and musical; the great Contrabasso, also, gave new depth and grandeur to some passages. With all praise for the faultless playing, we take it the general audience were not much wiser as to the intrinsic merits of the composition than they were before,—those, we mean, who had heard it played for the first time by our own musicians. It is all cant, all a fore-gone conclusion to say that it required this orchestra to give us any right conception of the Symphony. Hearing it repeatedly helps the understanding, and the better orchestra will sound the best whatever work it plays; but no appreciative, intelligently musical person need wait for a perfect orchestra to tell him what the work is in itself, and whether he ought to go into ecstasies about it. We did not find that we admired it any more or any less upon this second public hearing. Interest us it did surely, but uplift and inspire us it did not, not even the last movement. It was still depressing, over-labored, unspontaneous, with more of will than genius in it, more of enterprise and calculation than of the creative spark. But there will be two more chances to deepen or revise impressions, one from each orchestra, indeed one before this appears. Thomas will have the last word in his last concert (Feb. 18), and we advise all to hear him.

The Serenade by Volkman was a tedious and unedifying affair. The only thing like a Serenade about it was the doleful, sentimental tune by the violoncello (finely played, of course), with returning fits thereof; but the orchestral interruptions of its melancholy soliloquy were as if a party of crazy people had broken in upon the lover's privacy; and the piece was painfully lengthy. The "Struensee" Overture exhibits all the faults and extravagances of Meyerbeer, with some of his best arts of instrumentation. There was plenty of brilliancy, but of the cheerless kind.

SANDERS THEATRE, (Cambridge).—The third subscription Concert, Tuesday evening, Jan. 15, was without orchestra, but offered an interesting programme of choice Chamber music, much of it new

to listeners of our day, none of it too familiar. It was as follows:

1. String Quartet in E minor, Op. 59, No. 2, Beethoven
Allegro,—Molto adagio,—Allegretto. (Theme russe).—Presto.
Boston Philharmonic Club.
2. Part-Songs: from Romanzen, Op. 91...Schumann
a. Jäger Wohlgemuth.
b. Der Wassermann.
Swedish Ladies' Quartet.
3. Duo for Harp and Violin, in E flat, from Op. 113.....Spohr
Messrs. Freygang and Listemann.
1. Andante con Variazioni, and Scherzo, from the Septet for Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Contrabass, in E flat, Op. 20.....Beethoven
(By Request.)
Boston Philharmonic Club.
2. Part-Songs: a. Elfenreihen.....Reinecke
b. Sleighing Party in Sweden.....Södermann
Swedish Ladies' Quartet.
3. Nonetto for Violin, Viola, 'Cello, Flute, Oboe, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, and Contrabass, in F major, Op. 31.....Spohr
Allegro,—Scherzo,—Adagio,—Vivace.

Of older masterworks, decidedly not too familiar, in fact to the present generation here almost unknown, was that exquisite and wonderful E-minor Quartet, the second of the Rasoumowski set, by Beethoven. Mr. LISTEMANN, with three of his tried associates of the Philharmonic Club, never undertook a task more worthy of their powers than to interpret this. A work so delicate and subtle, so boldly original, so instinct with poetic feeling and imagination, so original and full of contrasts and surprises in its rhythms, its harmonic modulations and progressions. It was unfortunately placed at the beginning of the concert, before the audience were settled into quiet; for the principal theme of the *Allegro*, stealing in so subtly *pianissimo*, was hardly heard. It seemed to us, too, that the movement was taken a little too fast to be clearly apprehended; otherwise the rendering was very delicate and fine. The long *Adagio* is so thoroughly Beethoven-like, so intensely interesting and full of beauty and of deep suggestion that one listens breathless to the end. There is one marvellous chord progression in the middle of it, growing and lifting to the grandest climax. Then the singular rhythm of the *Allegretto*, or quasi Scherzo, and the popular Russian theme for a Trio, with its variations; and finally the *Presto*, with another original, quaint rhythm, most joyous and elated, serve to complete a poem of all moods from grave to gay, yet all unique. It was finely played. Why can we not hear it oftener? Why can we not hear all the fine Quartets played round and round in each short lustre of a few concert seasons. Once, and for years, we were wont to hear this and its fellows pretty frequently, when the Mendelssohn Quintette Club stayed at home and gave each winter from six to ten classical Chamber Concerts in the old Chickering Hall. Now we have several such Clubs, who only build their nests here, but always fly away to sow their seeds of music,—not their best,—in wild distant regions.

The Duet by Spohr was a pleasing novelty for our ears, melodious and sweet to satiety, as is so often the way with Spohr. Mr. FREYGANG's harp-playing is something well worth hearing any day. The pieces from the Beethoven Septet were the only really familiar thing upon the programme, and they were as good as new, played by such artists (besides the Philharmonic Club, Mr. GREENE, Contrabass, Mr. LIESCH, Clarinet, and Mr. ELTZ, Bassoon, Mr. BEIZ, of the Club, playing the Horn part.)

The Nonet by Spohr, the principal novelty of the evening, proved both interesting and disappointing; the Spohr mannerism soon becomes cloying. But there were fine passages in it, and striking effects of instrumentation,—to which, however, the Oboe (Mr. JASPER) contributed but questionably, at least not sympathetically, sounding coarse and loud and sometimes out of tune.

Cambridge was delighted with the singing of the Swedish ladies, who were recalled each time with enthusiasm. The beauty of the clear first Soprano voice, and the remarkable depth and fulness of the two Altos, as well as the rare precision and fine light and shade with which they sang, were very appreciable in that admirable room. The two songs by Schumann were of a superior order to their usual repertoire, and highly interesting.

The fourth Concert will be given Feb. 12, with the Thomas Orchestra and Mme. SCHILLER, who will play, instead of the Saint-Saëns Concerto, as at first announced, the one by Scharwenka. The Orchestra will play the "Midsummer-Nights' Dream" Overture, the Pastoral Symphony of Beethoven, etc.

Miss LILLIAN BAILEY'S Concert on Monday evening, Jan. 14, was very agreeable and lively. The audience, which filled Union Hall, was of as select and flattering a character as a young artist could well be honored with. The assistant artists threw themselves heartily into the cause; Miss BAILEY herself sang even better than ever before; Mr. C. R. HAYDEN (her uncle and her teacher) sang at his very best; Mr. SHERWOOD's playing was most brilliant; Mr. DRESSEL's accompaniment in the German songs, and Sig. CIRILLO's in the Italian, were all that could be wished; and the audience were in the most accepting mood, although the programme was not of the most classical, yet cleverly compounded in its way, and fresh. The reader may judge:

1. Piano. a. Fantasie, C minor.....Bach
b. Chorus of Dancing Dervishes, from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," trans. for Piano by C. Saint-Saëns.
Mr. Sherwood.
2. Romanza, "Una furtiva agrima,".....Donizetti
Mr. Hayden.
3. Aria, from L'Allegro, "Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,".....Handel
Flute obligato by Mr. Rietzel.
Miss Bailey.
4. Song, "O, kehr zurück,".....Berlioz
Mr. Hayden.
5. Piano, "Auf den Bergen," Norwegian Bridal Party passing by, from Op. 19.....Edv. Grieg
Mr. Sherwood.
6. Songs. a. "Und wüßten's die Blumen,".....Franz
b. Lied der Mignon.....Schubert
Miss Bailey.
7. Tarantelle, "Glia la luna é mezzo al mare,".....Rossini
Mr. Hayden.
8. Song, The Rover.....Schumann
Miss Bailey.
9. Piano. Valse de l'Opéra "Faust" de Gounod.....Liszt
Mr. Sherwood.
10. Trio, "Der Freischütz,".....Von Weber
Miss Bailey, Miss Kinney, Mr. Hayden.

In the *Freyshütz* Trio, the most satisfying number of the whole, the part of Aennchen was finely sung by Mrs. ADAMS at short notice, Miss Kinney being unwell. Handel's "Nightingale" Aria had been carefully prepared by Mr. Dresel with a judicious pianoforte accompaniment, and, with the flute part, finely played by Mr. Rietzel, it sounded as it should do, for it was beautifully sung. Mr. HAYDEN need not fear comparison with any of the delicate Italian tenors, after singing Donizetti's sentimental Romanza as he did. But in the song by Berlioz, of a more manly character, and less commonplace, his tones were robust and full without parting with their sweetness. (The words of this song, we are told, were translated, and cleverly, by Miss Annelie Schiller.) Rossini's *Tarantelle* he gave with great volubility and spirit, showing himself equal to such execution.

Mr. PERABO'S CONUNDRUMS. It was an odd notion in our friend, at his third Concert, last Friday afternoon, to put in our hands a programme of piano compositions wholly by anonymous composers. Was it his little joke? a trick to circumvent the critics of the press? "springs to catch woodcocks?" No, for, as he was doubtless well aware, such birds are wary, when they have such warning; they might commit themselves another time in spite of labels. What he wanted, we presume, was to secure a more discriminating, careful, close attention of his audience; to make them judge each composition on its merits, and not feel bound to find in it all the traits and qualities which they have been taught to identify with such and such a name, however famous. Such an exercise may be a good one; the experiment at all events was curious. These were the conundrums:

1. Allegro Moderato, from the unfinished symphony. B minor. Arr. for two hands by Ernst Perabo.
This arrangement first time in Boston.
2. "Variationen über ein Original Thema für das Piano zu vier Händen." D major.
3. "Romanzero für das Piano. Four movements.
1. Allegro con fuoco. F sharp minor.
2. Adagio. E major.

4. a. Melancolie.
b. Petit Scherzo.
c. Tarantella.
5. "Character Bilder. Sechs Clavierstücke zu vier Händen."
No. 2. Scherzo. Allegro vivace, F major.
No. 4. Capriccio. Allegro con fuoco, A major.
No. 1. Nocturne. Moderato assai, E major.
6. Sonata in A major. Written in 1825. First published in 1850.
a. Allegro moderato. b. Andante. c. Allegro.

At the bottom of the bill we were informed that the names of the composers would be announced in the following Wednesday's *Advertiser*, *Transcript* and *Journal*. But the critic of the first named paper seems to have slipped behind the curtain, so that he could let the whole cat out of the bag the morning after the performance. Of course everybody guessed the first conundrum without the slightest difficulty; Schubert wrote the unfinished Symphony, which, by the way, we cannot think a good one to be represented in a two-hand arrangement, it owes so much of its charm to instrumental coloring. And again no person well acquainted with Schubert's style, if not with the particular piece in question, could fail to pronounce the last piece, the beautiful Sonata in A minor, his. Now all that came between these two (and here is what vitiated the experiment) were works which neither amateurs nor experts could be expected to recognize, or guess their authorship with any certainty. They are from sources from which the most musical care not to drink very often. All are by modern composers, many of them are and will remain obscure; not even Perabo's fine playing can galvanize them into any length of life; and most of them sound too much alike to reward any serious effort to discriminate between them. The only clew to a fair guess about the Variations (No. 2) was their lack of character at all pronounced; they were pretty and ingenious; a weak imitation, now of Schumann, now of Mendelssohn, would suggest itself to the mind, and it was no surprise to learn that they were by E. F. Richter. No. 3, the "Romanzero," is claimed by X. Scharwenka, and we are willing he should have it. The three little pieces of No. 4 were indeed a puzzle so long as we felt bound to take for granted that they were by one man. The "Melancolie" (by Rubinstein) had a sort of Mendelssohnian tenderness and beauty; but the Scherzo (Perabo) and the "Tarantella" Rheinberger were of another spirit altogether, and not fascinating. As to the "Character-pictures" (No. 5) we fancy the first guess of nearly everyone was Rubinstein, though not very positively, and that was right; there was more or less of beauty, more or less of extravagance, and some ugliness in the three pieces. —It goes without saying that the whole list was most admirably played, Mr. Perabo having in the four-hand pieces the competent assistance of his pupil, Miss ELISE B. FAY.

WHAT NEXT? Concerts are certainly fewer than usual about this time. With the exception of the sixth of the Harvard Symphony series this week, and the two Perabo Matinees, and a few Conservatory Recitals, there have been none for a week or two past, and none, so far as we happen to be informed, are promised for the week to come. This, we suppose, is chiefly owing to hard times; but it is also due in no small measure to the fact that the concert business has been altogether overdone of late years, and now comes the reaction. This is the fatality of Boston: being blessed, or cursed with a great musical reputation, all the speculators have flocked hither, to compete with one another, as well as with our own local institutions, and the result has been more or less a losing business to all. Yes, and a worse result than that perhaps! Namely, a less truly musical state of things, less of a sincere, pure musical spirit and devotion than there was before we had won the fatal reputation of being a musical city!

But the week after next will be rich with at least three first-class Concerts. The first at Cambridge (Sanders Theatre) on Tuesday evening, Feb. 12, with the Thomas Orchestra and Mme. Schiller. (See above). Then Thomas in the Boston Music Hall,—the last of his six Subscription Concerts,—on Wednesday evening, Feb. 13, when he too will repeat the Brahms Symphony, so that we shall have had four opportunities to hear it. By that time we shall either have ceased to care whether we ever meet with it again, or we shall have learned to love it in the good old way that we love dear works of Mozart, Beethoven, etc. How many will say that, we wonder?—Third, following close upon these two, on Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14, the seventh Harvard Symphony Concert, which will again offer something new. In the first part, beginning with Cherubini's charming Overture to "Faniska," the fourth and newest of the Piano Concertos by Saint-Saëns, in C minor, will be played by Mr. JOHN A. FARRON, of Dorchester, a pupil formerly of Mr. Parker at the College of Music in the Boston University, and more recently of Mr. Lang. Also a new Overture: "Hiawatha" (its first performance) composed by our townsman, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, whose "Redemption Hymn," especially in the orchestral part of its construction, was so successful in the Oratorios. Part II. will consist simply of the D-minor (No. 4) Symphony of Schumann.

WE ask attention to the card, on our first page, of Miss MARIE A. BROWN, who offers to supply a want much felt by pupils and teachers living away from cities, and having no facilities for the judicious selection of pianoforte and vocal compositions. Miss Brown is highly commended to us as a lady of musical culture and experience, well qualified for so delicate a task.

SPEAKING of music recalls a statement of the London *Athenaeum* to the import that the musical features of the Exposition of 1878, in Paris, will be of extraordinary interest to the musical world, the Minister of Public Instruction and of the Fine Arts having issued a decree for performances that shall exemplify art in its highest forms as respects both composition and execution, and a committee, with M. Thomas, principal of the Conservatoire, as president, having been appointed to carry the decree into effect. The commission comprises some of the leading representatives of music in France—M. M. Gounod, Jules Cohen, Deldevez, Dubois, Guilmont, Guirand, Holanzer, Massenet, Saint-Saëns, Weckerlin, and the foremost members of the Academy of the Fine Arts; and the sum of 250,000 francs (about \$50,000) has been appropriated to meet the pecuniary exigencies of a projected musical exhibition that shall astonish the assembled nations. It has been settled that the concerts shall take place in the vast saloon of the edifice now being erected upon the heights of the Trocadero, with its vistas lengthening into the gloom and haziness of a far perspective measured off at intervals with pillars. This feature is to be essentially international, and foreign composers are invited to confer with the committee as to the competition, and in regard to accepting works already written. Our daily contemporaries have given so little attention to the details of preparation for the Exposition, that the composers of this country have scarcely been notified of the brilliant opportunity furnished by this recent decree. It remains now to set on foot a department of poetry, and the Fine Arts organization of the affair will be complete.—*Library Table*, Dec. 22.

SIG. FEDERICO RICCÌ died at Conegliano on the 10th of Dec.; he was born at Naples, and was 68 years of age. When only twenty he brought out, in collaboration with his brother, Luigi, at the Teatro Valle, Rome, his first opera, *Il Sonnambulo*, and at Parma, during the following year, *Il Colombo* and *L'Erina di Messico*. The non-success of these works induced the brothers to dissolve their alliance. Federico then wrote alone *M. Deschamps*, a comic opera, which in 1835 proved a great success at Venice and throughout Italy. He afterwards produced *La Prigioni di Edimburgo*, at Trieste; *Un Duello sotto Richelieu*, at Milan; *Michelangiolo e Rollo*, at Florence; *Corrado d'Altamura* and *Vallombrosa*, at Milan; *Isabella de' Medici*, at Trieste; *Estrella di Murcia*, at Milan, etc. After a lapse of twelve years the two brothers again went into artistic partnership, and composed their best and most celebrated work, *Crispino e la Comare*. Among other works by the subject of this notice may be mentioned *Una Folia di Roma*, at the Athénée, Paris, in 1869; and, since the Franco-German war, *Una Folia di Venice*, at the same theatre; *Le Docteur Rose*, at the Bouffes Parisiens; and *La Petite Comtesse*, at the Théâtre Taitbout. Federico Riccì was for twelve years a master at the Conservatory of St. Petersburg, and in 1869 was created a knight of the Legion of Honor.

ROME, Dec. 28. Miss Anne Brewster writes to the Philadelphia *Bulletin*:

Mr. Hooker, the well-known American banker in Rome, had his usual Christmas-eve musical party. For twenty-five years this delightful entertainment has been given by this hospitable gentleman and his wife; to it flock the American and English colonies, as well as many Italians. It is a private concert; distinguished artists are engaged, and the fine old compositions of masters, Christmas music that used to be sung at St. Peter's in the old days, are given. One of the singers, Signora Rosati, a well-known popular contralto concert singer of Rome, said, on Christmas eve, "This is the twenty-third year I have sung for Mr. Hooker." The Maestro Direttore, on Monday evening, was the popu-

lar singing teacher of Rome, the composer of fascinating songs, Signor Augusto Rotoli, as well known in London society as in the best circles of his native city. Two clever amateurs also sang very finely:—Signor Grant, one of the partners of Maquay, Hooker & Co., whose voice is most delicious; and Signor Carlandi, the nephew of Signor Alessandro Castellani, an amateur who is a veritable artist. Carlandi inherits his music with his Castellani blood. Every member of the large family is a fine musician; the family can get up a private concert, both instrumental and vocal, without calling in any aid. Rossini used to say the finest tenor he ever heard was Alessandro Castellani, that he sung like a seraph. Among the grand old composers' names on Mr. Hooker's programme, such as Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Palestrina, figured our truly gifted American composer Botti, of Boston; a *Maria Miller* of his, a beautiful chorus, was sung with great success. Palestrina's celebrated motetto, *Pavane Angelica*, a chorus without accompaniment, was executed as only Roman singers can execute such music. Altogether it was a delightful entertainment, and made society grateful for the twenty-fifth time to Mr. Hooker for his kind, refined and agreeable hospitality. Nearly a thousand people were invited, and the noble, spacious apartment occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Hooker, in Palazzo Bonaparte, must have had at least eight hundred guests assembled in it.

CHICAGO. The second of the series of Rivé-King concerts, in aid of the Foundlings' Home, was given last evening at Hershey Hall to a larger audience than attended the first, on Monday evening. It was also a more appreciative and enthusiastic audience, and, although perhaps neither the programme nor the performance were better than those of the first concert, it was more enjoyable, because there was more of sympathy in the audience and consequently of inspiration on the stage. Mme. King's numbers were very varied in character, and abounded in strong contrasts of style and color that afforded an excellent test of her ability, although none of her numbers included any large or serious work. They were the Reinecke cadenza to the Beethoven C-minor concerto, the Chopin Nocturne in G minor, and Valse in A flat, the first movement of the Schubert Sonata in A minor, the Schumann Tarantelle, Weber's "Perpetuum Mobile," and Tausig's brilliant transcription of the Strauss waltz, "Man leben nur noch einmal." The Chopin numbers were delightfully played, not only with the utmost clearness in phrasing and intelligence in the interpretation, but with real feeling for the poetical sentiment which infuses all of Chopin's work. The Tarantelle, Perpetuum Mobile, and Strauss-Tausig waltz, peculiarly the latter, brought out her wonderful brilliancy of technique, as well as power, in superb style. The execution of the second number named above was followed by a very persistent demand for an encore, which was declined however. Mr. Eddy played the Mendelssohn Sonata in A, No. 2, and that impressive Funeral March and almost ecstatic Seraphic Chant of Guilmant's, in such a masterly manner that he received an encore, to which he replied with Vogt's beautiful "Night Song." The vocal features of the programme were very interesting. Miss Whinnery sang Faure's "Sancta Maria" and the "Bolero" from the "Sicilian Vespers," and for an encore to the first, Sullivan's "Let Me Dream Again." The singing of Faure's impressive song was admirable in every respect, but neither the quality of her upper register nor the flexibility of her voice adapt it to the rapid and florid work of the "Bolero," which may account for her taking it in a slower tempo than any other artist who has ever sung it here, and it has been sung very often. Mrs. Stacy's first number was an exquisite Romanza by Berlioz, "Return, My Own Beloved," which has never been sung here before. It is in reality a severe composition, although very intense and dramatic in its feeling, and yet is one that cannot help becoming popular. Her singing of it was so earnest and impassioned, and her vocalization so artistic and well adapted to the sentiment of the Romanza, that she secured a very hearty encore, to which she replied with a sprightly little Milkmaid Song. Mr. Tyrrell had for his first number Calcott's song, "Friend of the Brave," which he sang very well; but his second number, the Halevy aria, "If Love Severe," was badly out of tune. Notwithstanding this he got an encore, and replied with a German song, "My Native Land." Mr. Tyrrell's voice, in one respect, is a curiosity. It is of great range, but the bass quality attaches only to his lower register. All above that is baritone and tenor, in which respect he resembles Emelie Melville, who was here recently, and who really had three distinct voices,—soprano, mezzo-soprano, and alto. Mr. Tyrrell's lowest notes are superbly solid, firm, and sonorous, but above these they are somewhat raspy. The third concert will take place this evening. Mrs. King will play Beethoven's "Pathetic Sonata," Chopin's Impromptu in C sharp minor, Valse in D flat, and Scherzo in B flat minor, Field's Nocturne in A, and Liszt's transcription of the "Tannhäuser March;" and Mr. Eddy, Bach's Prelude and Fugue in A minor and Thiele's Theme and Variations in A flat. Miss Whinnery will sing Handel's "Angels Ever Bright and Fair," and Eckert's "Swiss Song;" Mrs. Stacy, Mozart's "Dove Song," and Rockel's "Bride Bells;" and Mr. Tyrrell, Haydn's "O Pity, Savior," and Schubert's "Wanderer."—*Chicago Tribune*, Jan. 11.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

- Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
- Per Sempre. (Forever.) Waltz Song. *Gloria*. 50
Bb. 7. c to b.
A bright and difficult song for prima donnas.
Sung by Ilma de Murka. The most difficult parts may be avoided by the use of choice notes.
- What are they to do? Bb. 4. d to F. *Randegger*. 50
"No.—no.—no!
Let her go!
A beauty, every way, and sure to be applauded.
- Who is She? Song and Chorus. G. 2 *Bertie*. 30
d to g.
"There is a little maiden.
Who is she? Do you know?"
A very cheerful song in praise of a cheerful face.
- The Charms that I sing. D. 4. d to E. *Tours*. 40
"Fair as the plume of the lily white dove,
Soft as the down on the butterfly's wing."
Highly wrought poetry, to which the rich music is an appropriate accompaniment.
- The Cottage on the Moorland. *Madame Sainton Dolby*. 30
"The sweetest flower that grows there,
Is my own little Nell."
A simple, rustic sort of song, with the fragrance of the moorland in it.
- I cannot Forget. Eb. 4. a to D. *Madame Sainton Dolby*. 40
A song one may sing, with much satisfaction.
It is "high principled," full of feeling, and (for an Alto voice) quite effective.
- Hymn to the Night. (Hymne a la Nuit.) Bb. 5. d to F. *Gounod*. 40
"When in the azure dome, the stars."
"Viens, lorsque dans l'azur les astres."
A very fine hymn, words and music alike beautiful. There is a striking "declamatory" arrangement of the melody, which is very far from being a recitative, yet is quite subordinate to the sentiment of the text.
- My Home's on the boundless Sea. Ab. 3. c to F. *Pratt*. 30
"Merrily sing, yes, ho!
A sailor's life for me."
A jolly sea song, to good music.
- Instrumental.
- Polacca Brillante. Ab. 5. *Bohm*. 60
Brilliant from beginning to end.
- Belle's Galop. D. 4. *St. Leon*. 40
More difficult than most galops, with a showy introduction and considerable octave playing.
- Romance. Op. 26. No. 1. F. 3. *Rubinstein*. 40
With a portrait of the master, who has the grace to provide easy and most tasteful music for those who like music for the sound and not for the difficulty.
- With Joyful mood and Happy mind. (Mit frohem Muth und heiterm Sinn.) Waltzes. 3. *Strauss*. 75
A new set by Edward Strauss; and Strauss is always welcome.
- Frauenlob. (Praise of Women.) Mazurka Brillante. Eb. 4. *Bohm*. 40
The mixture of brilliancy with the graceful form of a Mazurka makes a pleasing union of good qualities. A fine mazurka.
- First Light Infantry March. C. 3. *Hammerel*. 40
We find in this considerable brilliancy and power, and also, what is unusual, a number of rapid runs, which will keep some "valve" players' fingers nicely warm.
- Sweet Bye and Bye. Meditation. G. 4. *Navarro*. 35
Notice that two other pieces have a similar name, and give title and author's name in ordering. A very pretty piece, in which the "meditation" is in the form of numerous light arpeggios, hovering round the clearly stated melody.
- Marjolaine. Quadrille. 3. *Arban*. 40
The quadrille includes 10 airs from the opera; and these airs are better on an instrument than given vocally.
- Bride's Song. 4 Hands. E. 3. *Jensen*. 50
Rather a striking duet of no especial difficulty. Commended to teachers.
- Willow Cottage March. C. 3. *Vane*. 30
A pleasing melody, and generally good march.
- ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus "C. 6. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 961.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1878.

VOL. XXXVII. No. 23.

Anthems.*

ANTHEM (Gr. *Antiphona*; Ital. and Span. *Antifona*; Eng. *Antiphon*). The idea of responsive singing, choir answering to choir, or choir to priest, seems inherent in the term, and was anciently conveyed by it; but this, as a necessary element of its meaning, has disappeared in our modern Anglicized synonym 'anthem.' This word—after undergoing several changes in its Anglo-Saxon and Early-English forms, readily traceable in Chaucer, and those writers who preceded and followed him, and subsequently used by Shakespeare, Milton, and others,—has at length acquired a meaning equally distinctive and widely accepted. It now signifies a musical composition, or sacred motet, usually set to verses of the Psalms, or other portions of Scripture, or the Liturgy, and sung as an integral part of public worship. If it be not possible so to trace the word etymologically as to render it 'the flower of song,' as some scholars have wished, yet the anthem itself in an artistic aspect, and when represented by its finest examples, may justly be regarded as the culminating point of the daily ritual-music of our English Church.

Anthems are commonly described as either 'full,' 'verse,' 'solo,' or 'for a double choir'; the two former terms correspond to 'tutti' and 'soli' in current technical phraseology. In his valuable work 'The Choral Service of the Church' Dr. Jebb makes a distinction between 'full anthems, properly so called, which consist of chorus alone, and the full anthem with verses; these verses however, which form a very subordinate part of the compositions, do not consist of solos or duets, but for the most part of four parts, to be sung by one side of the choir. In the verse anthem the solos, duets, and trios, have the prominent place; and in some the chorus is a mere introduction or finale.'

Nothing can be more various in form, extent, and treatment, than the music of 'the anthem' as at present heard in churches and cathedrals. Starting at its birth from a point but little removed from the simplicity of the psalm, or hymn-tune, and advancing through various intermediate gradations of development, it has frequently in its later history attained large dimensions; sometimes combining the most elaborate resources of counterpoint with the symmetry of modern forms, together with separate organ, and occasionally orchestral accompaniment. In its most developed form the anthem is peculiarly and characteristically an English species of composition, and is perhaps the highest and most individual point which has been reached by English composers.

The recognition of the anthem as a stated part of divine service dates from early in Elizabeth's reign; when were issued the Queen's 'Injunctions,' granting permission for the use of 'a hymn or such like song in churches.' A few years later the word 'anthem' appears in the second edition of Day's choral collection, entitled 'Certain Notes set forth in four and five Parts to be sung at the Morning and Evening Prayer and Communion'; and at the last revision of the Prayer Book in 1662 the word appeared in the rubric which assigns to the anthem the position it now occupies in Matins and Evensong. Only one year later than the publication of the 'Injunctions' Strype gives probably the earliest record of its

actual use, at the Chapel Royal on mid-Lent Sunday, 1560: 'And, Service concluded, a good Anthem was sung.' (The prayers at that time ended with the third collect.) Excepting during the Great Rebellion, when music was banished and organs and choir-books destroyed, the anthem has ever since held its place in choral service. At the present day, so far from there being any prospect of its withdrawal, there seems to exist an increasing love for this special form of sacred art, as well as an earnest desire to invest its performance always, and particularly on festivals, with all attainable completeness and dignity.

Ever since the Reformation anthems have been composed by well-nigh all the eminent masters which this country has produced, from Tye and his contemporaries onwards to Gibbons, Purcell, Boyce, Attwood, and our still lamented Srerndale Bennett. The history of the anthem accordingly can only be completely told in that of music itself. The following attempt at classification, and references to examples, may serve in some measure to illustrate the subject.

EARLY SCHOOL, 1520-1625.—Tye, Tallis, Byrd, Gibbons. The vagueness of tonality anciently prevalent begins in the music of Tye to exhibit promise of settlement; while in that of Gibbons it almost entirely disappears. Tye's anthem 'I will exalt Thee, O Lord' is remarkable in this respect, as well as for its general clearness and purity of harmony. Of Tallis's style 'I call and cry,' and 'All people that on earth do dwell,' are good examples. 'Bow Thine ear' and 'Sing joyfully,' Byrd, with 'Hosanna,' 'Lift up your heads,' 'O clap your hands together,' and 'Almighty and everlasting God,' Gibbons, are assuredly masterpieces of vocal writing, which can never grow out of date. Most of the anthems of this period are 'full'; 'verse' or 'solo' anthems, however, are at least as old as the time of Gibbons. Sir F. Ouseley has done good service to the cause of church music and the memory of our 'English Palestrina' by his recent publication of a 'Collection of the Sacred Compositions of Orlando Gibbons.' In this interesting and most valuable work will be found (besides several 'full' anthems, and other matter) not less than twelve 'verse' anthems, some of which have solos; none of these are contained in Boyce's 'Cathedral Music,' and all may probably be reckoned among the earliest known specimens of this kind of anthem. The employment of instruments in churches as an accompaniment to the singers dates as far back as the 4th century, when St. Ambrose introduced them into the cathedral service at Milan. Later on, some rude form of organ began to be used; but only to play the plainsong in unison or octaves with the voices, as is now often done with a serpent or ophicleide in French choirs. It seems to be beyond doubt that the use of some kind of instrumental accompaniment in churches preceded that of the organ. During our 'first period' it would seem that anthems when performed with any addition to the voices of the choir were always accompanied by such bow instruments as then represented the infant orchestra. 'Apt for viols and voices' is a common expression on the title-pages of musical publications of this age. The stringed instrument parts were always in unison with the voices, and had no separate and independent function, except that of filling up the harmony during vocal 'rests,' or occasionally in a few bars of brief symphony. Before the Restoration, according to Dr. Rimbault, 'verses' in the anthems 'were accom-

panied with viols, the organ being used only in the full parts.' The small organs of this period were commonly portable; a fact which seems to indicate that such instrumental aid as was employed to support the singers was placed in close proximity to them: an arrangement so natural, as well as desirable, that it is surprising to find it ever departed from in the present day.

SECOND PERIOD, 1650-1720.—Pelham Humphrey, Wise, Blow, Henry Purcell, Croft, Weldon, Jeremiah Clarke. Such great changes in the style and manner of anthem-writing are observable in all that is here indicated, that a new era in the art may be said to have begun. Traceable, in the first instance, to the taste and fancy of Humphrey and his training under Lulli, this was still more largely due to the renowned Purcell, whose powerful genius towers aloft, not only among his contemporaries, but in the annals of all famous men. The compositions of this period are mostly distinguished by novelty of plan and detail, careful and expressive treatment of the text, daring harmonies, and flowing ease in the voice parts; while occasionally the very depths of pathos seem to have been sounded. The following may be mentioned as specimens of the above masters. 'Hear, O heavens' and 'O Lord my God,' Humphrey; 'Prepare ye the way' and 'Awake, awake, put on thy strength,' Wise; 'I was in the Spirit,' and 'I beheld, and lo!' Blow; 'O give thanks,' 'O God, Thou hast cast us out,' and 'O Lord God of Hosts,' Purcell; 'God is gone up,' 'Cry aloud and shout' (from 'O Lord, I will praise Thee,'), and 'I will love Thee' and 'O Lord God of my salvation,' Clarke. While all these pieces are more or less excellent, several of them can only be described in the language of unreserved eulogy. As the 'full' anthem was most in vogue in the former period, so in this the 'verse' and 'solo' anthem grew into favor. It seems to have been reserved for Purcell, himself through life a 'most distinguished singer,' to bring to perfection the airs and graces of the 'solo' anthem.

During this period instrumental music began to assume new and individual importance, and to exercise vast influence upon the general progress of the art. Apart from the frequent employment of instrumental accompaniments by anthem composers, the effect of such additions to the purely vocal element upon their style and manner of writing is clearly traceable from the time of Pelham Humphrey downwards.

Some interesting notices* of this important change and of the general performance of anthems in the Chapel Royal may be gleaned from the diaries of Pepys and Evelyn. To quote a few: Pepys, speaking of Christmas Day there in 1662, says, 'The sermon done, a good anthem followed with vialls, and the King came down to receive the Sacrament.' Under the date Nov. 22, 1663, recording his attendance at the chapel, the writer says, 'The anthem was good after sermon, being the fifty-first psalme, made for five voices by one of Captain Cooke's boys, a pretty boy, and they say there are four or five of them that can do as much. And here I first perceived that the King is a little musical, and kept good time with his hand all along the anthem.' Evelyn, on Dec. 21, 1663, mentions his visit to the chapel, and records it in the following important passage:—'One of his Majesty's chaplains preached; after which, instead of the ancient,

* I am indebted for these to the kindness of my friend Dr. Rimbault.

* From *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, edited by GEORGE GROVE, D. C. L. Vol. I. Part I. London: Macmillan & Co., 1878.

grave, and solemn wind music accompanying the organ, was introduced a concert of twenty-four violins between every pause, after the French fantastical light way, better suiting a tavern, or playhouse, than a church. This was the first time of change, and now we no more heard the cornet which gave life to the organ; that instrument quite left off in which the English were so skilful!

The development of the simple stringed quartet of Charles the Second's royal band was rapid and important. Purcell himself wrote trumpet parts to his celebrated 'Te Deum,' and in 1755 Boyce added hautboys, bassoons, and drums to the score. Handel's Chandos anthems were variously instrumented; amongst them, in addition to the stringed quartet, are parts for flutes, oboes, bassoons, and trumpets; though all these instruments are not combined in any single piece. After this, with Haydn and Mozart shining high in the musical firmament, it was but a short and easy step to the complete grand orchestra of Attwood's coronation anthems.

THIRD PERIOD, 1720-1845.—Greene, Boyce, W. Hayes, Battishill, Attwood, Walmisley. At the beginning of this period the anthem received little accession of absolute novelty; yet, probably owing to the influence of Handel, it found able and worthy cultivators in Greene and several of his successors. 'I will sing of Thy power' and 'O clap your hands,' Greene; 'O give thanks,' and the first movement of 'Turn Thee unto me,' Boyce; with 'O worship the Lord' and 'Praise the Lord, O Jerusalem,' Hayes, are admirable examples of these several authors. To Battishill we owe one work of eminent and expressive beauty: his 'Call to remembrance' seems like a conception of yesterday, so nobly does it combine the chief merits of our best modern church composers with the skill and power of the elder masters. 'Withdraw not Thou,' and 'Grant we beseech Thee,' Attwood, with 'Remember, O Lord,' and 'O give thanks,' Walmisley, belong almost to the present day. With names so familiar in 'quires and places where they sing' this brief record of notable anthem-writers of the past may be fitly closed.

The number of anthems composed previously to the last hundred years, and scattered among the MS. part-books of cathedral libraries, considerable though it be, represents but imperfectly the productive powers of the old-English school. It is probable that many hundreds of such pieces have been irretrievably lost, either by the sacrilegious hand of the spoiler or the culpable neglect of a mean parsimony. Of the seventy-one anthems written by Blow, and sixty by Boyce, as composers to the Chapel Royal, how few remain, or at least are accessible! And, to glance farther back, where are the missing outpourings of the genius of Orlando Gibbons, or the numerous 'composures' of all his fertile predecessors? The principal treasures actually preserved to us are contained, for the most part, in Day's 'Collection,' already mentioned, Barnard's 'Church Music,' the volumes of Tomkins, Purcell, Croft, Greene, and Boyce, the collections of Boyce, Arnold, and Page in print, and of Aldrich, Hawkins, and Tudway in MS., together with that of the twenty-two anthems of the Madrigalian era, edited by Dr. Rimbault for the Musical Antiquarian Society, and Sir F. Ouseley's edition of Gibbons already mentioned.

Foremost among all foreign contributions to our national school of church music must be placed the twelve anthems written by Handel for his princely patron the Duke of Chandos. Standing apart from any similar productions composed on English soil to texts from the English Bible and for the chapel of an English nobleman, these works of England's great adopted son may justly be claimed as part of her rich inheritance of sacred art. Belonging to a class suited for special occasions are the Funeral and Coronation anthems of the same master. These, together with Mendelssohn's

stately yet moving psalms and anthems—some of them also composed to English words—may be legitimately adopted as precious additions to our native store of choral music.

Widely different from such genuine compositions are those adaptations, in the first instance from Handel by Bond, and later on from Masses and other works, which have found their way into use in this country. Whether in these we regard the application of strange words to music first inspired by other and widely different sentiments, or the affront to art involved in thus cutting and hacking the handywork of a deceased master (even in his lightest mood) for the sake of pretty phrases or showy passages—which, however appropriate to their original shape and purpose, are palpably out of keeping in an Anglican service, as well as unsuited to our churches and their simpler executive means—such adaptations are radically bad, and repugnant to all healthy instincts and true principles of feeling and taste. The adaptations of Aldrich in the last and Rimbault and Dyce in the present century from Palestrina and other old continental composers, though not free from objection as such, are not included in the foregoing condemnation.

The eclecticism of existing usage in the selection of anthems is well shown by the contents of a book of words recently put forth for cathedral use. In addition to an extensive array of genuine church anthems of every age and school, from Tye and Tallis to the latest living aspirants, here are plentiful extracts from the oratorios of Handel, Haydn, Spohr, and Mendelssohn; two from Prof. Macfarren's 'St. John the Baptist,' a few of Bach's motets and choruses, several highly objectionable adaptations from Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, and lastly some specimens of French taste in 'church music' from the pen of M. Gounod. A wide range of art, truly!

Concerning the choice of the anthem the same clerical and high authority before quoted remarks that 'it ought to be a matter of deliberate and religious study'; and being a 'prescribed part of the service, every notion of ecclesiastical propriety dictates that it should harmonize with some portion of the service of the day.' Dr. Jebb further says that 'at each of the particular seasons of the year it would be well to have a fixed canon as to the anthems from which a selection should invariably be made.' These opinions carry conviction with them, and need no enforcement.

In counterpoint and its concomitants, the great works of former ages will scarcely ever be equalled, still less surpassed. Yet, while the English Church can reckon among her living and productive writers Dr. S. S. Wesley, whose anthems, whether for originality, beauty, or force, would do honor to any school or country, together with the genial and expressive style of Sir John Goss, and the facile yet masterly art of Sir Frederick Ouseley, not to particularize other well-known names, we may be well content with the present fortune of the anthem, as well as hopeful for its future.

While many fine examples of eight-part writing exist among the anthems of Gibbons, Purcell, and various later composers, it is much to be desired that the plan of writing for two choirs, treated *antiphonally*, were more cultivated among us, than has hitherto been the case. The ample spaces and acoustical properties of our cathedrals and large churches are eminently suited to enhance the effects belonging to such a disposition of voices; while the attendance of trained and self-dependent bodies of singers would ensure all necessary point and firmness of attack in performance. In this direction, and in the employment of an independent *obligato* accompaniment for organ, orchestra, or both combined, probably lie the most promising paths to 'fresh fields and pastures new' for the rising school of musicians, who aspire to distinction as composers of the anthem. [E. G. M.]

Von Buelow's Notes of Travel.*

III.

GLASGOW.

11th November.

A whilom Danish Tenor-Violinist.—Statistical Difference between Glasgow and Sonderhausen.—Little Story from a Watering-Place.—Harmonious Wolf-Howling.—Contribution to the Natural History of that celebrated Personage: "Our" Maestro.—O-tend and Calais not the Pillars of Hercules—as far as musical Composition is concerned.—An Eye for an Eye and a Tooth for a Tooth.—A Divertissement in Court-Martial Fashion.

* * * To-day is a Sunday. That an English, to say nothing of a Scotch Sunday, is to be characterized by the opening chorus in the third act of *Les Huguenots*,† is something which not even a child on the Continent believes. Yet a foreigner, who is not a professional idler, exaggerates unduly the horrors of this seventh day. Do you know the old, and now unfortunately forgotten, pamphlet of the atheistical, radical Proudhon, on the necessity of observing the Sabbath? He comes to conclusions which the late Herren von Westphalen and von Müller, former Ministers of Public Worship, would have countersigned with ecstasy, and in combatting which by arguments, if not as plentiful as blackberries, the most ready-tongued advocate of progress would be knocked up. What signifies the sacrifice of keeping my piano scrupulously locked up for twenty-four hours, in comparison with the blessing of independence for the brain during the same period? For 52, say fifty-two, days in the year I am here assured against nerve-poisoning by the piano-forte plague in the house and the organ-grinding pestilence in the streets. I can collect my ideas, and arrange my correspondence; I am able to devote myself without interruption to the edifying perusal of our "sacred scores," etc., the high masses of such men as Bach, Cherubini, and Beethoven, the Requiems of a Berlioz and of a Brahms, works which, for want of time, are so seldom accessible to us; I am not, as in Germany, constantly in mortal dread of being startled by the door-bell, announcing the idle mendicant tribe of pianists and composers, ashamed or not ashamed to beg, as the case may be, whom we receive—in order to be free from them the next Sunday. Fatal error! They grow tame and familiar, and then regularly chronic. For instance, here comes Herr — Knolle,‡ generally with a large roll of paper, and very humbly begs (1) you to give him a recommendation to the committees of various subscription-concerts; (2) kindly to look through the manuscripts he has brought with him. After you have had the charity to louse§ the waste-paper of the Future from the grossest grammatical and orthographical blunders, and been foolish enough to sweeten several pills of strong censure by two or three expressions of ordinary courtesy, your visitor mistakes your little finger for your whole hand, and requests: (3) the admission of the Opus or Opusculum into your own concert programme; (4) a laudatory notice in the musical paper with the largest circulation; and (5) a fend between you and a hitherto friendly publisher in consequence of your request, to be couched, of course, in the style of a ukase, that he will have Herr Knolle's vomit speedily engraved, splendidly got up, and most liberally remunerated. The thanks for giving you all this little trouble will subsequently assume the shape of a dedication to the agent. Tasso will make you Duke of Ferrara. Humph! Of one fact Herr Knolle & Co. have no suspicion, and that is that poor "celebrities," in proportion as they grow older—unless they desire to unite with the process that of becoming childish—must husband their time better; that they prefer passing their hours of leisure in a musical church instead of in a musical public; and would rather converse with great men, who have always something new to say if we only listen to them properly, than with little ones, who are frequently capable of making a man repent the avocation he has chosen and feel ashamed of the wretched confraternity among whom he has fallen. This reminds me of the adventure, not, perhaps, very generally known,

*From the *Leipzig Signale*, edited by Herr Senff. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

† According to the German libretto, in which the third act opens with the chorus of citizens on the banks of the Seine: "To-day is a holiday . . . let jollity have full course," etc.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "Knolle" is used figuratively and contemptuously for "a clod; a boor."—TRANSLATOR.

§ The exact rendering of the German word *lousen*.—TRANSLATOR.

of a deceased Copenhagen conductor and one of his subordinates; I will interpolate it here, for application if required. At the outset of his career Master Niels W. Gade played the tenor violin under Herr Gläser as his conductor. He had one day to pay a visit to his chief on a matter of business, and, during the interval between his name being taken in, and his own admission, he examined in the drawing-room a small and elegant cabinet, which displayed to the admiring eye of the spectator all the works, magnificently bound, and ranged in a row, of the author of *Adler's Horst*. The chief entered the room unobserved. "Ah! you are looking at my scores, eh, and are astonished at the quantity I have given to the world? There—you may look at the inside, also, and at your leisure. You are a conscientious, persevering young man, whom a person like me can encourage. I know that you will be careful not to damage the beautiful binding, and I shall have great pleasure in placing at your disposal one work after another to assist you in your studies." "I am sure you are very kind, sir," replied Gade, smiling modestly, "and, at some future time, I will be so free as to avail myself of your friendly offer. At present, I am too absorbed in the study of Johann Sebastian Bach's *Passionsmusik*, which I should like to go through first, as my musical education stands as yet upon too weak a basis for me to study and properly appreciate several masters simultaneously. But at some future time, at some future time—" Strange that this "future time" never arrived—Gade the tenor-violinist has become Gade the composer without Gläser's help.

But Copenhagen is not Glasgow, anymore than Glasgow is—Sondershausen. Just fancy, my dear Herr Senff, that there are in Germany many originals still very much in the dark as to the above fact, and under the impression that, because it possesses no permanent orchestra and has only a two months' concert-season, Glasgow can scarcely stand statistically on the same level as Sondershausen. Thus, for instance, the musical director—his name is Springinsfeld*—from Frankfortam, who honored me with a call last July at Bad Kreuznach, opened his eyes very wide, on my lamenting my inability to controvert by proof the fact that the principal town in Scotland has not for a considerable time exceeded half a million. It cost Herr Springinsfeld enough to obtain this information: he did not make—even his travelling expenses. My worthy landlord at Eisenach, observing strictly my physician's directions carefully to protect me against all pickpockets of my nervous calm, and from all who wanted to make unlawful attempts upon my good temper as a patient, sent the intruder in question for half a day to all the spots where he was safe not to meet me. But modern "will" has learned from old "belief" the secret of moving mountains, and—no one after all can escape his fate. So, in the afternoon, I fell unawares into the hands of him who was searching for me, and who stated that "he must have some conversation with me on a most important business matter." As he spoke German tolerably for a discharged republican and particularist—only a man who is by his vocation a great traveller would have detected while listening to my interlocutor a mixture of the local accent of the natives of Sumatra—and as, moreover, I could not help it, I surrendered him both my ears, on condition that he would most graciously be as brief as possible. "I have read in the papers that you have been offered the post of conductor at Glasgow. I cannot for a moment believe that, with your bad health, you will accept an offer from so remote a place!" (It is, certainly, a considerable number of cat's springs from the office of the *Didaskalia*.) "Now, I have come to ask you to recommend me in your stead. It is true that you do not know of what I am capable, but for that very reason you are not justified in mistrusting my ability. You may rely upon my doing my best to reflect full credit to your recommendation, and, should you in the interim compose anything new, upon my exerting myself to push it. I care far less about the recompense I shall receive for the sacrifice I make of my time and for my services, than about my rendering myself known in a more extended sphere." I think something might now be done for the man. You need only, most honored sir, write to the Brothers Wolff in Kreuznach—"good, honest" musicians, and "good, honest" men; they can signal you farther

details concerning Herr Springinsfeld, musical director.*

I wonder whether Springinsfeld will ever be promoted to be "Our Maestro?" What do you think? "Yes, but who is M.U.?"—"What, do you not know him? Why, you may meet him everywhere; nearly at every station mentioned in the railway guide, or even by the music publishers' catalogues. He is circulated in an endless number of copies, especially in Germany and Italy. But this multiplicity is merely a phantom, an effect of Maja's veil, a representation, to speak the language of Schopenhauer. Our Maestro is in himself one and the same being, only, by virtue of the *principium individuationis*, appearing under manifold forms, which spring into life, pass away, and again spring into life."

You have had enough of this philosophic jargon—and so have I. Let us speak German; let us call the M. U. without more ado, "the local musical celebrity."

We may divide the M. U. into two principal species, according to a seemingly very outward token: he is either single or married, being in the former case far less dangerous than in the latter. If single, he passes his leisure evenings at the tavern, and talks politics with his admirers. If, however, he fills his pipe with the assistance of a wife, he puts on a dressing-gown, and—begins composing.

The bachelor occasionally does so, too, but only *acutely*, for he lives more genially and therefore faster; moreover, he gives himself up prematurely to drink, if not sufficiently held in check by the lady of the chorus (should he be the conductor at a theatre) or the wife of a commercial traveller (should he only direct a private vocal association) who provides for his—lyric—wants.

If he is no longer a bachelor, he has, provided he be wise, chosen unto himself a wife from out the gentry of the town where he is established, hooking his fish by the not unusual method of imparting instruction on the piano or in singing. If possible, the mother-in-law belongs to a noble family and has highly ramified connections. A younger brother-in-law is a referendary, who supplies gratuitously the national-liberal local paper with theatrical and concert criticisms and sometimes words for songs, besides, in leap year, an opera libretto. The M. U. rivals in productiveness his frequently better, though seldom handsome half. Simultaneously with the birth of every scrofulous baby, a respectable number of respectable trios, quartets, books of songs, sonatas, cantatas, symphonies, suites—nay, occasionally, even an oratorio or an opera—see the light of day. In his opera, the composer endeavors to "accommodate" the old with the new tendency; shows his fellow-townsmen how a man may become a Richard Wagner without the latter's *extravagances*, etc. The opera is sometimes performed, and sometimes actually printed. The great feature, however, of the composer's meritorious services is, the fact of "his preserving, by solid dams, his sphere of action from being inundated by false tendencies." Admirable! let him dam away as hard as he can. But let him guard against the lust of conquest and ambitious plans of annexation; do not let him allow his imagination to be come too heated by the adoration of his relatives and the brothers of his lodge; and let him, on no account, run foul of his neighboring peer, Our Maestro in B. Otherwise can we blame the latter for requesting the frontier gendarmes to beg Our Maestro in A to content himself with composing, conducting, and intriguing exclusively in the place where he is accustomed to petition every year for a diminution in his income-tax and an augmentation of his salary?

The epithet of "our" possesses, however, a dignified acceptance when it is applied to a *national* and not a local celebrity. The present representative Nestor of English music is undeservedly far less known in Germany than his predecessor—though contemporary—Mendelssohn's friend and pupil, Sir William Sterndale Bennett, who died in 1875. The readers of the *Signale* may learn from Fétis or Mendel the noteworthy biographical details concerning George Macfarren, as well as the very extensive catalogue of his works. I will now content myself with stating that he is Bennett's

* "Signal you farther details," etc. ("Die können Ihnen den Herrn Musikdirector Springinsfeld näher signaliren.") The reader will please to bear in mind that Herr von Bülow's letters are addressed to the editor of the *Signale*.—TRANSLATOR.

† Initials of "Maestro Unser" ("Our Maestro.")—TRANSLATOR.

successor as director of the Royal Academy of Music in London, as well as lecturer on music in the University of Oxford; * that he was born in 1818; that he has been for the last ten years completely blind (for which reason he is compelled to dictate all his new manuscripts): and that, above all, he is an author who can no longer be ignored on the Continent—*despite* his fertility. A less delicately polished nature, perhaps, than Bennett, but for me personally much more sympathetic, because most decidedly more healthy, more muscular, richer in color, and more sanguine. There is nothing hysterical, mollusk-like, or misty; we find in him pregnant expression, concise form, and well-marked individuality, not without even originality. Though he is English, I should feel inclined to characterize him, compared with Bennett, as a Scotchman. Arthur Sullivan may possess greater elasticity; and Henry Gadsby, a younger composer of decided talent, more freshness—but George Macfarren is at present the princeps of British composers and musical scholars, just as Gevaert is the head of the Belgian school, and Verhulst the pope—though, it is true, with a very Old Catholic tinge—of the compositorial church in Holland.

The Choral Union of Glasgow have, with tact and good taste, begged Mr. Macfarren to inaugurate their new hall—after it has been first consecrated, according to the inevitable custom in England, by Handel's *Messiah*—with the first performance of his grand dramatic cantata, *The Lady of the Lake* (founded on Walter Scott's poem, which forms the basis, also, of Rossini's opera, *La Donna del Lago*), offering him, in return for the privilege, a hundred guineas, which is neither illiberal nor over-generous. It is not till the third evening, Friday, the 16th November, that your correspondent will enter on his duties with a Beethoven celebration. But about my approaching labors (which will comprise, independently of the six "classical," eight "popular" concerts, to be partially repeated in Edinburgh and some of the smaller neighboring towns), it be comes me, as a matter of course, to be altogether silent. From the London papers—for the members of the metropolitan press will stream in shoals to the inaugural ceremonies—as well as from some few local correspondents, you will be able to learn all the same that our concert-hall can accommodate very comfortably 2,800 persons, including the executives, and that it appears to have turned out so well acoustically—though this is certainly a fact which remains to be proved—that I believe the number—not very imposing numerically, it must be owned—of the stringed instruments, 18 violins, 6 violas, 6 violoncellos, and 5 double-basses, will prove amply sufficient. But then, among these artists, who have all come from London, there are no invalids, semi-invalids, or quarter-invalids. But I will now lay down my pen. After I have talked so much about others, and amused myself at their expense, it is only just that I should be treated in the same way by them. Good-bye, till the season of pickled gherkins, my dear Herr Senff;—but the *Signale* are silent. Well, all the better for our respective colleagues, and for you, too. In my next letter I should assuredly have told you the very cutting motive of the toast proposed by an author, once anti-French, to Napoleon I., because he (at least in Nuremberg) had ordered a publisher to be shot! Do you take? Always yours,

HANS VON BUELOW.

Arthur Sullivan's Career.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Mr. Arthur S. Sullivan holds a prominent position among the leading representatives of musical art in England, now living. His popularity has been earned by positive merit, and though mainly due to distinction in a department not recognized by the doctors as the highest in musical art, it is, nevertheless, an honestly acquired fame and one that is far from ephemeral. A concert not intended to be purely classical: one, that is, where vocal music, pure and simple, shall be the principal attraction, can hardly be gotten up, nowadays, without the name of Sullivan on the programme. If it be urged that Mr. Sullivan has not entirely fulfilled the bright promise of his youth, it may be pleaded, in extenuation, that the composer must live as well as other mortals. And though, in the production of those ballads and romances which have made his name best known in both worlds, he has sometimes uttered com-

* I was not previously aware of this latter fact, having been under the impression that George Macfarren was Professor of Music in the University of Cambridge. —TRANSLATOR.

* "Herr Springinsfeld" may be rendered "Mr. Smart" or "Mr. Brisk."—TRANSLATOR.

monplace, or has allowed his individuality to take on the garb of mannerism, he has not altogether deserted Apollo's service for that of Plutus: the flame on the altar may have become dimmed, but it has never yet gone out. Mr. Sullivan has succeeded—more or less—in every kind of composition which he has attempted, and these attempts have covered a wide range and included nearly every department of the art, grand-opera and instrumental concerto being the most notable exceptions.

The biographical dictionaries have not yet included the name of Arthur Sullivan. Still on the sunny side of forty, he is perhaps too young for that. The facts concerning his life and career, herewith presented, are gathered from various sources, chiefly newspaper paragraphs, printed at wide intervals of time and space. His father was a musician, and was, for many years, professor at Kneller Hall, a school of instruction for the bandmasters in the British army. His mother was of Italian birth, and Arthur's taste for music was inherited from both parents. It is said that when not more than six years old he attempted to write original melodies. Endowed in his youth with a fine voice, he was, at his own request, attached to the choir of the Chapel Royal, Saint James's Palace. His musical studies were kept up during his three years' service as a chorister. At the age of fourteen, he succeeded in gaining the Mendelssohn scholarship at the Royal Academy of Music, in London, being the first to enjoy this precious gift. He remained at the Academy for two years, Sir John Goss and Sir Sterndale Bennett being his chief instructors. He then went to Leipzig, and studied for three years at the Conservatory established by Mendelssohn, under Julius Riets, Moritz Hauptmann and Moscheles. It was impossible for Moscheles to avoid an interest in anything or anybody nearly or remotely connected with the memory of his beloved pupil, and Sullivan, being the first winner of the Mendelssohn scholarship, attracted the worthy professor's close attention. And so we find frequent reference to the young Englishman in Moscheles' diary. January, 1858, he describes Arthur as "a lad of great promise," adding "I feel sure he will do credit to England." The success of the young musician's music for Shakespeare's *Tempest*—produced at a "trial concert" in Leipzig, in 1861—gave sincere pleasure to the professor, who thus hints at the unqualified success of the occasion: "The composer was, as he deserved to be, unanimously called forward at the end of the work." Mr. Sullivan returned to England shortly after. In 1862 *The Tempest* music was played at the Crystal Palace, and the young author's merits were at once recognized. Some of the dance-music from this work has been given here by Mr. Thomas's orchestra. *The Tempest* is numbered Opus 1, by the composer, though there were previous works from his pen, among them an orchestral symphony written when he was a mere boy; but Mr. Sullivan has, very likely, seen fit to discard any immature efforts from the list of his acknowledged compositions. During the same year (1862) a ballet, *The Enchanted Isle*, was produced in Covent Garden, and the music of the piece, furnished by Mr. Sullivan, was received with much favor. His next work was an operetta, *The Sapphire Necklace*, the late Mr. Chorley supplying the text; the opera has not yet greeted the footlights; the Overture has figured on English concert programmes. The cantata, *Kenilworth*, sung at the Birmingham festival, in 1864, did not largely augment the composer's reputation. In 1865, appeared a *Te Deum*, an anthem and several songs and piano solos: among the latter an *Etude*, written especially for Madame Schiller and played by her, in Mechanics' Hall, March 6, 1874. A symphony was played at Liverpool, in 1866, with moderate success. *The Prodigal Son*, the first of Mr. Sullivan's two oratorios, was produced at the Worcester (England) festival, September 8, 1869. The father's joyous greeting to the returning prodigal has been often sung here in concerts by Mr. John F. Winch. *On Shore and Sea*, a cantata (words by Mr. Tom Taylor), was written for and brought out at the opening of the London International Exhibition, May 1, 1871. It was sung in Chicago, June 6, 1877, at one of the concerts of the Apollo Club Musical Festival. *The Light of the World* is the most ambitious attempt which Mr. Sullivan has yet made. The critics, divided as to its merits, appear united as to the author's sincerity. It was first heard, August 27, 1873, at the Birmingham festival. Mr. Theodore Thomas has given the pastoral symphony and the overture in Music Hall.

Besides the music for *The Tempest*, Mr. Sullivan has also written "musical illustrations" for *Henry VIII.*, and *The Merchant of Venice*. The latter is for a Masque introduced in Act II., and was first made use of by Mr. Charles Calvert for a revival of the play at the Prince's Theatre, Manchester, in 1871. It was heard at a concert in the Crystal Palace, October 28, 1871, and portions of it were also included in a programme for the same place, in June, 1874. Among Mr. Sullivan's concert-works are

three overtures—*In Memoriam*, *Marmion* and *Di Ballo*; Mr. Thomas has given the last-named here. Mr. Sullivan's dramatic works are few and belong to the school of comic opera. Their titles are: *Thespia*, *Il Contrabbandista*, *Cox and Box*, *Trial by Jury* and *The Sorcerer*. The third and fourth of this list have been the most successful, and have been produced on professional and amateur stages, in England and the United States, times without number. Mr. F. C. Burnand wrote the verses and arranged the text (from Maddison Morton's well-known farce) for the first of this pair of clever trifles. It was first performed in Boston, April 25, 1876, at Union Hall. *Trial by Jury* was the product of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's droll humor, and the piece had a long run at the Prince of Wales Theatre in 1874. The Soldene Troupe brought it out at the Globe Theatre on November 18, 1876. Previously to this—March 28, 1876—it had been given by a company of amateurs, in Monument Hall, Charlestown. The piece has been quite popular here, for besides many performances by amateurs at Beethoven Hall, at the South-end, and at South Boston, the records show that it was given by the Soldene Troupe fourteen times in 1876, ten times in 1877, and by Mrs. Alice Oates's company, at the Museum, twice in 1877. *The Sorcerer* is also a child of Mr. Gilbert. It was produced, during the Christmas holidays of last year, at the Opera Comique, London, where it is now running successfully. Mr. Sullivan's peculiar facility in writing comic music is shown in a drawing-room extravaganza, *The Miller and His Man*, composed in 1874, for which Mr. F. C. Burnand wrote the book.

If Mr. Sullivan has not produced a lyric work of large importance, the fault has not been entirely his: opportunity given, it is not too much to expect that such a work would soon be forthcoming from his skilful and tuneful pen. It is said that a symphony, begun several years ago, still lies in his desk, awaiting the finishing touches. Mr. Sullivan's songs are many, and, as a rule, are good. He has also written a number of duets and other forms of concerted vocal music, including part-songs for male voices, some of which have been sung at club concerts here. Mr. Sullivan now holds two honorable and responsible positions, the most important of which is that of principal of the National School for Music at South Kensington; the other is that of professor of harmony at the Royal Academy of Music. From Cambridge University he received the degree of Doctor of Music a year or two ago. It is said of Mr. Sullivan, by those who know him best, that his disposition and character are of the most genial and generous kind. In a private letter written by a musician, formerly residing in Boston, to a gentleman of this city, it is intimated that Mr. Sullivan would gladly visit America, did circumstances and time permit. There is hardly an artist of his rank now living to whom the public would give a warmer greeting.

F. H. JENKS.

Music in Leipzig.

TWELFTH GEWANDHAUS CONCERT—BRAHMS'S SECOND SYMPHONY—SIXTH EUTERPE CONCERT.

(Correspondence of the Phila. Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Jan. 11th, 1878.—The twelfth Gewandhaus concert was one of extraordinary interest, and this was the programme:

Overture—"Euryanthe,".....Weber
Concerto, for violin, A minor.....Vieuxtemps
Aria, from "Ester,".....Handel
Songs: { Dunkel ist der Wald,Brahms
 { Hold erklingt der Vogelsang, }
 { El! schmölls nur Vater,Brahms
Romance, for violin.....Bruch
Rondo, for violin.....Wieniawski
Symphony, No. 2, D major.....Brahms

The new symphony of Johannes Brahms was first performed in Vienna, where, according to the reports in the journals of the day, it met with decided success. However great its success may have been there, it could not have been more flattering than that which attended its first performance here. At the general rehearsal, on Wednesday morning, the hall was filled with friends and admirers of the great composer, many having come from a great distance. Conspicuous among those present were Clara Schumann, Kirchner, and many notable journalists and critics from different cities. As the little great man, baton in hand, was about giving the sign for beginning, orchestra and audience joined in giving him a very enthusiastic greeting; after each movement, and especially after the third, which was repeated, the applause was loud and long.

The symphony, while not so grand and broad in conception as his first (C minor), has all those elements which stamp it, not only as the work of a great master, but one, also, destined to live and grow more deeply and quickly into popular favor than is probable or even possible for the first, from the fact that this, with its fierce emotional conflicts, its cutting dissonances, a tone-tragedy, requires to be heard and studied often intently; it requires also an orchestra and a leader able to take in and comprehend its deep meanings, if chaos and confusion, vexation and disgust are not to be the result. The other, less a tragedy than a comedy, instantaneously entwines itself most affectionately around the hearts and minds of the listeners, so graceful and beautiful are its melodies, and so unrestrained their flow.

One of the more prominent critics has termed the first, in C minor, the "tenth" symphony, implying that if Beethoven had written another symphony, following his

ninth, whatever its proportions might have been, the one of Brahms would measure up to its fullest stature. The assertion is, of course, an absurd one; but if it could with propriety be made, with the same degree of propriety his second could be placed on an equal plane with Beethoven's fourth or seventh.

The orchestra did its part nobly, both individually and collectively, as if in thorough love with its work; but this is scarcely to be wondered at, the personal magnetism of the composer and conductor being such that the most unwilling member would have found it difficult to resist its influence.

Fran Kille-Murjahn, from Karlsruhe, sang charmingly, particularly the songs which were accompanied by the composer. Emil Saurer, the violinist, had some difficulty in warming the audience up to the same degree of enthusiasm he is in the habit of exciting where and whenever he plays. This was probably owing to his choice of compositions, which, however pretty in themselves, suffered considerably by their surroundings. Reinecke conducted the overture, in regard to the performance of which nothing but praise can be said.

The sixth Euterpe concert was a very enjoyable one, principally because of the excellence of the programme, which was as follows:

Mendelssohn—"Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt."
Mozart—Aria from "Titus."
Bruch—Concerto for Violin.
Brahms—Mainacht.
Goldmark—Herzeleid.
Schumann—Waldeggespräch.
Beethoven—Romanze for Violin, F major.
Raff—Symphony, "Im Walde."

The orchestra did its part very well. Concert-meister August Raab played the Concerto and Romanze, in both of which he proved himself an artist of considerable ability. He is also a prominent member of the Gewandhaus orchestra. Fräulein Louise Froch, from Brunswick, has a voice, with the quantity of which no fault can be found, while its quality needs not a little refining. In consequence of this defect her part of the programme could not touch any sympathetic chord in the audience.

LEIPZIG, Jan. 18, 1878.—The presence of Brahms and the production of his new symphony, last week, were events that caused unusual excitement and enthusiasm, in this as well as in other cities, judging from the many strangers in the audience, among whom were many notable names—Clara Schumann, Joachim and wife, Stockhausen and others. In musical circles and in the journals the symphony was thoroughly discussed and criticized, sometimes severely and harshly, but more often favorably, and always as the work of a great composer not to be measured by an ordinary standard. Brahms has left for Hamburg, and musical affairs here are again resuming their natural course. That this is not an ordinary one is shown by the large number of concerts and operas daily to be heard, as also by the unexceptionable quality of the programmes presented. It would be a difficult matter indeed for one person to keep the run of all the musical performances, and certainly it could not be done with any degree of comfort or enjoyment.

Of the concerts this week, the thirteenth of the Gewandhaus was most attractive; the programme, in strong contrast with the one of last week, though every bit as enjoyable, was as follows:

Overture—"Torquato Tasso".....Schulz-Schwerin
Cavatina from "Euryanthe".....Weber
Concerto, for Violoncello.....Witte
Songs: { Das Mädchen und Schneeglöckchen. Weber
 { Auf dem Wasser zu singen.....Schubert
 { Ollase Mutter.....Reinecke
Solos for Violoncello.....Reinecke
Arioso, Gavotte and Scherzo.....Beethoven
Symphony, No. 7, A major.....Beethoven

The Beethoven, Schumann and Schubert symphonies are very familiar to both orchestra and audience; at least seven of the Beethoven are played every season, among which the ninth is never missed, usually performed in the last concert of the series. Rehearsals are scarcely necessary, and in fact the general one, on Wednesday mornings, the only one, unless there be a new symphony on the programme, is in every respect as good as the evening concert. Visitors are admitted at two-thirds of the evening charges, about fifty cents in American money, of which advantage a large number avail themselves; for, besides the cheapness and the greater comfort with which the music may be enjoyed, it is the only opportunity offered to the many unable to gain admittance to the evening concert. As a matter of course, therefore, both symphony and overture were very well played, the latter under the conductorship of the composer. As a composition, the overture did not meet with much favor; the applause was, doubtless, only in appreciation of the performance. The possibility of a connection with this music and the title may not be doubted, but if there was a connection at all, it can only have been a very remote one.

Fran Kille-Murjahn, a charming and gifted vocalist, sang to better advantage than she did last week; her choice of compositions was also a happier one, inasmuch as they better suited the peculiar qualities of her voice.

In response to the applause she sang Mozart's "Vellchen."

Carl Schröder, the interpreter of the violoncello compositions, is a member of the orchestra. Yet a very young man, he has already acquired considerable fame, both as a violoncellist and as a composer. He is also one of the instructors at the Conservatory.

The operas given recently have been *Lohengrin*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Fidelio*, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, *Hans Heiling* and *Tannhäuser*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Opera in Chicago.—Marie Roze.

It is significant of the interest which has attached to the début of Mlle. Marie Roze, that Hooley's Theatre was crowded last evening upon the occasion of the performance of "Favorita," the audience in attendance being fully as large as on Monday evening, when both Kellogg and Cary sang, and a very popular opera was given. It is only truth to say that "Favorita," notwithstanding its name, has not been a favorite opera in this city. It has been given but eight times here, its first performance having been witnessed at McVicker's on the 8th of March, 1854, so that on the average it has only been heard once in over two years. Any really dramatic singer, however, could hardly ask for a better opera in which to make a début. Lucca chose it on that account, and Marie Roze, who in many respects closely resembles the little German prima donna, probably selected it for the same reason. While it has in reality but one prominent aria, there is ample scope for a genuine artist to assert herself in the gradually-increasing passion and intensity of the role of *Leonora*. It added, furthermore, to the interest of this début that Marie Roze is not a novice, but comes here with a reputation which has been established and with an unquestioned position as a prominent artist on the European boards. Her reception was more than a recognition. It was cordial and enthusiastic enough to indicate sympathy and interest, and to assure her that she was warmly welcome. She combines many qualities that will always commend her to an audience. In personal appearance she is tall, robust, and commanding, with a very sweet and expressive face, a natural courtliness of presence, and an equally natural ease and grace of manner that prepossess one in her favor the moment that she appears. Her ease upon the stage indicates thorough familiarity with all its requirements of business. As an actress she is above the standard of lyric artists, the most of whom are simply conventional. Her stage presence is always attractive, and while of necessity she must indulge, especially in recitative passages, in more or less of the stereotyped gesture and posture of opera, she invests them with a peculiar charm by reason of her exquisite grace. Through all her action appears that principal characteristic of the great artist, simplicity and repose. She sacrifices nothing for effect, and does not seek to make points by sensations or outbursts of power for which she has saved herself. Every movement in action and every effort in vocalization shows thorough training and the true artistic finish, so that, although she never surprises, her personation from commencement to end is harmonious and symmetrical. Her voice, although it is of good compass, and fresh, smooth quality, is not at all phenomenal or even a surprising one. It is a mezzo-soprano of very agreeable, smooth, and pleasant timbre throughout its range. The lower voice, though very rich in quality, is not strong. The middle tones are beautiful and very sympathetic, and the upper very sweet, though not very strong or penetrating. The beauty of her art, both lyric and dramatic, lies, as we have said, in her simplicity and repose, as well as in the exquisite grace of all that she does, and these qualities evidently impressed themselves upon the audience, as it is rare that a debutante has made a more unequivocal success upon our lyric stage. The hearty appreciation which met her earlier efforts gradually warmed into enthusiasm as the movement of the work developed in intensity and called out her dramatic power. The "O mio Fernando," which is really the culmination of her role, was sung with charming expression and true pathos, and received a well-deserved encore. The rest of the real work of the opera was shared by Karl, Conly, and Verdi. While neither of the three may be called great artists, it is to their credit that they sang with earnestness and sufficient enthusiasm to sustain the interest of

the work. The only drawbacks upon the performance were the long waits in the entr'actes, the careless singing of the chorus, and a ballet divertissement which only served to needlessly prolong the performance. Upon so small a stage a ballet is superfluous.—*Chicago Tribune*, Feb. 6.

Since first Gounod's poetical setting of the Faust legend was presented on the Chicago stage years ago, with Frederici as *Gretchen*, and the ponderous, phlegmatic Hermanns as *Mephisto* and the very prince of devils, how many *Marguerites* have sung their passion to the spinning-wheel and found it in the dairy! It is an imposing array, that includes Nilsson, Lucca, Parepa, Kellogg, Hersee, Durand, Boschetti, Richings, Herinanns, Canissa, and other artists, and now comes another worthy to take equal rank with the best,—Marie Roze. Worthy by virtue of her beauty, grace, tenderness, and sympathy, her poetic delicacy of sentiment, and invariable refinement, and sweetness of manner, as well as her emphatic vocal and dramatic powers. Her personation last evening was witnessed by a large audience, which greeted her with every token of the heartiest appreciation. Her singing was marked by exquisite taste, truth, and expression; but, beyond the mere vocal requirements of the role, there was something peculiarly delicate, tender, and beautiful in the personation. As an ideal picture of Goethe's heroine, it was almost matchless, her beautiful eyes and wonderfully expressive face telling the story of the discovery and confession of passion, the retribution and the expiation, with a power and meaning independent of all stage business or the librettist's text. As a personation at once realistic and artistic, it was one of the strongest ever seen upon the lyric stage in this city, and worthy to rank by the side of Lucca's great creation, though differing from hers in the characteristics of grace and refinement, and in delicate shades of emotion, in which latter respect she possesses remarkable power. The entire personation was so harmonious, and in such admirable keeping with the unity of the character, that it is needless to single out any scene or phrase of the representation for notice. It is pleasant to remember it as a whole, as a finished picture of this great poetical creation, perfect in all its tints of color and expression, beautiful and graceful in all its outlines.

It would also be pleasant if we could regard anything else (with the exception of Miss Cary's charming personation of *Siebel*) that is worthy of praise. Leaving out Marie Roze and Cary, the performance was a dreary one. Mr. Karl was a very unsatisfactory *Faust*, and seemed to have little or no idea of the dramatic requirements of his role, and when he had an opportunity for vocal display, as in the "Salve dinora" for instance, only mangled it. Mr. Gottschalk as *Mephisto* was dry in voice and lifeless and impotent in action, and apparently not overfamiliar with his lines or music. Mr. Cauffman (*Valentin*) may be excused, as he is an amateur only, but still he may be credited with an excellent baritone voice and a very good method of singing. When his nervousness wears off and he learns what to do with himself on the stage, he may accomplish something. Of the remaining characters, the less said the better. The chorus was very bad. A chorus that cannot even sing the waltz in tune is something worse than bad. The ballet barely fell short of the ridiculous and absurd. The mounting of the work was tawdry, and indicative of stage poverty. Summing it all up, we may say that, while *Marguerite* and *Siebel* could hardly be excelled for goodness, the rest of the performance could hardly be excelled for badness. This evening "Aida" will be given.—*Ibid*, Feb. 7.

THE HISTORY OF FRENCH OPERATIC MUSIC, in all its minutest details, is getting itself written very rapidly. Of the very interesting and copiously-annotated catalogue of the Bibliothèque Musicale du Théâtre de l'Opéra we have already made mention. The first volume is now complete, and one instalment has been issued of the second, covering the years 1807-1826, and containing the portrait of Spontini, etched by M. LeRat. The two succeeding numbers will, for most readers, be the most entertaining, for they will record the many brilliant successes of the past fifty years, "the epoch Rossini-Meyerbeer," to use the locution of M. Lajarte, the compiler of the catalogue. And while M. Lajarte is thus tracing the main itinerary of opera in

France, more than one of his colleagues have been exploring its by-ways. M. Adolphe Jullien is the author of nearly a dozen musical monographs of varying value and bulk, of which not the least important is the latest, 'La Cour et l'Opéra sous Louis XVI.' (12mo, pp. 389. New York: F. W. Christern). In searching in the national archives for documents cited by M. Desnoiresterres in his excellent work on 'Gluck et Piccini,' M. Jullien came again and again upon the names of Salieri and Sacchini. Knowing how scant were the biographic details about these composers, whose lives and labors had been overshadowed by the conflict of their immediate predecessors and masters, Gluck and Piccini, M. Jullien felt his curiosity piqued; he made a thorough investigation of the documents, discovering many new and important points in French musical history, which he has set forth at length in 'La Cour et l'Opéra.' His title is well chosen indeed; the paternal government managed the amusements of its subjects with as much intrigue, as much log-rolling and wire-pulling and pipe-laying, as it managed any other important affair of state. The volume—the separate chapters of which have previously appeared in two musical periodicals—contains two distinct biographies. The pages devoted to Salieri are the more interesting and the chapter recounting the collaboration of Salieri and Beaumarchais in "Tarare" comes most apropos. Beaumarchais, after Gluck and before Wagner, enunciated the fundamental ideas which are to dominate the art-work of the future. M. Jullien points out many analogies between the words of Beaumarchais and the words of Wagner (see p. 250 et circa). He also indicates the similarity in character between Salieri and Beaumarchais, a similarity which rendered the execution by the composer of the musical suggestions of the author an easy task. Beaumarchais even went so far as to send Salieri airs which he had noted down, desiring the composer to use them in a given situation. M. Taine has likened Sheridan to Beaumarchais; here is another point of resemblance, for Michael Kelly has told us that Sheridan, although he knew nothing of music, had this same feeling of musical effect. The author of the "School for Scandal" and the author of the "Marriage de Figaro" wrote each an opera, and both the "Duenna" and "Tarare" were marked successes. M. Jullien cites the malicious reproduction by one of Beaumarchais' critics, apropos to "Tarare," of the jest of *Figaro*: "Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante."—*Nation*.

HAMBURG. To commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the first production of an original German opera, an event which took place at the playhouse in the Goose Market, and was the commencement of opera in Germany, Herr Pollini will give at the Stadttheater a series of six special performances, under the title of: "German Opera in Hamburg, during 200 years, from 1678 to 1878." The performances will be as follows: First evening. Prologue. Scenes from *Venus and Adonis*, by Kaiser; Scenes from *Almira*, by Handel; *Der betrogene Kadi*, one-act comic opera, by Gluck.—Second evening. *Die Jagd*, three-act opera, by Adam Hiller; *Doctor und Apotheker*, two-act comic opera, by Dittersdorf.—Third evening. *Adrian von Ostade*, one-act opera, by Weigl; *Entführung aus dem Serail*. Fourth evening. *Fidelio*.—Fifth evening. *Der Holsdieb*, one-act comic opera, by Marschner; *Der Freischütz*.—Sixth evening. *Lohengrin*. Señor Pablo de Sarasate played here from the 4th to the 11th inst. On leaving this town he will visit Lübeck, Hanover, Brunswick, Posen, Liegnitz, Görlitz, Breslau, Königsberg, and Leipzig. On the 4th of February he will give a concert at the Sing-academie, Berlin.

ROME. Sig. Domenico Mustafa is appointed by the Pope perpetual director of the Sistine Chapel. The post had remained vacant since the death of the musical historian, Baini. Wishing to put an end to the intrigues of competitors, the Pope ordered that each clerk of the chapel should hold it in succession for a year. His Holiness has at length adopted the old course. Sig. Mustafa is a man of more than ordinary talent, and the public retain a favorable recollection of his conducting *La Vestale*, *Fernand Cortes*, *The Messiah*, and the *Mass*, by Palestrina, which was performed here last summer.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1878.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The sixth Symphony Concert, after the double pause in the middle of the series of ten, drew a somewhat larger audience than usual. Whether it indicated the beginning of a revival of the concert appetite here generally, or whether it was the curiosity to hear the Brahms Symphony again, we cannot undertake to say. We think, however, that the whole programme proved enjoyable. It was as follows:

Overture to "The Water-Carrier".....Cherubini
Aria:—"Il mio tesoro," from "Don Giovanni,".....Mozart

Alfred Wilkie.
Overture—"The Naiads,".....Sterndale Bennett

Songs, with Piano-forte:—

a. The Garland.....Mendelssohn
b. The Hidalgo.....Schumann
Alfred Wilkie.
Symphony, in C minor, Op. 68.....Johannes Brahms
(Second time.)

After a third hearing, the Brahms Symphony left essentially the same impression on us as before. We do not think we need to go into any further criticism or description of the work. That we found more in detail to interest the mind we freely grant; and we may even say that in a certain sense its power and beauty,—its intensity above all—and the thoughtful ingenuity, the constructive skill shown in it, grow upon us. This has been the case particularly with the first and the last movement,—most of all the expectant prelude to the popular theme, or Joy tune, together with the tune itself, so brilliantly worked up to a final climax. And still the total influence of the work is depressing. It does not seem inspired; it did not spring from the clear heaven of invention; it shows more of pains-taking calculation than of the imaginative faculty or quality. Its author was in earnest, and had a good outfit of experience and means to work with; and that is what saves it. But will it save it long? Whether it is to take a place among the immortal Symphonies at all,—not to speak of "the immortal Nine"? We see that Mr. Thomas, after some feeling of the public pulse, has abandoned his intention of giving it here again this week, and has come to the conclusion that Beethoven is better bait.—As for the performance, people seemed surprised at the smoothness, the clearness, the intelligent accent and the spirit with which the whole work was rendered by our orchestra after only one rehearsal since the preceding concert. It was most creditable to the musicians and above all to their Conductor, CARL ZERBAHN.

As much may be said of the interpretation of the two thoroughly genial Overtures, so well contrasted. The stately opening and spirited Allegro of Cherubini's to the *Wasserträger* never grows hack-nied. And Bennett's romantic, delicate creation of his youth, the freshest, most felicitous, imaginative thing he ever did, was so presented as to be keenly appreciated.

Mr. ALFRED WILKIE, as a tenor singer, has become pretty generally known here during a year or two past in choirs, clubs and concerts, and also by his singing in the last performance of *Elijah* (in the Tabernacle). His voice has sweetness, a good compass and a fair degree of power. Now and then an upper note rings out with very satisfactory resonance, but only to be followed by another of less pleasing timbre. His musical culture, we should judge, has not been all that his talent warrants. But he executes fluently and tastefully, and he sang the Mozart Aria quite acceptably; and the songs likewise, although there was hardly enough of life

infused into Schumann's "Hidalgo." Mr. Wilkie, however, might have claimed consideration on the ground of a long journey, with fatigue and loss of sleep.

MR. ERNST PERABO's fourth and last Matinée, at Wesleyan Hall, fell upon the day of the great snow-storm (Feb. 1). About fifty only of his friends ventured out, and for them (for surely they deserved it) he conscientiously and kindly played through the whole of the exacting programme, printed without the composers' names, in the same conundrum style with that of the week before. On the following Friday (Feb. 8) he repeated the concert for the benefit of the many whom the storm had kept away, this time with the names, as follows:—

"Suite in vier Sätzen." D minor, Op. 7, Julius Röntgen

1. Entrée. 2. Andantino. 3. Toccata.

4. Passacaglia e Giga.

First time in this country.

"Fantasie für Piano zu vier Händen." E flat

minor, Op. 79.....Joseph Rheinberger

a. Praeludium. E flat minor. Andantino.

b. Intermezzo. B major. Allegretto.

c. Fuge. E flat major. Allegro moderato.

First time in this country.

Valse-Caprice for the Piano. A major. Op. 31,

X. Scharwenka

First time in this country.

"Character Bilder,".....Rubinstein

Sechs Clavierstücke zu vier Händen." Op. 50.

No. 5. Berceuse. Moderato. B minor.

No. 3. Barcarole. Moderato con moto. G minor.

No. 6. Marche. Allegro. C major.

First time in this country.

Grande Sonate pour le Piano. F minor, Op. 142,

Frans Schubert

a. Allegro moderato. c. Tema con variazioni.

b. Allegretto. d. Allegro scherzando.

Third time in Boston.

This programme, we are sorry to say, must constitute about all our record of the concert, which we learn was uncommonly interesting, and the hall was filled with a sympathetic audience, who did not wish to lose the last opportunity, probably, of hearing Mr. Perabo for some time to come. A business engagement robbed us of the whole programme with the exception of the last number, the Schubert Sonata, which was first published as such in 1838; but, as it did not sell, the crafty publisher divided it into four separate "Impromptus," two of which, at least, have been often heard here. They are exquisitely beautiful, and we know not that we have ever heard them more charmingly interpreted.

THE CECILIA gave its second concert of this its second season, at Tremont Temple, on Friday evening, Feb. 8. The Temple was completely filled with the Associate Members and invited guests of the Club. The Director, Mr. B. J. LANG, having had the misfortune to be thrown from a sleigh, breaking the upper bone of his left arm, he of course was not at his post; the Concert was conducted by his pupil, Mr. ARTHUR W. FOOTE, who seemed as much at home in the position as if he had been a veteran, and all went off smoothly and effectively. The principal feature of the programme, forming the Second Part, was Mendelssohn's noble music to the lyric odes of Racine's "Athalie," which it was intended to give with the accompaniment of a small orchestra; but that is postponed until the repetition of the concert, which will have to wait for Mr. Lang's recovery.

The First Part opened appropriately with an eight-hand performance, on two Chickering Grand Pianos, of Mozart's model Overture to the "Magic Flute," by Messrs. TUCKER, SUMNER, PRESTON and FOOTE. They played with great precision and true accent, giving a very clear and satisfactory notion of the work. The Allegro, so often hurried out of all reason, was taken at just the right tempo; the broad, massive tone of the instruments filled the large room with a sonority almost as intense as that of a common orchestra. This was followed by a

part-song for mixed voices of quite a superior order to those mostly sung on such occasions: the "Evening Song" by Hauptmann (No. 4 of the set of six, Op. 32), to charming words from Rückert. It is a fresh and charming bit of part-writing, with not a little poetic, as well as artistic subtlety. And it was finely sung, the parts well-balanced and distinct. The song seemed not so generally appreciated as we think such music would be if it were more often sung. Schumann's wild, romantic "Gypsy Life" was sung with spirit, and was vividly picturesque. Another part-song, "The Little Ship," by Schumann, was the favorite with the audience and had to be repeated. The music is pleasing and well adapted to the little story of the words, the mention of the huntsman's horn and the flute of the young traveller being eked out by a bit of realism, to-wit, the introduction of an actual horn and flute.

Of the *Athalie* music we shall be better prepared to speak after its repetition with orchestra. This time the brilliant and majestic Overture, and the War March of the Priests were effectively represented on the two pianos by the four young artists named above; and the accompaniments were well played by two of them. In this way, with mere piano-forte accompaniment, *Athalie* has been given only once or twice in Boston, eight or nine years ago, by the Parker Club in the old Chickering Hall. The Cecilia chorus is much larger, and we may safely say that all the choruses were finely sung, as were likewise the solo portions by Miss S. C. FISHER, Mrs. G. K. HOOVER, Mrs. O. C. NORRIS and Mrs. A. L. FOWLER. Mrs. Noyes, particularly, as the first Contralto, bore the heaviest responsibility, and in spite of a bad cold delivered the dramatic and impassioned portions of her part with great fervor and effect. Compared with the *Paulus* and *Elijah*, the *Lobgesang*, or the *Antigone* and *Edipus*, this work must to many seem somewhat monotonous, and in some parts a little dry and tame. Naturally so, considering the character of Racine's text; and it was here given without any reading of the connecting portions of the drama, or any abstract thereof to make clear the dramatic progress. Unfortunately the musical work, bound by the text, lacks climax. But there is much beautiful and some superb and splendid music in it; and mere variety than one perhaps may fancy on a single hearing; you have but to sing yourself in it or read it over at the piano to discover that. The opening chorus: "Heaven and earth display" (repeated for the finale) is a grandiose, inspiring hymn of praise. It has been sung with effect in some of our School festivals. The mournful Chorus (No. 4): "Premised joys, menaced woes," beginning with Sopranos in unison, then in four-part harmony, then answered by Tenors and Basses, leading into full chorus, is highly expressive and unique, full of the "mystic gloom impending," as the text has it. The martial chorus: "Depart, ye sons of Aaron," simple as it is, with its receding sounds: "We go, we go," is worthy to succeed the noble March of Priests. Doubtless the whole work will receive new life and color from the orchestra; so let us hope that Mr. Lang will soon have both arms free!

CAMBRIDGE CONCERTS. The fourth subscription concert was on Tuesday evening of this week (Feb. 12); and for once this season the beautiful Academic Theatre (Sanders Theatre) was remarkably well filled, of course with people of intelligence and culture. The THOMAS Orchestra and Mme. SCHILLER were the magnets, for it is plain the Cambridge people care more for an Orchestra than they do for Chamber Concerts; so do most publics as for that matter. The programme also could not have failed

to exercise attraction; the Symphony and Overture at all events, while for the *newly* inclined ("new-sy" is a newspaper word) there was no lack of novelties. This was the bill of fare, and it appeared to give great satisfaction:

Overture to Midsummer-Night's Dream, in E major, Op. 21.....Mendelssohn
Piano Concerto in E flat minor, Op. 35.....Scharwenka
1. Allegro patetico, Adagio, Allegro animato.
2. Allegro assai.
3. Allegro non tanto, Quasi adagio, Allegro molto e passionato.
Madame Madeline Schiller.

Pastoral Symphony, No. 6, in F major, Op. 68, Beethoven
Piano Solo.....Chopin
a. Berceuse in D flat, Op. 57.
b. Polonaise in A flat, Op. 68.
Madame Madeline Schiller.
Wedding March, (Ländliche Hochzeit), from Op. 22.....Goldmark

Mendelssohn's fairy Overture was as delicately and nicely played as one may ever hear it. And the Pastoral Symphony, still the most exquisitely perfect illustration which Music ever gave of summer in the country,—so close to Nature—that is, to a poetic lover's sense of Nature—so close, indeed, that the very first few notes which form the motive of the opening Allegro seem to have been overheard and caught from her, was rendered well nigh to perfection. It is the loveliest, most transporting and imaginative of pastorals; to hear it is as good as being in the woods and fields, or sauntering by the brookside in the shade. And the storm, though it is short and makes less noise than most of our modern composers make even on peaceable occasions, is still unsurpassed in music. Nowadays a composer is nothing if not intense, impassioned (seemingly), heaping Ossa upon Pelion of cumulative loud effects; so that is rest and refreshment to the spirit, and deep inward joy, to listen to this Symphony. There is as much genius in it as in the fifth, or seventh, or the Ninth, only another phase of manifestation, for Beethoven has much of the many-sidedness of Shakespeare. This time there was no fault to find with Mr. Thomas's tempos in a Beethoven Symphony,—at least none to our poor perception.

The "Wedding March" by Goldmark is a singular affair. The quaint rustic tune is first hummed over in soliloquy by the basses; then the outline is filled in with all the instrumental colors. And then ensues a long series of variations most fantastical, some stately and some droll, some more than serious, even mournful. It were a curious wedding procession to see, made up of all manner of parties in all manner of moods. The crying mood is as frequent as any, for some go by with handkerchiefs to eyes apparently; then a merry wild set tossing up their caps, and flinging fire-crackers and torpedoes; others seem capering on hobby-horses; others walk grave and thoughtful; others march in knightly pomp and military splendor. All the variations are ingenious, full of quaint devices; and a few, toward the end, especially, have wealth and beauty of expression; but strangely the whole course comes round to where it began and dies out in the old soliloquy. What does it all mean? It is a thing which one could hear more than once, if only for its clever feats of instrumentation.

The new Concerto by Scharwenka is a most brilliant and audacious piece of musical sensationalism, with many passages of interesting novelty and beauty, and some that impressed us as ugly; for instance the opening motive, which recurs again, and is much in the same style and surly humor with the first phrase in Liszt's E-flat Concerto. It is throughout very heavily and noisily accompanied, and seems to have an intensely passionate and tragical intention. It would be painful but for the middle movement, which is graceful and more for the pianist's flowing fingers, and occasional passages of piano solo which have considerable charm. It certainly is a brilliant work; and it was wonderfully well played on Mme. SCHILLER's part and seemed exciting to the audience. But we must hear it more to judge fairly of its merits.

THE next (eighth) HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT, Feb. 28, offers the following programme:

PART I. Overture to "Rosamunde" (first time), Schubert; Old Italian Songs, GEO. L. OSGOOD; Symphony in G (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel), Haydn.—

PART II. Overture: "The Hebrides," Mendelssohn; German Songs, G. L. OSGOOD; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY. The third of the subscription series of four Oratorio performances will come on Wednesday evening, March 6, when Mendelssohn's great Oratorio "St. Paul" will be given after very thorough rehearsal.

NEW YORK, FEB. 11.—At the fourth Symphony Concert of the Thomas Orchestra, at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, Jan. 31st, the following selections were performed:

Symphony, E flat.....Haydn
1. Adagio—Allegro con spirito. 2. Andante.
3. Menuetto. 4. Allegro con spirito.
Capriccio, Op. 4.....Hermann Graedner
Overture—"Bride of Messina,".....Schumann
Symphony, No. 7, in A, Op. 92.....Beethoven

A welcome feature of the programmes of both the Symphony and the Philharmonic concerts this winter is the absence of vocal soli. The voice, at the best, is an imperfect organ and is constantly subject to a variety of depressing influences. It may be that the singer is fatigued, or nervous, or suffering from a cold—even the state of the weather and the temper of the audience are not without effect upon the vocalist; and, when it is considered that few singers are without defect in voice or method, even when heard at the greatest advantage, it is evident that vocalism is out of place (?) in a programme like the one given above, unless a number of voices are employed in chorus so that individual imperfections are not noticed. It has been thought that the public must have singing, but, in a symphony concert, the custom is more honored in the breach than the observance, and I sincerely hope that it will not be revived.

The Haydn Symphony in E flat was beautifully rendered and the Capriccio by Hermann Graedner, in which a brief and simple theme is very skillfully treated, was received with so much favor that it had to be repeated. The performance of Schumann's fine Overture to Schiller's "Bride of Messina" was no less excellent, although the work is in decided contrast to the selections which preceded it.

"The poetry of earth is never dead" sang John Keats, and so it is with the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. There are compositions which can be grasped, comprehended, mastered; but this Symphony, like Schubert's in C, seems to reach beyond comprehension. We may analyze it, and talk of the progression of the bass, in the allegretto; the felicitous employment of the hautboys in the minor solo of the first movement, or the skilful treatment of the horns in D in the Scherzo. But who can analyze the poetry that lies underneath and finds expression in this universal language? Schumann [?] made this attempt, and, acute critic as he was, his (own or borrowed) comparison is weak, when he writes of the Allegretto as "the merriest of weddings" with bells ringing, organ sounding, *new doors opening and shutting* and the arrival of a bridal procession with choir boys, lighted tapers and incense. This is fixing a limit to the imagination with a vengeance, and reminds one of the man who heard the grass growing in Haydn's "Creation."

At the fourth concert of the Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, Feb. 9, the following selections were performed:

Symphony, No. 1, in D.....Mozart
Variations on a theme by Haydn.....Brahms
Overture—"Sakuntala," Op. 13.....Goldmark
Symphony, No. 3, in F.....Beethoven

Mozart's symphony in D, although not so well known here as those by the same composer in E flat, G minor, and C, certainly merits frequent repetition. It was written in 1786, two years before the prolific period in which the three symphonies last named were produced. It is divided as follows:—1. Adagio—Allegro. 2. Andante. 3. Finale (Presto). The composition is graceful, flowing and melodious, and it was quite delightful to hear it so well played throughout, as to leave no room for criticism. In passages of special difficulty, as for example, those containing closed sounds for the horns, when one might expect rough or doubtful notes, there was admirable certainty and precision, and all the stringed instruments were handled to perfection.

The Variations by Brahms on Haydn's Choral of St. Antoni we have had several opportunities of hearing. The theme is noble and impressive and the setting is superb.

Goldmark's "Sakuntala" Overture, with its splendid instrumentation and gorgeous Oriental coloring, is always welcome, and nothing could be more in keeping with the bright and cheerful spirit which characterized the programme than Beethoven's Eighth Symphony, in which the composer leaves the Olympian heights and walks in the flowery fields for the last time.

A. A. C.

NEWPORT, R. I., Feb. 11.—It may interest lovers of good music to know that about a year ago some musical persons in this city endeavored to form a society which should have for its aim the practise and improvement of choral singing, with a view to elevate the musical taste of this community, and to bring out such works of the recognized masters in musical expression as were within the capabilities of such a society. The attempt was so successful that last year the society, securing for its conductor Mr. J. B. Sharland of your city, held a series of rehearsals and at their close gave a public concert, with a programme including among other things, Mendelssohn's "Hear my Prayer."

The society was composed principally of persons of small musical knowledge, but with plenty of zeal and patience, willing to be taught, and eager to learn. The performance last season was very creditable to the society, all things considered, and gave promise of better things in the future.

The rehearsals were resumed this season, with growing interest. Beginning about the middle of October, they continued, with slight interruption at the holidays, until the last week in January. On the 31st of January the society gave its second concert with the following programme, rendered with piano accompaniment simply, as yet not having the means to bring an orchestra, or string quintette even, to their aid.

Praise Jehovah, Op. 73.....Mendelssohn
Sacred Cantata for Solo, Quartet and Chorus.
Ballad—"Little Birds, go to Sleep," (by request), F. A. Howson
Mrs. Wilson Eyre.
Chorus of Gleaners.....Liszt
From "Prometheus."

Fair Ellen.....Max Bruch
Cantata for Soprano and Baritone Solos and Chorus.
A Finland Love Song.....Henry Hiles, Mus. Bac.
Words by Thomas Moore.
Part-song by Full Chorus.
Frühlings-Botschaft (Spring's Message), Op. 95, Niels W. Gade
Translation by Mrs. Charteris Cairns.

Criticism on the concert would be out of place at this time. Suffice it to say that the society did itself great credit in its rendering of the works presented, and has large incentives musically to nobler and higher efforts. We hope its members and means will be increased and that it may do a great work for the cause of the best music in Newport. Yours respectfully, A. G. L.

MUSIC IN SALEM, MASS. The programmes of the Concerts, given once a fortnight in the Essex Institute Hall this winter, are full of interest, presenting a great variety of compositions and performing artists. Here is the second, of Nov. 26:

Fugue in C major.....J. S. Bach
Sonata Pathétique in C minor, (Op. 13).....Beethoven
Mr. Sherwood.
"Matin Song,".....John K. Paine
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
a. Waltz in A flat major, (Op. 34, No. 1).....Chopin
b. Nocturne in F major, (Op. 23, No. 4).....Schumann
c. Ballade in A flat major, (Op. 47).....Chopin
Mr. Sherwood.
Concert Polka.....Mulder
Miss Kellogg.
a. Norwegian Bridal Party Passing by, Edvard Grieg
b. Song Without Words, in G major, (No. 25), Mendelssohn
c. Octave Study in E flat (No. 7).....Theodor Kullak
Songs: a. "Ich liebe dich,".....Grieg
b. "Little Jacob,"
c. "The Farmer and the Pigeons,"
German Fairy Tales.....Taubert

Here is the fourth, Jan. 14:

Sonata in D major.....Mendelssohn
Messrs. Tucker and Wulf Fries.
Songs—"Ich grolle nicht,".....Schumann
"Italy,".....Mendelssohn
Mrs. J. W. Weston.
Two Marches (from Op. 18).....Gade
Messrs. Tucker and Foote.
a. Sarabande.....Bach
b. Menuet.....Mozart
Mr. Fries.
Study in D flat major.....Liszt
Mr. Tucker.

Two Diversions (from Op. 17)...W. Sterndale Bennett
Messrs. Tucker and Foote.
Serenade and Scherzo from Suite in D,
Camille Saint-Saëns
Messrs. Fries and Tucker.
Aria—"My heart ever faithful." Cello
Obligato.....Bach
Mrs. Weston.
"Nuits Blanches," (No. 13).....Stephen Heller
"Two Ecossaises,".....Chopin
Mr. Tucker.
Bridal Music (two numbers).....Adolf Jensen
Messrs. Tucker and Foote.

The Chicago Orchestra.

At the present rate of progress it will not be long—if, indeed, the time has not already arrived—before the fine collection of talent which Mr. Loesch has succeeded in organizing for the Sunday afternoon concerts at North Turner Hall will have made its title, the Chicago Orchestra, a credit and honor to the city. The improvement that has taken place within the past two months is the highest tribute that could be paid to the energy and ability through which it has been brought about; but it is at the same time pleasant to add that substantial acknowledgment upon the part of the music-loving public is not wanting. The audiences of the past few weeks have never been equalled either in number or respectability in the history of the North Turner Hall concerts, while in the matter of enthusiastic appreciation, no local organization of instrumental performers has hitherto obtained so solid a footing. All this is gratifying in every way, the more so that it gives promise of supplying a long-present need,—that of a thoroughly first-class orchestra. Yesterday's programme was in general the best of the season thus far. Parts first and third were of the light, popular order, while the serious work was massed in part second, beginning with the "William Tell" overture, in which the technical talent of the orchestra is seen at its very best; then the Swedish wedding march by Boedermann, of which it is not too much to say that, making allowance for the number of instruments, it has never been better done in Chicago. This led up cleverly to the Boccherini minuet for the strings only, which for delicacy and expression in the playing was intensely captivating, and secured an imperative encore. The next ensuing number, Liszt's symphonic poem, "Les Préludes," is probably the most formidable work the orchestra has yet undertaken, and hence the really fine performance of yesterday may be set down as its most creditable achievement thus far. Comparison with the Thomas orchestra's handling of this gorgeous piece of "tone-painting" would be manifestly unfair, since, in the nature of things, with a band whose members are necessarily scattered so widely during the week, Mr. Loesch could not hope to secure the necessary rehearsals; but the fact remains that the interpretation was masterly and the rendering very effective, and that a critical audience was delighted with this fine test of the orchestra's calibre. It is safe to say that an equal amount of good music, admirably performed, was never before heard in Chicago for an admission fee of fifteen cents. The second part alone of the programme was worth five times that price.—*Chicago Tribune*.

An International Musical Festival.

General Torbert, United States consul-general at Paris, has transmitted to Governor McCormick, commissioner-general of the United States at the Paris Exposition, full details of the proposed international musical festival, which is to take place in connection with the Exposition. The invitation to participate in these entertainments has already been accepted by England, Italy, Spain, Sweden, Norway, Prussia and other European nations. The last day on which entries can be made is the 1st of March. All lists of authors, and, so far as possible, the names of pieces of music to be performed, must be sent in as early as May 1. The French commissioner-general reserves the right to revise the list, if he shall find it necessary, for the purpose of excluding anything calculated to provoke political manifestations or to wound national susceptibilities. Changes in the programmes, or additions to them, may also be made after May 1 by the commissioner-general. No application will be received by the French authorities from individuals or associations, unless presented through their respective commissioner-general. The Grand Salle du Trocadero, which will accommodate nearly 5000 people, as well as a smaller concert-room in the same building, will be placed at the disposal of the performers free of charge. The receipts of each concert will belong to the nation by which it is given; but from these receipts must be paid all incidental expenses, except those pertaining to the police arrangements, which will be assumed by the French government. Each country must provide for its own wants in respect to orchestral or other accompaniments. The music of living composers can be presented only by the nations to which they respectively belong; but out of regard to the exigencies

of those countries which have been relatively unproductive of music, the works of dead composers may be selected at will by any nation. Application will be made for a reduction of the rates of transportation for persons and material from the French ports to Paris, and the suspension of the rights of authors and editors will also be requested by the French commissioner-general. The main objects sought in giving this festival, are variety of musical composition, excellence of execution and the expression of character and sentiment as translated in music. The French authorities are earnest in the desire that the United States may be represented with an ample programme. Applications for further information should be addressed to Governor McCormick.

Some of the New Men.

Mr. Perabo's programmes contain the following notices:—

XAVIER SCHARWENKA was born January 6th, 1860, at Samtor, Province of Posen, Germany, and is of Slavonic descent. His parents, in 1869, moved to Posen, where he pursued his academical studies, devoting to music his occasional leisure. In 1885 he went to Berlin, where he intended to follow scientific studies. His passion for music, however, gained the upper hand, and he entered upon his musical career under the able teachers—Kullak, piano, and Würst, composition. In 1889 he gave his first orchestral concert in Berlin, in which he achieved a rare success. Soon after, his first compositions were published: a Trio, a Sonata for Violin, one for Piano, Songs, and many piano-pieces, in all 37 works, among which are a Piano Quartet and a Concerto for piano, with orchestra. The latter work had great success in Germany, and the honor of a performance by Liszt at the residence of Minister von Schlieff in Berlin. At Weimar, Liszt gave a Matinée at which only compositions of Scharwenka were played. His concert is now enjoying success in Vienna, Paris and London. Scharwenka is now in Berlin, with his brother Philipp, also a noted pianist and composer.

JULIUS ROENTGEN was born at Leipzig, Germany, on May 9th, 1856, and is the son of Engelbert Röntgen, Concert-master of the Gewandhaus-orchestra. His rich musical endowment showed itself in his piano-playing at the early age of five. When eight years of age, he composed without having received any instruction, a Sonata in four movements for the Piano, which astonished his later teachers. His musical and scientific education he received mostly in Leipzig; Piano of L. Plaidy and Carl Reinecke, harmony and counterpoint of E. F. Richter, Moritz Hauptmann and Fr. Lachner of Munich. In 1873, in company with the celebrated singer, Julius Stockhausen, he gave concerts in North and South Germany, and was welcomed with the warmest sympathy as pianist and composer. His works are published by Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig. His last work is a Serenade for wind-instruments, which was performed with great success at a Soirée of Chamber Music at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig, in February, 1877.

Popular Taste in Music.

(From the New York World.)

A novel experiment has lately been tried at Glasgow in connection with the Saturday popular concerts, conducted by Dr. Hans von Bülow. The last performance of the series being at hand, it was resolved to supply the audience of the last but one with a list of all the works in the repertory, and invite them to mark the pieces of their choice, those obtaining the highest number of votes to form the closing programme. The result is curious, and, as to the musical taste of Glasgow, instructive. Of the eighty-three works in the list, only five received no votes at all, so that we may assume a great diversity of opinion among the electors. The largest number who agreed upon anything at all gave 279 votes to the "Tannhäuser" overture, that to "William Tell" receiving the next greatest amount of support, with 213. Programme music therefore stands high on the banks of the Clyde, to the exclusion of such works as the finale to Beethoven's Septet, the overture to "Oberon," and Haydn's Symphony in B-flat, all of which were out of the running. Dr. von Bülow's skill as a pianist secured a place for Liszt's Fantasia on Hungarian melodies, a duo concertante for two pianos by Saint-Saëns, and a fantasia on Scottish airs by Moscheles, which had respectively 105, 96, and 126 votes. Patriotism carried Foster's "Rob Roy" overture to victory with 94 suffrages. The young ladies, we expect, voted in a body 95 strong for the overture to "Zampa," and, with their lovers, ran Mendelssohn's Wedding March ahead with 131 "eyes." True culture, on its part, secured a place for the overture to "Zauberflöte," with 100 votes; but how are we to explain the favor shown to the last movement in Haydn's "Farewell" symphony and Mozart's "Musical Joke"? If a surgical operation be needed to make a Scotchman understand a verbal witticism, a musical production of that ilk must be very far beyond him indeed. But our wonder abates when we call to mind that there is a large Irish colony in Glasgow. No doubt it was Pat—the rogue—who gave 118 votes to Haydn's comedy and 117 to Mozart's burlesque.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
L A T E S T M U S I C,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Like a Turk. G. 3. d to E. Corre. 30
Comic view of poor Turkey and her perplexities.
The Day my Love went Maying. Eb. 8.
E to F. Gray. 30
"And by chance my steps were straying,
Till we met at close of day."
A beautiful ballad, with May, Love and Flowers in it.

I am waiting, Essie dear. Song and Cho.
Fine Lithograph title. C. 3. E to F. Brown. 40

"I am waiting in the wildwood, Essie dear,
Beside the stream that murmurs sweet and low."
Beautiful song and very fine picture.

Four Popular Comic Songs, by John Read, ea. 35
No. 1, Gainsboro' Hat. D. 2. a to E.
No. 2, It's Nice. F. 2. F to F.
No. 3, Johnny Morgan. Eb. 2. E to E.
No. 4, I'm in it. F. 2. E to E.
Four nonsensical songs, easy, and with good music.

Thou art like unto a Flower. Quartet for
Male Voices. Ab. 4. G to a. Osgood. 30

"Upon thy golden tresses,
My hands I lay in prayer."
Fine words by Heine, finely set to music.

Vive la Bacchanal! (Drinking Song.) C.
3. F to F. Leybourne. 30

Mid Starry realms of Splendor. Ab. 5.
c to a. Murio Celli. 40

"In calm so sweet and tender,
I roam in blissful dreams."
One of Miss Emma Abbott's successes. A fine portrait of the lady on the title.

Oh! press thy Cheek against my own.
(Lehn deine Wang' an meiner Wang'.)
Eb. 3. c to E. Jensen. 30

"And when in the glowing flames at last."
"Und wenn in die grosse Flamme fließt."
Heine's words, simply and beautifully "translated" by the music.

Instrumental.

New York by Gaslight March. F. 3. Gass. 30
A kind of song melody with three variations,
all in marching time. An agreeable march, and
it is a good instructive piece.

Happy Thought Polka. C. 3. St. Leon. 30
Very wide awake throughout. Is not loaded
with difficulties, and will induce "happy
thoughts" in those who keep step to it.

Two Easy and Instructive Sonatinas.
Alfred Richter, each, 60

No. 2. Key of C. 4. Complete, 1.00
Is not a Sonatina in length, as it covers 10
pages. Furnishes good and entertaining practice.

Musical Noddy. 12 Little Melodious
Pieces for Practice, in the easiest
Major and Minor keys. In 3 Books
(or Numbers). Each, 75

No. 1.—1, Blue Violets, C, 1; 2, Reseda,
C, 2; 3, Dancing, G, 2; 4, Golden
Spurs, G, 2.

No. 2.—5, Evergreen, F, 2; 6, Forget
me not, D, 2; 7, Snow-bells, C, 3;
8, Lilies A, 3.

No. 3.—9, Pure White, D, 3; 10, May
Blooms, B, 3; 11, The Prize, Bb, 3;
12, Cypress Tree, G, 3.

Little Queen Waltz. G. 2. Acker. 25
Her little majesty will be sure to like it.
Nicely fingered.

La Fiancée. Polka. F. 3. Ball. 40
Quite bright enough for the quick footsteps of
gay Fiancée and her adorer.

Hobart Pasha March. Bb. 2. Watson. 40
A spirited march in honor of the admiral
whom Turkish sailors honor because, say they,
"he is the Boss—phorus."

New York 7th Regiment March. Eb. 3. Markstein. 40

A very powerful march, with Flute and Drum
duets, Trumpet and Bass solos and calls, and
plenty for full band in it.

Louisa Waltz. Db. 3. Hammerel. 40
A sort of "grand" waltz of 7 pages, in which
both power and sweetness are brought out very
agreeably.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is noted by a capital letter, as C,
Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5, c to E," means "Key
of C, fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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"Unity and Variety."

I wish some lover of the beautiful and of the philosophically sound would defend or explain in these pages the expression, "unity and variety" or "unity in variety," as used by many writers in discussing the beautiful. To my mind this collocation of terms is stupid, meaningless, and therefore unsuitable. To speak of "unity in variety" is to commit tautology, because the term unity in this connection implies a unity of diverse elements. To say that a work possesses variety is to say that it contains at least two or three ideas or suggestions. Unquestionably, unity is an element of the beautiful. But the proper antithesis to the term unity in this case, it seems to me, is *contrast*. Unity, Contrast, and Symmetry are among the necessary elements of a beautiful musical work. Unity and symmetry are to a certain extent attributes of form. Unity and contrast are also *interior* elements of the beautiful in music. The former consists in a preponderance of some one idea or emotional expression in such a way as to give point to the piece. Contrast is indispensable on account of the emotionality of music; for every emotional excitement speedily exhausts itself, and if repeated often in succession exhausts the capacity for that particular kind of experience. If however a contrasting excitement intervene, the original excitement may then be repeated, and both become more enjoyable by reason of the relief the contrast affords. It seems to me, therefore, that *variety* is a fool, or at least not necessarily rational; because there may be much variety and no contrast—as we sometimes find in Mozart, and frequently in inferior writers. But contrast is a particular kind of variety which is really meant when the term "unity in variety" is used. I do not know whether this principle applies in the other fine arts besides music, oratory, and rhetoric. But in these I think it will be found valid. And it seems to me that the term "contrast" might very properly take the place too long unworthily held by the empty term "variety."

Besides, if we consider the general direction of musical composition since Bach, we shall find it, I think, to be towards a stronger emotionality, and more vivid contrasts, the most extreme limit of artistically employed contrast so far being in the case of Schumann. Sometimes Schumann descended to mere variety, and totally fails to leave a clear expression; but in other cases, e. g., the Novelllette in E, Op. 21, and that in B minor, Op. 99, he combines the most perfect contrast with the most definite expression. See a precisely similar principle followed by Chopin in his Impromptu in A flat, Op. 29, and the Impromptu in C sharp minor. In all these cases the restless principal idea but serves as a foil for the deep spiritual beauty of the lyric melody which forms the contrast.

I do not remember whether I mentioned in these columns once having a conversation with that gifted genius, Mr. Robert Goldbeck, on the relative merit of Bach and Beethoven. Goldbeck took the ground that Bach must be the greater. "I soon become tired" said he, "of any single work of Beethoven's; but I never tire of Bach." The proper answer to this did not at the moment occur to me, but I have since thought that the explanation lay in the fact that Bach's music is extremely intellectual, and we never tire of admiring a clever intellectual process. On the other hand, Beethoven's music is distinctly emotional, and because emotional, and that too for each piece in a definite direction, it soon wearies one, as might be concluded from the principle enunciated before. But we find that, however weary we may become of a Beethoven piece at the moment, we can very soon return to it with zest. And thereby it appears that Beethoven's music is true and valid for our day, and probably for long to come.

The tendency of the new school to unite the emotional and the intellectual, not only in every work but in every moment of every work, seems to me to be founded on a fallacy. Contrast of sound has been carried very far in musical works since Beethoven—so far that his works all sound at least *reserved* and moderate; whereas in the day of their creation they presented the boldest points of contrast then known. Every Beethoven work has its own inner contrast, its own peculiar "motion" and "repose," its thematic and its lyric periods. In the lyric moments the emotional rules; beneath it the intellectual grip of the master is apparent enough; but the form and the spirit of the passage is emotional. It is in many cases like, e. g., the intellectuality of Portia's plea for mercy. Never man spake more thoughtfully and penetratingly, nor more to the point; yet it is the intellectuality of woman's soul, that is to say after the pattern of angels. The thought is not based on the merely mechanical processes of logic or metaphysics, but the soul looks straight down through the whole matter, down to the underlying principle of God's eternal right. So in the Beethoven contrast between the lyric and the unlyric. There is never a moment of the lyric but is moulded and determined in obedience to the subtlest laws of musical thought. But the *shape of the idea*, the period-structure, its whole leading impression is emotional. The opposite moments, on the other hand, however cleverly spun out from this or that little bit of a motive, are equally determined and controlled either by an emotional impulse for that very time, or else for the sake of an emotional climax presently to be reached.

Yet while this is true, and while it is also true, that in many places the lyric and thematic shade into each other by imperceptible degrees; it is true as a general thing that through-

out the Beethoven works the contrast in this respect is decided and grateful. Especially must we notice the *Andante Cantabile*, and the purely lyric *Adagios* in which Beethoven stands alone.

Now in the modern school it seems to be taken for granted that natural harmonies are exhausted, and have become meaningless. Indeed I should date the "Modern Romantic School" from the discovery of the chord of the diminished seventh and the chromatic scale.

"In Adam's fall
We sinned, all."

And so, however slight the work, the composer labors in his harmony from "Dan to Beersheba," and especially labors to make his slow movements profound by new and "original" harmonies. By this it happens that the *Adagio* entirely loses its character of repose, and becomes labored, heavy, and tedious. One of the best illustrations of this kind of work is in Wagner's "Lohengrin," much of which is beautiful music, and everywhere shows the hand of a master, yet which by reason of overdoing the intellectual (or more properly the *laboring*) element in every point, becomes on the whole tiresome; and cannot be heard with the spontaneous pleasure with which we receive the works of Beethoven or even the best of those of Chopin, Schumann, and Schubert.

It seems to me as if in many passages of Wagner, and still more in the imitations of his disciples, scores are crowded with motives and ideas to a point where there is no longer either unity or variety; and *contrast* remains only in the comparatively unimportant point of greater or less volume of sound. This chapter is a Meditation.

W. S. B. MATHEWS.

"The Seven Deadly Sins."

BY HAMERLING AND GOLDSCHMIDT.*

Christian theology designates as "deadly" or mortal (in contradistinction to "venial") those sins which bring with them spiritual death, that is to say, loss of the state of grace, and, as we know, it enumerates seven of them—Pride, Avarice, Voluptuousness, Anger, Intemperance, Envy, and Indolence of heart. These deadly sins have, at the request of Herr Adalbert Goldschmidt, of Vienna, been taken by Robert Hamerling, the poet, as the subject of a libretto, which has been set by the musician ordering it, and performed by the artists of the Imperial Operahouse. The work is divided into three parts. The first might be entitled, "Prologue in Hell." The Prince of Darkness holds a kind of cabinet council, at which he receives a report from his "seven principal demons" of what they had been doing on earth. Each of the Deadly Sins boasts in turn of the evil it has wrought among men. Each respected speaker is taunted by the other six (or, as the poet with a remarkable absence of mind repeatedly directs, by all *seven*) demons in the refrain, "Was thust du gross?"

* By Dr. Hanalick in the *Neue freie Presse*.

Bruste dich nicht, wir thun noch mehr!"† The whole seven ultimately wing their way back to earth, for the purpose of entering on a new course of rivalry in evil. The second part depicts, in a series of scenes loosely tacked together, the doings of the Seven Deadly Sins. In the first place, the Demon of Indolence seduces a troop of weary pilgrims into stretching themselves upon the moss, and resting their galled feet. The poet seems here to overlook the fact that, though the Church regards "indolence of heart" as a deadly sin, she by no means goes so far as to impose eternal damnation on wayworn pilgrims for taking a short rest. Schlegel once called idleness the only blessing left us of Paradise. After Indolence comes "the peacock's tail of Ostentation and the mirror of Egotism" operating on a youth as he strolls in gentle converse with his Beloved. In the dialogue between the couple we have the following:

"Ich fröhnte dem stolzen *ichsüchtigen* Trieb.
Entselbet nun segn ich und preise die Liebe,
Dich liebend erkor ich, mir selber *ersterb'* ich."‡

(You of noble minds may see by these words what Hamerling thinks of love's purest sentiments!) With unexampled celerity Ostentation alienates the youth from his intended; the swain leaves us suddenly, for "Happiness beckons him from afar." After finishing with the youth, Ostentation takes a hero in hand, making him a robber of crowns and a tyrant. This brings down upon him a revolution. He issues from the latter victorious, it is true, but marked for the punishment of hell. Now comes the turn of Covetousness, the most modern of all scape-goats. She first teaches the people "new ways of making rapid gains without trouble," and hereupon sets up in business herself with the motto, "Gold for All." The fourth demon, Envy, is dismissed very curtly by the poet, and without being clearly distinguished from Covetousness. Envy is represented as immediately urging the people to the pillage of the rich. Then, without more ado, we have the next scene. The Demon of Intemperance gets the better of the guests at a feast. They pour forth their "Bacchic impulse towards delight" in the following particularly charming lines, marked by such good taste:—

"O Bauch, O Bauch! Viedler Theil,
Wir mögen gern dich pflegen! . . .
Der Kopf ist Arbeit, schwere Noth;
Du Bauch, du Bauch, sei unser Gott!"§

(The genuinely Viennese rhyme of "Noth" with "Gott" imparts to the verse an especially patriotic flavor.) Directly the gastrologists are sufficiently inspired with drink, Evil Desire joins them. This demon has thus characterized himself in the prelude: "I mix the poison which oozes through and infects the juices with sin. Always unhappy, because never satisfied, the Son of Light wallows effeminately in dissipation." O Wagner! you have seduced by your example not musicians alone, but even poets! To think that a man with such poetic power as Hamerling should lose himself in such a horrible verse! The Son of Light immediately succumbs, as a matter of course, to the multitude of "delicious women's alluring forms."¶ Only the last demon, Deadly Sin No. 7, Rage, can now follow. He begins by hounding on the peoples against their sovereigns (in which, strange to say, he is seconded by the "Chorus of Priests,") and then nations against nations. Everything on earth

† "What is there to boast about? Do not be so grand; we will do still more!"

‡ "I was a vassal to proud and I-seeking" (egotistical) "feeling. *Unselbst* I now bless and prize Love; loving, I select you, and by so doing become dead, as far as I myself am concerned." Such is the meaning, it strikes me, of the above transcendental verses, if—I tremblingly venture to observe—they contain any meaning at all.

—TRANSLATOR.

§ "O Belly, O Belly, thou noble part of the body, willingly do we take care of thee! The head means work and deep trouble, Be thou, Belly, thou, our god."

¶ "Wonniger Weiber verlockender Leitder."

is now reduced to the same level, and a chorus of despair, in which men curse themselves and their Creator, closes this second part of the oratorio, with its very last of horrors. The third part commences infernally, like the others, with a chorus of demons, but concludes, astonishingly enough, with blessed reconciliation and redemption. And who is it who delivers mankind, depraved alike in body and soul, after they have been dragged through seven deadly sins, each of which brings with it eternal damnation? A Singer with a harp! Theologians may probably not agree to this kind of medicine, as agreeable as it is cheap—and even we non-theologians are astounded by the extraordinary logic of the proceeding. The Harpist sings about truth, beauty, and love; his "accursed strains cause the demons pain," but mankind delight. Finally, "the Queen of the Hosts of Light" appears in person to reward the lyrical redeemer "by crowning him with the head-adorning wreath."

Despite a few fresh-colored pictures in the second, and numerous noble thoughts in the third part, Hamerling's poem is a very unsatisfactory philosophico-allegorical hermaphrodite, without blood and without life. Luckily, the garland of fame is too firmly fixed on the brow of him who wrote *Ahasver*, for these *Deadly Sins* seriously to loosen it. Besides, our objections to the choice of such a subject are directed far more against the musician who undertook to set it, or even expressly ordered it, than against the poet. Poetry holds sway over a far more extensive empire than music, and has at command far richer resources, whenever it is a question of portraying the night-sides of nature, sin, and vice, and, generally, what is hateful and bad. It is a defect, and, as I think, a beautiful and blessed defect, in music, that she can not do this, or can do it only suggestively and transiently. Just as music and architecture are the least capable of all the arts of becoming comic, so, agreeably to their whole nature, do they possess more limited powers than any other art in representing what is bad and hateful. How is music able to express envy, avarice, and covetousness? Evidently only by what is musically ugly and distorted, vague and general, without the distinguishing characteristics of any particular one among the Deadly Sins. Rage and Voluptuousness are, by the surplus of passionate movement innate in them, more easily accessible to music than the other sins, but still merely as isolated shadows bringing out, with double purity and beauty, the light parts of the picture. It is thus, and thus only, that all great composers have treated the Morally Odious. An opera made up exclusively of Pizarros, Bertrams, Mephistos, and Ortruds, would be a mistake inviting parody, just like Goldschmidt's oratorio, which undertakes to depict a pattern-card of human vices and offences, garnished with devils. The fact is, at the end of the second part—and on this head it is impossible for any one to be deceived—the musical picture of the deadly sins is really thoroughly and exhaustively complete, like its colored model by Makart. The conciliatory epilogue with the heaven-sent Harpist strikes us as no material addition, as the poetry of perplexity, and might without disadvantage be omitted. Had the composer selected for the motive power of his story one of the pernicious sins, involving his hero in, and rescuing him from, that (something in the way that Wagner does with Tannhäuser), he might perform his task artistically. Even had he commanded all the Seven Deadly Sins to advance successively at the charge against one interesting and significant hero, whether as the result of a wager, like Mephisto's with the Lord, or through an egotistical suborner, like Beiram, or owing to the whirlwind of social circumstances—we might listen to what he has to say. But to select as the subject of a grand musical composition the Seven Deadly Sins, philosophically and abstractedly taken as such, and for their own sake alone, is itself a deadly sin against

the sacred spirit of music. A composer who orders such a libretto causes us at the very outset to suspect him of possessing an unmusical nature, and of being a speculator trading with false effects. In the Middle Ages a mystery was called a "*Grande Diablerie*," if only four devils performed in it; what composer would now-a-days seriously tackle seven, if the seven were in earnest? The matter would be different had we a Beethoven, whose genius could descend even unto the lowest abyss without seeing the lamp of the Beautiful extinguished! What Michael Angelo dared to do in his "Last Judgment" is not to be undertaken by the first skilful dilettante, and though we might accept a setting of the *Seven Deadly Sins* as a Titanic caprice on the part of Beethoven, we cannot on that account sanction it when coming from Herr Adalbert Goldschmidt.

[To be Continued.]

Music in Italy.

BY T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

(From the "Standard.")

The sociologists who maintain that political decadence, if never unaccompanied by national retrogression in every other department of civilization, could not desire a better illustration of the truth of their theory than the recent story of civilization in Italy has afforded them. Art, in every one of its manipulations, fell there to the lowest pitch of degradation during the period of the nation's political abasement, and it is now beginning to recover itself *pari passu* with its political recovery. I have on various occasions recently called attention to this fact as exemplified in the department of the painter. And now I am able to point to some recent circumstances which seem to justify the hope that a similar *renaissance* is declaring itself as regards music.

English people have probably hardly been aware of the extremely low ebb to which music had sunk in all its branches in Italy.

The best voices which Italy produced were heard in London. The old prestige was still sufficient to cause many singers born on the northern side of the Alps to deem it expedient to make themselves known to the English public under fictitious Italian names, and the frequenters of the "Italian" opera scarcely noted the increasingly small proportion of the executants who were really of Italian origin. For those, however, who know Italy well, it was impossible that there could be any doubt or mistake about the matter. No good music was to be heard from one end of Italy to the other. Church music had perished more completely than all the other schools of the art. I remember when an admirably well sung mass might be heard every Sunday morning in the little chapel of the Pitti Palace. It was discontinued some years before the late Grand Duke of Tuscany lost his throne, because, as the world was told at the time, the expense of it was found to be too great. It is not likely that this was the real reason; and at last it was clear that those for whose gratification the service had hitherto been performed had come to care less about the music in proportion to the money cost of it. In all the principal churches of Italy the musical services were perfunctorily performed, and bad. On any festive occasion, it was abundantly evident that the ecclesiastical managers of the *fête* had become well aware of the fact that their churches could be made attractive to the people rather by appealing to the eye and to the vulgar tastes of that organ, than to the ear. Whatever money was available for the purpose was spent in upholstery—white and red calico hangings, and abundant candles—not on music. Such music as there was was utterly bad, and so careless on the subject were all concerned in the matter—clergy, organist, and congregation—that I have often and often heard the commonest operatic airs played as an accompaniment to the solemnization of the mass. At Rome, as might have been expected, matters continued to be somewhat, but not much, better a little longer. One of the first results of the fall of the Pope from the position of a sovereign prince was the suppression of the celebrated musical service of the Sistine Chapel. That of the Canon's Chapel in St. Peter's still remains; but is very far from what it once was. Some of the well-known old voices may yet occasionally be heard there; but voices do not, likewise, improve by keeping; and nothing is more immediately evi-

dent to those who, induced by the memory of better days, may yet find themselves at the once celebrated vespers at St. Peter's, than that those of the choir who could sing if they chose will not take the trouble of doing so. The service is performed in the most slovenly and perfunctory manner, and, in a musical point of view, is a disgrace to the church. It might have been thought, perhaps, that a body so little liable to change as a convent of nuns would have been more slowly affected by the prevalent decadence. But it is a curious fact that such has not been the case. The singing of the nuns at the Trinità dei Monti, which was for so many years so justly celebrated, has ceased to be worth hearing. In a word, there is absolutely no ecclesiastical music to be heard from one end of Italy to the other, save such as is utterly discreditable. In part this is due, no doubt, to the circumstances which have caused hatred and contempt for all ecclesiastical things whatever to be a prevailing sentiment and habit of mind throughout Italy. But it is evident that the real causes of the phenomenon in question have a deeper and more widely-extended root than this, from the fact that dramatic music is in a very little better condition. The opera-houses are certainly far better attended than the churches; but the fact that they should be well attended, while such performances as those to which the audiences of Rome, Florence, Milan, and Naples are accustomed, are alone to be heard in them, is perhaps the most damning proof of all, of the utter degradation of music. People go to the theatres to see each other and to chatter, because they know not what else to do with themselves; because it is the custom—not for the sake of hearing music. The "spectacle" and "ballo" are the only attractions. So well is this known to be the case, that every *impresario* puts out his whole strength on these, to the utter starvation of the musical part of the performance. If there were good singers to be had, Italian audiences would not pay for them. They prefer that their money should be spent on velvet, and satin, and tinsel, and flesh-colored-tights. Occasionally some star, worthy of being called such—generally an instrumentalist, rarely a vocalist—will come to Rome, and for two or three evenings or afternoons will fairly fill the Sala Dante; but the audiences on such occasions are composed almost entirely of foreigners. If there were no English or Americans in Rome the account of empty benches in the Sala Dante would be a beggarly one indeed, and artists of merit would no longer dream of visiting the Eternal City. The same thing may be observed even in the military music, of which the *Patres Conscripti*, of the Campidoglio, regale the Romans with so large a provision. Four or five times a week a band plays on the Pincian Hill in the afternoon, and it is undeniable that that pleasant place of resort is very much more crowded on those afternoons when the band plays, than on the other days of the week. But the fact that it should be so only furnishes another proof of the absolute deadness of music in Italy. For the playing to be heard on the Pincian is bad beyond anything that would be at all tolerated elsewhere. It must be supposed that the nursemaids and their charges, and the *jeunesse dorée* doing their *travaux forcés* of flirting at the carriage doors, find their labors in some degree alleviated by the more or less rhythmical clang, clang of the brass, and the very "strong music in the drum!" But surely the performance is enough to make a musical man, who remembers the Austrian bands on the Piazza of St. Mark at Venice, regret the Italian freedom which wanders so unrestrainedly into discord.

It is under these discouraging circumstances that an enthusiastic lover of his country and of music has arisen to attempt the uphill task of imparting to music in Italy that impulse of renaissance and progress, which has been so markedly felt in the Peninsula in other departments of art and civilization. His name will not be heard for the first time in the English musical world, for Giulio Roberti met in England with the first decided success, which encouraged him to give his life and very remarkable powers of work and energy to music. Giulio Roberti is a Piedmontese. He was born at Borge, near Saluzzo, in 1828, and was intended by his parents for the bar. Nor did he give his serious attention to music till he had so far complied with these intentions as to obtain his degree both in civil and canon law. Luigi Felice Rossi, of Turin, a very learned musician, himself the pupil of Mattei and Zingarelli, and the inheritor from them of the best traditions of the good old schools of Bologna and Naples, was his master. In 1849, after successfully bringing out an opera, called *Piero dei*

Medici, on the Turin stage, he went to Paris, where he became well-known as a successful composer of chamber music, and remained there till, returning to Turin in 1858, he produced an opera, called *Petrarca*, which failed. Smarting under the sense of this disappointment, he made up his mind to abandon music, and accepted a position, for which his knowledge of most of the European languages rendered him specially fitted, under the directors of the Italian railways; but he could not keep his hand off the stave, and composed a mass for four voices and grand orchestral accompaniment, which was performed, first at the Oratory at Brompton, and subsequently by all the principal Roman Catholic choirs in London, Edinburgh, Leeds, Sheffield, and Bristol, the author having been invited to England to superintend the production of it. This led Roberti to establish himself for awhile, in London, where he produced much sacred and other chamber music, which has been published by Novello, Ewer & Co., Cramer, etc. Fortunately for Italy, family circumstances then recalled him to the Peninsula. Returning from perfect converse with the musical world in London, Roberti could be under no delusion respecting the position of his art in a country where the professional performers are nearly all, as they phrase it, *orecchianti*, mere singers by ear; and where out of the profession it would be in all probability difficult to find an individual from the Alps to Etna who could sing a page of music at sight.

If this state of things was to be remedied, Roberti knew well that the only hope must be in beginning from the foundation. In the midst of almost insuperable difficulties, with very small and inadequate means, amid opposition, ridicule, and indifference, he succeeded in obtaining permission to found a school of choral singing in the "Pia Casor di Lavoro," at Florence;—in the workhouse, in fact. Thus, on the most discouraging and unpropitious materials to be found in such a place, he went to work gratuitously, it need hardly be said, and in the course of the following year invited the city to hear his workhouse scholars perform a concert of the works of Palestrina, Marcello, Pergolesi, Cimarosa, and Cherubini. The success was a splendid and astonishing one; and could have been obtained only by a rare combination of the special skill required for teaching, indomitable energy, and an enormous amount of labor. The result was the initiation in Italy of a movement which will, it may be hoped, extend to her, also, the civilizing effects which the popular study of music is so abundantly producing in other lands. To the Syndic of Florence, Peruzzi, belongs the credit of having at once perceived that the man who had achieved such results with the workhouse children would be the right man in the right place at the head of a national movement for the serious study of music. Signor Roberti was charged by him with the establishment of classes of music in all the municipal schools, and with the yet more important organization of a normal school for masters and mistresses. And subsequently the Minister of Public Instruction made instruction in music a portion of the regular curriculum in all the national schools, and a musical instructor was placed on the staff in every such establishment.

Signor Roberti soon found, however, that when this had been obtained, his work was by no means done. The masters of the schools, under whose authority the teachers of music were necessarily placed, however good men they may have been for their work in other respects, were naturally, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, wholly ignorant and careless of music, and were disposed to regard it as a not very important part of the studies of their scholars, even where they did not, as in many cases, suffer the musical teacher's position to become wholly a sinecure. This was not a state of things which could satisfy Roberti. Putting his shoulder to the wheel, therefore, with renewed energy, he has been pursuing his up-hill task from that time to this. The great object is that the musical instruction given in the national schools should be made, what it is far from being at present, a serious reality. It may be feared that there is not much to be hoped for as long as the practical joke of placing such a man as the Boetian Sig. Coppin in the position of Minister of Public Instruction shall be continued. But there are abundant signs (December, 1877), that Italy has had about enough of her radical ministry; and, with the return of a truly "liberal" ministry to power, there can be little doubt that Sig. Roberti's plans will be realized. Of course, such an improvement in the church music of Italy, as shall place it on a level with that of

England and Germany, a creditable condition of dramatic music, and the creation of a musical taste in the country, somewhat superior to that needed for the comprehension of a melody of Offenbach, (though even that is not to be heard well executed in Italy at the present day), is not to be expected from such a beginning in a month or a twelvemonth. But it is the right seed to produce such a crop. It will, there can be little doubt, in due course produce it, and it is to be hoped, that we shall see the name of Giulio Roberti fittingly recognized as a faithful laborer in a field of patriotic effort, which will result in the regeneration of Italian musical taste.

Nor can it be denied that, if the seed is good, the soil is superlatively excellent. In music, as in all the other arts, the Italian's rarity of intelligence, and the sensitiveness of his perceptions, so to speak, wonderfully lighten the labors of his instructors. Of course, this facility has its dangers. There is always the risk that such temperaments—being able to achieve much with little effort—should stop short at a point where facility is still easy to them, instead of pressing onward, so as to attain the facility which is difficult. "*Quel facile, quant'è difficile!*" exclaimed a great artist, with profound truth. But, all deductions made, it will be admitted by those who have any real acquaintance with the populace of Italy (though the number of such is not, perhaps, very large in proportion to the swarm of tourists who skim over the surface of the country), that the intelligence, good humor, executive faculty, and habitual sobriety of these people, make them as valuable material as can anywhere be found for the formation of choral bodies. And men like Giulio Roberti, who recognize and act upon this fact, are doing better service to their country, than if they poured out rhetorical declamations about "*la Patria*" from their places in parliament, or thundered against political opponents in the columns of a newspaper.

John Sebastian Bach.

(From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.)

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN—'to whom,' in Schumann's words, 'music owes almost as great a debt as a religion owes to its founder'—youngest son of Ambrosius Bach, was born at Eisenach March 21, 1685. His life, like that of most of his family, was simple and uneventful. His father began by teaching him the violin, and the old-established family traditions and the musical importance of Eisenach, where the famous Johann Christoph was still actively at work, no doubt assisted his early development. In his tenth year the parents both died, and Sebastian was left an orphan. He then went to live with his elder brother, Johann Christoph, at that time organist at Ohrdruff, and under his direction began the clavier, at the same time carrying on his education at the Ohrdruff 'Lyceum.' The remarkable genius of the boy began at once to show itself. He could soon play all his lessons by heart, and aspired to more advanced music. This impulse his brother it seems did not encourage. We are told that he possessed a MS. volume containing pieces by Froberger, Pachelbel, Kerl, Buxtehude, and other celebrated composers of the day. This book became an object of longing to the young Sebastian, but was strictly withheld from him by his brother. Determined nevertheless to gain possession of the volume, the boy managed with his little hands to get it through the latticed door of the cupboard in which it was kept, and at night secretly copied the whole of it by moonlight, a work which occupied him six months. When the stern brother at last discovered the trick, he was cruel enough to take away from the boy his hardly-earned work.

At the age of fifteen (1700) Johann Sebastian entered the 'Michaelis' school at Lüneburg; his beautiful soprano voice at once procured him a place among the 'Metterschüler,' who took part in the church music, and in return had their schooling free. Though this gave him an opportunity of becoming acquainted with vocal music, instrumental music, especially organ and pianoforte playing, was always his chief study. Böhm, the organist of St. John's at Lüneburg, no doubt had an inspiring effect upon him, but the vicinity of Hamburg offered a still greater attraction in the person of the famous old Dutch organist REINKEN. In his holidays Bach made many expeditions to Hamburg on foot to hear this great player. Another powerful incentive to his development was the ducal 'Hofkapelle,' at Celle, which, being in a great measure composed of Frenchmen, chiefly occupied itself with French instrumental music, and thus Bach had many oppor-

tantities of becoming acquainted with a branch of chamber and concert music, at that time of great importance. After remaining three years at Lüneburg he became for a time 'Hofmusik' at Weimar in the band of Prince Johann Ernst, brother of the reigning duke, and in 1703 was made organist at Arnstadt in the 'new church.' Here he labored with restless eagerness and energy at his own development in both technique and theory, and very possibly neglected the training of the church choir. In 1805 he obtained a month's leave to visit Lübeck in order to make acquaintance with the organist Buxtehude and hear his famous evening performances on the organ during Advent. He seems to have considered his stay there of so much importance that he prolonged it for three months. This liberty, and his habit in accompanying the services of indulging his fancy to the disturbance of the congregation, drew upon him the disapprobation of the church authorities, but without interfering with his position as organist—a fact which proves that the performances of the young genius were already appreciated. It seems that his reputation as an organist was even then so great that he had received applications from various quarters. In 1707 he went to Mühlhausen in the Thüringen, and in the following year to Weimar as court-organist. From this time we may consider his studies to have been completed; at Weimar his fame as the first organist of his time reached its climax, and there also his chief organ compositions were written,—productions unsurpassed and unsurpassable. In 1714, when twenty-nine years of age, Bach was appointed 'Hof-Concertmeister,' and his sphere of activity became considerably enlarged. An interesting event took place at this time. Bach used to make yearly tours for the purpose of giving performances on the organ and clavier. On his arrival at Dresden in the autumn of 1717 he found there a French player of great reputation named Marchand, whose performances completely carried away his hearers, though he had made many enemies by his arrogance and intolerance of competition. Bach was induced to send a written challenge to the Frenchman for a regular musical contest, offering to solve any problem which his opponent should set him, of course on condition of being allowed to reciprocate. Marchand agreed, in his pride picturing to himself a glowing victory; time and place were fixed upon, and a numerous and brilliant audience assembled. Bach made his appearance—but no Marchand; he had taken himself off that very morning; having probably found an opportunity of hearing his opponent, and no longer feeling the courage to measure his strength with him.

On his return from Dresden in 1717 Bach was appointed Kapellmeister at Cöthen by Prince Leopold of Anhalt Cöthen. This young prince, a great lover of music, esteemed Bach so highly that he could not bear to be separated from him, and even made him accompany him on his journeys. Bach's duties consisted merely in directing the Prince's chamber-music, as he had nothing to do with the church music or organ-playing. Accordingly this period of his life proved extraordinarily fertile in the production of instrumental music. A journey to Hamburg in 1721 brought him again in contact with the aged Reinken; on this occasion he was a candidate for the post of organist at the 'Jacobi Kirche,' where he was attracted by the splendid organ. In spite of his great fame, and notwithstanding his having again excited the most unmixed admiration by his organ-playing in Hamburg, he failed to obtain the post; an unknown and insignificant young man being preferred to him,—possibly because he offered to pay 4000 marks for the office. At length, in 1723, Bach was appointed cantor at the Thomas-Schule in Leipzig, and organist and director of the music in the two chief churches. Cöthen was no field for a man of his genius, and the Duke's love of music had considerably cooled since his second marriage. He therefore quitted the place for his new post, though retaining sufficient interest in it to write a funeral ode (Trauer-Ode) on the death of the Duchess in 1727. His position at Leipzig he retained till the end of his life; there he wrote for the services of the church his great Passions and Cantatas, and his High mass in B minor (1733), which exhibit the power of his unique genius in its full glory. In 1736 he received the honorary appointments of Hof-Componist to the Elector of Saxony, and Kapellmeister to the Duke of Weissenfels. In 1747, when already somewhat advanced in age, he received an invitation to Berlin to the court of Frederic the Great, where his son Emanuel held the post of cembalist, a fact which made the king desirous of hearing and seeing the

great master himself. Bach accepted the invitation, was received with the utmost respect and kindness by the king (April 7, 1747),* had to try all the Silbermann pianofortes and organs at Potsdam, and excited the greatest wonder by his improvisation on given and self-chosen themes. On his return to Leipzig he worked out the theme which the king had given him, and dedicated it to him under the title of 'Musikalisches Opfer.' He now began to suffer from his eyes, and subsequently became quite blind. This was possibly caused by excessive straining of his sight, not only with the enormous number of his own compositions, but also with copying quantities of separate parts, and works by other composers, as materials for his own studies; besides this he himself engraved more than one of his own pieces on copper. On July 28, 1750, his life was brought to an end by a fit of apoplexy.

Bach was twice married (Oct. 17, 1707, and Dec. 3, 1721); by his first wife, Maria Barbara, the daughter of Michael Bach of Gehren, he had seven children. She died at Cöthen in 1720, during her husband's absence at Karlsbad with the Prince. Three only of her children survived the father—an unmarried daughter and two sons, Wilhelm Friedemann and Philip Emanuel. His second wife, Anna Magdalena Wilkens, youngest daughter of the Weissenfels Hof-Trompeter, had a musical nature and a fine voice, and showed a true appreciation for her husband. She helped to encourage a strong artistic and musical feeling in his house, and besides attracting foreign artists, exerted a beneficial influence on the sons, who were one and all musically gifted. This marriage produced thirteen more children, nine sons, of whom only two survived the father, Johann Christoph Friedrich and Johann Christian.

In Johann Sebastian centres the progressive development of the race of Bach, which had been advancing for years; in all the circumstances of life he proved himself to be at once the greatest and the most typical representative of the family. He stood, too, on the top step of the ladder: with him the vital forces of the race exhausted themselves; and further power of development stopped short.

All the family traits and qualities of the Bachs to which we drew attention in the introduction to this article, and which were handed on by natural disposition as well as education and tradition, stand out in Johann Sebastian with full decision and typical clearness,—a deeply religious sentiment which, though in many points closely approaching to the pietism then developing itself, yet adhered with a certain naïve severity to the traditional, orthodox, family views; a truly wonderful moral force, which, without any show, embraced the problem of life in its deepest sense; and a touching patriarchal spirit, which was satisfied with humble circumstances, rejoiced in the blessing of an unusually numerous family, and regarded the family life as the chief *raison d'être*. With and above all this there was an artistic striving, founded exclusively on ideal views, and directed with complete self-forgetfulness to ideal aims alone. His art and his family,—those were the two poles around which Bach's life moved; outwardly, simple, modest, insignificant; inwardly, great, rich, and luxurious in growth and production. His activity was extraordinary and unceasing. Besides his official duties and his actual labor as a composer, which in themselves alone are astonishing, he made copies for himself of other composers' works, including those of the Bach family; he sometimes engraved on copper, and even occupied himself with the manufacture of instruments. He invented an instrument between the violoncello and viola, which he called viola pomposa, and devised a piano with catgut strings which he called lauten clavicymbalum. At the same time he was a model paterfamilias, made the musical education of his sons his especial and peculiar care, wrote educational works for his pupils like the 'Klavierbüchlein' for his son Friedemann, and the famous 'Kunst der Fuge,' and also trained a great number of pupils who afterwards themselves became famous, such as Johann Caspar Vogler, Agricola, Altnikol, afterwards his son-in-law, Marburg, Kirnberger, and Ludwig Krebs. Bach's development points to a steady and indefatigable pursuit of a definite and fixed aim, guided by his genius alone. He had a clear insight into his artistic mission; developed himself out of himself with a perfect unity of purpose, holding aloof from external influences in the field of art, but rather drawing them to himself and

*I owe this date to Mr. Carlyle, though he has omitted all mention of the occurrence in his *Life of Frederick*. [G.]

so appropriating them through the power of his genius as to mould them into a complete whole. If in a measure he ran counter to the continual encroachments of Italian opera, this may be attributed less to his artistic than to his moral and religious views.

Bach's importance for the history of music lies in the fact that, starting with instrumental music, and adhering to the spirit of it, he developed all forms and species of composition in an entirely new and independent manner. The old vocal style, which was founded exclusively on polyphony, was exhausted. Bach created an entirely new vocal style based on instrumental principles, carried it to the summit of perfection, and there left it.

Bach's masterly counterpoint is generally spoken of as the special mark of his genius; and unapproachable as he is in this branch, his real power lies less in the almost inconceivable facility and dexterity with which he manages the complicated network of parts, than in that formal conformation of the movements which resulted from this manner of writing; in this he exhibits a consistency, fertility, and feeling for organic completeness which are truly inimitable. His melody, his harmony, and his periods all seem to be of one mould; an indestructible spirit of severe logic and unalterable conformity to law pervades the whole as well as the parts. These formal principles are governed, pervaded, and animated from first to last by the idea of the musical composition; so that the materials, though in themselves void of expression, become imbued with an inexhaustible depth of meaning, and produce infinite varieties of form. This wonderful unity of idea and formal construction gives the stamp of the true work of art to Bach's compositions, and explains the magical attraction which they exert on those who make them their earnest study. Besides these less obvious qualities, Bach's importance in the history of music shows itself in the immediate influence he exerted in various ways towards its greater development. He first settled the long dispute between the old church modes and the modern harmonic system; in his chorales he often makes use of the former, but the harmonic principle is predominant in his works, just as it still lies at the root of modern music. Connected with this was the 'equal temperament' which Bach required for instruments with fixed intonation. He put this in practice by always tuning his pianos himself, and moreover embodied his artistic creed in relation to it in his famous 'Wohltemperirte Klavier,' a collection of preludes and fugues in all keys. Bach's influence upon the technical part of piano-playing must not be forgotten. The fingering which was then customary, which hardly made any use of the thumb, and very seldom of the little finger, was inadequate for the performance of his works. But he stood entirely upon his own ground, and formed for himself a new system of fingering, the main principle of which was the equal use and development of all the fingers, thus laying the foundation of the modern school; on the other hand he laid down many rules which, though no longer binding, to a certain degree reconciled the old and the new schools, and gave the whole system a thoroughly personal stamp, making it appear, like everything else of Bach's, unique.

(To be Continued.)

Music in Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, Jan. 25, 1878.—The fourteenth Gewandhaus concert was to have been in celebration of Clara Schumann's fiftieth anniversary as a pianiste, but for reasons not made known she, almost heroically and at the very last moment, declined all the honors that were to have been showered upon her. The programme was to have consisted entirely of compositions written by her immortal husband, and she was to have been the recipient of costly gifts, laurel and golden wreaths and flowers. From a private source two reasons are stated for her declining: The one, that she dreaded the excitement; the other, that October next being the month when, fifty years before, she made her *début* as a pianiste, in the hall of the Gewandhaus, the celebration now would have been a premature one.

The programme, instead of the intended one, was as follows:

Overture—"Abenceragen".....	Cherubini
Songs—"Dichterliebe".....	Schumann
Variations for Orchestra.....	Rudolf
Meine Rose.....	Schumann
Songs.—Frühlingstraum.....	Schubert
Die Soldatenbraut.....	Schumann
Symphony, No. 1, B flat.....	Schumann

The orchestral variations, a novelty, are based on a very pretty theme, but one, apparently, not well adapted for being varied; the variations themselves, twenty-one in number, are not in sufficient contrast with each other, the instrumentation is too monotonous, and consequently they grow tedious long before the end is reached. The composer conducted and was applauded. The overture and the symphony were the gems of the evening, in the performance of which the orchestra aided another glorious page to its great record of artistic deeds already accomplished this season.

Perhaps in no other city is the music of Schumann so fondly and faithfully cultivated; it was here that he spent the best years of his manhood, during which period all his greater works were created. A monument, in memory of the composer, has recently been placed on the promenade, in close proximity to the Gewandhaus.

Frau Kille-Murjahn was again the warmly-welcomed vocalist of the evening, than whom there is none with a deeper hold on the sympathies and affections of the Gewandhaus audience. Besides the songs in the programme, she sang Schumann's "Frühlingsnacht."

The seventh Euterpe concert was one of the best given by the society this season, both in point of execution and in choice of programme, which was as follows:

Overture, C minor.....	Böhm
Concerto for piano, E flat.....	Beethoven
Song—{ Suleika.....	Mendelssohn
{ Du bist die Ruh.....	Schubert
Andante from F minor Sonata.....	Brahms
Rondo brillant, Op. 25.....	Mendelssohn
Swedish Song { Föresatt.....	Lindblad
{ Polska from Upland.....	Dannström
Symphony, D minor.....	Volkman

As the programme was a lengthy one, the symphony was not so much enjoyed as it would have been had it been heard first instead of last. The overture, conducted by the composer, is the work of a resident musician, written some thirty years ago. It is not a great composition, but is fluently written, revealing a musical character, quiet and pleasant in disposition, and modest in its aspirations. The piano compositions were interpreted by the Euterpe's able Capellmeister, Wilhelm Treibler. His bold conception of the grand concerto, in which he also displayed a high degree of technical ability, stamps him as an artist to be ranked among the best of the many good pianists here. This was decidedly the best performance of the evening.

Fraulein von Axelson sang the German songs very coolly, for which she made some amends by her really charming manner of singing the Swedish songs.

The operas during the week have been *Das Nachtlager von Granada*, *Die Hugonotten* and *Hans Helling*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

A Popular Concert.

(From "The Graphic," Feb. 2.)

At Monday evening's concert, Mr. Arthur Chappell presented his audience with another welcome novelty in the shape of a quartet in B flat from the inexhaustible pen of Franz Schubert. An early work, composed when Schubert was scarcely eighteen, this quartet is a very remarkable instance of his precocious genius. It was originally meant for a trio, but the original plan was speedily abandoned, and assumed the shape under which it is now presented. In each of the four movements we find the author in his happiest mood. What that means all who know, and knowing, cannot otherwise than love, the music of Schubert may well understand. If Schumann, his most devoted admirer, had only been acquainted with one half of what Schubert produced the world would have been the richer and the wiser for one of the most glowing testimonials that ever critic gave to artist—or, better still, that one great artist ever paid to another. How generously sympathetic was Schumann in proof, among various instances, in his articles upon Mendelssohn and our own Sterndale Bennett; but what he says about Schubert, "the imaginative painter, whose pencil was steeped now in moonbeams, now in the full glow of the sun," surpasses in enthusiasm whatever else he has written; childish enthusiasm in some respects it may be—nay undoubtedly is; but genuine for all that, and exhibiting the profoundly amiable nature of the eminent Leipzig critic, "Eusebius," "Florestan," and "Raro" all in one, even more conspicuously, perhaps, than his own beautiful works. The performance of the B flat quartet by Mdme. Norman-Néruda—as much at home in Schubert as she is in Haydn and Mozart (which is saying no little)—Herr L. Ries, Mr. Zerbin, and, in the absence of Piatti, Signor Pozze, was all that could be wished. It excited unmistakable interest, and has added a valuable contribution, hitherto unknown, to Mr. Chappell's unprecedented repertory. A new pianist, Herr Ignaz Brüll, appeared at this concert, creating more or less of a sensation by his execution of Beethoven's

last pianoforte sonata (in C minor and major, Op. 111), which Mdme. Arabella Goddard, to her credit be it said, was first to introduce to the public at St. James's Hall, seventeen years ago. Herr Brüll's performance, though unequal, was one of incontestable merit, and appreciated at its worth. Being recalled, he again took his seat at the piano, and played the *scherzo* from Schubert's sonata in G. Herr Brüll's great fault, according to our own impression, is an inclination to exaggerate the meaning of the composer he interprets. This was evident not only in Beethoven's sonata, but in the trio of Schubert's *scherzo*, in the artless simplicity of which lies its abiding charm. In Schumann's E flat quintet, Herr Brüll showed himself a pianist of the most demonstrative modern style. It was Mdme. Norman-Néruda's last appearance at the Monday evening concerts for the present series, and, as if she wished to make her hearers regret her temporary loss, she played her very best—which signifies best of the best—in Leclair's quaint "Tambourin," for which, being encored, she substituted a Barcarolle by Spohr. We can only understand an "encore" to mean that the audience, content beyond measure, wish to listen once more to the identical piece that has charmed them; but nowadays "encore" would appear to signify two pieces for one—as much as to say, one hundred per cent for the cost entrance. Sims Reeves, following in the wake of the great contralto, Marietta Alboni, was among the first to resist this unwarrantable extortion; but Sims Reeves was unhappily what the French term *journalier*—or, in plain language, when in good voice, and consequently in good spirits, he would as readily come forward and sing again, no matter what, as the humblest and most anxiously aspiring of his contemporaries. Nevertheless, this great English artist might have set an example which in the end could not have failed to influence others. The vocalist at last Monday's Popular Concert was Mdme. Antoinette Sterling, the popular American contralto. In addition to one of Schubert's exquisite Müller songs (exquisite, indeed, to have inspired Schubert so spontaneously) and Schumann's beautiful *Lied*, "Wenn ich früh"—so admirably translated from Rückert by John Oxenford—Mdme. Sterling gave Mr. J. W. Davison's setting of Beatrice Cenci's song, "False friend, wilt thou smile or weep," from Shelley's immortal, though impossible tragedy, with such deep and intelligent expression of the words as would have brought tears into the eyes of the most sensitive and impressionable of poets. Sir Julius Benedict was at the pianoforte—which means that, in each instance, the accompaniments were played to perfection.

CHICAGO, FEB. 22, 1878. Since my last there have been two important concerts here—at least important considering the musical and social interests involved. The first was that of the Apollo Musical Club, Feb. 14. The society showed their good discipline, and in the choral numbers sang admirably, especially in their most important piece, the name of which I cannot recall, and have no programme at hand. The Club still remains under the direction of Mr. Tomlins, but as they declined to follow his lead in the introduction of a ladies' auxiliary chorus this year, he has organized a mixed chorus called the Bach Choir, which meets once in a while and has its debut yet to make. Mr. Tomlins also directs a chorus in Milwaukee and seems to be enjoying a well-deserved success. Still it is easy to see that in this way his interests are divided, so that the Apollo Club no longer absorbs his best efforts. Besides, the Club was so unfortunate as to lose the services of its painstaking and remarkably effective Secretary, Mr. E. G. Newell, and this also has something to do with their comparatively quiet state this season. Furthermore, they say that some of the best members are talking of seceding and organizing a new chorus with a "better leader." This "dark horse" of a better leader than Tomlins I have strained my eyes in vain to see, so far.

The solo performances at this concert were those of the artistic and well-known soprano, Miss Henrietta Beebe of New York, and a new violinist by the name of Ruff. The latter was an unmitigated fiasco. Miss Beebe made a great success.

Last Tuesday evening was the second concert of the Beethoven Society, with this programme:

Overture—Melusine.....	Mendelssohn
Loreley—an unfinished Opera.....	Mendelssohn
1. Ave Maria—Soprano Solo and Ladies' Chorus.	
Miss Jennie Dutton and Ladies of the Beethoven Society,	
2. Vintage Song—Male Chorus.	
Gentlemen of the Beethoven Society.	
3. Finale—Soprano Solo and Chorus.	
Miss Jennie Dutton and Beethoven Society.	
Two Songs, { a. Morning Song.....	Raff
{ b. Elegy.....	Beethoven Society.

Selections from the Opera of Fidelio.... Beethoven

1. Overture.	Orchestra.
2. Aria of Marcelline.	Mrs. Jewett.
3. Quartet.	Miss Jennie Dutton, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. E. Dexter and Mr. Jas. Gill.
4. "Gold Song" of Rocco.	Mr. Jas. Gill.
5. Finale of the Opera.	Miss Jennie Dutton, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. C. A. Knorr, Mr. E. Dexter, Mr. James Gill, Dr. Martin and the Beethoven Society.

Orchestra of 40 members, selected from the best professional performers in the city.

The Society will give for the third and last Concert, Max Bruch's Grand Work, "Odysseus."

The orchestra was very good and did not cover up the voices except in places where it was impossible to reproduce the rich scoring softly enough to accompany the by no means large voices of the solo singers. The chorus numbered about two hundred. On the whole they sing perhaps better than last year, but after all it is still very far from the degree of finish that might be obtained from the material they have there. I should say they made their best effect in the Vintage song, the Raff songs, and in one or two places of the Fidelio finale. As a whole the performance lacked climax, a fault partly, at least, to be attributed to the programme.

The principal solo singers were Miss Alice Dutton and Mrs. Jennie Jewett, both of them having many friends. Both were well received, and the latter made a decided success in the Marcelline aria. Still it must be admitted that neither of the voices is large enough to be heard to good advantage in so large a hall, and with orchestra.

I suppose any opinion of mine on the Beethoven music will be somewhat late in the day, but passing that, I hope it is not too much to say that in my opinion had Mendelssohn lived to finish the Loreley opera it would not have made a success. Mendelssohn was very interesting as a fore-token of the romantic school. Into this new path he advanced but slightly, and from this slight departure from the traditions of the elders he derived the advantage of apparent freshness and originality, without offering enough of the new to make himself unintelligible. But immediately after him came those other romanticists, Chopin, Schumann, Liszt, and Wagner, who went so far in the new direction as for the time to become unintelligible. These writers explored the remote provinces and by-paths only hinted at by Mendelssohn; and now that a generation has come on ready to follow them throughout their various wanderings, Mendelssohn remains no longer romantic except in a feeble way, while at the same time he is equally far from satisfying the hearty lover of the classical as represented by Beethoven. Hence it is that we hear Mendelssohn's music much as we read a story in the "Third Reader." The story may be clever and all that, but it is only for the immature. Perhaps I put this too strongly, but I doubt not many who read this will agree with me in the general idea that Mendelssohn has become obsolescent in the same manner that Dussak and Pleyel have in the main become obsolete. [17] Perhaps it is none of my business, but it does seem to me a pity that Raff should not be able to bring his works to better considered and more compact climaxes, for he is a writer who will probably

count for more than any other of our day except Wagner.

The Beethoven society deserves to be congratulated on returning to the rational and artistic habit of giving great works with orchestral accompaniment. It also affords our local singers extremely desirable opportunities for appearance in important numbers with satisfactory surroundings—a piece of benevolence better calculated to foster local talent than to present great works in a style above criticism.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue, but I have no room for programmes to-day.

The Chicago Conservatory of Music has lately procured a good-sized two-manual organ from Johnson and Son, and it is just erected and opened in the lecture-room of the First Baptist Church, where it will be administered to friends and pupils by that industrious and every way deserving musician, Mr. C. A. Havens. The opening concert took place last Wednesday evening, a neat programme being presented, the two important numbers of which were the Guilman Sonata and the Thiele Theme and Variations in A flat, played by Mr. Eddy.

I have lately heard the most complimentary accounts of the Pupils' Matinées given by Mrs. Regina Watson every fortnight at her residence. I have not been able to go, but a friend of mine, one of the best judges in the city (and a teacher in another school besides) attended the last one, and assured me that the appearance of the pupils was admirable, indicating remarkable and altogether superior qualities in the teacher—and this too in the case of quite young pupils. I am the more pleased to mention this, as I have formerly had occasion to differ from Mrs. Watson in the matter of one of her public appearances. Meanwhile, I am as ever,

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

DARTON, O., FEB. 15.—The people in this part of the country are not entirely devoid of a love for that which is of the highest and noblest in the musical art. True, their advantages for cultivation in this direction have not been great, and compared with those afforded in your city of Boston, decidedly insignificant. And yet we have had the musical "heaven" here, which during the past four years, from a very small beginning, has been increasing and expanding, and on the 15th inst. culminated in a magnificent performance of Handel's "Messiah."

It may be a matter of interest to some of your readers to know that about four years ago, a musical society was organized in this city, with a membership of about seventy-five voices, and was called the Philharmonic Society of Dayton. It was fortunate in securing as its first director, Prof. Leon Jasiewicz, a gentleman possessing some qualifications which are so essential to the acceptable filling of such a position. He was enthusiastic in his work and untiring. For two years he conducted, in connection with a committee, the musical part of the Society's work with great acceptance, and during this time a perceptible growth and advancement was made towards a higher appreciation and love for that which is the most beautiful and ennobling in the divine art. The Professor's case is now a very sad one, he having fallen a victim to a terrible disease from which it is not likely he can ever recover.

During the past two years, the society has learned to love and honor as its leader, Prof. Otto Singer. The reputation of this gentleman as a musical director and composer of no small attainments, is not confined to this vicinity alone. He it is who has the responsibility of training the great chorus for the coming "May Festival" in Cincinnati, in which the Philharmonics of this place are to participate. The result of his labors, we predict, will be the grandest success. His ability to inspire and call forth all the powers of a chorus, is nothing less than wonderful, while there is something like magic in his wielding of the baton, in controlling and carrying a chorus through a difficult or dangerous passage.

In the earlier stages of its existence the society very wisely studied selections from the best musical works, but refrained from attempting anything extended, until its singers were prepared to undergo the hard work incident to such an undertaking. Its first work of a

continuous character was Mendelssohn's Cantata: "As the Hart pants," which was finely given and much enjoyed, the concert occurring early in the Fall of 1876. The next Spring the society performed for the first time in the city of Dayton the Oratorio of the "Messiah," with an orchestral accompaniment. The solo parts were creditably sustained by individual members of the society, and altogether the performance was pronounced a grand success. Such music, rendered with a competent chorus, is rarely heard outside of the larger cities; and the society felt no little pride and gratification in being able and permitted to perform so glorious and sublime a composition. On last Friday evening the oratorio was repeated with a chorus of one hundred and fifty voices, and an orchestra of twenty-two instruments. The solo parts were again sustained by members of the organization.

The Choruses were exceptionally well rendered, there being a brilliancy, precision, and promptness of attack not often heard. This is necessarily a very limited and inadequate description of what has, and is being accomplished by the society, but enough has been written Mr. Editor, to show that something at least has been done in this place towards creating an interest and love for music pure and undefiled. May the good work go on!

Respectfully,

F. S.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 2, 1878.

A New Dictionary of Music and Musicians.*

We have before us the first Part of an elaborate and thorough work, so far as one may yet judge, which, if carried out in the same style and spirit through the twelve quarterly parts which are to make up its two volumes, will far surpass in completeness, in accuracy, in well-digested, candid, thoughtful information, whether for amateurs or for professional musicians, any lexicon or dictionary of Music that has ever yet appeared. We do not except even the most ponderous German works. Many new questions, many new points of interest and new composers have arisen since their day. Mr. George Grove is the very intelligent and able Secretary of the Crystal Palace Association, a man of extensive intercourse and correspondence with musical persons everywhere, and in all respects admirably qualified for his great task. He commands the services of the best authorities and writers, English and foreign, each of whom furnishes such articles as lie within his special sphere of thought and practice. The list of contributors includes such names as Sir Julius Benedict, Joseph Bennett, W. Chappell, W. H. Cummings, E. Dannreuther, J. W. Davison (of the *Times*), Ferdinand Hiller, E. J. Hopkins, John Hullah, Sir Fred. A. G. Ouseley (the Oxford Professor), Herr Ernst Pauer, E. Prout, Dr. Rimbault, Dr. Arthur Sullivan, and many others both English, French and German, besides our own countryman, the biographer of Beethoven, A. W. Thayer; also Col. H. Ware, of the Boston Public Library, and other Americans, doubtless, not yet named. The idea of the work is best explained in a portion of its brief preface:

The want of English works on the history, theory, or practice of Music, or the biographies of Musicians, accessible to the non-professional reader, has long been a subject of remark. Of 'Methods' and special text-books there is no lack, nor of dictionaries of 'musical terms'; but there is no one work in English from which an intelligent inquirer can learn, in small compass and in untechnical language, what is meant by a Symphony or Sonata, a Fugue, a Stretto, a Coda, or any other of the terms which necessarily occur in every description or analysis of a Concert or a piece of Music, from which he can gain a readable and succinct account

* *A Dictionary of Music and Musicians (A. D. 1450-1875), by Eminent Writers, English and Foreign, with Illustrations and woodcuts.* Edited by GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L. In two Volumes. Vol. I. Part I. London: Macmillan & Co., 1878.

of the history of the various branches of the art, or of the rise and progress of the Pianoforte and other instruments, or the main facts and characteristics of the lives of eminent or representative Musicians, or the circumstances attending the origin of their chief works.

Such questions are now constantly occurring to those who formerly would never have thought of them. This demand the *Dictionary of Music* is designed to meet. It will contain articles on musical history and biography; on the science and practice of composition, and the nature, construction, and use of musical instruments, explanations of musical terms, and general information on modern Music since the fifteenth century; the whole arranged alphabetically, and so given as to be intelligible to the Amateur, as well as useful to the professional Musician; Special attention will be paid to English Music. Every effort will be made to compress the articles as much as possible, consistent with their being intelligible and readable. Illustrations in music type and occasional wood-cuts will be given.

It will be seen that it is laid out upon a larger plan than Stainer and Barrett's *Dictionary of Musical Terms*, which treats most matters more briefly and wholly excludes musical biography; or than our New England Moore's *Encyclopædia*, which is already obsolescent, having been prepared too early for the satisfactory answer of the questions of to-day, though it is still popular and in many respects convenient for superficial students. But for the earnest seeker after musical information, for one who wishes to go to the bottom of the matter and really understand things, such a Dictionary as Mr. Grove's is greatly needed. The Musician needs it, as well as the Amateur. And students of Music, such as throng our "Conservatories" and "Schools," ought, every one of them, to possess a book so thoroughly well prepared for them.

An idea of its fulness may be formed from the fact that this Part I., of 128 octavo pages, beginning with the letter A, only reaches the word "Ballad." And of the exhaustive yet concise way in which the more important topics are treated, the two articles which we have copied from its pages: on *Anthems*, by Dr. Monk, of York Cathedral, and on *J. S. Bach*, are very satisfactory and fair specimens. The whole Bach family are treated with proportionate fullness; also the *Bach-Gesellschaft*, with the whole list of contents of the 24 noble volumes of Bach's works which it has so far published. The articles on the French *Académie de Musique*, on the Italian *Académie*, the *Ancient Concerts* in London, etc., are excellent. The subject of *Accents* is copiously illustrated by quotations in notes from Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Weber, and even Brahma. But no article has interested us quite so much, or has seemed to us to afford such satisfactory evidence of the earnest and progressive spirit in which the Dictionary sets out, as that on *Additional Accompaniments*—a subject which has acquired great importance through the recent efforts to revive the great Choral works of Bach and Handel. This admirable article, presumably by Ebenezer Prout (though the initials "E.P." equally belong to Herr Ernst Pauer), fills thirteen columns, and is enriched with many examples in notation from Handel's "Messiah" and Bach's *Passions* and *Cantatas*, placing in each instance the sketchy accompaniment of the original manuscript beside the arrangement of Mozart, Mendelssohn or Robert Franz, and recognizing the merits of the last named far more appreciatively than some of his learned German critics have yet had the grace to do. All the definitions of technical terms, like *Capella*, *Andante*, *Andantino*, etc., so frequently confused and vague, are admirably clear, concise and positive.

We look forward with eagerness to the successive instalments of this noble work, and we commend it heartily, with full conviction of its great value, to all lovers and professors of the divine Art.

Concerts.

THEODORE THOMAS. The sixth and last subscription concert (Wednesday evening, Feb. 13), drew a more numerous audience to the Music Hall than either of its predecessors. This must have been owing largely to the excellence of the first half of the programme, and partly to the novelty of the last half. The first consisted of two standard masterworks of the very first class. First, the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven, which was played marvellously well, although we must still dissent from one characteristic of the modern virtuosic interpretation (the term *virtuosic* may apply to orchestras as well as solo artists),—we mean the habit of exaggerating the contrasts of *tempi*, taking slow movements too slow and fast movements too fast; witness the Allegretto and the Finale in this instance. The second piece was Schumann's Piano Concerto, in A minor, of which the interest still deepens the oftener we hear it properly interpreted. And Mr. Wm. H. SHAWWOOD's rendering was masterly. Perfectly self-possessed, clear in his own mind as to the effects he was to produce, thoroughly saturated, so to speak, with the music and its meaning, and armed with a sure and admirable technique, as well as with a never failing memory, he gave us the great work in a style which the most exacting could enjoy; and he was of course admirably accompanied.

The two pieces which formed the second part were:—1) that grotesque Wedding March, with its ingenious and fantastic Variations, by Goldmark, of which we can say nothing materially different from what we said of it after its first performance at Cambridge, except that, on the whole, it interested us rather more this second time; and—2) a new *Capriccio*, Op. 4, by Hermann Graedner. This was an exceedingly brilliant and ingenious piece of orchestration, leaving, however, quite a vague impression. It might perhaps have had more meaning for us, had not sense and mind become already weary with listening to brilliant things.

(Crowded out last time.)

BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC. The Matinée of Saturday noon, Feb. 9, at Wesleyan Hall, had some features of uncommon interest, as the following programme shows:

Overture for eight hands: "Siege of Corinth," Arr. by H. F. Chelius
Misses L. Butler, R. McBeath, Mrs. Turner, and Mr. F. Litchfield.
Song: "Al Desio," from "Marriage of Figaro," Mozart
Miss Marie Murdoch.
Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn
Miss Emma McKim.
String Quartet. Variations on the Austrian National Hymn.....Haydn
Miss Lillian Shattuck, 1st Violin, Miss A. Shepardson, 2d Violin, Miss L. Chandler, Viola, Miss Lettie Launder, Cello,
Piano—Andante favori.....Hummel
Mrs. L. E. Turner.
Sonata for Violin and Piano, in A major.....Handel
Andante—Allegro—Adagio—Allegro moderato.
Messrs. La Frone Merriman, and Herm. F. Chelius.
Song: "Bid me discourse," Bishop
Miss Murdoch.
Last Movement of Sonata in D minor, Op. 31, Beethoven
Miss Anna Britt.

The performers were pupils of the Conservatory, under the direction of its head, JULIUS EICHENBERG. When we entered the room, we were struck by the voice, more powerful than sweet, yet agreeable and clarinet-like, and very evenly developed, and by the easy, fluent execution of the young lady who was singing an elaborate and interesting Aria, which we never heard before, from Mozart's *Figaro*; on looking for it in the score we find it given in an Appendix, and we wonder that it has not found its way before into our theatres or concert rooms. It certainly was a very creditable piece of vocalism, and sung as if she loved to sing.

Still more were we interested in the first string Quartet performance which we ever heard by four young ladies. They were well matched; tone and bowing both were excellent; and Haydn's genial Variations on the National Hymn of Austria were on the whole quite satisfactorily interpreted. The fair violoncellist, we are

told, (she has hitherto appeared as violinist), has had but a few weeks practice on that instrument. We trust this quartet playing will go on gaining scope and power. Nothing is more wanting in our musical opportunities.—The Handel Sonata, also, was a novelty of a good old wholesome sort, and was quite enjoyable. For the Beethoven Sonata movement we were not able to remain.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The programme of the seventh Symphony Concert (Thursday afternoon, Feb. 14) proved unusually attractive, and there were many expressions of enthusiasm in the audience.

Overture to "Faniaka".....Cherubini
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 4, in C minor (first time).....Saint-Saëns
1. Allegro moderato and Andante.
2. Allegro vivace, Andante and Allegro.
John A. Preston.

Overture—"Hiawatha" (MS.).....J. C. D. Parker
Vivace, from the "Scotch" Symphony.....Mendelssohn

Fourth Symphony, in D minor, Op. 120.....Schumann
Introduction and Allegro—Romanza—Scherzo—Finale.

The charming Overture to "Faniaka" was enjoyed as much as ever, being nicely played. Mr. PRESTON, one of the youngest of our concert pianists, a pupil successively of Mr. Parker and of Mr. Lang, proved himself easily equal to all the rare difficulties of the new Concerto by Saint-Saëns. He has great *aplomb*, remarkably sure, firm execution, a good touch, great facility and smoothness in running passages, even rapid ones in sixths and fourths. He plays too with considerable expression, and with good conception of the intentions of the composition and its capabilities of effect. His manner is modest, quiet, and yet resolute. Of the Concerto itself there are various opinions, from those who found it only a barren waste of difficulties, to those who liked it better than anything they have yet heard from the French composer. We incline, after several hearings in rehearsal, to the latter feeling. We found its power and beauty growing on us. The first movement, beginning with a simple, plaintive theme, in little fragments answered between orchestra and piano, proved to be pregnant matter for development and interesting variations, leading into an impressive Choral (*Andante*), which returns in later portions of the work, as does the opening Allegro theme, showing unity and earnest purpose in the whole. We confess to less liking of the Scherzo-like opening of the second part, with its thin, dry, scrambling *fugato*; but the Choral comes again with new weight and significance, a period of repose; and then, for a Finale, we have a theme which is as much a "Hymn of Joy" as that of the Ninth Symphony or that of Brahms, although in quite another rhythm, and which is worked up to a truly grand and noble climax; a good national hymn, we fancy, could be made of it.

Mr. PARKER was received with a hearty and prolonged welcome as he came forward to conduct his own new work, the "Hiawatha" Overture, which he did in the quiet, simple, and yet firm manner that is native to him. The Overture is difficult, at least for a first reading, partly on account of the unusual key, B-flat minor, in which it is written, and taxed the orchestra severely to do it justice after only two rehearsals. Yet its intentions came out clearly, revealing good thematic matter and development, and a happy faculty of rich and varied instrumentation, besides a sensitive poetic feeling and much beauty of expression, with good unity and climax. It is a graceful, delicate, romantic, rather than a great or very powerful Overture, and yet it does not lack strength. The composer was recalled and bowed his acknowledgments amid long continued applause.

The vivacious bit from the "Scotch" Symphony flung in plenty of sunshine in the midst of three long works all in the minor mood. How one can talk of Brahms after that D-minor Symphony of Schumann, it is difficult to conceive. Here is a work which thrills with genius through its every limb and every fibre. The Romanza and the Scherzo are wonderful; the exquisite charm of the former relieved in strong yet happy contrast against the bold impetuosity of the latter; while the slow mo-

tive of the Introduction, reproduced in the Romanza, lends a unity which is anything but monotony to the whole. The transition from the Romanza into the vigorous Finale is most original and powerful, though holding on to the same thread of motive. The Symphony was played with fervor, with good accent, light and shade, and excellent effect; it was one of the best successes of our orchestra.

The eighth programme (this week) consisted of:

PART I. Overture to "Rosamunde" (first time), Schubert; Old Italian Aria: "Pur dicesti," Lotli, GEO. L. OSGOOD; Symphony in G (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel), Haydn.—PART II. Overture: "The Hebrides," Mendelssohn; Songs by Franz, G. L. OSGOOD; Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, Beethoven.

In the ninth concert (last but one) Miss FANNY KELLOGG will sing "A" when the dove," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and probably a superb dramatic Aria from Mozart's early Opera *Idomeneo*,—an Aria equal to his best in later years. The Symphony will be Gade's No. 1, in C minor; the Overtures, Beethoven's "Weihe des Hauses," and Rossini's to "Tell;" and the Concert will open with the Allegro of the Unfinished Symphony of Schubert.

BOYLSTON CLUB. The second concert of the season (Music Hall, Feb. 20) was as brilliant a success as any vocal Club has ever had in Boston. The Hall was crowded, the programme excellent and much of it new, and the chorus and part-singing singularly perfect. The first part consisted of Mendelssohn's *Athalie*; the second was as follows:

Slumber Song. Male chorus.....Taubert.
Song of the Summer Birds. Female chorus.
Rubinstein.
a. Welcome. } Mixed chorus.....Rheinberger.
b. Night Song. }
Fields so Green. Female chorus.....Reinecke.
Folk Songs:
a. Forsaken. Male chorus. Composer unknown.
From the Carinthian.
b. Have you my Darling seen? Mixed chorus.
(Words from the German. Osgood.
Song of the Lark. Male chorus.....Schachner.
(From the Characterbilder.)
Early Spring. Mixed chorus.....Mendelssohn.

The *Athalie* was given with piano accompaniment by Mr. PETERSELEA, omitting the Overture, but giving the March of Priests. The solos were creditably sung by Miss DORA WILEY, Miss L. C. NASON and Mrs. JENNY M. NOYES. The choruses were sung with fine precision, spirit and expression, and with admirable balance of the parts. We never heard a purer, richer body of sopranos, and the deep basses were strikingly full and grand. The effect of the choral mass was frequently enhanced by the judicious Organ accompaniment by Mr. G. W. SUMNER. But the distinguishing feature of this, as compared with the likewise excellent performance of the same work by the Cecilia, was the giving of the melo-dramatic portions of the middle. These were read, or recited, some by individual voices issuing from various quarters of the platform, and some by chorus in unison. And the reading was of a superior order, really artistic and impressive—particularly Miss KATE DAVIS's delivery of the part of Salomith, repeatedly followed by spontaneous applause. [We must add, too, that the understanding of the dramatic plot was greatly aided by the well prepared Argument and Notes in the tasteful little programme book.

Mr. OSGOOD and the Club, which he conducts and trains with such marked ability, are to be congratulated on a particularly happy selection of fresh part-songs—novelties which are truly interesting; rare ones of their well-nigh exhausted race. Every one of these had some striking beauty to commend it, showing artistic skill in the weaving together of voice parts, with the single exception of the Lark Song by Schachner, in which we found next to nothing to delight, and which was also the least well sung piece, the voices seeming weary. Nor can the lugubrious "Forsaken," being but an old Carinthian Folk-song, be regarded as artistic; it was encored, not for its cheerfulness, but as furnishing the most exquisite specimen of male part-singing of the evening. Taubert's "Slumber Song" was charming and very delicately sung. Rubinstein's female chorus, full of birds and sunshine, was delightful in itself and in the rendering; and the two songs by Rheinberger, especially the "Night Song," seemed to us among the best instances of this kind of writing we have had since Mendelssohn. Reinecke's green fields were grateful and refreshing, with sweet fresh voices leading the way in greatest possible contrast, both in style of composition and in its up-springing joy and rapture, to its "Forsaken" mate (excuse the Hibernicism!), was Mr. Osgood's own new and charming part-song, woven with a subtle, genial Art,—the most felicitous of his productions so far, as it seemed to us. It makes the voices, at least the tenors, soar beyond their wont, but the enthusiasm of the song and of the singers ought to be equal to that, lifting them above themselves like the Joy hymn in the Choral Symphony.—Truly the Boylston Club are in the full tide of successful progress, and we trust they will avail themselves of their well-earned advantages for bringing out Choral treasures new and old, following where the worthy ambition of their leader from the first has led and pointed.

CHICAGO. The Beethoven Society gave its second concert last evening at McCormick's Hall to a large audience, and with a large degree of success. At the very outset, Mr. Wolfsohn is to be credited with having made an elegant programme, not only very attractive in its individual numbers, but thoroughly harmonious and consistent. It opened with that delightful overture which Mendelssohn wrote to the legend of Melusine, the last of the series that included the "Midsummer Night," "The Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage," and the "Hebrides,"—this one the most delicate and characteristic of them all. What more appropriate instrumental work could have preluded the "Loreley," both legends being connected with the water-spirits of the Rhine? The "Loreley" was the second number. The Society has given it once before, but it is good enough to bear many a repetition. There are only four numbers to the operatic fragment,—the "Ave Maria,"—a soprano obligato to first and second soprano accompaniment; a spirited "Vintage Song" for menchor; the finale to the first act, an instrumental introduction (allegro moderato), leading up to a responsive double chorus, invoking the Rhine fays; and a long and trying scena, set off against chorus, in which *Leonora*, the heroine, seeks for revenge against her false lover. The choral parts were excellently given, especially the "Vintage" number, which went off in dashing style. The soprano part was taken by Miss Alice Dutton, whom we do not remember to have heard in any important concert before. She has a voice of moderate strength and good range, which is essential in the "Loreley" music, that runs very high, and is set against a heavy accompaniment, and she sings with spirit and intelligence; but there is a want of resonance in her tone, so that she failed to express the full passion and dramatic intensity of the part, especially in the closing number, which requires an almost exceptional voice. The third number was a double one, including a fresh, breezy "Morning Song" and an "Elegy" by Raff, neither of which have been given here before. Their selection is creditable to Mr. Wolfsohn's good taste. Such music is healthy and bracing, and ought to be heard oftener. They are admirably instrumented, the themes being set into the accompaniment like a beautiful piece of mosaic work. The programme closed with five numbers from "Fidelio,"—first, the overture, the "Fidelio" being selected from the four. Second, the aria in the first act ("Die Hoffnung schon," in which *Marcellina* tells the bliss of her love, which was sung by Mrs. Jewett with admirable voice and expression. Her conception of the aria and the fine dramatic spirit with which she invested it were alike creditable to her musical intelligence. She made the hit of the evening, and the success which she achieved was enthusiastically recognized by the audience, and richly deserved. The Canon Quartet, which followed the solo (Miss Dutton, Mrs. Jewett, Mr. Dexter, and Mr. Gill,) was not altogether satisfactory, the tenor not being in strict tune and the voices not being well balanced. Mr. Gill, for the fourth number, sang *Rocco's* gold song ("Hat man nicht auch Geld daneben," in which his worst failing was want of precision in keeping with the instrument. The last number was the finale to the last act, which describes the release of the prisoners and the rescue of *Florestan*, the solo being taken by Mrs. Jewett, Miss Dutton, and Messrs. Knorr, Dexter, Gill, and Martin. In this number the chorus did some excellent work, and sang with great spirit and power. As a whole, the Society is entitled to great credit. The sopranos have fallen off a little in strength and the tenors were at times a little "off," but the altos were very steady, and the basses have never sung with such full volume of tone or good effect, and the general result was a most enjoyable and satisfactory concert, with one of the best programmes Mr. Wolfsohn has ever given us. We congratulate him that his little army has graduated from the piano, and can now sing with orchestra.

—Chicago Tribune, Feb. 20.

PHILADELPHIA. Several pupils of Mme. Emma Seiler distinguished themselves in a concert thus described by the *Evening Bulletin* of Feb. 15:

Natorium Hall was crowded with a brilliant audience last evening on the occasion of Miss Bare's first public concert, as this may be called, although the young lady has frequently appeared in connection with other musical performances in this city. The programme was an unusually choice one. The instrumental part consisted of two numbers by Mr. Jarvie, including Thalberg's variations on "Elisire d'Amore," Chopin's Nocturne, Op. 37, and Mendelssohn's Scherzo, Op. 16, which were given with all the brilliant expression and execution of the distinguished pianist. Mr. Stoll gave an exquisite performance of Wieniawski's "Airs Russes," handling his violin with delightful delicacy and spirit. The principal vocal part was, of course, sustained by Miss Bare, who was in admirable voice and sang her several numbers in a manner evincing great improvement both in style and in the development of an organ

of peculiar purity and power. A coldness of manner which marked Miss Bare's earlier public performances has wholly disappeared, and with the overcoming of this defect it is safe to predict for her a brilliant career as a popular vocalist. The other vocal parts were taken by Mr. Gastel, who sang Schubert's "Morgengruss" and Horn's "Trinkspruch," and accompanied Miss Bare in a duo from Spohr's "Faust" in a very pleasing manner; Miss Bingham, another pupil of Mad. Seiler's, who, albeit a little frightened at her first essay in public, sang Hatten's "Bid me to live" with a degree of spirit and good tone that promise excellent things for her in the future; and Mr. Chamberlain, also a pupil of the same school who sang Nicolai's duet, "L'Addio," with Miss Bingham in good style. Mr. Stoll's violin obligato accompaniment of Miss Bare's two songs, Kalliwoda's "Far Away," and an encore, Reinecke's "Spring Flowers," deserves a word of special commendation.

The audience testified their enjoyment of the evening's entertainment by much enthusiastic applause, nearly every vocal number winning an encore, and the whole affair passed off most pleasantly and creditably.

An Artificial Voice.

We read in an English paper:

Any man who is dissatisfied with his voice can become an orchestra, with woods, brasses, strings and a big drum, if he likes. In September of last year Dr. Foulis, of Glasgow, found himself under the necessity of proposing the complete removal of the larynx of one of his patients. The man consented, chiefly with the view of escaping the lingering death which threatened him. It was accordingly done; and now, at the end of four months, a fair share of health has been regained, the windpipe and other parts implicated have healed so as to admit of the introduction of voice tubes, and the man has been shown at the University and before some of the scientific societies of Glasgow, where the professors and others were enabled to satisfy themselves of the reality of his speaking powers. For the sake of easy adjustment it consists of two tubes, which are placed in the wound separately, and fitted to each other by slipping the lower a little way into the upper one. A framework holding a vibrating reed is passed into a hole in the front of this tube, like a drawer into its groove. When pushed home the reed-plate slopes downward, and the current of air from the lungs, impinging upon its free end, throws it into vibration. A continuous musical note is thus produced, which becomes modulated into vowels, consonants and words by the action of the mouth. All the reeds remain silent in ordinary breathing. The vowels are perfectly clear and distinct, both in whispering with the reed out, and in intoning with the reed in the tube, proving that the vowels are the product of changes in the shape of the mouth cavity, and not formed by alterations of the glottis. The question of the reeds to be used was one of much interest. The first tried in Glasgow were of brass. Experiments have shown, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that many other materials, such as ivory, horn, cane, silver or steel, will answer the purpose, and the patient, who is an ingenious mechanic, amuses himself in fitting them up. He has thus a variety of voices at command, and with one of his reeds made of vulcanite can positively roar. The softest and most natural notes are given by the non-metallic reeds; but the richest tone comes from a reed composed of an alloy of silver and brass.

Miss Minnie Hauck at Brussels.

A correspondent of the *Bulletin* (Philadelphia), writing from Brussels, January 21st, says:

"Miss Minnie Hauck, the great American prima donna, who has been recently engaged to replace the late Mme. Tietjens at Her Majesty's Opera in London, is now singing at the Grand Opera House in Brussels, where she obtained the greatest success. The Brussels papers unanimously put her in the same rank with La Patti and Nilsson, and Miss Minnie Hauck undoubtedly can be considered as the coming star. During the last five years the young and beautiful singer filled successfully the positions as prima donna at the Italian operas of Paris and London, and the grand Imperial operas of Vienna and Berlin, and has been created Kammer-Sängerin (Singer of the Imperial Court) by the Emperor of Germany. The Queen of Belgium conferred upon her the Order of the Star (Stern-Kreuz). Miss Hauck is now engaged by Mr. Maurice Strakosch for 500,000 francs (\$100,000) for three years."

CINCINNATI. The advance programmes for the Cincinnati biennial musical festival, to be held May 14 to 17 inclusive, have just been issued. The musical directors will be Theodore Thomas, assisted by Otto Singer of this city. The soloists are Mme. Pappenheim, Annie Louise Cary, Emma Cranch, Mrs. Osgood, Louise Rollwagen, Chas. Adams, Christian Fritsch, Signor Tagliapietra, M. R. Whitney and Franz Remmert. Mr. George E. Whiting of Boston is announced as the organist. The programme consists of Handel's "Messiah," Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the Eroica symphony, Liszt's grand mass, scenes from Wagner's "Goetterdaemmerung," and choruses from the "Meistersinger," scenes from "Alceste" and others. The festival is to occur in the Grand Music Hall, just completed, and the new organ, manufactured in Boston, the largest in the United States and largest but two in the world, is to be played on that occasion for the first time. The mass chorus consists of 500 voices.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

My Love is far Away. Part Song for mixed voices. B. 5. f to b. Osgood. 30
"The earth is kissed by fragrant showers,
But my heart doth count the weary hours."
Arranged for mixed voices, but was first made for the Apollo Club. A fine quartet.

Then Comes Rest. C. 3. c to C. Barri. 40
"Reaper, in the field afar,
Cease thy toil among the sheaves."

An admirable song, whether we regard the beautiful words with their restful quality, or the calm, tranquil flow of the music.

The Angel's Song. (Der Engellied.) (La Serenata.) G. 4. d to g. Braga. 50

"It was no earthly melody."

"Von Himmel nur kommen die Töne."

"Non è mortal la musica."

Here are a combination of beauties; the story of the sick child, of the calling angel choir, and of the sad mother, repeated in three languages, and the appropriate music, enriched with a Violin or Violoncello accompaniment.

Marie. Eb. 3. d to F. Cowen. 40

"An April sun; a silver wave."

Marie. Ballad. Gb. 3. G to E. Jensen. 30

"For thou thyself art like a prayer."

"Du bist, ja, selbst wie ein Gebet."

Here are two songs with similar titles.—(Mem. Always, in ordering music, give the exact title and the author's name.) The first is an American ballad, with a melody of considerable variety, and furnished with extra notes for *lours de force*. The second is German-English, with twice the number of staves, but a very simple melody, as simple hearted as the German *Marie*, but has a varied and rich harmony in the accompaniment.

Sadie the Flower of the Dell. Song and Chorus. D. 3. c to F. Jones. 40

Ballad in very pleasing, popular style.

Loved and Lost. D. 3. c to F. Müller. 40

"Now the city sleeps,

The night is calm and sweet."

Very beautiful song of fine sentiment.

My Lover across the Blue Sea. F. 3. Adam. 35

E to F.

"But oh! if he should come, why, mercy,

I'd hide like a mouse, dear me."

A very pretty ballad by the young lady who found a "sailor beau" in her tea cup.

Under the Lamplight. D minor. 3. c to D. Gray. 35

"They who make life so dear,

Lay in a dreamless sleep."

Affecting ballad of the "Out in the Cold" order.

Instrumental.

En Route. 4 Hands. Eb. 5. Sydney Smith. 1.00

Well known super brilliant piece in 4 hand form.

Quadrilles for Violin and Piano. Winner. ea. 50

No. 2. Mazourka Quad. 3. (Russian.)

There are 8 numbers, arranged with Winner's well-known skill and care.

Regrets. Nocturne. C. 4. Hammerel. 35

So named because the player regrets when it is finished, and generally, no doubt, returns and plays it the second time. In good shape and melodious, but not quite sleepy enough for a nocturne.

Nancy Lee Waltz. Eb. 3. Pratt. 30

Bright waltz, including a favorite air.

Where we Laugh and Live. (Wo man lacht und lebt.) Galop. D. 3. Ed. Strauss. 30

"Where we laugh and live" must be Vienna, where people will have their sport if they starve for it, and where this bright Polka helps, no doubt, to make matters cheerful.

Ten Russian Songs without Words. Selected by N. H. Dale. 50

These are very possibly better on the Piano or Organ than with the voice; are very spirited, and have of course, 10 different melodies.

Wedding Tour Galop. F. 3. Wallis. 35

As bright as the happy time mentioned; of which the "glissandos" may represent the fast slipping away of the time.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 963. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1878. VOL. XXXVII. No. 25.

Sonnets.

(From "Poems by STUART STERNE," New York, 1874.)

MOZART.

THOU on whose radiant brow the flush of youth
Unfading shines, through all eternity—
Thou that art like a blushing morn in spring,
'Neath whose first kiss a thousand blossoms burst,
A thousand birds awake to joyous carols—
A rosy sunrise, tinging heaven and earth
Of the rich, golden summer day beyond,
—Lovers that wander 'neath the silvery moon,
'Twixt tears and smiles, 'twixt joy and yearning, heark-
ening

Unto the witching tales their own soul whispers
Of love's infinite promise of delight,—
Shall sing thy praise while hearts yet throb with life!

HAYDN.

Thou on whose cloudless brow the milder light
Of manhood beams, through all the future years—
Thou that art like a mellow autumn eve,
In whose brown leaves and purple tints are bound
A thousand recollections of bright summer—
A golden sunset giving kind assurance
Of cheery winter-nights beside the hearth,
Lovers that sit within the ruddy glow
Of their own fire-light, with clasped hands, and eyes
Tell the unspeakable contentment found
In the fulfilment of love's infinite promise—
Shall sing thy praise while hearts yet rise to God!

BEETHOVEN.

But thou upon whose stormy brow there burns
Undimmed the light of Heaven, while God yet lives,—
Thou that art like the night with all its stars;
In whose mysterious shadows lie enfolded
A thousand morns of spring and autumn eves,
A thousand summer suns, and winter fires;
Within the deep of whose unfathomed heart,
The anguish and the ecstasy, the hopes
And prayers, the joys and tears of all mankind
Pulse secretly—oh, who shall sing thy praise?
Before thy soul's immortal majesty,
Speech dies in silence, and the lip grows dumb!

"The Seven Deadly Sins."

BY HAMERLING AND GOLDSCHMIDT.*

(Concluded from Page 186.)

Concerning the music of the new oratorio, we will, and may, express our opinion very briefly; it struck us throughout as an exaggerated imitation of Richard Wagner, totally deficient in self-subsistence and beauty. From first to last we missed originality of invention and plastic power, nay, even natural feeling and the simplest sense for what is lovely; on the other hand, the score exhibits an astonishing familiarity, or rather complete identification, with all Wagner's modes of expression and means of effect. To the right and to the left people whispered "From *Tannhäuser*!" "From *Die Meistersinger*!" "From *Die Walküre*!" Even when there were no direct reminiscences, we always heard Wagner's voice. Such palpable imitation of a master has invariably a disagreeable effect; in the present case, that effect is actually painful. Wagner has created a style for himself; but good or bad, it is his property, the property of an intellectual, original individuality, from whose impressionability it springs with subjective necessity. Anyone imitating this style, without possessing Wagner's mind and Wagner's art, and moreover, imitating it in its most glaring effects, skimming off it, so to speak, only the froth, produces a caricature. Herr Goldschmidt rifles his master's entire musical wardrobe, and puts

* By Dr. Hanalick in the *Neue freie Presse*.

on all his gorgeous holiday garments one over the other; what is inside them, however, is not Wagner, but at the most a distorted copy of him. Never in the course of one evening did we hear so many horrible dissonances, so many repulsive and unsingable airs, clumsy rhythms, and 'asteless orchestral effects, as in these *Deadly Sins*. One characteristic fact is the continuous employment of the harp, of the trombone, and of the trumpets charged with the melody, to which must be added the wild rustling of the *tremolo violini divisi*, the numerous *pizzicatos*, and the exceedingly deep register of the wind instruments, to say nothing of the intrusive activity of the triangles, cymbals, big drum, and small bells. These stimulants, so potent when rightly used, are never reserved for the proper occasion, and, owing to so much effect, nothing is effective. The characteristic expression, taken broadly, could not be missed; what is ugly and horrible will fit some one vice or other. Herr Goldschmidt represents his *Seven Deadly Sins* by the help of a hundred thousand sins against tune. At the same time, his mistakes in many particulars are remarkable. The demons, when malevolently boasting of their victory ("Wir haben bekämpft das feindliche Licht," etc.), sing slowly and sorrowfully as though after a defeat; the Prince of Darkness, when giving his commands to the Demon of Indolence, falls into a strain of elegiac tenderness, and the Demon himself, instead of seductively luring the Pilgrims into resting themselves, executes his task with an anxious whine. The Chorus of Revellers is not bad in a melodic sense, but its sentimentality is utterly inappropriate to the "fiery hymn" of joyous guests. The Chorus of Carousers, "O Bauch, O Bauch!" is treated by Herr Goldschmidt like a dirge. The entire "Intemperance" scene, as well as the description of the "Evil Spirit," appended to it, is poetically, and still more musically, one of the most repulsive things we know. The grave error in selecting for subject the tragedy of the *Seven Deadly Sins* is here avenged. Intemperance as the habitual characteristic of an impulse towards pleasure can be treated in art only comically. Involuntarily comic does Herr Goldschmidt consequently become in many places, both by musical grimacing and by a false reading of the text. The chorus of the indignant people: "Rache, Rache!" would be taken for a prayer by anyone who had not looked into the libretto. It is in a tone of the most compassionate sorrow, instead of with malevolent exultation that, at the conclusion of the second part, the Demons announce that "the earth has become the abode of misery"—just as, a little while subsequently, the "Chorus of Mortals" express opposite sentiments on the same subject. But why take exception to details, when the whole work is so unedifying and so homogeneously a mistake? We are even embarrassed to decide whether Herr Goldschmidt can be credited with any talent at all—if he can, it is, to judge by his *Seven Deadly Sins*, only a talent for appropriation and imitation.

With regard to the reception of the work after the first part the audience preserved a profound silence. In the two following parts, the duet between Mdlle. Wilt and Herr Walter, and Herr Mueller's solo, were vehemently applauded; let us hope most of the applause was intended for the admirable performance of the artists. The composer himself was, after the second and the third part, repeatedly called

* "We have battled with the hostile light," etc.

† "Revenge, revenge!"

on by the audience, who were very favorably inclined towards him. Notwithstanding this, everyone, both audience and performers, especially the latter, seemed at last tired to death. Despite numerous cuts, *The Seven Deadly Sins* extended to an insupportable length and is more difficult of execution than the most complicated scores of Liszt, Wagner, or Berlioz. For this work, which no one could believe is destined to live, there were here more numerous and more fatiguing rehearsals than for *Die Walküre*. It is no secret that the members of the orchestra, headed by their conductor, at the Imperial Operahouse, a body of artists equal to the highest demands which can be made upon them, got up Goldschmidt's *Deadly Sins* reluctantly and only with the greatest effort; nay that, despite their modest salary, they expressed their readiness to make pecuniary compensation to the Pension Fund, should the latter suffer loss by the withdrawal of *The Seven Deadly Sins* and the substitution of something else. For no work by any great master have the chorus and orchestra at the Imperial Operahouse ever been subjected to such wearing (and moreover unremunerated) exertion. Wherefore or for whom it was necessary to make these sacrifices, has hitherto been, as it still remains, a secret.

Postscript.—After the preceding notice had been handed to the printer, we received a letter from Robert Hamerling, in Gratz, containing some interesting explanations regarding his poem and the relations of that poem to Herr Goldschmidt's music. We lose no time in laying before our readers those passages which are perhaps calculated to modify their verdict on the poem, and of which it was too late for us to take account in our criticism.

"Herr Goldschmidt" writes R. Hamerling, "has, I may say, torn only a fragment out of my poem, and arranged it in verses held together by a very slender link. I know my poem will not bear measuring by the standard of a high style of composition, especially of dramatic composition. As an oratorio-book, and as an allegory, which it really is, it could not pretend to the living portrayal of individuality, but was limited to supplying poetic motives for tone pictures. The exceedingly varied nature of the deadly sins allowed the composer to strike most different and numerous notes, and, in a description beginning with 'Indolence' and terminating with the grandest pictures of 'Rage,' there cannot well be a lack of opportunity for working up to a climax. Leaving out of consideration the fundamental notion and the general outlines of the poem, both which belong to the composer, the latter in so far influenced the form as he distinctly required the form to approximate as nearly as possible to the Wagnerian model, as being most convenient for a musician. Certain rough and drastic touches of the poem are, likewise, attributable to an express intimation of the composer's to the writer to go to work as 'realistically' as possible, a fact which at first induced me—though, as I now think, wrongly—to suspect Herr Goldschmidt of being a musical incendiary. My advice to the composer to give expression in tone to 'Schopenhauerish world-mood' was strangely mistaken: it is in no way the mission of music to portray moods of the mind; 'Schopenhauerish world-mood' was intended to convey nothing more than the notion of moroseness, of blustering vexation, of the loss of delight in existence, of pessimism—in so far as that is a 'mood of the mind.'"—*London Musical World*.

John Sebastian Bach.

(From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians.)

(Concluded from Page 188.)

Bach wrote unceasingly in every form and branch, and the quantity of his works is enormous. A tolerably complete catalogue (by Emanuel Bach and Agricola) is given in Mitzler's 'Musikalisches Bibliothek' (1754), of which the following is a summary:—

1. *Vocal Works.* Five sets of Sacred Cantatas (Kirchen-Cantaten) for every Sunday and Holy-day in the year, besides many single ones, such as 'Gottes Zeit ist die beste Zeit;' and others for special occasions, such as the 'Trauer-ode' on the death of the Electress of Saxony; 5 Passions; the Christmas Oratorio (in 5 parts); the Grand Mass in B minor, and 4 smaller do.; Motets; 2 Magnificats, 5 Sanctus, as also many Secular Cantatas, including two comic ones, a 'Bauern-Cantate' and a 'Coffee-Cantate.'

2. *Instrumental Works.* A vast number of piano pieces of all kinds—Inventions, in 2 and 3 parts; Suites (6 small, called 'French Suites,' and 6 large 'English Suites;') Preludes and Fugues, amongst them the 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' in two parts, 48 Preludes and Fugues in all keys; the 'Kunst der Fuge;,' Sonatas for piano with one or more instruments, amongst them the famous 6 Sonatas for Piano and Violin; Solo-sonatas for Violin and for Violoncello; Solos, Trios, etc., for different instruments in various combinations; Concertos for 1 to 4 pianos; Do. for violin and other instruments with orchestra; Overtures and Suites for orchestra; lastly an endless quantity of organ compositions—Fantasias, Toccatas, Preludes, Fugues and arrangements of Chorales. Of this almost inexhaustible mass a few only were printed during Bach's life-time. These were—the 'Klavier-Uebung,' or Clavier practice, a collection of pieces for piano and organ, in 4 parts (1731-42); the 'Musikalisches Opfer,' dedicated to Frederic the Great, and a few organ arrangements of chorales; and shortly after his death the 'Art of Fugue' (1752), engraved by Bach himself, and a collection of Chorales selected by Emanuel Bach from his father's Cantatas, and published in two volumes (1765-69). These were afterwards reprinted in a more complete form by Breitkopf & Härtel, and in 1848, a 4th edition in score, specially arranged, was published in Leipzig by C. F. Becker.* The great mass of Bach's MSS. however lay untouched and unknown for many years; the vocal works seem to have been more especially ignored. The time immediately following Bach had no sympathy with the depth and individuality of his genius. True, his pupils and sons revered him as a consummate and imitable contrapuntist and a masterly composer, and with true instinct set themselves to collect and copy all his existing works for piano and organ which they could procure. But with their generation all real interest in this mighty genius vanished, and it is not too much to say that within forty years after Bach's death, his fame, though still unapproachable, had become a mere historic tradition. How quickly and how generally this was the case is evident from the fact that the works of his son Emanuel were esteemed at least as highly as his own,† and that even a man like Adam Hiller, one of the most prominent and influential musicians of Bach's school, and one of his successors as Cantor at St. Thomas, Leipzig, in his 'Lebensbeschreibung berühmter Musikgelehrten und Tonkünstler' (Leipzig, 1784) chiefly admires his counterpoint and part-writing, and finds his melodies 'peculiar' (*sonderbar*.)

It was the revolution produced by the composers of the classical period succeeding that just mentioned which first paved the way back

to the understanding of Bach; at the end of the 18th and beginning of the 19th centuries the music publishers began to recollect the existence of these forgotten works. The 'Wohltemperirte Klavier' was published by Kollmann in London in 1799, and was soon followed by the firms of Nägeli at Zürich, Simrock at Bonn, Kühnel (now Peters) and Breitkopf & Härtel in Leipzig, with a number of piano and organ works. The six* unaccompanied motets, for 5 and 8 voices, edited by Schicht, were published by Breitkopf & Härtel as early as 1802. In 1809 the performances of Bach's Fugues and Trios by Samuel Wesley and Benjamin Jacob on the organ of Surrey Chapel, London, (one of the very few pedal organs at that time in England,) caused an extraordinary sensation, which was followed up by the publication of the 48 Preludes and Fugues (Birnall, 1809) and the 6 organ trios, all by Wesley and Horn. But it was Mendelssohn who gave the permanent impetus to the growing worship of Bach in Europe by the performance† of the Matthew Passion in Berlin, March 12, 1829, exactly one hundred years after its production. A powerful excitement seized the musical world; people began to feel that an infinite depth and fulness of originality united with a consummate power of formal construction was lying hidden in these neglected works. Performances of the Passion and of other vocal music of Bach took place in Berlin and elsewhere—e.g., in Breslau by the 'Sing-akademie,' under Meserius—the editions increased in number and began to include the vocal works. The most important of these is that of Peters (dating from 1837), 'Gesammte Ausgabe der instrumentalen Werke Bach's,' edited by Czerny, Griepenkerl and Roitsch, with whom Hauptmann, David, Dehn, etc., were afterwards associated. This edition is still in progress, and includes 13 volumes of pianoforte works, 13 for pianoforte with accompaniment, 18 for other instruments, 9 for organ; and an excellent thematic catalogue by A. Dörffel (1866), specially referring to this edition. The same firm has begun an edition of the vocal works, and besides full and compressed scores of the Matthew and John Passions, the Christmas oratorio, the B minor Mass, and 4 smaller ditto, the 6 Motets, the Magnificat and 4 Sanctus, has published 10 Cantatas with piano accompaniment—all at the well known low prices of this firm. Mention should be made of 4 Kirchengesänge, published in score with pianoforte arrangement by J. P. Schmidt (Trautwein); of 'Ein feste Burg,' and the 117th Psalm, and 'Lob, Ehre, Weisheit' (8 voc.), issued by Breitkopf, and of two comic Cantatas, edited by Dehn and published by Crantz—all harbingers of the edition of the Bach-Gesellschaft.

Mendelssohn was not content with the revival of the Passion music; through his efforts a monument was erected, in 1842, which perpetuates the features of the great master in front of the 'Thomas schule,' over which he presided, and under the very windows of his study. Nor was the result of Mendelssohn's enthusiasm to stop here. In 1850, the centenary of Bach's death, the 'Bach-Gesellschaft' was founded at Leipzig for the publication of his entire works. This gave a real and powerful impulse to the worship of Bach; the discovery of the unsuspected treasures which were revealed even by the first annual volume led to the foundation of 'Bach Societies' all over Germany, which devote themselves to the performance of his works, especially the vocal works, and have thereby awakened such an enduring interest that now the Cantatas, Passions, and Masses of Bach rank with Handel's oratorios in the standing repertoires of all great German choral societies, and are regarded as

* The 3rd of these, 'Ich lasse dich nicht,' is now known to be by J. Christoph Bach.

† See Devrient's 'Recollections,' p. 38, etc., etc.

‡ See his Letters, Nov. 30, 39; Aug. 10, 40; Dec. 11, 42; and a paper by Schumann entitled 'Mendelssohn's Orgel-Concert,' in his 'Gesammelte Schriften' (iii. 256).

tests for their powers of execution. No doubt the first impulse to these societies was given by the original Bach Society mentioned above. [See BACH-GESELLSCHAFT.]

Besides all these efforts for diffusing the knowledge of Bach's works, we must mention the labors of Robert Franz, the famous songwriter at Halle. In the performance of Bach's great vocal works with instrumental accompaniment, the organ forms an essential part, being necessary for carrying out Bach's obligato accompaniments. At concerts, where Bach is most frequently to be heard now, an organ not being always attainable, Franz devoted himself to replacing the organ part by arranging it for the orchestral instruments now in use. His thorough understanding of Bach's manner of writing, the musical affinity of his own nature, make him pre-eminently fitted for this work. A number of his arrangements, some in full score, some arranged for piano, have been published by C. F. Leuckart at Leipzig.

Amongst the literature relating to Bach we must first mention a biography written by his son Emanuel and his pupil Agricola. It appeared in the 'Musikalisches Bibliothek' of Mitzler in 1754, and is especially important because it contains a catalogue of Bach's works which may be considered authentic; it includes both the then published works and all the MSS. works which could be discovered, and is the chief source of all investigations after lost MSS. The first detailed biography of Bach was written by Professor Forkel of Göttingen, 'Ueber Bach's Leben, Kunst und Kunstwerke,' 2 vols., Leipzig, 1802; afterwards, in 1850, there appeared, amongst others, Hilgenfeldt's 'J. S. Bach's Leben, Wirken, und Werke,' 4to.; in 1865 'J. S. Bach,' by C. H. Bitter (2 vols. 8vo., Berlin), and in 1873 the 1st vol. of Spitta's exhaustive and valuable 'J. S. Bach.' The English reader will find a useful manual in Miss Kay Shuttleworth's unpretending 'Life.' There are also biographical notices in Gerber, Fétis, and the other biographical dictionaries; and monographs by Meserius on the 'Matthew Passion' (Trautwein, 1845) and on the sacred cantatas and chorales (Id. 1852). In von Winterfeld's well-known work, 'Der evangelische Kirchen Gesang,' there is frequent reference to Bach. Mention should also be made of Hauptmann's 'Erläuterungen' of the 'Art of Fugue' (Peters), and of the admirable Prefaces to the various annual volumes of the Bach-Gesellschaft.

In England the study of Bach has kept pace with that in Germany, though with smaller strides. The performances and editions of Wesley have been already mentioned. In 1844 or 45 Messrs. Coventry Hollier published 14 of the grand organ preludes and fugues and two toccatas. These appear to have been edited by Mendelssohn.* They are printed in 5 staves, and a separate copy of the pedal part 'arranged by Signor Dragonetti' (probably at the instigation of Moscheles), was published for the Cello or Double Bass. About the same time Dr. Gauntlett edited some Choruses for the organ. In 1854 the BACH SOCIETY of London was formed, the results of which are given under that head. On April 6, 1871, took place the first performance of the Passion in Westminster Abbey, which has now become an annual institution, and has spread to St. Paul's and other churches. [A. M.]

BACH-GESELLSCHAFT. A German society formed for publishing a complete critical edition of the works of JOHN SEBASTIAN BACH, in annual instalments, as a memorial of the centenary of his death—July 28, 1850. The idea originated with Schumann, Hauptmann, Otto Jahn, C. F. Becker, and the firm of Breitkopf & Härtel; was cordially endorsed by Spohr, Liszt, and all the other great musicians of the day (how enthusiastically would Mendelssohn have taken a lead, had he been spared but three years longer!), and the prospectus was issued to the public on the anniversary itself. The

* This edition contains the Chorale which closes the original edition of the 'Art of Fugue.'

† See, for example, Burney's 'Present State,' etc., ii. 245.

* See his letter printed in the Appendix to Polko's 'Reminiscences' (Longmans, 1866.) Some of the pieces are headed 'arranged by Mendelssohn.'

response was so hearty and immediate, both from musicians and amateurs, at home and abroad, as to leave no doubt of the feasibility of the proposal; the society was therefore definitely established. Its affairs were administered by a committee (Hauptmann, Becker, Jahn, Moscheles, Breitkopf & Härtel), whose headquarters were at Leipzig; the annual subscription was fixed at 5 thalers, or 15s., and the publications are issued to subscribers only, so as to prevent anything like speculation. The first volume appeared in December 1851, and contained a preface and list of subscribers, embracing crowned heads, nobility, public libraries, conservatoires and other institutions, and private individuals. The total number of copies subscribed for was 408, which had increased at the last issue (XXII—for 1872) to 519, the English contingent having risen at the same date from 28 to 56—or from 5·7 per cent to 10·8 per cent of the whole.

The principles laid down for editing the volumes are stated in the preface to vol. I., as follows:—The original MSS. to be consulted wherever possible; and also, as of extreme importance, the separate parts, which are often either in Bach's own writing or revised and corrected by him, exhibiting notes and marks of great consequence, both as corrections and as evidence of his practical care for the performance of his music, often making the separate parts more valuable than the score itself. Where such originals are not obtainable, recourse to be had to the oldest copies, especially those by Bach's own scholars; or, in default of these, the earliest printed editions, particularly when issued during his lifetime. No conjectured readings to be admitted.

The discovery of the original MSS., is beset with difficulties. Bach's MSS., except a few which were in the hands of Kirnberger and Kittel, came first into the possession of his sons, Friedemann and Emanuel. Those entrusted to Friedemann were lost, mislaid, or sold. Emanuel, on the contrary, took the greatest care of his, and left a catalogue which has proved of material value to investigators. A portion of his collection was acquired by Nägeli the publisher, of Zürich, but the principal part is now in the Berlin Imperial Library, and in that of the Joachimsthaler Gymnasium in the same city, which latter contains also the MSS. formerly belonging to Kirnberger and his pupil the Princess Anna Amalia. The library of the Thomas-School at Leipzig once contained a large number of cantatas, both in score and parts; but they were neglected by Cantor Müller (1801–9), and on his death all but a very small portion had vanished. Thus, although the bulk of the existing autographs is now to be found in Berlin, a considerable number remain widely scattered in private collections, access to which for such purposes as those of the Bach-Gesellschaft is naturally attended with much trouble.

It has been the aim of the editors, by the means just indicated, to obtain a text which should express the composer's intentions as nearly as possible. Each volume contains a preface, setting forth the sources drawn upon for the contents of the volume, and the critical method employed in dealing with them, with a host of interesting particulars on the nature and condition of the MSS., on Bach's method of writing, on his efforts to find the most perfect expression of his ideas (as shown by the incessant variations in his numerous copies of the same work), on the practical execution of Bach's music, etc., so that these prefaces may really be said to contain the sum of the present knowledge on the subject of Bach and his music in general. The 1st and 2nd years' volumes were edited by Hauptmann, the 3rd by Becker, the 4th and 6th by Rietz, the 14th by Kroll, and the rest by W. Rust, who has shown himself to the world in these prefaces the accurate indefatigable investigator which his friends have long known him to be. The following complete list of the yearly issues to the date of this article (1876) may not be unwelcome to our readers:—

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1851. First Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 1.
1. Wie schön leuchtet.
2. Ach Gott, vom Himmel.
3. Ach Gott, wie manches.
4. Christ lag in Todesbanden.
5. Wo soll ich fliehen hin.
6. Bleib' bei uns.
7. Christ unser Herr.
8. Liebster Gott, wann werd' ich sterben?
9. Es ist das Heil.
10. Meine Seel' erhebt. | 11. Lobet Gott.
12. Weinen, Klagen.
13. Meine Seufzer.
14. Wår' Gott nicht mit uns.
15. Denn du wirst meine Seele.
16. Herr Gott dich loben wir.
17. Wer Dank opfert.
18. Gleich wie der Regen.
19. Es erhub sich ein Streit.
20. O Ewigkeit, du Donnerwort. |
| 1852. Second Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 2. | 1853. Third Year.
Clavier Works. Vol. 1.
15 Inventionen and 18 Symphonies. |

Klavierübung:
Pt. 1. 6 Partitas.
Pt. 2. A. Concerto and a Partita.
Pt. 3. Choral-Preludes and 4 duets.
Pt. 4. Air, with 30 Variations.
Toccata in F sharp minor.
Toccata in C minor.
Fugue in A minor.

1854. Fourth Year.
Passion Music from St. Matthew.

1855. Fifth Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 3.
21. Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss.
22. Jesus nahm zu sich.
23. Du wahrer Gott.
24. Ein ungefüßtes Gemüthe.
25. Es ist nichts Gesundes.
26. Ach wie flüchtig.
27. Wer weiss, wie nahe mir.

28. Gottlob! nun geht.
29. Wir danken dir, Gott.
30. Freue dich, erlöste Schaar.
Christmas Oratorio. In 4 sections.
1856. Sixth Year.
Mass in B minor.

1857. Seventh Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 4.
31. Der Himmel lacht.
32. Liebster Jesu.
33. Allein zu dir, Herr.
34. O ewiges Feuer.
35. Geist und Seele.
36. Schwingt freudig euch.
37. Wer da glaubet.
38. Aus tiefer Noth.
39. Brich dem Hungrigen.
40. Dazu ist erschiene.

1858. Eighth Year.
Four Masses: in F, A, G minor, and G.
1859. Ninth Year.
Chamber Music. Vol. 1.
3 Sonatas for Clavier and Flute.
Suite for Clavier and Violin.
6 Sonatas for ditto, ditto.
3 ditto for Clavier and Viola di gamba.
Sonata for Flute, Violin, and figured bass.
Ditto for 2 Violins and ditto.

1860. Tenth Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 5.
41. Jesu, nun sei gepreiset.
42. Am Abend aber desselbigen.
43. Gott führet auf.
44. Sie werden euch.
45. Es ist dir gesagt.
46. Schauet doch und sehet.
47. Wer sich selbst erhöhet.
48. Ich elender Mensch.
49. Ich geh' und suche.
50. Nun ist das Heil.

1861. Eleventh Year.
Magnificat in D.
Four Sanctus, in C, D, D minor, and G.
Chamber Music. Vocal.
Phoebus and Pan.
Weichet nur, betrübte Schatten.
Amore traditore.
Contentment.
Aeolus.

1862. Twelfth Year.
Passion Music from St. John.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 6.
51. Jauchzet Gott.
52. Falsche Welt.
53. Schlage doch.
54. Widerstehe doch.
55. Ich armer Mensch.
56. Ich will den Kreuzstab.
57. Selig ist der Mann.
58. Ach Gott, wie manches.
59. Wer mich liebet.
60. O Ewigkeit. (2nd version.)

1863. Thirteenth Year.
Betrothal Cantatas.
Dem Gerechten muss das Licht.
Der Herr danket an uns.
Gott ist unsere Zuversicht.
Three Chorales.

Clavier Works. Vol. 2.
The French Suites.
The English Suites.

Funeral Ode on the Duchess of Saxony.
1864. Fourteenth Year.
Clavier Works. Vol. 3.
The well-tempered Clavier, complete with Appendix.

1865. Fifteenth Year.
Organ Works.
6 Sonatas.
18 Preludes and Fugues.
3 Toccatas.
Passacaglia.

1866. Sixteenth Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 7.
61. Nun komm, der Heiden.
62. Ibid. (2nd version.)
63. Christen, ätzt diesen Tag.
64. Sehet, welch' eine Liebe.
65. Sie werden aus Saba.
66. Erfreut euch, ihr Herzen.
67. Halt' im Gedächtniss.
68. Also hat Gott die Welt.
69. Lobe den Herrn.
70. Wachet, betet, seid bereit.

1867. Seventeenth Year.
Chamber Music. Vol. 2.
Concertos for Clavier and Orchestra: D minor; E; D; A; F minor; F; G minor.
Concerto for Clavier, Flute, and Violin, with Orchestra.

1868. Eighteenth Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 8.
71. Gott ist mein König.
72. Alles nur nach Gottes Willen.
73. Herr, wie du willst.
74. Wer mich liebet, 2nd version.
75. Die Knechten sollen essen.
76. Die Himmel erzählen.
77. Du sollst Gott.
78. Jesu, der du meine Seele.
79. Gott der Herr ist Sonn'.

80. Ein feste Burg.
1869. Nineteenth Year.
Chamber Music. Vol. 3.
6 Concertos for various instruments, with Orchestra.

1870. Twentieth Year.
Church Cantatas. Vol. 9.
81. Jesus schläft.
82. Ich habe genug.
83. Erfreute Zeit.
84. Ich bin vergnügt.
85. Ich bin ein guter Hirt.
86. Wahrlich, ich sage euch.
87. Bisher habt ihr nichts.
88. Stehe, ich will viel Fischer.
89. Was soll ich aus dir machen.
90. Es reifet euch.

3 Dramas for various festivities.
1871. Twenty-first Year.
Chamber Music. Vols. 4 and 5.
2 Concertos for Violin and Orchestra.
1 ditto for 2 ditto and ditto.
1 Symphony movement for Violin.
3 Concertos for 2 Claviers and Orchestra.

Easter Oratorio.
1872. Twenty-second Year.
(Issued in 1876.)
Church Cantatas. Vol. 10.
91. Gelobet seist du.
92. Ich hab' in Gottes.
93. Wer nur den lieben Gott.
94. Was frag' ich.
95. Christus der ist mein Leben.
96. Herr Christ, der ein' ge.
97. In allen meinen Thaten.
98. Was Gott thut, das.
99. Ditto. (2nd version.)
100. Ditto. (3rd version.)

[A. M.]

BACH SOCIETY, THE. This society was instituted in London in 1849, and its primary objects are stated in the prospectus to be—(1) the collection of the musical compositions of J. S. Bach, either printed or in MS., and of all works relating to him, his family, or his music; and (2) the furtherance and promotion of a general acquaintance with his music by its public performance. The original committee of management consisted of the late Sir W. S. Bennett (chairman), Messrs. R. Barnett, G. Cooper, F. R. Cox, J. H. B. Dando, W. Dorrell, W. H. Holmes, E. J. Hopkins, C. E. Horsley, John Hullah, H. J. Lincoln, O. May, and H. Smart, with Sir G. Smart and Mr. Cipriani Potter as auditors, and Dr. Charles Steggall as hon. secretary. Under the auspices of the society the first performance in England of the 'Passion according to St. Matthew' (Grosse Passions-Musik) took place at the Hanover Square Rooms on April 6, 1854, Dr. Bennett conducting. The principal vocalists were Mmes. Ferrari, Misses B. Street, Dolby, Dianelli, and Freeman, and Messrs. Allen, Walworth, W. Bolton, and Signor Ferrari. Mr. W. Thomas was principal violin, Mr. Grattan Cooke first oboe, and Mr. E. J. Hopkins was at the organ, the new instrument by Gray and Davison being used on this occasion for the first time. The English version of the words was by Miss Helen F. H. Johnston. A second performance was given at St. Martin's Hall on March 23, 1858, Dr. Bennett again conducting. The audience on this occasion included the late Prince Consort. On June 21, 1859, the Society gave a performance of miscellaneous works by Bach, including the Concerto in C minor for two pianofortes, the Chaconne for violin (by Herr Joachim), and the Solo Fugue for pianoforte in D. The concert of 1860, on July 24, included the first eleven movements from the Mass in B minor. Three years later, on June 13, 1861, the Society gave the first performance in England of 'The Christmas Oratorio' (Weihnachts-Oratorium) also under Sir W. S. Bennett's direction. The Society was dissolved on March 21, 1870, when the library was handed over to the Royal Academy of Music.

[C. M.]

London Popular Concerts.

The concert season is beginning in earnest. At the Monday and Saturday Popular Concerts in St. James's Hall some novelties have been presented, among the most interesting of which a quartet in B flat for stringed instruments, by Franz Schubert, must be cited. This quartet was originally intended by its wonderfully prolific author for a trio; but as he proceeded he altered his mind, and gave his work the form in which we now possess it. Though only in his eighteenth year when it was composed, the B flat quartet is in all respects worthy consideration. Its freshness and spontaneity alone recommend it, and these are especially noticeable in the opening movement. The *Andante* attracts by a striking originality of plan, being divided into two parts, which, but for the change of key from G minor to D minor, are almost identical. The minuet and trio might be easily taken for Haydn. The *finale*, here and there reminding us of the *scherzo* in his great C major symphony, could only be Schubert's. Mr. Arthur Chappell has done well in adding so charming a composition to his varied and extensive repertory. It was admirably executed by Mmes. Norman-Néruda, who plays Schubert just as she plays Haydn and Mozart (in perfection), Herr Ries, M. Zerbini, and Signor Pezzo, and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience.

Another novelty which excited general interest was the much-talked of quartet in E minor by Verdi. Whatever the general impression created upon connoisseurs, to deny its great merits would not only be unfair, but absurd. The composer of *Il Trovatore* and *Rigoletto* has shown not merely that he can write a quartet, but a very good quartet. Though the opening *allegro* and the *finale* may have less charm for the greater number of amateurs than other movements, they show, by the ingenuity of their treatment, that Verdi's early studies by no means excluded counterpoint. The *allegro*, built upon a somewhat dry theme, is elaborately worked out. The *finale*, entitled "Scherzo Fuga," if a trifle discursive, does credit to its author's scholarship, and, never flagging, keeps up attention to the very end. The second movement, *andantino*, a kind of romance, with occasional episodes, is as engaging as it is unpretending. The principal theme, a simple and expressive melody, at once appeals to our sympathy, and at each occurrence sounds more and

more welcome. The third movement, standing in the place usually allotted to the accepted *scherso*, is a *prestissimo*, full of vigorous life, comprising a trio, or *alternativo*, the melody of which (a genuine melody), assigned to the violoncello, suggests the happiest possible contrast. How this melody was sung (rather than played) by Verdi's accomplished compatriot, Signor Alfredo Piatti, recognized "violin-cellist among violoncellists," may be imagined. The execution altogether, indeed, of Verdi's quartet, in which the other performers were M^{me}. Norman-Néruda, M^{me}. Ries, and Ludwig Straus, was such as might have satisfied the composer himself. The *scherso* and trio were encored, and it must be confessed that by this single effort—the only one of its kind, so far as we know, from his pen—Verdi has earned for himself an honorable place among composers of what is styled "music for the chamber." It is to be hoped that he may progress in the same direction. There was a report not long since that he contemplated an orchestral symphony. Why not?

An *Otello* in F major, by Niels W. Gade, was also among the new things. Gade is the Danish musician who, in 1848, at Leipzig, engrossed the attention of Mendelssohn and Schumann, Mendelssohn being struck by his first symphony and "Ossian" overture, Schumann by an imaginary physiognomical resemblance to Mozart. If what Mendelssohn and Schumann predicted of their favorite has not been fully realized, the career of Niels Gade has been, nevertheless, such as to put him at the head of Danish musicians. He holds a distinguished place in his own country, and is highly regarded throughout musical Europe. A better proof of the esteem in which he is held among ourselves than the cordial welcome awarded to him at the last Birmingham Festival (1876), when his sacred cantata, *Zion*, and his secular cantata, *The Crusaders*, were performed for the first time in England, could not have been given. The *Otello*, introduced by Mr. Arthur Chappell at a recent Saturday concert, is unquestionably not one of its author's capital productions. It has plenty of agreeable and flowing tune, but the tune is nowhere marked by strong individuality. The most pleasing, and, in fact, striking movement, is the second—*andantino quasi allegretto*—which, exceedingly quaint and expressive, appears like the musical illustration of some familiar legend. At the same time, it must be understood that the entire piece—conceived after the model of the *Otello* of Mendelssohn, with which it can in no other respect be compared—is, though an early effort, written with the ease and confidence of a master. The performance—a very effective one—was led by Herr Straus, to whose suggestion, we believe, the public is indebted for its introduction at the Popular Concerts. Acknowledgment, moreover, is due to the same excellent violinist for Mozart's "Divertimento" in F, for violins, viola, and violoncello, with accompaniment of two horns, one of the most melodious of the series composed by the "greatest of absolute musicians" (as Richard Wagner significantly styles him) for the same combination of instruments, sixth and last of which is the famous *Musikalischer Spass* ("Musical Jest.") Two out of these had already been given in St. James's Hall, and, as the third was listened to with unqualified satisfaction, there is no reason to think that the other three would be less acceptable. These "Divertimentos" were originally written for six instruments, but it has for some time been the custom to associate a double bass with the violoncello. Two consecutive performances of Cherubini's quartet in D minor would seem to indicate that the chamber-music of the great Florentine musician is beginning to be appreciated among us. Here, again, Herr Straus was first violin, and it is pleasant to find a German artist thus appreciating an Italian composer.

The only other novelty which it remains to particularize is a sonata in A minor, for pianoforte and violin, by Herr Anton Rubinstein, an early composition (Op. 19), which, while offering many points of interest, can hardly be counted among the renowned Moldavian pianist's most successful works. It was, however, finely played by Herr Ignaz Brüll and Herr Wieniawski. Herr Wieniawski, it is worth recalling, was the leading violinist at the first "classical" Monday Popular Concert (Feb. 14, 1859), when, in conjunction with Herr L. Ries, Mr. Doyle, Herr Schreurs, and Signor Piatti (the second and last of whom are still at the posts they held on that occasion), he played Mendelssohn's quintet in B flat (No. 2). One of the foremost of living violinists, as amateurs need scarcely be reminded, Herr Wieniawski is now playing with all the vig-

or, style, and perfect mechanism of his early time. Of this he gave convincing proof at the concert of which we speak, in Spohr's E minor "double quartet," the third of a series of five, all of which deserve a hearing, although only two have hitherto been produced at these concerts. Again, on the evening devoted exclusively to Beethoven, in the first "Rasounowski" quartet, he showed himself master of a wholly different school, to say nothing of the graceful solo romance in F, which, this being its eighteenth performance at St. James's Hall, if not better from an artistic point of view, would seem to be a greater favorite than its companion in G.

Having specified all the "novelties," it is only requisite to add that the usual repertory has been largely drawn upon, and that well-known compositions by Bach, Handel, Haydn, Boccherini, Brahms, etc., have figured in the programmes. M^{lle}. Krebs, who is playing better than ever, Mr. Charles Hallé, now, as always, a special favorite wherever "classical" music, of which he knows more than most artists, is the chief element, and Herr Brüll have been the pianists. About the first two, so universally appreciated, it is not requisite to say more. Herr Brüll, however, who enjoys a high reputation in his own country, not only as a pianist, but as an operatic composer, and is a stranger here, demands special notice. Herr Brüll's playing is above all remarkable for energy and spirit; but in addition to this, he has a style of his own that cannot fail to make itself understood. He possesses great mechanical power, great fluency, and in the softer passages a delicate tone and elastic touch. His choice of such pieces as the last of Beethoven's sonatas (the C minor, Op. 111), and the same composer's so-styled (not by Beethoven) "Sonata Appassionata," reveals the fact that, as well as an expert performer, he is a musician whose preference is for what is intrinsically good. In another way Herr Brüll's reading of Chopin's *Ballade* in A flat (third of the four compositions thus entitled by the gifted Polish composer) declared him proficient in a school of another sort. The German artist received a hearty welcome on each occasion of his coming before the public. The vocal music has been of the accustomed kind, nearly always well selected, and with singers like M^{lles}. Redeker, and Sophie Löwe, Miss Mary Davies, M^{me}. Antoinette Sterling, Messrs. E. Lloyd, Barton McCuckin, Shakespeare, and Santley, all at their best, could hardly fail to please. When Sir Julius Benedict was not at his accustomed post as conductor, which he has maintained with such ability since the Popular Concerts were first instituted, his place was worthily filled, as of late years, by Mr. Zerbini. Herr Joseph Joachim is immediately expected, and then the Popular Concerts will be at their zenith.—*Times*, Feb. 14th.

French National Song.

It is melancholy fact, says the *Journal des Débats*, that France does not possess a song that can really be called national. There may be several special songs suited to particular epochs of our history, to this or that dynasty, to this or that king; but there is not one that interprets the general sentiments of the nation, not one that can be sung in chorus by the whole people. In a hymn or national song the first and most indispensable element is religious sentiment. Nations cannot dispense with an ideal any more than individuals; and in this respect we are forced to admit that "La Marseillaise" is still the song that prevails over all others because we find in it the religion of *patrie*. It was in its origin the heated hymn of patriotism, the burning dithyramb of national defence. It was the song of the revolution, but it was not a revolutionary song. Whatever may be done, it will always burst spontaneously from the lips and lungs of the French people in all great national commotions. Unfortunately it has been sadly mixed up with our civil discords; it has been sung not only in the field and in the camp, but also in our streets, and it remains for certain classes of the nation inseparable from our internal struggles. This has prevented it from becoming a truly national song. But we have no other one, and in this respect other nations are happier than we. It is said that on the arrival of Marshal Canrobert at Rome, the other day, the Italian military band was puzzled to find the national air of France, and solved the difficulty by playing the Italian air. There is a Russian and there is an Austrian national air, both of which are like church hymns; there is a Spanish national air which is played in church as well as in the theatre. As for England, we need not mention the air at sound of which all Englishmen rise and uncover their heads, and which is played

at the farthest extremities of the world. For us, alas, our national airs are never the expression of the entire nation; just as we are always between two revolutions, so are we always *entre deux ères*, and it is this that renders our constitutions so fragile. [This is a play upon the italicized words, which mean either "between two airs" or "in a draught."]

A really national song must, we repeat, have a religious note, must correspond with general sentiments, must appeal to a certain ideal, and in France there is no song but "La Marseillaise" that touches this universal chord, because it is the religious song of patriotism. No one could expect to arouse the masses and make the fourteen armies of the revolution spring from the soil by singing:

Sauvons Rome et la France
Au nom du Sacré Cœur!

As for royalist songs there is but one that would excite no dissent, because there are no Merovingian pretenders, and it is "Le Roi Dagobert." But in modern history what do we find? Does the song, "Vive Henri IV!" strike the pious, serious, poetical chord which is in the collective soul of a people? The sentiments of the masses will hardly be raised by making them sing:

Vive ce roi vaillant!
Où diable à quatre
A le triple talent
De boire et de battre,
Et d'être un vert galant!

Under the empire we change our tune, and "Partons pour la Syrie." But how can a people be roused by poetry like this:

Le jeune et beau Dunois
Allait prier Marie
De béni ses exploits.

On lui doit la victoire,
Vraiment, dit le seigneur,
Puisque tu fais ma gloire,
Je ferais ton bonheur.
De ma fille Isabelle
Sois l'époux à l'instant,
Car elle est la plus belle,
Et toi le plus vaillant.

All these *tol-de-rols* are only fit for dancing days. When the thunder roars something more than these blind baggards' airs are wanted to rise above it or struggle with it, and then recourse is had to the great and strong "Marseillaise."—*Horne Journal*.

"Rienzi" in New York.

(From the "Times," March 5.)

The late hour at which yesterday's performance of "Rienzi," at the Academy of Music, was brought to a close, and the pressure upon our columns, constrain us to bring within narrower limits than we should like to do our account of the opera and its representation. It may be stated at once, however, that both the work and its rendering produced an immediate and decisive impression. After certain excisions shall have been made in the score, and the public becomes a trifle more familiar with the incidents of the drama, (which are less appreciable, at first sight, than the music by which they are illustrated,) there is reason to believe that "Rienzi" will take as firm a hold upon the frequenters of the Academy as "Lohengrin." The story is, indeed, not exactly confusing, but somewhat overloaded with detail. Its principal traits have already been dwelt upon in this place, and need not, therefore, be alluded to anew while we may mention, to refresh the memory of the reader, that the plot is the same as that of Lord Lytton's novel, which turns upon the heroism, triumph, and downfall of the last of the Roman tribunes. The varying phases of *Rienzi's* brief career, and the transactions in which *Adriano Colonna*, *Irene*, and the priesthood are concerned ought to be clearly understood, it should be noted, before a thorough understanding of the opera can be arrived at. To this end, we refer the dilettante to the published libretto, for Herr Wagner's score had best be dealt with in the brief space allotted to us here. It contains much that is beautiful and impressive, and little that is dull. The first three acts do not include a meaningless or inharmonious measure. This declaration may not, indeed, delight the ultra Wagnerites, but we are not certain that these respectable persons are yet in the majority. "Rienzi," which was written by the composer a third of a century since, is thoroughly Italian in point of ideas, and partly Italian, partly French, and partly German in respect of treatment. In the themes and accompaniments the influence of Spontini, Bellini, Rossini, Auber, and Meyerbeer is plainly perceptible. Herr Wagner, from the cloud-capped and cloud-wrapped heights of "Tristan and Isolde" may look down with scorn upon this achievement of his youth, but the world will hardly prove as disdainful, for a few years to come, at all events. Hence the effect of last night's exposition of "Rienzi," and, the "solidity" of the opera being taken into account, the prospect of its pretty durable popularity. Later

representations will, of course, enable us to enter into particulars which must be set aside for the present, while the principal numbers of "Rienzi" may be hurriedly referred to at once. A tuneful, highly-colored, and sonorous overture, replete with broad and fluent motifs, prefaces the rising of the curtain upon the first act. This part of the opera includes, in the opening scene, a fine phrase ("Doch, hört ihr,") allotted to *Rienzi*; a fine terzet, in which the *Triumvir's* verses, "Rom mach ich gross und frei," and an *ensemble* ("Noch schlägt") with a close of genuine Italian warmth and floridity, are specially noticeable; a duet, terminating in a sort of nocturne for two voices, conceived and written in the French style, and exceedingly harmonious, and a melodious and powerful finale. In act the second are prominent, at the outset, a chorus of "peace messengers," very fresh in theme and most daintily harmonized, and, further on, a terzet, reminding one of the trio in "William Tell;" a quantity of vivacious and graceful ballet music, and a superb finale, the chief phrase of which, beginning, "O laet der Gnade," is first sung by *Rienzi* and then passes to the other personages and to the chorus and orchestra, while the high soprano tones embroider the harmonic tissue as with threads of silver. A series of flowing and powerful progressions lead from this portion of the finale to a resumption of a festal theme already used in the overture, and the words of which begin "Rienzi, sei dir Preis." The third act is occupied with but two numbers, a fine *scena d'aria*, in form of an adagio of much elegance and expressiveness, assigned to *Adriano*, and a finale, which latter piece is, in fact, the most elaborate episode of the score. The finale opens with a march movement, which is followed by a battle hymn, the first strophes being sung by *Rienzi*. The orchestra, a brass band stationed upon the stage, and the choral forces, beating time upon their metal bucklers, take up the strain, and a lyrical-dramatic impression of unusual vividness and force is wrought for many minutes before the curtain falls. The last two acts of "Rienzi" consist mainly of declamatory music of unvarying symmetry, but less happily-inspired than the earlier numbers, with the exception, be it said, of the magnificent prayer, heard at the beginning of the fifth act, and often given in the concert-room. The performance of "Rienzi," yesterday, though by no means perfect, was sufficiently precise and striking to supply grounds for the favorable opinion already recorded as to the vitality of the opera. Mme. Pappenheim (*Adriano*) was in excellent form, and, after her grand air in the third act, there was a demonstration of delight of unusual heartiness. Miss Hüman (*Irene*) sang with ease and brilliancy. Mr. Adams (*Rienzi*), although literally exhausted by the labor imposed upon him by the production of the work—the tenor has been stage manager and chorus master, and has filled half a dozen roles besides, since "Rienzi" has been in rehearsal—got through his task by sheer force of will, but showed, in spite of evident weariness, what may be expected of so tried an artist when a few hours' repose are accorded him between now and Wednesday. And Mr. Blum was an efficient representative of *Orsini*. The orchestra, under Mr. Maretsak's baton, kept well together, but the chorus, whenever compelled to sing behind the scenes, and occasionally when summoned to the foot-lights on the same mission, were terribly out of time and tune. The grand finale of the third act fortunately escaped destruction at their hands, but the chants of the monks and the verses of the "peace messengers" were quite spoiled. "Rienzi" has been brought out, let us add, with care and liberality, in the matter of *mise-en-scène*. The costumes are all new; in the second act there is a numerous *corps de ballet*, led by the Minelli sisters; the grand finale has the adjuncts of a brass band, chimes, horses, and accessories generally, and, in brief, the leading spectacular requirements of the opera have been met. Recalls followed each act, last night, Mr. Maretsak being compelled to reappear with Mme. Pappenheim, Mr. Adams, and their fellow-performers after act the third, when the audience, which filled the house to overflowing, united in applause of uncommon unanimity.

Music in Theatres

In Philadelphia a movement seems to be on foot for the amelioration of music in American theatres, and we find in one of the weeklies published in that city an elaborate article on that subject. This article may have theoretically sound ideas; from the practical standpoint the thing is not feasible, and all the propositions made by the writer will be left unheeded, because every man in the profession will immediately conceive the utter impossibility of reforming according to the advice given. Even as to the theories, there is room left for discussion. When somebody says: "Music is the inseparable accompaniment of dramatic performances," it may sound very nicely, it may read splendidly, but for all that it may not be true. There is one of the largest theatres on the European continent, a house dedicated to drama and comedy, and this theatre has no orchestra at all; the performances are given without any musical ac-

companiment, and we cannot say that we enjoyed "Hamlet," or Schiller's "Maria Stuart" less on account of the absence of all musical illustrations. The theatre we speak of is the Royal *Schauspielhaus*, in Berlin, rightly considered one of the first theatres in Germany. The audience is used to the quiet enjoyment of the entre-acts, which are considerably shortened, and nobody feels the worse for not hearing any bad fiddling or a solo on the cornet & piston after "To be or not to be." Some composers have set music to classical dramas, and in these cases the composition has become an ingredient of the drama, at least is considered so. In Berlin these dramas are transferred to the opera house, where the full operatic orchestra accompanies the dramatic action, as scored by the composer. The principal works set in this melodramatic manner are: Goethe's "Egmont," with Beethoven's music; Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's score; Goethe's "Faust," with scores by Eberwein, Lindpaintner, and Prince Radziwill; Beer's "Struensee," with the overture, entre-acts, choruses, and melodramatic accompaniments by Meyerbeer, Mendelssohn's music to "Antigone," and some other works of minor rank. Works like those just mentioned demand a musical accompaniment, and it would be ridiculous to renounce it. But we cannot see any earthly necessity of pasting ten bars of music on the beginning and end of each act, with a view of making a deep impression on the mind of the spectator. The German stage, with the exception of Berlin, admits the entre-acts, but refuses melodramatic accompaniment. The French stage, which is for society-plays the only natural portrayal, would laugh at the mere idea of introducing some bars of soft strains before the heroine enters, or at the moment when the declaration of love is made. There are at present some sensational dramas in Paris which have fallen into the traps of the melodramatic character, but these are ephemeral; they are written to create a sensation, and have nothing to do with the legitimate drama and comedy, as performed at the Théâtre Français. The English stage is hardly to be imagined any more without melodramatic accompaniment. Every "point" of a drama is illustrated in the orchestra, every "enter" and "exit" of one of the principal characters is accompanied by a few bars of sentimental tunes, generally performed by the string instruments. It is soft music, the strings are muffled, but nevertheless one hears it, and we cannot say it ever made upon ourselves anything but a disgusting impression. Somebody has to read an important letter on the scene; this somebody may be a renowned actor or actress. When he or she unfolds the sheet the tremolo of half a dozen instruments begins, and if necessary a solo for violoncello accompanies the reading from beginning to end. Now, what is the good of these musical explanations? Does not the audience understand the contents of that letter better without the doses of the muffled string instruments? Are audiences in theatres generally so innocent as to delight in fanciful reveries, expressed in melodramatic garb? May be in country places; we hardly can imagine that city folks can be bribed by cheap tricks of illusionary character. Our great melodramatic composers in New York are Thomas Baker and Tinsington; a new piece at Wallack's or the Union Square is sure to have its music, "composed" or "arranged," and what is more, "especially composed" or arranged by the leader of the orchestra. We know what that means. The points are given to the leader by the stage manager, and these points receive their musical envelope of from eight to twenty-four bars; an envelope of common stamp and shape. When a great drama is performed, which requires music, something more elaborate is composed or arranged, and so it happened that Operti wrote some modern marches for the production of Julius Caesar, when performed at Booth's Theatre two years ago. The three trumpets had to do the principal work, to lead the procession of Roman soldiers and Senators to the Capitol. There would have been a great chance for a display of musical strength and orchestral effects, but this chance was entirely lost.

Our Philadelphia contemporary is perfectly right in stating that the chief object of music in theatres is the entertainment of the audience between the acts; that all music selected for performance between the acts of a play should heighten the effect of a play, while the action of that play is progressing. All very well said, but how can it be done? Our metropolitan theatre orchestras, and those of Boston and Philadelphia are composed of from ten to seventeen musicians; what kind of music can be

performed with these few men? An overture, a waltz, a medley, a selection from an opera, or a solo for an instrument, if among the number of musicians is a special performer. No matter what the piece may be, the band cannot go beyond this repertoire. When Modjeska plays "Camille," the orchestra will in the entre-acts perform four arrangements of "Traviata," with solos for clarinet, flute, and cornet. The public enjoys it, because the airs are familiar, but by no means because the melodies of Verdi's opera heighten the effect of Dumas' drama. And when Janauschek performs the English version of "Brünnhilde," can the fifteen musicians in the orchestra be expected to play selections of Wagner's "Nibelungen?" Where can be found the music which our theatre orchestras can effectively perform in the entre-acts of a tragedy? If it is expressly composed, it will be trash, for nobody can compose seriously for a band of fifteen; classical compositions have to be excluded for the same reason, and the leader has to return to *ses premiers amours*, the waltz and the medley. One of the best theatrical orchestras we ever have heard in this country was that of the old Globe Theatre in Boston. If we remember rightly, there were not more than seventeen musicians, but all good performers, and Koppitz, now dead, was the leader. He played music the public really could enjoy, but nobody ever asked if the entre-acts referred to the play. When Arbuckle, then a member of the orchestra, played a solo on the cornet, the audience was pleased and clapped, and when Koppitz himself took the piccolo and performed his dashing polka on that instrument, they shouted and demanded an encore; and that very evening they gave Dickens's gloomy drama, "No Thoroughfare." Now, where is the effect of the music between the acts on the drama itself? Where are the relations between stage and orchestra? If there must be music between the acts (and with our elaborate stage settings, it hardly could be otherwise), give the audience that which they can enjoy. No public wants to be bored, and any attempt of a theatrical leader to perform with his small band some kind of elaborate music, would be an utter failure. Another question might be, whether the orchestras in our theatres are strong enough, but we consider it not worth while to ventilate that question, as the salary list of our managers would not allow them additional expense for an increased orchestra. Our opinion is that the music in theatres is as good as reasonably can be expected, comparatively much better than our operatic orchestras generally are. We cannot see any way of ameliorating the music in theatres, except a manager declares himself willing to spend \$500 a week extra for a large band, which—would not draw him a single dollar.—*Music Trade Review*.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, MARCH 11. The Fifth Symphony Concert at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, March 8, drew a large audience, notwithstanding the unpleasant state of the weather. The programme began with an excellent interpretation of Beethoven's "King Stephen" Overture, Op. 117, which forms part of the music composed for Kotzebue's words and first performed at the opening of the theatre in Pesth in 1812. Fancy the (anything but "mild-eyed") wonder of the composer, had he known the grotesque companionship in which his pleasant overture would be found on a certain evening, A.D., 1878! The second number of the programme was the splendid, half-barbaric, "Dramatic Symphony" of Rubinstein (No. 4, in D minor, Op. 19)—a golden chain by which we are lowered into the pit of Wagner and Liszt; the three remaining numbers being as follows:

Siegfried Idyl.....	Wagner
a. Monologue,	from "Die Meistersinger,"
b. Cobbler's Song,	Wagner
Mephisto Waltz.....	Liszt

The Dramatic Symphony was first performed here three years ago, and it is a work which gains favor by repeated hearing. The second movement (Presto), has already become quite popular, owing to the novelty and skilful treatment of the subjects. The work is not easily understood; but upon atte-

tive hearing it becomes evident that the composer while wandering in strange keys with an infinite variety of subjects and rhythm, does not forget classical form; and in each movement there are episodes of singular beauty, but quite elusive to the memory. This work, by reason of its great length, as well as the character of the music, is a severe tax upon the merits of any orchestra; and the brilliancy and apparent ease with which it was performed was indeed a triumph of art.

In China, when the victims of Oriental despotism are suspended head downwards in a pit, it is usual, at stated intervals to restore them to a horizontal position, when they are bled, and otherwise refreshed and treated with the most distinguished consideration; the nature of the punishment being such as not to be fully appreciated without these little attentions. Is it possible that Mr. Thomas has something to learn from the barbarians of Asia? Else why should an audience, already half stupefied with Rubinstein, be subjected immediately to a course of Wagner and Liszt? An apology for this appears in a note at the foot of the bill, in which Mr. Thomas states that the "Siegfried" Idyl, which was received from Europe only within the week past, is placed upon the programme, partly because this is the last concert of the season at which it could be given, and also in response to numerous requests for further extracts from Wagner's works. The "Siegfried" Idyl, it is understood, was composed in honor of the anniversary of the birth of Herr Wagner's son; and the composer caused the piece to be performed, on the morning of that day, as a surprise to his family, ["and a very unpleasant surprise it must have been," said a cynical hearer.] It is in fact an elegant and refined pastorate; and it was charmingly rendered notwithstanding the brief time allowed for rehearsal; but it is marked throughout by the same uncertainty, the perpetual straining for effect which is observed in all the music of Wagner, and which is often wearisome notwithstanding the admiration aroused by the great talent of the composer and the matchless audacity of his scoring. In this piece most of the work is done by the violins; and, if the attention of the auditors had not already been severely tried by the symphony, many beauties might have been perceived which were allowed to pass unnoticed. The Monologue and Cobbler's Song from "Die Meistersinger" were excellently rendered by Mr. Remmert. The execution of the mad "Mephisto Waltz" (the "Dance in the Village Inn" from Lenau's "Faust") was perfection itself.

The programme of the fifth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, March 9, was as follows:

Overture, Scherzo and Finale, Op. 52.....Schumann
Scena and Aria, "Der Freyschütz,".....Weber
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Pianoforte Concerto, No. 3, C minor.....Beethoven
Mr. Richard Hoffman.
Song—"Die Loreley,".....Liszt
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Symphony—"Im Walde,".....Raff

All of this music is so well known that it needs no description. The Schumann movements are bright, spontaneous and full of genius. The noble "Forest" symphony seems to gain in beauty and freshness with every repetition. It is an immortal (?) work, and the performance was worthy of the music. Mr. Hoffman's reading of the Beethoven Concerto was in the highest degree artistic and finished. It is always a delight to listen to his playing, and the fact that his public appearances are few and far between is a subject for regret. Although the vocal part of a programme like the above is not the most interesting, it cannot be denied that Miss Wilde made a very favorable impression in both of her selections and that she sang with feeling and good taste.

A. A. C.

HARTFORD, CONN., MARCH 7.—The last of three subscription concerts was given by the "Emerson Chorus" of this city, in Allyn Hall, March 5, assisted by the Germania orchestra, Miss Fanny Kellogg, soprano, and Dr. S. W. Langmaid, tenor, all of Boston, and Mr. Norman H. Spencer, baritone, of

Hartford. The concert opened with the Overture *Meerestille und glückliche Fahrt*, by Mendelssohn, which was finely rendered by the orchestra. Schumann's "Gipsy Life," a jolly little descriptive part-song, was given by the chorus and orchestra with so much spirit and truthfulness that to the audience it was a picture in melody. Miss Kellogg won the audience completely in her first selection, a brilliant Concert Polka by Mulder. She has a pure, high soprano voice, and plenty of it; her execution was so clean and smooth that at times it was difficult to tell which was voice and which flute obligato.

The gem of the evening was the *Sanctus* from Gounod's St. Cecilia's Mass. The opening solo was sung by Dr. Langmaid with true devotional feeling; his high tenor voice being almost plaintive in its sweetness. The Chorus fairly outdid itself. The low, sustained tones in the first pianissimo: *Sanctus*; the crescendos and diminuendos; the pent-up force that almost imperceptibly grew from a whisper at "*Pleni sunt caeli*," and kept swelling until (the listeners with fitful breasts awaiting) with one grand burst freest itself in the fortissimo: *Sanctus*, where the full chorus and orchestra take up the theme of the first solo, and keep that volume of sound steady and true to the end, are effects that, like Parepa's songs, must forever remain sacred memories. The instrumentation of the piece is most beautiful and the whole performance grand beyond telling.

"Why thou art dear to me," composed and arranged for the orchestra by Mr. Irving Emerson; a noble song, nobly sung by Mr. Spencer, whose deep, rich voice showed to great advantage in it, did not receive the attention it merited from the fact of its following so closely the *Sanctus*. Miss Kellogg closed Part First with two songs by Taubert, from the "Child-World": called "Little Jacob" and "The Farmer and the Pigeons." The perfection of art seemed the perfection of simplicity.

Part Second was devoted to "The Crusaders," by Gade, a Cantata founded on the incidents of the Crusade of the eleventh century to recover the Holy Land. It opens with a chorus of Crusaders in the desert, who, o'erweary with their tedious journeyings, bawled in sad complaint their near distress and distant glory. Peter the Hermit (the Spiritual guide) chides their repining. Rinaldo (warrior leader) answers: "Blame us not! holy father," and, assuring him they will not turn from duty until the victors' wreath be won, reuses the flagging spirits of his troops in the old Crusader's Song. Renewing their vows as evening approaches, they kneel, and in a beautiful solo and chorus, implore protection and guidance,

"Silent, creeping so light
Comes the darkness of night."

Armida,—queen of the Spirits of darkness—appears, commands her attendants to build a palace of gold and gems "by a lake that clearly sparkles," and to use all their wiles to entice Rinaldo from his holy mission. A chorus of sirens sporting in the lake charm him with their beauty, and "tones of heavenly sweetness," and he is about to drink the fatal goblet presented by Armida the beautiful, when faintly on the air tremble the strains of the old war song. The enchantress' tones grow sweeter and more beseeching. The sirens bewitch him with their "Rinaldo! O come." But the warriors are approaching, and clearly their words ring out: "Of heaven the faithful soldier I am ever."

Rinaldo, at last aroused to his danger, turns from the enchantments, and with heart repentant sore rejoins his comrades and the pilgrim band, who from henceforth faint not nor falter until their feet tread on holy ground.

Miss Kellogg as Armida showed great dramatic ability, completely losing herself in the character she assumed. Dr. Langmaid sustained the part of Rinaldo, with that delicacy of expression and purity of tone that bespeaks the artist he is.

Mr. Spencer's broad, grand style was never better tested than as "Peter the Hermit" in the solos "Father, from a distant land," and "Holy is the ground on which our feet now tread," his fine voice completely filling the hall without effort.

The chorus numbers were faultless in execution throughout. The Sirens' chorus (one of the choicest compositions ever written for female voices), together with the duet between Armida and Rinaldo, was indeed enchanting to all who heard.

The Warrior's Chorus and the Pilgrims' march: "Forward!" were very inspiring, but when the entire strength of chorus and orchestra unite to "Cry aloud—Jerusalem!" at the triumphant entry into the Holy City, a height of grandeur was reached that is only attained in the old oratorios.

Mr. Irving Emerson must henceforth rank second to none as a musical director. His chorus, in their intelligent rendering of whatever they do, in that nice adjustment of each part to the other, that attention to detail, the subtle gradations of light and shade, in fact in everything that goes to make up a harmonious whole, show the touch of a master's hand, and in listening to it, one is reminded only of the perfection of the Thomas orchestra. T.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 16, 1878.

Symphony Concerts.

The Eighth Concert of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION (Feb. 28), had rather the best audience of the season,—not surpassed in numbers or responsiveness by that of any concert of its class. The programme, although wholly classical, was of a lighter character than usual.

Overture to "Rosamunde" (first time).....Schubert
Old Italian Aria (Comp. in 1700).....A. Lotti
Pur dicesti, o bocca bella,
Quel soave e caro sì!
Che fa tutto il mio piacer.
Per onor di sua facella
Con un bacio Amor t'apri,
Dolce fonte del godor.
George L. Osgood.

Symphony in G (Breitkopf and Härtel, No. 18), Haydn
Adagio and Allegro.—Largo.—Minuetto.—Finale.

Overture—"The Hebrides,".....Mendelssohn
Songs with Pianoforte:.....Robert Franz
a. Im Mai. Op. 23.
b. Ständchen: "Der Mond ist schlafen gegangen."
Op. 17, No. 2.
c. Frühlingsgedränge. Op. 7, No. 5.
George L. Osgood.
Overture to "Leonore," No. 3, in C.....Beethoven

The *Rosamunde* Overture, which we do not remember to have heard before in Boston, is not one of Schubert's master works,—not to be named with that to *Fierabras*, or that to *Alfonso and Estrella*. It is light, sparkling, graceful, smacking of the theatre both in its fresh, pretty, catching melodies (one of which happens, oddly, to begin precisely like "Old Folks at Home," which Nilsson seemed so fond of singing for an encore), and by its old-fashioned Rossini-like cadences and wind-ups, with plenty of bright, sonorous padding to round out the form. It was a pleasant thing to hear, however, and put the listener in a genial mood for what was to follow. It elicited a great deal of applause; we dare say many would have been glad to hear it played right over again.

Light and buoyant again, and full of youthful happiness and sunshine was that charming little Symphony by Haydn, first heard in Boston in the third season of these Concerts (Dec. 1867). In feeling it is all spontaneous and fresh. Its themes are fascinating, simple as they are, and they are shown to be pregnant by a masterly and beautiful development. In form it is a clear and perfect whole; the inter-play of parts, of individual instruments, is so admirable that the interest never flags,—involving of course a pretty delicate responsibility on the part of each performer. One of the movements, however,—the religious, solemn and uplifting *Largo*,—must be excepted from the general characterization of the Symphony as "light"; it is a broad, noble and majestic composition.

Both the Schubert Overture and the Symphony were played with satisfactory precision, spirit and expression. And all this, and more, may be said of the rendering of the two strongly contrasted Overtures in the second part. Mendelssohn's *Hebrides*, or *Fingal's Cave*, seemed as romantic, fresh and exquisite as ever; and the great *Leonore*, No. 3, of Beethoven—greatest of all Overtures, surely of sublimity and weight enough to more than balance all the light things of the programme—was one of the most successful achievements of our orchestra for some time past. It was truly inspiring, only wanting a much larger body of violins for the full effect of the immense crescendo near the close.

Mr. Osgood was in excellent voice and mood. Indeed we never listened to his singing with more satisfaction. It was artistic, finished, large and well sustained; full of fervor and *entrainment*, and without exaggeration. All his songs were of rare

interest in themselves, and all were sung with only a pianoforte accompaniment; but that was played by Mr. DRESSER. The old Italian Aria by Lotti might seem comparatively tame,—at least very quiet, unimpassioned, unsensational—to modern tastes; but there is a peculiar charm in its quaint, broad, even, unaffected melody; it belongs to a time when it was the fashion to know music and to think and write sincerely musically—a thing quite exceptional to-day. For the great Music Hall, however, it seemed to need a less meagre accompaniment than we find with the Italian song of that day. The three Franz songs were of the finest and most imaginative, well contrasted in their moods, and they were exquisitely sung and accompanied as Franz himself would have rejoiced to hear them. One little incident may be mentioned as not without significance. When the singer, standing at the front of the stage, happened to turn over several pages at a time, and, flinging aside his copy, drew near to the piano, there was a sensible drawing nearer together of the melody and the accompaniment, a quicker sympathy and more intimate relationship, whereby the singer only gained more freedom, and the composition spoke more for itself as a composite perfect whole. In such songs the one part is as important as the other; this recognized and fully realized, we have the song in its integrity, we feel its full intention. But how comparatively trivial and half superfluous the function of accompanist according to the ordinary singer's notion, which is *vox et preterea nihil*; she sings entirely as she pleases, and the accompanist must follow and keep up as he can, or wait her pleasure, flinging in chords here and there to bring the precious voice into relief.

Last Thursday's Concert (the ninth and last but one) offered:

PART I. Unfinished Symphony (first movement), Schubert; Aria: "As when the dove," from Handel's "Acis and Galatea," (Miss FANNY KELLOGG); Symphony in G minor, Gade.—PART II. Overture: "Weihe des Hauses," Beethoven; Aria from Mozart's "Idomeneo" (Miss KELLOGG); Overture to "Tell," Rossini.

For the tenth and last Concert of this Thirteenth Season, a notable programme is nearly if not quite arranged. The two great features will be the Triple Concerto in C major (for three pianos, with accompaniment of all the strings of the orchestra) by Bach, and Beethoven's Heroic Symphony. Also the *Zauberflöte* Overture of Mozart, Aria, Songs, etc.

Oratorio.

The third of the four subscription performances by the Handel and Haydn Society took place on Wednesday evening, March 6. The Music Hall was full; a fact creditable to the public taste, seeing that the Oratorio presented, Mendelssohn's *St. Paul*, is by no means so popular as his *Elijah*, having been much less frequently performed here, for the reason that it is less excitingly dramatic in its plot, has fewer startling descriptive scenes and choruses that carry an audience by storm like the "Rain" chorus, the "Fire" chorus, etc., in *Elijah*, but is more uniformly grave and weighty, and is so seriously composed, and with consummate art, after the model of Bach, very much, that it has naturally stood highest in the estimation of musicians both in Germany and elsewhere. It is less readily appreciated by the many, but possibly its beauty wears the longest; at all events this music is of the kind that cannot easily become hacknied.

We have no sympathy with a certain disparaging tone of criticism upon Mendelssohn, which manifests itself from time to time, especially about here of late. It is a long reach indeed from him to Beethoven or Mozart, in point of original, commanding genius, nor is he a Handel or a Bach, deeply as he has entered into the spirit of the latter, and revealed his greatness to these latter generations. But the spirit of the Bach culture is manifested in the Paulus, not only in the use he makes of the Choral, especially those fine effects of figured choral, with rich orchestral accompaniments and interludes ("O Thou, the true, the only Light," etc.), but in much of the recitative and dialogue, as well as in his counterpoint, which has not been surpassed since Bach and Handel. There is essential beauty, symmetry and grandeur in every one of the choruses, and the grandeur of the work sus-

tains itself to the end. Then, in several short, remorseless choral blasts, expressing the fury of the crowd ("Stone him to death," etc.), you are reminded of those *turbs* in the Passion Music. And what a variety too in these choruses! Contrasted with the sublime and solemn ones which open and close the two parts, think of the loveliness of "Happy and blest are they," "How lovely are the messengers," and of the naive grace and buoyancy, really Greek and heathenish in its suggestion, of "O be gracious, ye Immortals." The chorus of female voices which Mendelssohn employs to represent the voice from Heaven calling: "Saul, why persecutest thou me?" is a marvellously imaginative device, and gives a pleasing sense of mystery and awe.—As for the Arias, though few, comparatively, they are surely of the character that will live, full of sweetness, tenderness and deep devotion and assurance.

But we have only room to say that we were exceptionally well pleased and edified that evening, both by the Oratorio in itself and by the uniformly excellent performance. Very seldom, in any work, has the chorus singing reached so high a standard. In promptness of attack, precision, spirit, light and shade, etc., every choral number told for its full worth. The Society were fortunate in their quartet of solo artists. Mme. PAPPENHEIM was all that could be desired in the Soprano recitatives; all was distinct and pure, musical and expressive; free from all affectation or exaggeration; like a true artist she seemed absorbed entirely in her task. Miss DRESSER's remarkably rich, emotional quality of voice,—with a tone like a blended mass of rich violas in an orchestra,—made her one song most expressive ("But the Lord is mindful of his own"). Mr. WM. J. WINCH was not in his best voice, but sang the tenor parts in his best style and feeling; and Mr. JOHN F. WINCH was most satisfactory in the Bass. The Orchestra, for its limited numbers, was efficient as well as careful, and the Organ, in the absence of Mr. LANG, was well played by Mr. SUMNER. Mr. ZERBAHN conducted with an ease and confidence, which showed how well he could rely upon the thoroughness with which the whole thing had been rehearsed.

The next Oratorio will be *The Creation*, which will be given on Easter Sunday, April 21. The Society have also begun the study of Verdi's Requiem.

Meddlesome Interviewers and Reporters.

Of all the forms of modern newspaper enterprise, this trick of "interviewing" artists and other public characters, is the most mischievous, sensational and intrinsically vulgar. It respects no privacy of life; drags everything before the public gaze, parading it in false or heightened colors, not because the public has any right to know about it, but because "business is business," newspapers and reporters "must live," there must be free trade and the widest field for speculation, in news, as in all other commodities. The Western newspapers make capital in this way out of the visits of the Opera troupes. Nothing delights them so much as to get wind of some quarrel or jealousy between rival prima donnas, which they incontinently proceed to magnify to the utmost, fanning the spark into a flame, or at least raising a deal of smoke and mystery, so as to make splay reading and sell papers. We are in almost daily receipt of Western papers containing pencil-marked articles, often of several columns in length, purporting to tell all about the quarrels between Kellogg, Rose and Cary, their marriage rumors, and what not, as if such stuff, such wilful, wanton gossip should be of any interest whatever to the editor of a musical Art journal, or to its readers! Not all that comes to our mill is grist. We have to do with artists only as artists, and have no commission to pry into their private relations and affairs. We were glad, therefore, to find the following pertinent rebuke of the bad custom in the New York Tribune:

It is well known, says the Tribune, that one of the reasons why the prima-donnas of the period demands extravagant terms for an American engagement is the danger and fatigue of the long Western tours. Managers are not satisfied to rest, comfortable and happy, at the New York Academy of Music, but they must lead their companies a forlorn and racking journey from the Bay of Fundy to the Golden Gate, and open a travelling exhibition at every railway centre and prairie metropolis on the road. Thus the divinites of the stage expose themselves to the perils of pneumonia and saleratus, to cold rides and hot pies, to the odorous railway car, the trembling bridges and the unspeakable hotels. Of late, however, a new danger seems to have been added to this Via Mala. It is the Western Reporter. This inge-

nious person has discovered a new way of stimulating business. Sensations, which he used to hunt like wild game, are getting to be as scarce as the deer and the buffalo, and as the hunter envied by civilization sometimes turns loose a captive fox that he may have the excitement of chasing him, so the Western Journalist has fallen into the habit of setting up opera singers in order to have the fun of running them down. It is not pleasant for the victim, but it makes lively sport. When the Kellogg and Cary Opera Company crossed the Continent some time ago, it may be remembered that reporters lined the route of travel in expectation of a tremendous battle between the two fair singers, and that one sweet young man, impatient at the peaceful aspect of affairs, undertook to hasten the explosion by industrious tale-bearing and tattling. Strange to say, the company was not blown to fragments, and although the amiable Strakosch trembled for a while on the verge of distraction, the catastrophe which the whole Western press awaited was happily put off. But of late Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary have joined to themselves another distinguished prima donna, and ventured once more into the West, and the trouble begins again. Five hundred Western journalists have sharpened their lead pencils, laid in an extra store of notebooks, and gone tearing madly after the opera troupe in the firm persuasion that at last the row is going to break out. With three prima donnas, they say, peace is ridiculous. They are either more or less than women if they don't fight—and we are unfit for our business if we don't make them. Thus it happens that the journals of the interior are filled with rumors and interviews, the gossip of the opera-house lobbies and hotel corridors, the civil protestations of Mapleson and the ingenious statements of the open-hearted Strakosch, about "alleged jealousies" and supposed quarrels behind the curtain, and probable disagreements at the dinner table, and a variety of other matters with which we cannot see that the public has any legitimate concern. Certainly the ingenuity of the reporters in collecting and retelling exasperating remarks, said to have been made by one lady about another, is worthy of a trained country gossip of the gentler sex. Miss Kellogg would not allow Miss Cary to go before the curtain when she was called. Miss Cary is bursting with jealousy of Madame Marie Rose. Madame Rose would be a very nice person if her husband would let her alone—which seems to be demanding rather too much. Each of the three hates both the other two: Any two would cheerfully combine to spoil the success of the other one. They quarrel about dressing rooms, about encores, about rehearsals, about bouquets. Elena takes Mignon by the hand and, smiling, leads her to the foot-lights, but she calls her, under her breath, "a hateful cat." Amneris is so fascinated with Aida that she loses no chance to hear her sing, but she hints in confidence to the discreet reporter that it is Aida's husband, in the back-room of the parquet, who starts all the applause. And so the wretched little gaffles of the press buzz about these unfortunate ladies, inserting their stings and carrying venom. Meanwhile the three singers, who seem by good luck to be tolerably well supplied with patience and common-sense, preserve their composure. It is related, as a remarkable and disappointing circumstance, that when they left St. Louis "they were seen sitting in the same compartment of the car, merrily chatting together. They were evidently in good spirits, and had no serious quarrel on hand just then." All which the journalist regards as a sort of trifling with the public expectation. "A man ain't got no right to be a public man," said Captain Kedgick to Martin Chuzzlewit, "unless he meets the public views," and clearly a lady has no right to be a public singer except on the same condition. We trust that when the troupe arrives in New York it will be treated with more decency, and the private sentiments of the individual members of it will be left alone. We do not believe there is going to be any fight. We expect to see Miss Kellogg return without marks of a fray, Madame Rose's handsome face will not be furrowed with the scratches of an angry rival, and Miss Cary will show the same bouncing good nature as of old. In the great free and unfettered West it may be considered rather a neat piece of enterprise to break up the harmony of such a party of divinites, but a journalist who should set himself to such a task here would be voted a wretched little beast.

THE CATHOLIC UNION CONCERT. The Choir of the Catholic Union gave its first public concert on Monday evening last, before a large and friendly audience. The choir is not a large one, numbering perhaps forty voices. The concert was a pleasant affair and served to show the skill of the director, Mr. Charles Lewis, and the intelligence and good discipline of the club, the only marked deficiency being the weakness of the tenors, who were considerably outnumbered by the other parts. Mrs. Lewis's singing of the solo, "Oh, for the Wings of a Dove" in Mendelssohn's *Hear My Prayer* was a thoroughly artistic and delightful performance. Mr. Powers sang *My Boyhood's Home* with expression and easy skill, and the beautiful quartet *Just Like Love*, was very nicely done, Miss Moody and Mr. Tuckerman supplying the alto and tenor parts. A word of praise is due for the programme, which was admirable in selection and arrangement. The concert was made additionally interesting by the first public appearance of a very promising young singer, Miss Emma Manning of the Highlands. Miss Manning's voice is a genuine soprano *leggiere*, pure and clear, with an extensive range and of rather remarkable evenness of weight and quality.

throughout. Her singing is of a thoroughly natural, open style and her vocalization in florid passages is already good. Miss Manning sang with entire self-possession, but with a modesty which gives assurance against the danger which besets every young singer of promise from the sometimes injudicious praise of too partial friends. Miss Manning's friends can be well content with knowing that she has a more than usually fine voice, that she is on the "right track," and that she needs only faithful study and the perfection of style which will come with more mature years to realize their most friendly prophecies.—*Courier, March 10.*

MISS NOYES'S CONCERT. Miss Abby Noyes's benefit-concert, in Music Hall last Tuesday evening, was given before a crowded audience, which, if recalls of the performers prove anything, appeared to be abundantly satisfied with the entertainment. Certainly, if quantity and variety are needed to satisfy a concert-goer, the programme, and the numerous additions thereto, should have appeased the most voracious. It is hardly necessary to make an extended notice of the concert. As a matter of record it may suffice to name the performers. They were as follows: Vocalists—Miss Adelaide Phillips, Miss Schirmer, Mrs. Rockwood, Miss Hazard, Mr. Pfeiffer, Mr. Felch, Mr. Claus, and the Weber Quartet of male voices. Instrumental—the Schubert Club, Mr. W. H. Chambers, cornet, Mr. John Orth (in place of Mr. Liebling), pianist, Mr. Leavitt at the organ, and Mr. Keach and Mr. Brackett as accompanists. Many in this long list will be recognized as artists of acknowledged reputation. Some of those not yet known to fame acquitted themselves creditably, and others—well, less so. The Schubert Club showed that it had made good use of its time, since its first public appearance, early this season, in study and practice. The Music Hall is, however, a little too spacious for so small a band. The bigness of the hall may also be offered as an excuse for the moderate degree of success which attended the appearance of some of the *débütantes*.—*Ibid.*

SALEM, MASS. The following programme was performed on Monday evening, Feb. 18, at the concert of Mr. ARTHUR W. FOOTE and Miss LILLIAN BAILEY:

- Thirty-two Variations in C minor.....Beethoven
Mr. Foote.
"Nina,".....Pergolesi
"Hedgeroses,".....Schubert
Miss Bailey.
Mennet.....Rheinberger
Bourée.....Handel
Mennet.....Beethoven
Gavotte.....Silas
Mr. Foote.
"Loreley,".....Liszt
Miss Bailey.
Fifth Hungarian Rhapsody.....Liszt
Mr. Foote.
Songs without Words. (Nos. 23, 26, 2, 26 and 1),
Mr. Foote. (Mendelssohn)
Mazurka. "Aime moi,".....Chopin-Viardot Garcia
Miss Bailey.
Paraphrase on a theme from "Rigoletto,"
Mr. Foote. [Verdi-Liszt]

FARMINGTON, CONN. The 85th and 86th Concerts at Miss Porter's Young Ladies' School (Mr. KARL KLAUSER, Musical Director) were given on the 7th and 8th inst. by Wm. H. SHERWOOD and Miss LILLIAN BAILEY, both of Boston. The programmes were: for the Soirée, March 7th:

- a. Prelude and Fugue No. 2, C Sharp Major,
(Well-Tempered Clavier).....Bach
b. Fugue in G Minor, Op. 5.....Rheinberger
Mr. Sherwood.
Song—"Die Loreley,".....Liszt
Miss Lillian Bailey.
a. "Song without Words," A Minor, No. 23,
Mendelssohn
b. Impromptu, A flat, Op. 142, No. 3.....Schubert
c. Allegro Feroce (Etude Op. 105, No. 2).....Morceles
a. "Nina," (Old Italian Song).....Pergolesi
b. "Haidenrölein,".....Schubert
Symphonic Etudes, Op. 13 (Theme, Variations and
Grand Finale).....Schumann
Song—"Ho messo nuove corde,".....Gounod
a. Wedding March, (Norwegian Bridal Party
passing by), Op. 19, No. 2.....Grieg
b. Serenade in D Minor, Op. 94, Bk. 9.....Rubinstein
c. Octave Study in E flat, Book 2, No. 7.....Kullak
a. "Isolden's Liebes-Tod" (Finale of the Opera
"Tristan und Isolden"),.....Liszt-Wagner
b. "Tannhäuser March,".....Liszt-Wagner.

For the Matinée, at 10 A.M., March 8th:—

- a. Fugue in E minor ("Fire Fugue").....Handel
b. Gigue in G Major.....Mozart
c. "Chorus of Dancing Dervishes" (from Beetho-
ven's "Ruins of Athens"),.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. Sherwood.
"Gretchen am Spinnrade".....Schubert
Miss Lillian Bailey.
a. Waltz, C sharp minor, Op. 64 No. 2.....Chopin
b. Nocturne, F sharp major, Op. 15, No. 2.....Chopin
c. Fantaisie, F minor, Op. 49.....Chopin
Song—"Für die Liebsten,".....Lott
Sonata, Op. 111.....L. v. Beethoven
Song—"In Exile,".....Taubert
a. "Allegro Scherzando," Op. 5.....W. H. Sherwood
b. Romanza, Op. 28, No. 2.....Schumann
c. "Toccata di Concerto," Op. 36.....Auguste Dupont
d. "Rhapsodie Hongroise," No. 6.....Liszt

BALTIMORE, PEABODY INSTITUTE. The very interesting concert of the Conservatory of Music, under the direction of ASGER HAMERIK, the Danish composer, are now in the middle of their twelfth season. The programmes are historical, covering a great variety of composers, periods, schools and nationalities; and notes biographical, explanatory and æsthetic, add to their interest. Here are two of the programmes:

Third Concert, Jan. 5.

- J. A. P. Schulz (1747-1800.) Overture, D minor,
to Racine's "Athalie." Composed 1785.
Phil. Emanuel Bach (1714-1788.) Symphony D major.
Chr. Gluck (1712-1787.) Scene and Air from the
opera "Orpheus."
Mrs. Lizzie Annandale.
J. Haydn (1732-1806.) Symphony B flat major.
No. 21. "Queen of France."
Mendelssohn (1805-1847.) Piano-concerto D minor.
No. 2. Work 40.
Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover.
Concert-air for soprano and orchestra. Work 94.
Mrs. Lizzie Annandale.
Overture to the opera "Son and Stranger."
Work 86. Composed 1829.

Sixth Concert, Feb. 16.

- Niels W. Gade (1817-.) Symphony C minor.
No. 1. Work 5.
Edvard Grieg (1843-.) "At the cloister gate."
Work 20. For solo, female chorus and orchestra.
Miss Antonia Henne, and students of the
conservatory.
Scandinavian folk songs with piano.
"I've left the snow-clad hills."
"I laughed when the boys sighed."
Miss Antonia Henne.
Asger Hamerik (1843-.) Fourth Norse Suite, D ma-
jor. Work 25. Composed 1876-77.
On the sea.—Folk-song.—Mermaid's dance.—
Love song.—Towards the shore.

CINCINNATI. We have received the following programme of a (or the) "Musical Club," Sunday, Feb. 17, which must have proved instructive:

- Brahms Symphony (4 hands.)
Messrs. Schneider and Mees.
Trio.....Kiel
Messrs. Fletcher, Reimar and Mees.
Piano Solo—Variations.....Beethoven
Mr. Mees.
Cello Solo, Mr. Reimar.
Quartet for Strings.....Mozart
Messrs. Fletcher, Mees, Brockhoven, and
Reimar.

Litigation over Music Plates.

THOMAS J. HALL DEFEATED IN HIS SUIT.

Thomas J. Hall, as survivor of the firm of Hall & Sons, sued Oliver Ditson & Co. to set aside a mortgage made by the plaintiff's firm of their stereotype plates of music, and to set aside a sale of those plates under the mortgage. The executors of William Hall, the other partner, and James F. Hall were made defendants in the suit, but were in sympathy with the plaintiff. Hall & Sons, music publishers, had been in difficulties, and had pledged some of their stereotype plates to William A. Pond and to a Mr. Morrison. They also owed some money to Ditson & Co. Ditson & Co. advanced the money to take up the mortgages, took an assignment of them, and a new mortgage to cover all these advances and their own debt, and, at the same time, made an agreement to share the profits of any printing from the plates with Hall & Sons. They ultimately sold out the plates, about 20,000 in number, under the mortgage, at a low figure. This suit is to set aside all these transactions.

Judge Van Vorst in Supreme Court, Special Term, yesterday decided, first, that the mortgage and the printing agreement were not so connected together as to taint the mortgage with usury, especially as after advancing the money and taking the mortgage, Ditson & Co. had offered to waive the printing agreement. Second, that the printing agreement was not an unjust exaction on the part of Ditson & Co., but a fair business arrangement, similar to the one Hall & Sons had had with other printers. Third, that in the sale Ditson & Co. had taken all proper measures to secure good prices, which were defeated, if they were defeated, by the Halls themselves, in setting up invalid claims, and announcing them to the purchasers at the auction sale. He therefore finds in favor of Oliver Ditson & Co. Sullivan, Fowler & Kubbe appeared for the plaintiff; Charles W. Sandford for the executors of William Hall; Edward Patterson for J. F. Hall, and Estes & Barnard and Erasmus Cook for Oliver Ditson & Co.—*New York Tribune.*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Love Me. (Aime moi.) A. 6. b to c. Chopin—Viardot. 40
"What, Love! Art thou weeping?"
"Mais quel des pleurs!"
"Wenn mir aus seinen Augen."
Love in three languages. A striking concert
song, which is noticeable as a vocal piece, with
Chopin's music.
If You want a Kiss, take it! Bb. 3. c to F. Richter. 30
"The sweetest part of living
Is to want a kiss—and take it!"
Very good advice, in general, and a genial,
pretty song.
Jack's Yarn. C. 3. d to E. Diehl. 35
"Hilsee, hüllsee, hüllsee ho!"
An English sailor's yarn, in good, hearty style.
L'Albani. Valse Chantante. C. 6. d to c. Arditt. 75
"Deh! Vieni!" "Ah! Come!"
The great compass of this may frighten some
vocalists, who may, however, in this as in other
similar pieces, take choice notes that are lower
than high c and b. Very melodious waltz-song,
in the style of, but more difficult than "Il Bacio."
Awake! Bb. 3. d to F. Adams. 35
"Again and again, thro' the window pane,
The jasmine flowers keep peeping."
Mr. Adams here makes a very nice song out of
simple materials.
I Awake and Dream. Bb. 4. g to F. Blumenthal. 40
"Summer's sun and winter's rain
Will not bring that word again."
The words are so musical, that it is a pity
that they cannot all be here written. Splendid
song for an Alto voice.

Instrumental.

- March of the Men of Harlech. C. 3. B. Richards. 40
A very striking march with good arrangement.
Also published for 4 hands.
Editor's Waltz. 3. Winterstein. 40
Lively waltzes, with which editors may please
their leisure moments.
Kolibri. Scherzo Polka. (Humming Bird.) G. 8. Behr. 40
The pretty name is none too bright for the
brilliant music.
Peasants' Wedding. Rustic Dance. F. 3. Hoffmann. 50
The rusticity comes plainly out in the move-
ment, and the whole is original and pleasing.
The Turk's Exit from Europe. Galop. G. 3. Warren. 35
This splendid galop is very appropriate to the
present state of affairs.
Evening Harmonies. Op. 230. (Harmonies
du Soir.) Db. 4. Egghard. 50
Graceful melody with sly arpeggio accom-
paniment.

BOOKS.

- LOESCHORN'S PIANO STUDIES. With Ameri-
can fingering. Op. 65. Bks. 1, 2 & 3, ea. 1.00
Do. Op. 66. " 1.25
Op. 65 contains Progressive Studies, of which
No. 1 is as easy as the first lesson in an instruc-
tion book, and the 48 numbers in the three books
are progressively difficult.
Op. 66 contains Progressive Studies, of which
the first ones are about as difficult as those in
Kohler's 1st book.
CONCOONE'S 50 LESSONS IN SINGING, for the
Middle Register of the Voice, and Barito-
nes or Bass. Op. 9. Book 1, Middle
Register. Part 1, \$1.25; Part 2, \$1.25;
Complete, \$2.00. Baritone or Bass,
Part 1, \$1.50; Part 2, \$1.50; Complete, 2.50
Furnished with English words by T. T. Barker.
DANCING AT HOME AND ABROAD.
By C. H. Cleveland, Jr. Clo. \$1.00; Bds. 80
This is not only a hand-book for arranging
dances, &c., but a treatise on the graceful art.
The author very ably defends it against its ene-
mies, and throws out many valuable suggestions
as to good manners, dress and etiquette, ren-
dering the book well worth reading, if only for
these alone.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note in the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key
of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 964. BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1878. Vol. XXXVII. No. 26.

The Spirit of Italian, French, and German Music.

Lecture by Herr PAUER, at the London Institution.

Of all art lectures, the musical receives the largest share of public favor, and of all lecturers on this subject no one is more popular than Herr Ernst Pauer, whose discourses, clear, yet comprehensive, as full of interest as they are of instruction, invariably draw a crowded house. The theatre of the London Institution was filled by a large audience on the evening of the 14th ult., when Herr Pauer chose for his subject "The Spirit of Italian, French, and German Music." The careful and artistic interpretations of the pianoforte illustrations by the lecturer himself were, it need hardly be said, most heartily applauded.

Herr Pauer said: The aim of the present lecture is to point out the difference in the music of Italy, France, and Germany, and to show some of the principal reasons from which these have arisen; and I may express a hope that my audience will acquit me of any desire to unduly magnify my own country. If I maintain that the most perfect school is the German, it is because it most fully combines the requirements of science, art, and taste, and most closely follows the laws of nature, by obedience to which the highest and most perfect art is alone to be obtainable. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;" but this universal influence acts in different ways, it presents varying features in north and south, and geographical conditions have no insignificant influence on the musical character. The characteristic features of the inhabitants of a country, their religion, social condition, and peculiarities of language, all influence the nature of their music. It may appear far-fetched to associate politics with musical art, but it is clear that a free government has as much influence on the advancement of art as a despotic one has in the opposite direction. To speak first of the characteristics of Italy: its every feature takes the fancy of the artist, its pure, mild, and balmy air, ocean-washed shores, the mountain chains, which are its natural barriers against tramontane gales, all incline to art. These irresistible charms of nature influence the people, and the poorest have an innate sense of beauty. The cultivation of art and science flourished most in mediæval times, but even in its decline the national love of art is manifest, and if the Italians lack earnestness, it cannot be denied that their artistic handling is light, tasteful, and replete with grace and symmetry. They have a natural sense of form and sound. An ear for tone and an eye for color and symmetry are innate in all classes, from the *duca* to the *pescatore*. Indeed, art questions, in which in other countries the learned alone are interested, are understood in Italy by all classes of the community, and a new opera becomes the topic of the day.

Every Italian is a musician, a painter, or a poet. Italy is essentially the country of the *improvisatori*. Its people have a talent for grasping the beautiful and intellectual, and producing them in a realistic, if not a sensuous form. The Italian is frugal, and the genial climate gives him what he wants without the trouble of working for it. Italy, also, is a Roman Catholic country, and nowhere else has music been so freely used as an accessory to religion. The grand services in St. Peter's, where masses, graduales, and offertories have been performed in thousands, have a world-wide fame. It is curious also to observe the

influence of the towns on music. Italy is the home of the municipal system; it has sixty towns of more than 20,000 inhabitants each, fifteen over 50,000, eight over 100,000, while Naples numbers above 400,000. These exercised immense influence, as is shown by the schools established—the Florentine, Roman, and Neapolitan. If Rome produced the finest specimens of sacred music, Florence could boast the invention of the opera, and Naples could point to Scarlatti, who improved nearly every branch of the art; to Venice belonged Lotti and Marcello, and to Bologna, Paolo Colonna. Such a state of things could only result in rivalry; but such rivalry was beneficial, as leading to excellence and improvement, and Italian art would probably not have made such progress if Lombardy and Naples, Piedmont and Sicily had not been mutually hostile. The language is most adapted to song, and is a kind of music itself: no other tongue so easily assimilates with music, and in no other is the tone and voice so free. In Italy the soft air is redolent of song. The popular amusement is singing, the collections of Sicily, Naples, Tuscany, and other provinces showing how necessary an adornment it is of Italian life.

But it is incorrect to call Italy the cradle of music. There was little national characteristic life before Palestrina. Celebrated Hollanders and Germans, such as Josquin des Pres, Lasso, etc., went to Italy to study counterpoint, and most of the best musicians before Palestrina were foreigners. Italian composers of all times have made it a necessity to consult the compass of the human voice, which is admittedly the most perfect of all instruments, the greatest praise that a performer can receive being that he makes his instrument sing or speak. Famous singers with flexible voices were very numerous, but this admiration of the mere voice was carried too far. As soon as the *aria di bravura* predominated, the superiority of song declined; and it must be assented to that where singers are the judges, the beauty of art is in danger. Composers were compelled to sacrifice themselves to the whims of singers, who considered the music as a vehicle for executive display. The effect of this undue preponderance of the singer may be recognized in every aria, the prelude and accompaniment becoming of the simplest kind, so that Richard Wagner's saying is very true, that the orchestra resembled a big guitar. Every town has an opera house; but the audiences are not satisfied with the repetition of well-known operas; they must at intervals have new ones also. Dr. Hauptmann writes from Rome: that Pacini began his opera, "I Fidanzati," four weeks before its representation, left for Milan the next day, where an opera was due in three weeks, while another was also wanted for Parma, and of neither was a note written. Such hasty work must be crude, for not every composer has the genius of a Mozart or a Handel, and can write a "Don Giovanni," or a "Messiah" as quickly as the score can be copied. The weakness in Italian operas is the want of detailed characteristic expression: "Lucrezia Borgia" and "Lucia di Lammermoor" contain much of the same material. Not a better example of this poverty is to be found than in the overture to the "Barbiere di Siviglia," which is used in two other operas. Another weakness is the introduction of *bravura* where it is out of place, and in direct contradiction to the nature of the aria, and that most important matter, the orchestral treatment, is too often inadequate and childish.

But to turn to the bright side. Italian com-

posers can boast pre-eminence in many qualities in which French and Germans are deficient. Their vocal compositions are bright, clear, fresh, and vigorous; they are born opera writers; indeed composer and opera writer become synonymous. In this they contrast with the Germans, for whom, as Rossini said, it is difficult to become simple, while for the Italian it is difficult not to become trivial. The Italians are more spontaneous and natural than the Germans, and their art is a medium for amusement and excitement. It resembles a merely handsome person, whose charms we admire, but grow tired of, when we find a lack of the education and refinement which can alone produce a profound and lasting pleasure. All the requirements of a perfect work of art are realized in "Le Nozze di Figaro," and "Don Giovanni." Mozart reached the highest perfection of Italian art, but he broke through existing habits and prejudices, and suffused it with high intellect and warmth. And it is doubtful if Rossini could have produced a "Barbiere," had there been no "Don Giovanni" or "Nozze di Figaro." The aim of the Italians is to write simply and pleasingly, with more nature and spontaneity than earnestness and intellect; while to the quieter German music is a serious art. Very characteristic of Italian opera writers is Rossini's story of a singer, who had to take the *aria di sorbetto*—so called because the audience eat ices during its performance—in a new opera. He says: his horrid *seconda donna* was very ugly and had an execrable voice, but on careful examination he found she had one good note, B flat; he therefore wrote an aria with nothing but B flat throughout, the matter being given to the orchestra; the result was successful and the composer adds "my most monotonous singer was quite happy." From the tendency of present Italian music, and the preponderance of German, we may fairly conclude that the golden days of the former are for awhile gone. The singers at the Italian opera houses mostly come from France, England, America, and Germany. With a few exceptions, which only prove the rule, the Italian composers of the present day, lack purpose, true originality, and earnestness.

Herr Pauer then gave as illustrations, two pieces by Scarlatti, two by Clementi, a national song of the Venetian fishermen, and a Neapolitan tarantelle.

Passing to the consideration of French music, the lecturer said: There are two very prominent facts in the history of French music, first, that the *chanson* was developed there sooner than anywhere else, and secondly, that France owed improvement in her musical art greatly to foreigners. Lully, Rossini, and Spontini, were Italians; Grétry was a Fleming; Gluck and Meyerbeer were Germans. Lully was the founder of the opera; Rossini and Meyerbeer brought the grand opera to perfection. Among native composers are to be mentioned Rameau, Couperin, Boieldieu, Lesueur, Halévy, Méhul, Hérold, Auber, Berlioz, and Ch. Gounod. The characteristics of French music were the same in past times as they are now: grace, clearness, charming rhythmical life and variety of harmonic changes, elegance, taste, and that peculiarly French quality, piquancy, or the power of attracting and maintaining attention. There is a great difference between the Italian opera buffa and the French opera comique. In the one music is supreme, in the other dialogue. In the former there is no dialogue, the parts being connected by a recitativo; the action is simple and meagre, and vocal skill the chief requirement. But

dialogue forms the essential and music the smaller part of the opera comique, the development of the plot being of chief importance and not so easily rendered by music as in words. The excellence of the acting is the great thing, and a fine rich voice is not only an unnecessary, but is even regarded as a disturbing element. However, a graceful delivery and precise accentuation of light and shade are indispensable. The two most requisite qualities in the French operatic music are pliancy and subordination to the plot. The music must wait till it receives its cue, and exhibit no independence. The dialogue must be like that of friends in good society, where none speak too loudly or too much. It requires great intelligence and intrinsic wit.

The French treatment of opera is easy and graceful, and the difference between this and the Italian will be readily perceived by studying Auber's "Domino Noir," and Rossini's "Barbiere." An obvious characteristic of the French opera comique is its likeness in many parts to a quadrille; the reason for this is a very prosaic, indeed a pecuniary one; a tacit agreement exists between composer and publisher, that there shall be a certain number of airs suitable for quadrille, which serves the two ends of adding an agreeable lightness to the opera and a corresponding heaviness to the publisher's pocket. It is evidently to the interest of the composer to receive a large honorarium, but this *ad captandum vulgus* style of composing can have no longevity. The gems of the opera comique are Boieldieu's "Dame Blanche," and Auber's "Domino Noir," and "Fra Diavolo." While appreciating the importance of the *chanson* in the middle ages, we cannot be blind to the deleterious influence which it exercised on early French opera, for it possessed a lyric not a dramatic life, and was stiff and dry in character. The opera requires a deeper meaning and expression, more flowing harmony and rhythm. If the earlier French opera was a barren and parched soil, Rossini's influence was like refreshing rain on drooping buds, although the blossoms did not all reach full fruition. The fault was not all that of the composers, who were compelled to comply with the vitiated taste of the gay capital. Never was there such centralization as in France, whose entire art interests, centred in Paris, and such a concentration of rays to one focus, could not but have a pernicious influence. The French opera became an emanation from the Parisian salons, and the composer had to go to Paris to study the whims and caprices of singers, managers, and the critics. We shall see, on the other hand, that the superiority of German music is in a great measure due to the former political divisions of the empire. In military songs, and rhythmical and march movements, the French are pre-eminent. Where there is so much that is good it is from no prejudice or partiality that we point out the bad. The glittering French characteristics, *savoir faire* and *savoir vivre*, shine in their music no less than in their manners. Agreeable, not deep, their music is best adapted for social intercourse; the melodies are not abstruse but aim at sweetness, and are replete with taste, piquancy, clearness, and symmetry. With a correct and innate sense of roundness and smoothness, there is an absence of intensity, grandeur, and breadth, more technicality than fancy and inspiration.

Herr Pauer then played a piece by Rameau and two romances by Gounod. Almost all other composers who had written for the piano-forte, might, he said, be called Gallicized foreigners; to play a piece by Herz or Kalkbrenner would be merely to present a German composer with perhaps a little French varnish.

Resuming his remarks by turning to the music of Germany, the lecturer said: We find the superiority of German music to be the result of zeal and industry on the part of the composers and of other circumstances worthy of consideration. It is not necessary to begin before Se-

bastian Bach. There were excellent scholars and philosophers, such as Kuhnau and Schütz, but to say that they were graceful or pleasing composers would be stretching a point of antiquarian or national partiality. They all went to Italy to imbibe musical ideas, and German music was proceeding satisfactorily when the thirty years' war swept like a storm over the early blossoms of Teutonic art, and from the effects of that the recovery was long. Two points to be noticed in the early history of German music are the great influence of the chorale, and the organ, which retarded the spontaneous flow of German music just as the *chanson* fettered French art.

We have said that the later music owed its foundation to Johann Sebastian Bach, who did not disdain to learn from Italian and French composers. He invented the art of economy in the working of a composition, and the logical development of a theme or subject. His influence on the ecclesiastical and conventional spirit of the times was immense. To him is in a great measure due the order and development we find in Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. He did a good deal in vocal music, but could not rival the Italians. [?] There is no doubt however about his genius as an instrumental composer, and on his foundation of counterpoint, fugue, and canon, in all their details, and his logical principles of construction, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, reared their yet loftier structures. There was however a long preference for Italian music, the princes were partial to it, and as the princes so were the audiences. But this apparently disheartening fact had a salutary influence, for the cold forms of the period were warmed by the influence of Italian music, and the reforms originated by Haydn and Mozart resulted in the suffusion of individual feeling into what has been hitherto regarded only from an objective or outward point of view. This settled the superiority of German music, and the composers found in their own hearts an inexhaustible mine of song which differed from the Italian by the training and studies through which as through an alembic the melody passed. This the Italian lacked, and the charm it possessed was but a passing one. German superiority is due to the mastery over thousands of contrapuntal details and careful study of the capacities of the different instruments.

If deficient in vocal charm, it cannot be denied that this is counterbalanced by the greater advantages of truth of feeling, and economy of means. Music is not regarded in Germany as a pleasure merely, but as the noblest language of the soul; the composers dive to the depths of the human heart, while the French only touch the surface. The Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, Handel's oratorios, Beethoven's, Schumann's, Mendelssohn's, and Weber's works, are music such as no other country can boast. That the German school will last may be adopted as a certainty, for it is the only one founded on psychological requirements and realizing all the demands of art. But we must not be unjust to others; each has its charms, but the beauties of the French and Italian are more specific, while the German takes broader views, and has the whole domain of nature as its fatherland. The oak, the national symbol of Germany, takes long to grow, is long lived, has a solid stem to withstand the storm, and its branches offer us a grateful shade; but we enjoy also the refreshing orange of the south, and the fragrant French rose; each and all have their own special charm, and are to be received and valued as the gifts of God. One thing is certain: that Germany has been more anxious to study what is good in other countries, and has thus more cosmopolitan art qualities than Italy or France. They would indeed never acknowledge this, for they look at music from another point of view, regarding it as a pleasure and recreation, while to the German it is an element of life, and an important ingredient in happiness.

Herr Pauer concluded by playing a Fantasia by Mozart, an Andante by Beethoven, a Rondo by Weber, and retired amid enthusiastic applause.—*London Musical Standard*, March 2.

Mr. Sims Reeves at Home.

[From "The London World."]

Some two-and-thirty years ago there was a sensation at Milan—heavily-taxed, Tedeschi-patrolled Milan—not yet rid of the hated white coats. At the renowned theatre of La Scala a young Englishman had for some time been carrying off the highest operatic honors. A foreigner and a tenor, he was singing in Italian, and making native tenors appear to sing small indeed. His teacher, the famous Alberto Mazzucato, was in raptures. The great Italian tenor Rubini, full of years and honors, made much of the young Englishman—told him how often he had occupied his dressing-room at La Scala, and showed him a curious series of notches in the door, which recorded the number of nights he had appeared in various *roles*. The Northern tenor was the lion of the hour. Just as he was at the height of his popularity he was unfortunate enough to take cold. Nature, which had given him a larynx of perfect construction and lungs of magnificent capacity, having lined the former organ with a mucous membrane of extraordinary thinness, he found himself suddenly unable to sing, or at least to sing as perfectly as he wished. He begged the indulgence of the manager, and received a visit from the doctor, who refused him a certificate on the ground that there was "no fever," and that therefore he could sing. He remonstrated, but the medico was obdurate. In the Italy of that day no illness short of "fever" was acknowledged, and the *forestiere* could not be made an exception to the good old rule. The singer argued and implored, but, meeting with a deaf ear, finally declared—his native English obstinacy being aroused—that he could not, and would not, appear at the Scala that night. The doctor departed, and presently came a message commanding the tenor to appear at the usual time. Now thoroughly exasperated he returned no reply, but did not go. This would never do: *Lucia* could not very well be played without Edgardo, and the carriage in which the principal singer was conducted to the Scala every night came back again for him—this time with a couple of gendarmes with orders to bring the obstinate tenor dead or alive—for all this happened in the good old times. The gendarmes performed their mission, and delivered the body—happily alive—of Edgardo to the manager. Alive unquestionably, but also kicking (mentally) more furiously than ever against the high-handed proceedings taken against him. Brought face to face with his tyrant he bethought him of a homely English proverb; and calling into requisition his utmost power of translation gave a rendering in "very choice Italian," of "You may take a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink." Convinced at last, the autocrat of the Scala gave in, and Edgardo did not, on that particular evening, curse people and appeal to the tombs of his fathers as was his wont.

This true story gives a fair idea of the almost morbid artistic conscientiousness which has, during his long and brilliant career, cost Mr. Sims Reeves a very large sum of money, and at times almost endangered his popularity. Nevertheless he has stood firmly by his opinion that to sing with a sore throat is unfair to the composer and the public, and destructive to the singer; but he may now be heard to admit that perhaps he has at times been too sensitive. Not so with his other pet theories concerning encores and concert-pitch. On these he is seldom tired of dilating in his leisure hours at Beulah Hill. On the summit of that agreeable eminence, exactly on a level with the cross of St. Paul's, he dwells in a charming house of red brick, with ample garden following the slope of the hill towards the remains of the once gipsy-haunted wood. From Mr. Sims Reeves' billiard room one may, under favorable atmospheric conditions, see towered Windsor. Verily a breezy spot, well suited to refresh lungs and brains suffering from the exhausted atmosphere of the theatre. The atmosphere of Norwood has stood Mr. Sims Reeves in good stead, for he is now as hale and active as when he first trod the boards of La Scala. A square-shouldered, thick-set man, rejoicing at home in a suit of tweed of uncertain hue—between a tortoise-shell and a tabby—relieved by a rose-colored necktie, a turquois-and-diamond ring, and that famous watch-

chain—of mingled gold and coral—not to know which is to argue the absence of music from the soul. The once marvellous voice has naturally not improved between the ages of twenty-three and fifty-five, but its preservation is yet astounding enough when the wear and tear, heats and colds, of professional life are taken into consideration. It is entirely to the sage counsel of the venerable Mazzucato that the great English tenor attributes his long lease of voice. The method of the master may be explained in half-a-dozen words: "When I took my boy over to study under him last summer, he said exactly the same thing he said to me long ago. 'We must keep the voice in the middle.' This is the secret of really fine tone, of the faculty of singing *cantabile* passages with effect, and of making a *coup* on a high note when it is wanted. Nothing is more destructive than perpetual exercise of the upper register. In singing a song written high, the voice becomes wearied before the *coup* is attempted, and recourse must be had to the horrible *vibrato*—the note never being clearly sung out at all. It is all very well to talk glibly of the *do di petto*. Duprez had it—a true genuine note, very unlike the *vibrato* effects of our day.

As we admire the handsome presentation plate which adorns the table—the splendid silver-gilt salver presented by grateful Birmingham, and the silver claret jugs from the Philharmonic and Sacred Harmonic Societies—the great tenor continues: "The voice should never be forced beyond its legitimate compass. I do not say that effort should not be used to produce an occasional high note, but it is the systematic straining upwards that is so objectionable. Various causes have contributed to bring about this unfortunate fashion, so destructive of the important middle part of the voice. Since the days of Handel the tendency of pitch has been persistently upwards, especially in this country. Between Handel's time and the year 1818, when a kind of opposition was made to the perpetual elevation of pitch, it had gone up half a tone, and since then has been raised half a tone more. The effect of this is obvious. When a singer is called upon to produce the A in 'Sound an alarm,' he actually produces the note which in Handel's time would have been exactly B, a strain on the singer compensated by no adequate improvement in the effect, at least of the vocal part. Instrumentalists and makers of musical instruments have favored this sharpening of the pitch, because it lends brilliancy to their work, but it is terribly severe upon the singer. Let us step upstairs into my study, and I will show you the various tuning-forks."

A slight climb takes us into a snuggerly where there is of course a pianoforte and a compact library, musical and otherwise. Mr. Sims Reeves produces an arsenal of tuning-forks, collected at various times and places, to prove his theory, and also the inconvenient fact that concert-pitch varies in a distressing manner. Thus while what is called "Society of Arts' pitch" in this country is almost identical with French pitch and Naples pitch, that recognized in this country is half a note higher. Organs have been again and again sharpened to meet the requirements of the fanatics for high pitch, and the mischief against which Mr. Reeves has been protesting for many years past appears for the moment irreparable. "This is not all," in his opinion, "that a vocalist has to contend against. The scoring of modern operas is exceedingly full, and unless the orchestra be like that marvellous one drilled by Wagner for the Bayreuth performances—perfectly under control, perfect in its piano—the singer has to do his utmost to make himself heard. No; I hardly think Meyerbeer's operas instances of exceptionally heavy scoring, but Verdi's certainly are. Verdi, too, has much to answer for in another way. He writes systematically high, and is fearfully hard upon all voices, especially the tenor. The old-fashioned bass has simply dropped out altogether, his place being occupied by the baritone." As the smoke curls lazily upward from a magnificent chibouk—the gift of Blumenthal—we hint that Verdi's music is the most popular of all, and must therefore possess some peculiar merit of its own. Mr. Sims Reeves concedes his undoubted genius, but yet protests against the unnecessary noise of his orchestra and the fearfully high notes extorted from the unfortunate singers. "I am afraid," he adds, "The public really like it. High notes and full scoring produce a certain effect—call it electrical, call it contagious, as you like, but an effect undoubtedly. Of all men the tenor is expected to make great efforts. He does so, and the wrecked voices of the last twenty-five years tell at what cost."

Perhaps many of Mr. Reeves' views are due to the fact that he is not only a singer, but a musician. The son of a musical father, he was early instructed in the classical school. While yet a very small boy he was exercised in the music of Handel and Purcell, writ with figured basses, and, thanks to this severe but wholesome method of instruction, became well skilled in the theory of music. At the age of fourteen he was sufficiently skilled to secure the post of organist at North Cray Church. As a child he was endowed with a fine voice, and was fortunate to escape the awkward "break" which often reduces the childish soprano to a commonplace baritone. Struck by the quality of his voice, his father placed him under the care of a teacher of singing, who, at first, deceived as to the real compass and quality of his pupil's voice—treated it as a baritone, and exercised it accordingly. As a baritone, then, the future Edgardo sang in Newcastle, Scotland and Ireland, on the Northern and the Western Circuit. As a change from Count Rodolpho and Dandini, he introduced a song called the "Flaunting Flag of Liberty," which for the time being became popular, but has long since died out of memory. Then came a London engagement, not at Her Majesty's, but at the Grecian Theatre, otherwise the Eagle, in the City Road, the home of that immortal Rouse whose name in the English language is inseparably connected with the expression of applause. From the lighter comic opera of the Grecian, the man who was to become the first of English tenors advanced to an engagement at Drury Lane, under the management of Macready, figuring as a Sicilian shepherd in *Acis and Galatea*, and subsequently in Purcell's *King Arthur*. It was in "Come, if you dare," that young Reeves made his first great stroke as a tenor singer, and it is characteristic of his painstaking character that the use he made of this success was to go to Paris to take lessons of Bordogni, and thence to Milan, where under Mazzucato he made such improvement as to enable him to appear at La Scala with the success already referred to. From the Scala he returned to England, and to Drury Lane, where, under the management of Jullien, he fully justified the brilliant reputation he had made in Edgardo. Then came a successful appearance in oratorio, and the electrifying "Sound an alarm," (never to be forgotten), engagements in Dublin, in the North, at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, and at Her Majesty's Theatre. There is little doubt that, in his career on the Italian lyric stage, Mr. Reeves experienced all the serious difficulties which beset Englishmen who attempt to compete with Italians in a domain which they conceive to be their peculiar inheritance. At Dublin the artist selected to sing Edgardo to the Lucia of Miss Catherine Hayes was a Signor Pagliere, whose failure was so complete as to induce the proverbially volcanic Irish audience to call loudly for "Reeves, Reeves!" who, having completed an engagement in English opera, was present in the house. An amusing scene occurred. Mr. Reeves declined to sing to please the manager (Mr. Calcraft), but, bowing to the public, who demanded "Reeves, Reeves!" asserted his readiness to sing to please them, and sang in Edgardo, to their great delight and the immense relief of Miss Catherine Hayes.

It might easily be imagined that an artist of Mr. Reeves' ability and independence of character holds a strong opinion on the subject of encores. In this respect at least he carries with him the more artistic section of the public. The prolongation of a miscellaneous concert to an inordinate length is a minor nuisance compared with the interruption of an opera or oratorio—often to the entire sacrifice of the dramatic situation, and the confusion of the composer's idea.

"I do not care," adds Mr. Reeves, "much for the practical view of the subject, that by encoring particular songs the audience get double as much as they bargain for. That is a small matter. I base my objection on other grounds. You sing your song; you do your best to attain absolute perfection, and it in perfect health and voice perhaps approach it within a few degrees. There is applause, enthusiasm, the impression on the audience is sharp and clear. Then comes the encore. As a mild species of lion you have made your spring. You have done your best, and can barely hope to equal your first effort, and let you sing never so well the impression cannot be so good. The sparkle is gone. Of all men I have no reason to complain of the public; but, to be candid, I must confess that at popular concerts at least they encore the worst and noisiest pieces, and the artist is compelled to repeat

the showy bit of declamation that, in his musical consciousness, he despises."

Reticent of his opinions on contemporary singers, Mr. Reeves is by no means chary of expressing his views of the giants of his early days. In Mario he recognizes the singer *par excellence* of melody, the most skilful interpreter of *cantabile* passages; and in Tamberlik the master of musical declamation. No singer can entertain greater reverence for the "intention of the composer." The transposition of a part is to him a crime. "The composer knew exactly the effect he wished to produce, and never wrote in a particular key without a reason. There is color in music, and the transposition of a part deprives it of this color. Witness *Don Giovanni* when the part of the Don was heightened from baritone to tenor."

It will be seen that the great English tenor is a man of ideas. On the questions of pitch and encore he is immovable, but despite his classical training has a keen appreciation of the genius of Wagner. Few men are more genial and clubbable, although he is no longer seen at the Garrick. At the period when Thackeray, Justice Talfourd, and Sergeant Murphy haunted the old smoking-room of the club, Mr. Sims Reeves passed many of his happiest hours in their society; but he has long foregone late hours, and lives entirely in his art and his pleasant home looking towards the Surrey hills.

Music in Leipzig.

Further Letters of JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 1, 1878.—The fifteenth Gewandhaus Concert was marked by two distinct features, one of which, particularly, had the effect of stirring the usually sedate and undemonstrative audience up to a degree of enthusiasm seldom witnessed in this city, and therefore all the more remarkable and noteworthy. Pablo de Sarasate, a young violinist of Spanish origin, came to Germany last year, and made his debut in the Gewandhaus, without, however, making an unusual impression. Since then he has been constantly developing and playing in every larger city of Germany and Austria, before audiences that grew larger and more enthusiastic with every succeeding concert. His fame spread with a rapidity altogether unprecedented in the history of modern virtuosos. But one year ago a perfect stranger, he is to-day personified popularity—a musical magnet, than whom there is no stronger.

The Sarasate of last year has certainly undergone a surprising and wonderful change, which change was most strikingly reflected in the audience last evening, as different from the audience of last year as is conceivable, so wild and uncontrollable was the enthusiasm it manifested. He was announced to play the new violin concerto, written for him by Max Bruch, which, however, for some reason or other, was not played, he playing instead, the same composer's first concerto, a composition on the repertoire of every good violinist and often heard, but which, by the interpretation of Sarasate, was clothed with new and fresh charms, making it seem, indeed, like a new composition. He also played a composition of his own, "Zigeunerweisen," which, it may safely be said, can only be played by the composer, so abnormal and heaped are its difficulties—difficulties that seemed anything but such by his playful and easy manner of overcoming them.

Besides the numbers already referred to, the programme was the following:

Gade—Overture, "Im Hochland;" Weber—Aria from "Euryanthe;" Schubert—Unfinished Symphony in B minor; songs: "Gute Nacht," "Erstarrung," "Der Lindenbaum" and "Gefrornen Thärlin;" Andante and variations from string quartet in D minor.

The entire second part of the programme, devoted to the memory of Franz Schubert, (born January 31st, 1797), and the singing of Eugen Gura, a favorite here, dating from his former connection with the opera and now in Hamburg, formed the second enjoyable feature of this concert. The orchestra was at its best, notably in the exquisitely tender Andante of the symphony.

The experiment of playing a string-quartet with increased parts will, by many, be considered a doubtful one, since what is to be gained by the greater sonority of tone does not counterbalance the very much that must necessarily be lost in delicacy, and particularly in all those very peculiar charms belonging to the simple quartet; the use, therefore, of such an experiment is not very apparent, unless it be to test the virtuosity of a string-orchestra, which, in the case of the Gewandhaus, was not necessary.

Of Gura's singing, nothing but praise—praise absolute and unqualified—can be written; gifted, as he is, with a voice of large compass and of a very sympathetic quality, he joins with these rare musicianship and sterling good taste; from this it may be easily inferred that the beautiful songs of Schubert could not have a more worthy interpreter.

The following have been the operas given during the week: *Tannhäuser*, (in which opera, Schott, from Hanover, in the title rôle, created a sensation), *Figaro's Marriage*, *Troatore*, and *Lucia di Lammermoor*.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 8th, 1878.—The more prominent concerts given during the present week were devoted almost exclusively to choral music. First in order was the concert of the distinguished society, under the leadership of Carl Riedel, whose name it bears; it was given last Sunday afternoon, in the large church of St. Thomas. The programme was an exceedingly interesting one, whose merits were greatly enhanced by the faultless interpretation it met with, both on the part of the Society and of the several soloists; it was as follows:

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1653)—Prelude for organ.
Joaquin de Frés (1850)—Missa "Pange lingua" and Hymne "Tu pauperum."
Tannhäuser (1273)—Bustled.
Claude Goudimel (1505-1572)—Psalm.
Claudin le jeune (1550-1611)—Psalm.
Johann Peter Tveelink (1540-1621)—Fantasie for organ.
Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)—Psalm 130.
Dietrich Buxtehude (1635)—Passacaglia for organ.
Alessandro Stradella (1645-1678)—Fragments from a Cantata and Johann des Täufers, an oratorio.
Friedemann Bach (1710-1784)—Fugue for organ.
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)—Motet, "Fürchte, dich nicht."

The eighth Euterpe Concert proved to be the proudest achievement of this institution this season. The principal number of its programme was Reinecke's "Hakon Jarl," a very elaborate composition, written for orchestra, male chorus, with baritone, tenor and alto solo parts. It was written for one of the singing societies of the University, Pauliner, and was first sung by them at their annual concert last winter. The subject, in brief, treats of Hakon Jarl's unsuccessful attempt to resist Christian influence, not yielding, however, until he and his followers are defeated in battle by the Christian hosts, led by Olaf Trygvason. Thora, though ruthlessly deserted by the ambitious and flint-hearted Jakon, remains his noble and faithful wife to the end. The composition is one of Reinecke's best efforts, the choruses, particularly, being spirited and full of dramatic life; next to these, Hakon Jarl is, musically, characterized with much boldness and intensity, while the parts of Thora and Olaf seem somewhat pale in comparison. The second of the University societies, Arion, sang the choruses, and as if they thoroughly enjoyed their work. Herr Schelper, a splendid artist, gifted with a magnificent baritone voice, had the part of Jakon to sing, which he did with telling effect. The remaining parts were ably taken care of by Fräulein Boggstover and Herr Pielke.

Besides "Hakon Jarl," the programme consisted of the following numbers:

Overture, Scherzo and Finale.....	Schumann
Rhapsodie, for Chorus, Alto Solo, and Orchestra,	Brahms
Tarantelle, {	Chopin
Lotusblume, { Piano Solos. {	Schumann-Reinecke
Ungarisch, {	David-Liszt
Norwegian Melody, { For	Svendsen
Mennet, { String Orchestra. {	Boccherini

All were well pleased; the Mennet had to be repeated. The pianist was Franklin Hübel, from Oldenburg.

The sixteenth Gewandhaus Concert was devoted entirely to music of a choral nature, namely, Cherubini's *Requiem*, and Mendelssohn's Forty-second Psalm. Both compositions, as may be expected from the lofty standard of this institution and the extraordinary abilities of its leader, Carl Reinecke, found worthy interpretation; but the fact that fully one third of the comparatively small hall was taken up by the active participants made the speedy termination of the new hall seem more desirable than ever, if such music is to be cultivated in future.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 16th, 1878.—Of the many concerts given during the present week, but two shall be referred to in this, namely, the one given by Carl Reinecke and the regular Gewandhaus concert, the seventeenth of the season. The following was the programme of the former:

Trio—Op. 40, piano, violin and horn.....Brahms
Duets—Op. 143, alto and baritone.....Reinecke
Andante and Variations—Op. 46.....Schumann
Dornröschen—For soprano, alto and baritone, solos and chorus.....Reinecke

Carl Reinecke has written compositions of every conceivable style and form, from the opera ("Manfred," "Ein Abenteuer Haendels," and others) to the simplest piano composition within the limit of five tones. Where such a wide range is taken, only a Beethoven or a Mozart or a genius of equal magnitude, can be uniformly successful. He has written much that doubtless possesses but little value, even in his own eyes; but in one certain form of composition, belonging to the class of "Dornröschen" and "Schneewittchen," he is decidedly great. For these Märchen or fairy-tales he has found precisely the proper tone, and that, too, without any

apparent effort, with the very simplest of means, in perfect harmony with the tender spirit of the Märchen. Whatever the future fate of his greater works may be, these will certainly live, just so long as there is a taste for the tender and the poetic.

Dornröschen, like *Schneewittchen*, is divided into choruses, solo and ensemble parts, accompanied by the piano. The choral parts are only for female voices, and very easy of performance. The solos, also, are far from difficult, while the pianist, particularly in *Dornröschen*, has more than a mere accompaniment to play. The favorable circumstances attending its performance on Friday evening were of an exceptional order; Reinecke himself sat at the piano, the chorus was selected from members of the Gewandhaus, and the solos were in the hands of the following artists: Paul Bulse, baritone, and Melitta Otto-Alvleben, soprano, from Dresden; Auguste Hohenschild, alto, from Berlin.

Schumann's variations were perfectly played by Xaver Scharwenka and Reinecke, who also with Röntgen (violin) and Gumbert (horn) interpreted the trio of Brahms.

The programme of the Gewandhaus concert, on Thursday evening, must have satisfied the most fastidious musical tastes; it was the following:

Mendelssohn—Overture, "Schöne Melusine."
Haydn—Aria from "Creation."
Scharwenka—Concerto, B flat minor, Op. 32.
Beethoven—Adelaide.
Chopin—Preludes.
Schumann—Nachtstück. } Piano solos.
Scharwenka—Etude.
Haydn—Symphony, G major.

That the orchestral numbers were well played is a matter of course; but Heinrich Vogl, from Munich, reaped most of the honors, and deservedly so, for a tenor of such wonderful beauty is not to be heard very often. During the week he has also been singing the parts of Joseph, in Méhul's *Joseph in Egypt*, and *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* in Wagner's operas. Double prices charged, and every seat in the large theatre sold, convey very plainly what a remarkable artist he must be. In the most poetical of Wagner's creations, *Lohengrin*, he is particularly great, all the critics agreeing, for once, in their unqualified admiration of such high art as is represented by him in the performance of this beautiful part.

Xaver Scharwenka is a young man who, in later years, has acquired considerable fame as a composer, notably for his own instrument, the piano, as a master of which he introduced himself in this concert. As a pianist, he has much in common with Reinecke, while as a composer he seems to waver between Schumann and Chopin, with here and there a spark of originality. This assertion is based on the acquaintance with his Concerto, by him beautifully played, a piano-quartet and several other solo compositions. That he was able to maintain his own alongside of the distinguished tenor, must be emphasized as being particularly creditable under the circumstances.

LEIPZIG, FEB. 22, 1878.—The only important musical event of this week was the concert given in the Hall of the Gewandhaus, for the benefit of the pension fund of the orchestra. The programme was the following:

Frühlings-overture.....Götz
Aria, from "Taming of the Shrew,".....Götz
Concerto, No. 2, for violin.....Bruch
Siegfried-Idyl.....Wagner
Rondo-capriccioso, for the violin.....Saint-Saëns
Ballet music from "Der Dämon,".....Rubinstein

It is immaterial to know whether accident or design caused it to consist entirely of novelties, for such they were, for this city at least, and, with one exception, the works of composers still living. The exception referred to is Hermann Götz, who died December 3, 1877, at the age of only thirty-six years. His name will be perpetuated by two monuments, in the form of a symphony, in F major, and an opera, "The Taming of the Shrew." The fact that these were written while on the very border of the grave, slowly dying of consumption, gives them, apart from their merits, a very peculiar interest. They are two works such as could only have emanated from the brain and heart of a man endowed with the rarest of gifts. Had he been permitted to live, his powers being certainly not nearly exhausted yet, and which would steadily have grown and developed in their use—he would, without a doubt, have enriched musical literature with many a noble creation; thinking of this, one cannot help regretting his untimely decease. Mozart, Weber, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, Ernst, Tausig, all having died in their young manhood, it would seem as if genius were doomed to an early grave.

The orchestra was at its very best, of which there was need indeed, to save the Wagner Idyl from being the reverse of enjoyable, while even a much less exact performance would not have essentially marred the enjoyment of the other orchestral numbers.

The violin concerto of Max Bruch has one disadvantage to contend with, namely, that the same composer has written another violin concerto, probably the best, and certainly the most famous after Mendelssohn. It

will be difficult not to measure the one by the merits of the other, when it will be found wanting. It was played by no less an artist than Pablo de Sarasate, for whom it was written, and to whom it is dedicated. As he stepped on the stage, like a hero, he was greeted by a thrice repeated trumpet flourish, and the audience, as if determined not to be excelled, spared neither lungs, hands nor gloves in its more than enthusiastic greeting. For a while it seemed as if applause was to be the only music for the rest of the concert. How he played, after the storm had subsided into an intense silence, is indescribable; but the effect was thrilling and altogether wonderful.

Frau Sucher-Hasselbeck, wife of the opera conductor in this city, and herself a prominent member of the same opera, sang well, without, however, giving such full expression to the aria as it is capable of receiving, and must receive, if the grandness and depth of the music be properly appreciated.

The operas of the week have been Wagner's *Lohengrin*, Marschner's *Templer und Jüdin* and Verdi's *Il Trovatore*.

Brüll's "Golden Cross" at Berlin.

(From the "Neue Berliner Musik-Zeitung," Dec. 30th, 1875.)

On the 22nd, for the first time *Das goldene Kreuz*, opera in two acts, libretto by Mosenthal, from the French, music by Ignaz Brüll. The piece *Catherine, ou la Croix d'or*, by Brazier and Melleville, was (in the German translation by Georg Harrys) a very popular stock piece, forty years ago, at all German theatres; the character actors of the period (headed by Heinrich Marr) were fond of playing the Sergeant. I myself often saw the piece in the old Königsstädtisches Theater, on the Alexander Platz, with Fritz Beckmann as Nicolas Bottin, and Friedrich Genée as the Sergeant. In Mosenthal's adaptation, which in other respects follows the scenarium and characters of the original piece, and is executed with the author's well-known skill, the interest, and so to speak the centre of gravity of the work is, strange to say, shifted. While, in the original, the first act appeared only to be a broadish exposition, or prelude, to pave the way for the events of the second act, the first act of the opera is (as it necessarily must be, from its offering the composer an opportunity for concerted pieces of the most varied nature) the more extensive and more particularly prominent, musically speaking, while the second act has become a much shorter postlude, which winds up the preceding events. Herr Brüll has achieved with his first work a complete and genuine success, such as is seldom met with in the same place. And, I am glad to say, he has done so most justly. He shows for this kind of composition no ordinary natural qualification; without racking his brains, without affecting any peculiar tendency, and without coquetting with learning, he goes boldly ahead, writes melodiously and concisely, and for these reasons very soon gains over his audience—who are really not the masses alone. His music is pleasing and never obtrusively pretentious; it lies well and clearly both for voices and instruments. Its success is consequently easily explicable. If I wished to name certain numbers as especially distinguished by applause, I should have to name them all, for each one was followed by continuous plaudits. Especial honor was paid to the Sergeant's Song in the second act; in compliance with a tumultuous request, one verse had to be repeated. It is true that this song is not one of the most successful things in the score, but, thanks to the situation, the pleasing words, and the catching melody (especially of the burden), it is extraordinarily effective; I feel firmly convinced that it will also obtain a *Da capo* at all future performances. After both acts the composer was called on with the actors. I believe that, when he shall have exhausted all the fancy which he has swimming about on the surface, Herr Brüll will discover underneath something more independent, and therefore more lasting; in a word, that we may expect from him, in the field of gracefully-comic opera, much that will be highly gratifying. The performance, carefully directed by Herr Radecke, and put on the stage in a spirited and pleasing fashion by Herr Salomon, did justice to the intentions both of the author and of the composer. To Mdle. Lehmann (Catherina) and Herr Krolop (Sergeant Bombardon) I should have no objections to make, if the lady could succeed in giving a somewhat more noble expression to her dialogue, especially in the more emotional parts, and if Herr Krolop would adopt a simpler, and therefore truer style of acting; he labors under the practice of wishing to do everything too well. Herr Ernst has seldom pleased me so much in any part as in that he now sustains; it seems to suit him especially well. Mdle. Horina (Therese) and Herr Schmidt

(Nicolas) worked successfully and humorously for the general result. Especial praise is due to the chorus, from whom occasionally thoroughly *obligato* efforts are demanded; both ladies and gentlemen displayed such lively interest in the action that they seemed absolute factors in it. Bravo for the chorus-master, Herr Kahl. I have already mentioned the favorable reception accorded to the opera; may its lucky star still continue to shine! *So sparkling and natural a work at a period like ours, when music is put on the rack or kills us with its noisy brass, does one good.*

FERDINAND GUMBERT.

"The Golden Cross" in English.—Carl Rosa Opera Company.

The English version of Herr Ignaz Brüll's opera, *Das Goldene Kreuz*, produced at the Adelphi Theatre on Saturday night before a densely-crowded audience, won as frank a success as can be remembered for years past. There was no mistake about the impression created. The applause from beginning to end was as genuine as it was hearty and frequent, and when the curtain fell at the termination of the first act no doubt could be entertained as to the ultimate result. The popularity enjoyed, not only in Vienna, where *Das Goldene Kreuz* was first produced, at the Imperial Opera House, but in many of the principal towns of Austria and Germany, is easy to understand. We hail in it a return to the good old school, in which horrors are not essential to the story, nor mysteries often unfathomable, to the music. The German mind has been for some years stretched to the utmost by the tests to which both operatic and exclusively instrumental composers have submitted it; and now comes forward a musician with something of another kind, a work deriving its principal and abiding charm from the Pierian spring of melody. That Herr Brüll's melody is always or even often original may not be said. Others before him have drawn from the same spring; and that the Viennese composer, whether consciously or unconsciously we are unable to decide (believing the latter), has derived advantage from their labors is unquestionable. Auber, whose melodies were always fresh, new, and marked with such strong individuality that any hearer might at once exclaim, with perfect self-assertion, "That's Auber," continually rises up before us; and so with others who might be named, including Weber. Not that Herr Brüll is open to the charge of plagiarism. On the contrary; but as we felt bound to say with reference to the excellent pianoforte concerto introduced by him, a week since, at the Crystal Palace, "the themes now and then conjure up reminiscences of themes we have heard before, although unable, perhaps, immediately to identify them." As with the concerto so with the opera. Nevertheless, we wholly agree with one of Herr Brüll's most cordial appreciators, Herr Ferdinand Gumbert, the well-known Berlin critic—"when all the fancy he has swimming about the surface becomes exhausted, he will discover something more independent, and, consequently, more lasting." Meanwhile we must be satisfied to accept him for what he actually is. We had already made acquaintance with him here as a brilliant pianist and a clever writer for the instrument of his predilection, and on Saturday Mr. Carl Rosa gave us a further opportunity of recognizing one of the most promising operatic composers of the day. We say "promising," because Herr Brüll, if we are rightly informed, has not yet attained his thirty-first year.

The story of *The Golden Cross* will not take long to narrate. It is one of very many belonging to the period of the straggling home-coming of the remnant of the great French army after Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia. The *dramatis personæ* comprise Nicolas Pairset, or "Colas," as he is familiarly styled, a mill-owner and innkeeper at the village of Mélon (Mr. Snazelle); Theresa, his cousin and affianced bride (Miss Josephine Yorke); Christina, his sister (Miss Julia Gaylord); Gontran de L'Ancre, a young French nobleman (Mr. Joseph Maas); and Bombardon, a recruiting sergeant (Mr. Aynsley Cook.) It is on the appointed wedding day of Nicolas and Theresa that the curtain rises. Their dismay may be imagined on hearing that a recruiting sergeant has just arrived to carry out the dictates of the conscription. That Nicolas should be one of the "elect" is a matter of course, otherwise there would be no story and no opera. The despair of Theresa is touching. It is her wedding day, and her husband is to be taken from her before the ceremony is solemnized. Christina is equally

chagrined both on account of her brother and her brother's sorrowful bride; but she is made of more heroic stuff. Among the young men lucky enough not to be drawn for the conscription are several who have professed devotion to Christina and asked her in marriage, though in vain. To these she now appeals, as much in vain as had been their appeals to her with a different object. She vows that the man who will consent to act as substitute for her brother shall be rewarded with her oft-solicited hand and heart; but no one finds courage to accede, even though Christina takes off the golden cross which she wears on her neck as guarantee that he who brings it back is the rightful claimant for her affections. They are all of them too great cowards, and leave her to wish that she could go herself, like Caterina in the *Etoile du Nord*. Nicolas, however, who possesses the heart and the courage of a dozen of each of such men, has made ready to march with his doomed companions, when Bombardon suddenly appears with the welcome news to Christina that a substitute has volunteered to take his place, demanding from her, as token, the golden cross which, should he return, will identify him and enforce her to fulfil the pledge she has so nobly offered. The substitute is Gontran de L'Ancre, who, having been crossed in love, desires to join the wars. Christina has never seen him; but Bombardon knows all about the story through an incident upon which it is needless to dwell. While the departing soldiers are singing "Rataplan," Gontran's voice, in a tender strain, heard from a distance, bids farewell to his native land. The eddying festivities are renewed, and the curtain falls upon a scene as animated as that of the *finale* to the second act of *Faust*, terminating with a general waltz, in which the chorus join, scarcely less effective than that almost incomparable one of Gounod, and probably—who can say?—suggested by it. The effect of the entire *finale* is undeniable, and may be said to have decided the success of the opera.

The second act is shorter, and contains much less music than the first. It, nevertheless, carries out the whole consistently. Three years are supposed to have elapsed. We are again at the village of Mélon. In the *interim* Nicolas himself has been to the wars, and, wounded, brings back with him a certain "Captain," under whom he has immediately served. He is now again happy with his wife Theresa; while Christina, anxious for the return of her brother's voluntary substitute, has been nursing the "Captain," and in the performance of this tender office unwittingly loses her heart. At the same time she is resolved to keep her promise and wed the man who restores to her the golden cross. He comes not, however; but eventually the "Captain," the real Gontran de L'Ancre, as our readers need scarcely be informed, who in a fit of disappointed love had sacrificed himself for her sake, and during the interesting period of his nursing (unlike Sir Launcelot, in similar circumstances, heart-proof against the fair Maid of Astolat) becomes enamored of his nurse, tells her that he was her champion. Not having in his possession, however, the golden cross, she does not believe him, and, despite the feelings he has inspired within her breast, rejects him as a pretender. From this point the *dénouement* or unknitting of the whole may be easily surmised. Bombardon, the recruiting sergeant, who has watched over the supposed dying moments of Gontran on the field of battle, returns, himself a mutilated soldier, with the cross received from Gontran, whom he believed to be dying. This he delivers to Christina, which absolves her from her vow. Whereupon the "Captain" appears again; Bombardon recognizing him as Gontran, the legitimate owner of the golden cross, embraces him, and, as Mr. J. P. Jackson, who has so well put the German libretto into English, pleasantly adds, "all things are righted, every one delighted, loves are freshly plighted, and lovers happily united." Such is the book, taken originally by Moseenthal from a French piece, entitled *La Croix d'Or*, and literally translated for the English stage. We have no intention of entering into minute details about the score of *The Golden Cross*, or of drawing up a catalogue of its various numbers, piece by piece. That would answer no definite purpose with regard to a work so uniformly unpretending. It must be judged, as a whole, to be appreciated at its worth; and, as it is likely that most opera-goers will sooner or later avail themselves of the opportunity of hearing it, it is better to allow the public to decide for themselves. Though all the pieces are by no means of equal merit, not one of them can be pronounced "dull," so fluently, and so strictly in consonance with the personages, situations, and stage business

is the whole wrought out. Herr Brüll writes skillfully for voices, whether dealing with solos, chorus, or concerted *ensembles*, of which the well and spiritedly conducted *finale* to the first act affords ample proof. He is also a thorough master of the resources of the orchestra, which are used from first to last as effectively as could be wished.

The performance is in all respects efficient. The unanimous encore awarded to the overture showed that the orchestra was in good form, and this was maintained to the end. Miss Julia Gaylord has added materially to her always increasing reputation by her singing and acting as Christina; Miss Josephine Yorke is a lively and sensible Theresa; Mr. Joseph Maas, who has been engaged for some years as principal tenor of the Kellogg Operatic Company in the United States, returns to us with both voice and style greatly improved; Mr. Snazelle is more than acceptable as Nicolas; and Mr. Aynsley Cook is a capital Bombardon—a sort of cross between Belcore in the *Elisir d'Amore* and Sulpizio in the *Figlia del Reggimento*. All these artists have made themselves thoroughly acquainted with the music of the characters assigned to them, and act with more or less intelligence—the palm being deservedly awarded to Miss Gaylord. There is only one scene—the village of Mélon, which in the second act, after the three years' interval, is precisely the same as in the first; but that scene is both appropriate and picturesque. The costumes, from designs by Mr. Charles Lyall, are historically accurate; and the *mise-en-scène* leaves nothing to be desired. Mr. Rosa conducted the performance with the talent derived from long practised experience. We have stated that the overture was encored, and may here add the more's the pity, since it unnecessarily prolonged the performance. The system of encores could easily be resisted by a manager with a will for the deed, and such a manager we might reasonably look for in Mr. Carl Rosa. Of course, at the end of each act there were calls for the leading singers, the composer, the author of the adaptation (Mr. Jackson), and last, not least, for Mr. Rosa, who again brought forward Herr Brüll—a custom which, except on special occasions like the present, it would be just as well to ignore as that of "encores." Happily, *The Golden Cross*, compared with many other operas, is refreshingly short.—*Times*.

"Around the World in Eighty Days"

When Jules Verne describes how a typical Englishman hurried around the world in eighty days in order to win a bet, we can laugh at the fiction and its funny incidents. After all, it is only a romance, and a French novelist writes for success. But here, in our country, we have a reality, Dr. Eben Tourjée's, as he calls it, "Grand Musical and Educational Excursion to Europe, including Northern Ireland, Scotland, France, Belgium, the Rhine District, Northern Prussia, Switzerland, and a visit to the Paris Exposition." All this has to be done in sixty days, including the ocean travel both ways, so that about forty days are dedicated to sight-seeing in Europe. That an excursion of that character cannot very well be either musical or educational is easy enough to understand. The party will "do" Great Britain and the Continent as so many Americans have done before them, and then return home with some vague notions picked up from guide-books, lectures of the "professors," and their own experience. Dr. Tourjée cannot make us believe that travelers can study the customs and ways of more than half a dozen different nationalities in the short space of forty days. We do not deny his excellent connections in Europe; they will afford, him no doubt, ample opportunities to satisfy the demands of his *clients* as to taking in as much as possible in one day. But, after all, where is the gain of such proceedings, when each is compelled to see—is obliged always to take in new objects of interest, till body and mind are so tired out that they long for rest; and it might happen that Dr. Tourjée's whole party, including the "professors," will be very glad to reach home again, in order to rest from the bother of continual sight-seeing. Dr. Tourjée has published a pamphlet about his undertaking, and says: "The advantages arising from personally visiting and inspecting the romantic scenery, the grand old cathedrals, the museums, the art galleries, institutions of learning, and the many other objects of interest with which the Old World is crowded, is greater than books can furnish." That is all very true—there is only a slight difference between inspecting and hurrying through. To make the *tour* Dr. Tourjée proposes really an ed-

ncational one, he wants at least as many weeks as he has days at his disposal. We should like to see the party coming back about Sept. 1st, and inquire about their studies abroad. Most of them will willingly confess that they were only too glad when evening came and they could retire for the night, the darkness of which fortunately forbids sight-seeing. We do not know whether Dr. Tourjée has schemed this excursion out of pure humanity or for the sake of making money. In the latter case, the affair is cheap, and the projector gives full value for the price of \$400 in gold. This sum furnishes all expenses from New York back to New York, and entitles the excursionist to a full participation in all the educational advantages of the trip, including lectures, literary and musical exercises, concerts on board the steamer going to and coming from Europe, etc., etc.

A great many things are offered which actually do not amount to anything, but nevertheless they read very nicely and make display. What, for instance, is meant by concerts on board the steamer, to which ticket-holders are entitled free of charge? Has Dr. Tourjée engaged Christine Nilsson or Lucia for the trip? Has he made arrangements with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra to accompany his excursion party to Londonderry and back again? We did not hear anything about these arrangements, and it seems to us that, if there are concerts on board the steamer, the excursionists have to look for the *virtuosi* among themselves. That the *non-virtuosi* are entitled to attend these entertainments free of charge is no speciality of Tourjée's enterprise; it is a general rule on board the steamers, for it would not be advisable to chuck those who refuse to pay the admission fee overboard, or to put them in a dark closet till the concert is over. Generally these concerts are for the benefit of the sailors, this time they will be given for educational purposes. But these concerts will not be the only musical feature of the trip across the water. There will be daily choral practice on the steamer, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. This must be charming! Imagine twenty young ladies, who did not sleep very well on account of a rough sea during the night. They appear on deck at 8 A.M. pale, shivering, bundled up in wrappings, blankets and shawls, and wish they had never undertaken this trip to the Old World. They abuse Tourjée, they hate Zerrahn, they detest the musical and educational purposes; everybody who has crossed the ocean knows this feeling of hatred, which in reality is nothing else but sea-sickness. The poor girls lounge around on steamer chairs to get the fresh breeze, which carries them back to life. A cup of coffee and a biscuit is their morning meal, and after two hours' rest on deck they feel their strength coming back; their blood becomes warmer again, and, just as they begin to feel thoroughly comfortable, the stalwart figure of Mr. Carl Zerrahn appears on deck, and *baton* in his hand, smilingly invites them down to the saloon for choral practice. Some girls like the singing practice, others do not care to show their weakness, and master strength enough to follow their sisters.

After an hour or so of choral practice, when Zerrahn feels satisfied to have wielded the *baton* long enough for one day, the ladies are dismissed and ruel on deck again. Our imagination is so strong that we can see the poor victimized creatures running upstairs to breathe again God's fresh, pure air, which is not yet adulterated by Dr. Tourjée's educational purposes. But if Dr. Tourjée's description of the steamer "Devonia" is correct, we must be wrong; there cannot be any sea-sickness on board. The following glowing terms describes the wonderful saloon:

"This saloon is peculiar to this vessel, and forms a feature wholly unique in steamer architecture. Removed from all suggestiveness of the kitchen and other internal departments of the steamer, it will afford at all times a delightful retreat for the passengers, who may almost imagine themselves in some pleasant pavilion or hall on shore, so unlike is it to the ordinary accommodations furnished at sea. Among the appointments of this lecture and concert hall will be a grand piano and organ. Another unique feature on board this vessel is a veritable garden of flowers."

Grand, really wonderful! It is strange we never heard of those wonders before. A concert hall on board a steamer, and a veritable garden of flowers, and passengers may "almost imagine themselves on shore." This "almost" is excellently expressed. We are sorry that Dr. Tourjée does not add, that the screw of the vessel, by his arrangements with

the company of the Anchor Line, works without the least noise, and that no coal will be used during the trip, in order to avoid the smoke and dust, so dangerous to the throat and the vocal organs.

After the projector has told in his pamphlet how many churches and organs his party will see on their tour, he wisely adds: "The study of the countries to be visited, through histories, books of travel, guide-books, etc., is suggested to every one as a means of gaining many practical hints in advance." This remark is very sensible. Indeed, a guide book would be of value; Appleton or Bradshaw to the front! They have to help the professors to accomplish in forty days what others cannot master in a year. We hope that the steamer "Devonia" will be crowded on the 29th day of June, with the excursionists of Dr. Tourjée. We shall be at the wharf to see the party off, and scream with our full lungs, "God speed, and happy return!"—*Music Trade Review*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MARCH 30, 1878.

Concerts.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The ninth (and last but one) of the Symphony Concerts of this thirteenth season took place in the Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, March 14. The programme was uncommonly attractive, the audience uncommonly small.

Overture: "Weihe dies Hauses," in C, Op. 124, Beethoven
Aria: "As when the dove," from "Acis and Galatea," Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Symphony, No. 1, in C minor, Op. 68, Gade
Moderato and Allegro.—Scherzo.—Andantino.—Allegro con fuoco.

Unfinished Symphony, in B minor, Schubert
First movement: Allegro moderato.
Recit. and Aria from "Idomeneo," Mozart
Miss Fanny Kellogg.

REC. (Electra.) Estinto è Idomeneo? Tutto a miei danni congiura il ciel. Può a suo talento Idomeneo disporre d'un Impero e del cor, e a me non resta ombra di speme? A mio dispetto, ah! lassal vedrò, vedrà, la Grecia, a suo gran scorno, una schiava Trojana di quel soglio e del talamo a parte? Invano Eletttra ami l'ingrato, e soffre una figlia d'un re ch'ha re vassalli ch'una vil schiava aspiri al grand'acquisto! O sdegno! O smania! O duol! più non resisto.

ARIA.

Tutto nel cor vi sento,
Furia del crudo averno!
Lunghe a sì gran tormento
Amor, mercede, pietà.
Chi mi rubò quel core,
Quel che tradito ha il mio,
Provin dal mio furore,
Vendetta e crudeltà!

Overture to "William Tell".....Rossini

Beethoven's broad and stately Dedication Overture (composed for the opening of a theatre) reveals new beauties and new depth of meaning with each new hearing. This time it was well brought out and made a marked impression. Gade's romantic Northern seashore Symphony, his first, and still the freshest and the best of all the eight which he has written, is always popular. It was played with spirit and, for the most part, with delicacy or with stirring power according to the character of the several passages and movements. Particularly enjoyable were the wild, tumultuous *Scherzo*, with its exquisitely fine fairy *Trio* (tiny sprites dancing on the beach by moonlight?),—the lovely vision fading away in the distance, as the realistic boisterous element returns,—and the tender sympathetic melody (led in by the oboe, and developed with consummate grace of form and delicate warmth of harmony by all the softer instruments of the orchestra) of the *Andantino*. These two middle movements are the most poetic and most strikingly original of the whole. The wild, heroic Viking energy and swing of the *Finale*, too, with its resounding Volkslied melody and multitudinous tramp of feet, like a marching chorus, is always exciting. These movements were all better rendered than the first,

in which the rhythm of the opening *Moderato* theme, and its affinity (identity almost) with the *Allegro* (that springs from it) was hardly so distinct as it might have been. But as a whole, the Symphony was evidently keenly relished.

Probably the single movement from Schubert's Unfinished Symphony bore off the palm with the majority of listeners. There is a fascination in the almost tragic sadness of its mood, as well as in the lovely little melody which lights it up, continually returning. And this was the best interpreted of all the numbers. The glorious old "William Tell" Overture, making a good offset to that of Beethoven, was less happy in the rendering, here and there betraying carelessness, perhaps for the very reason that it has become so familiar. Rossini must have foreseen Gilmore when he put on that *Finale*!

Miss FANNY KELLOGG won new honors by her selection, as well as by her artistic rendering, of two such Arias drawn from the purest and noblest sources. It is a good sign for her and for musical Art among us, that a singer with her vocal means and training devotes herself, with evident sincerity, to music of so high a character. Her voice, always clear and sweet, steadily gains power and volume, and her execution is artistic for one who has so recently entered upon the career of a concert singer. Clearly she has been under good and wise influence of late, the influence which inspires effort in a high and true direction, and which at the same time prudently withholds and guides. The Air from "Acis and Galatea," a song in Handel's happiest melodic vein, was just one of the thousand instances of the music of those times which fail of their effect without something artistically and wisely done in the way of what is commonly called "additional accompaniments." In Handel's score we find only two violin parts and bass, with a single oboe; no viola or any middle harmony whatever. This thin and gaping texture, full of empty spaces, had been carefully filled out and completed by Mr. Dresel; or, in other words, Handel's harmonic and contrapuntal intentions had been by him developed, he doing for this Aria about the same sort of work that Mozart had done for the *Messiah*, and Robert Franz for the Passion Music of Bach. So that the song was given for the first time with a complete and rich orchestral score—a task by no means mechanical or slight—and probably was for the first time appreciated at its full worth.

The scene from Mozart's first real Opera, *Idomeneo*, the creation of a boy almost, as a piece of noble, intense, and inspired dramatic music, may rank with the best things he ever did; *Don Giovanni* contains nothing greater of its kind. The orchestral accompaniment is wonderful, the declamation worthy of the greatest singer's powers, and its style is declamatory and impassioned rather than melodious. Miss Kellogg gave the Recitative with thrilling fire and force, spending herself so freely there, that in the Aria her voice appeared somewhat fatigued, although it was all very finely sung. She was recalled with sincere admiration and respect, which she acknowledged modestly, but sang no more.

On Thursday of this week (too late for notice here) the present season of Symphony Concerts came to an end. The programme, essentially changed since the first announcement, was as follows:

PART I. Overture to "St. Paul," Mendelssohn; The Nightingale Aria from Handel's "Il Pensieroso" (Miss LILLIAN BAILEY); Concerto in C, for three pianos, with String Orchestra, Bach (B. J. LANG, J. C. D. PARKER and A. W. FOOTE). PART II. Overture to "Rosamunde," Schubert; Songs (first time), Schubert; Eighth Symphony, Beethoven.

THE CECILIA. Mr. LANE having happily recovered the use of his broken left arm,—sufficiently at

least to conduct, with that arm in a sling,—the Club on Thursday evening, March 14, gave the promised repetition of their concert of Feb. 8. The programme was the same as before, with the very important restoration of the orchestra to its rightful place, before feebly occupied by a thin and dry pianoforte accompaniment, in "Athalie" and Schumann's "Gypsy Life." For the opening Overture to the "Magic Flute," before so well played upon two pianos, the Orchestra this time gave a good rendering of Beethoven's Overture to "Coriolanus." It was an Orchestra of fair proportions (about 35 instruments), and played with care, the noisier instruments being well subdued under the conductor's sway; so that the voices in that resonant hall (Tremont Temple) were heard to excellent advantage. All who improved the opportunity to compare this with the previous performances of *Athalie*, must have felt that now for the first time have they really heard this noble composition as a whole. The gain was immense. In interest, in musical importance and significance, in vital power and charm, it seemed another work. Not only did the instruments lend color, vividness, intensity, to what some before found rather monotonous and tame; they also brought out many unnoticed points and features into the light, made many beautiful connections and transitions clear, and showed the beauty and the value of numerous little symphonic introductions and interludes in various choruses, which passed unheeded and without significance when merely sketched by the piano. Both chorus singers and soloists (the same ladies as before) seemed to gain new life, new buoyancy and freedom from the swelling and supporting element; so that altogether the performance was a triumph, scoring a high notch for future efforts of the Cecilia.

Schumann's "Gypsy Life" gained even more from orchestral accompaniment. Its wierd, fantastic images, with all the picturesque surroundings, were now presented in the strong light needed for their appreciation; and the intoxication of the rhythm and the sensuous, richly-colored harmony was now irresistible. It was sung and played to a charm, the dying away of the voices, in prolonged *diminuendo* on the last chord ("And gone are the Gypsies, but where, who can say?") was simply perfect, holding the listeners breathless.

The part-song ("Evening Song") by Hauptmann was this time much better appreciated than before. At all events it was received with the greatest enthusiasm and had to be repeated. Schumann's "Little Ship," with the answering horn and flute, was not quite so happy as in the former rendering; something was out of tune. The concert as a whole was the most successful ever given by the Cecilia. The prejudice, hitherto existing in our vocal clubs, against singing with an orchestra, must now, we think, confess itself unfounded; and it will henceforth pass for granted that the production of a great composition in its integrity, vocal and instrumental, is of too much consequence to be sacrificed to the perhaps natural, but blind desire of singers to have all sounds kept aloof which might divide the attention claimed exclusively for their own precious voices.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. Another large audience was in attendance at the fifth concert, March 19. The music was furnished by the Thomas Orchestra and a prima donna Soprano from the Imperial Opera of Vienna, Miss MATHILDE WILDE. The programme was the following:

Overture to Goethe's "Egmont," Beethoven
Recit. and Aria, "Abscheulicher!" from "Fidelio," Beethoven
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Symphony, ("Scotch,") in A minor... Mendelssohn

Introduction and Finale, from "Tristan und Isolde," Wagner
Song—"Die Lorelei," Liszt
Overture to "Der Freischuetz," Weber

The first half of this programme, at all events, was as good as could be desired. With such an orchestra it could be only a delight to listen, were it for the thousandth time, to Beethoven's wonderfully concise, impassioned and dramatic Overture to *Egmont*, and, for a hundredth time perhaps, to the romantic, graphic, beautiful "Scotch" Symphony. Both are works of genius, though with a difference, and of consummate Art, and both were executed to a charm. Fri. Wilde has the large, clear, commanding voice of a singer accustomed to the great soprano roles in classic Opera. The voice, however, is no longer in its freshness, and some of the tones are hard, not to say harsh. Her singing of the great Leonore Scenashowed intelligence and vocal culture, but somehow lacked the sympathetic quality, without which it could not inspire. Strangely, too, for that orchestra, the accompaniments were not always free from fault, there being once or twice a slight confusion among the three horns.

Of the second part we cannot speak. In spite of many fruitless attempts to find any beauty in the "Tristan and Isolde" music, we would have stayed and bared our breast to its attack once more, but for the fact that our stern keeper for some time past, painful Neuralgia, gave us just then a sharp hint that it was time to come away. We really doubt if either that, or all the questionable fascinations of Liszt's "Lorelei" would have made the arm ache any the less; and the old "Frey-schuets" Overture (the first music that ever wrought upon our young imagination) we can take for granted always.

The sixth Concert comes on Tuesday evening, April 16, offering the same Orchestra in Schumann's B-flat Symphony, and Beethoven's "Coriolanus" Overture; besides a new work by Prof. Faine: (a Duo Concertante for Violin and Cello); Soprano Solos, etc.

NOTICES OF THOMAS'S two "popular" concerts, of Mr. LIEBLING's concert, etc., are crowded out for the present.

CHICAGO, MARCH 23.—Since my former communication various musical matters have turned up, but none requiring especial mention here, except, perhaps, the concert of the Choral Union, the Thursby concerts, and Mr. Liebling's piano recitals. The Choral Union is a West Side society of about one hundred voices led by Mr. O. Blackman, the hard-working and under-paid superintendent of music in the public schools. This society has been in operation about two years now, and has attained to a state of efficiency reflecting great credit on its conductor. The concert in question contained Schubert's "Gebet," which is said to have over-taxed the resources of the society. I give this on hearsay only, as I was unable to attend. The *Tribune* spoke very complimentarily of Mr. Blackman, and I take pleasure in making it a matter of record here, as in consequence of this being a West Side society its former efforts have passed unnoticed by the press simply because of the inconvenience of a South Side critic attending them.

The Thursby Concerts presented several singers, but the music was so unimportant as to leave no need for comment here. Last Thursday night there was a testimonial to Mr. Carl Wolfsohn, which was a great success as far as audience was concerned, and I suppose also in point of financial outcome. The programme was only fair, the hired singers, Miss Thursby, Mr. Whitney, and so on, bringing out only their old and well-known "war-horses" of insignificant ballads. I really do not see why singers might not do something for the cultivation of art, as well as instrumentalists; but you know they do not. Here for instance is Miss Thursby, a prime favorite here and a really good singer, presenting programme after programme without a single redeeming feature in the way of really fine music.

Mr. Wolfsohn is a musician to whom any community where he lives will be very much indebted, such is his constant activity in behalf of what he regards as good music; and the audience that gathered last Thursday night must have convinced him that his efforts are not unrecognized. He brought out a pupil at this concert, a Miss Blumenfeld (I think that is the name—I write without a copy of the programme at hand) who played exceedingly well (they say) the first movement of Beethoven's 3rd Concerto with Reinecke's Cadenza.

Last night Mr. Emil Liebling gave the first of his two recitals in Hershey Hall before a fine audience. The programme was this:

1. Sonata, Op. 13.....Beethoven
Grave.—Allegro molto e con brio.—Adagio.
—Rondo.
2. a. Sonata, A major.....Scarlatti
b. Gavotte, Op. 16.....Niemann
3. Song—"My dearest heart,"
Miss Hiltz.
4. a. Etude, Op. 2, No. 7.....Henselt
b. Spring Song, Op. 18.....Henselt
c. Albumblatt, Op. 12, No. 7.....Grieg
d. Rondo Placevole.....Sterndale-Bennett
e. Tarantelle, Op. 12, No. 3.....Jadassohn
5. Song—"Bridal Bells,".....Roedel
Miss Hiltz.
6. a. Les Deux Alouettes.....Leschetitzky
b. Spinnerlled.....Wagner-Liszt
7. Song—"Thou'rt like a flower,".....Rubinstein
Miss Hiltz.
8. Giga con Variazioni, Op. 91.....Raff

Mr. Liebling is a pianist of whom it is very difficult to speak properly, because it is not easy to decide what stand-point to take. Though the most fully occupied in teaching of any teacher in the city, it is not just to the others to estimate his concert-appearances merely as those of a *teacher*, for he has aspirations toward the concert stage. On the other hand, to criticize him as a virtuoso is hardly fair, as owing to his teaching duties he is unable to practice as he would like it. Still I think it may justly be said of him that as a pianist he is of superior merit, far above what we look for or find among our other teachers. His technique is already excellent. He plays with all necessary bravura, and with constantly increasing refinement. In this respect his playing leaves little to be desired. Still he is much more than a mere pianist. He is distinctively an intellectual player. His performances of, e.g., the Liszt arrangement of Bach's great G-minor organ fugue, and Bach's Suites, leave little to be desired. So also on this occasion, in spite of a serious indisposition, he played the sonata remarkably well, his reading of the second idea in the *Adagio* being new to me (slower than usual, and with more *innigkeit*) and there were little refinements and glimpses of the artist soul all along in the work.

In my opinion Mr. Liebling's weakness as an artist is in a somewhat too faint sense of the beautiful and the impassioned. It is this which permits him to compose such a programme as this, which in a succession of ten pieces after the first affords no point of repose, no moment of deep feeling. These entire ten pieces had to me the air of a succession of beautifully played *etudes*, rather than a recital of works displaying a high order of imagination. This effect is not so much due to a positive want of imagination in the pieces themselves, as to their unrelieved succession. In so arranging a programme Mr. Liebling is but one among many artists who underrate the impression great works (embodying the highest flights of genius) make on even uncultivated people. The many, as they approach genius, are like the ploughman who takes hold of the handles of an electro-galvanic machine. A slight current he regards with contempt; it is only when you turn on the full head of it that he finds voice to acknowledge the influence of the unseen subtle power. Thus the popular sonatas of Beethoven are the *Pathetique*, the *Moonlight*, and the *Appassionata*, three of the four which are fullest of passion. Others are equally beautiful; but these are the cry of the heart, ringing out so loud and clear that all mankind have heard.

As a concert pianist there would seem to be a great field open to Mr. Liebling. When he once knows his own deficiencies, he will in time be able to make his intelligence serve him in *putting* on the effects which ought to come of themselves spontaneously from the heart; and so while he may never move and sway an audience like a Rubinstein, he may at any rate achieve the equally useful excellence of presenting carefully considered, mature, reverent and intelligent interpretations of the highest works of genius.

The singing on this occasion added nothing to the artistic ensemble of the selections, though Miss Hiltz sang extremely well in her first song.

Mr. Eddy's organ recitals continue, as good as ever, and next time I will send a selection of programmes, and so remain,

DEB FREYSCHUETZ.

Crystal Palace Concerts.

(From the "Times.")

These performances have been resumed, after the usual interval between Christmas and the regular season. The programmes, carefully made out and well balanced, as may be expected from Mr. August Manns, to whom the public is indebted for so much that is conducive to the encouragement of a taste for legitimate art, are, as always, varied and interesting. Three symphonies have already been played in such a manner as to uphold the well-earned credit of the weekly concerts which attract so many lovers of high-class music every Saturday to the Palace at Sydenham. These were the "Sinfonia Eroica" of Beethoven, the colossal "Napoleon Bonaparte" (thus originally styled by Beethoven himself); the D minor symphony of Schumann, generally known as "No. 4," because, although composed immediately after his first great orchestral work, it had not yet received its author's final touches till after the completion of his third; and Mozart's Orphean "E flat," to which allusion was recently made when speaking of its companion in "G minor," at the Philharmonic Society's opening concert. To name these is to answer all purposes. It is worth observing, however, that, while each in its way a masterpiece, Schumann coming between Beethoven and Mozart, like a valiant champion between a giant and a beautiful princess, no three works could possibly be cited which, beyond their admitted excellence, have so little—so absolutely nothing, if the phrase may be allowed—in common. This only shows how the individuality of a composer, always presuming him to be a man of genius, can be pronounced even through the seemingly indefinite language of "absolute" music—music independent of outward accessories. No one could possibly mistake Schumann for Beethoven, or Mozart for either Beethoven or Schumann, in the symphonies enumerated. Among the overtures hitherto given, also three in number, there was one from the pen of Mr. T. Wingham, an already distinguished representative of our Royal Academy of Music and a favored pupil of the late Sterndale Bennett's. Mr. Wingham is no stranger to the Crystal Palace Concerts, at which, some few years ago, his second symphony in B flat was performed, with well-merited success. He owes further reputation to a Mass written expressly for the Antwerp "Feast of the Assumption"—highly commended by the Belgian critics. The "Concert Overture" in F, is the fourth work of the kind composed by Mr. Wingham, whose Concert Overture in E, "Festal Overture" in C, and "Elegy on the death of Sterndale Bennett," introducing the "Barcarolle" from our great musician's fourth pianoforte concerto, have all been given at the Crystal Palace. Its reception was so favorable that we are likely soon to hear of the overture again, with a chance of its merits being still more fully appreciated. Among other pieces which, if not to be styled "novelties," were at all events heard for the first time here, may be singled out Handel's so-called "Oboe concerto" in B flat—No. 2 of the series of six which recall the days of the "Ancient Concerts." This afforded Messrs. Dubucq and Peisel (oboes), Messrs. Watson and Jung (violins), a favorable opportunity of displaying their skill in the *obbligato* passages. Such a revival could hardly fail to please at the Crystal Palace, where, thanks to the Handel Festivals, the name of the composer of *Israel in Egypt* and the *Messiah* is a household word. More from the same rich mine would be welcome. Another revival calculated to satisfy connoisseurs was the first movement (why first movement only?) of Viotti's concerto—No. 17, in D, so admirably executed by M. Wieniawski that the omission of what follows was greatly to be regretted. No one could be otherwise than pleased to hear the accomplished violinist in his own Polonaise; but so little is heard now-a-days of Viotti, that when a concerto from his pen is introduced it creates a natural desire among those who appreciate his works that it may be given in its integrity. Perhaps no violin composer ever did more for the

advancement of the mechanism of the instrument than the once renowned Piedmontese "virtuoso," who passed some years of his life among us, in various capacities, as fortune turned up. That the compositions of Viotti deserve more attention than much which by eclectic explorers has been "rescued from the past" is incontestable. Besides 29 violin concertos, he composed quartets, sonatas, and very many other works, wherein for the most part the instrument of which he was so great a master is concerned.

The concert on Saturday afternoon presented more than one attractive feature. The symphony (Mozart's "E flat") has been alluded to already; and there is no more to add than that it could hardly have been better played than by the fine orchestra which Mr. Manns directs with such eminent ability and zeal, listened to with more undisturbed attention, or applauded more heartily by a crowded assembly. Herr Richard Wagner's "*Faust* overture"—not so much an "overture" as an embodiment in orchestral music of the impressions made upon the composer by the personages and incidents embodied in Goethe's immortal *Tragedy*—having been introduced at the Crystal Palace Concerts three or four years since, was no stranger; but though still a little beyond the comprehension of many among the audience, here and there puzzling even to experienced judges, it seemed to make a deeper general impression than on the previous occasion, and, while the applause at the end was by no means enthusiastic, it was easy to observe that much had been appreciated which formerly escaped observation and produced little or no effect. That the *Faust* overture is a work of singular originality and power can hardly be denied; that it can ever become "popular," in the conventional acceptance of the term, as in the case of others among the more elaborately wrought-out productions of Wagner, is unlikely. At the same time we cannot but regard it as one of his most deeply-felt and imaginative compositions—something akin, if not in form, at least in expression, to the *Manfred* overture of Schumann. [?] A novelty in the programme of Saturday's concert, in the shape of a pianoforte concerto with orchestral accompaniments, the composition of Herr Ignaz Brüll, was more than usually acceptable, and successful in proportion. The composer was his own exponent, his performance being as clear, unpretending, and masterly as the work he introduced to us for the first time. Just now, when almost every new thing of the kind is so pretentious, exaggerated, and needlessly spun out, to listen to a concerto modelled after the old "classical" form—a form that can never perish, whatever innovations may arise—and played in the old "classical" style, with perfect accuracy, natural phrasing, and quiet composure, is a real enjoyment. The pianoforte part in Herr Brüll's concerto is written in such a manner as to display advantageously the manipulative skill of the executant as well as his command of melodious *cantilena*, both indispensable in a work so constituted. Thus the bravura passages for the chief performer are as brilliant as could be desired, while the orchestra, of which Herr Brüll is evidently a thorough master, assumes all the desired significance in carrying out the general design. The concerto is in three movements, an *allegro moderato*, which, its prevalent style taken into consideration, might, notwithstanding its melodious counter themes, as appropriately be denominated "La Chasse" as other movements of the kind that could be named; an *andante* full of genuine tune; and an *allegro* just as spirited as the first movement. If in point of invention the themes of this concerto now and then conjure up reminiscences of themes we have heard before, though unable perhaps immediately to identify them, it is, as a whole, so well put together, so bright and cheerful, from first to last, that adequate compensation is afforded. The work and its performance were, as we have hinted, a genuine success. Herr Brüll played two solos by Chopin at this concert—a nocturne and a polonaise, the first of which appeared to suit him better than the last. The singers were Miss Merivale, a young *débutante*, who, in an air by Loti and "Nobil Signor" from the *Huguenots*, exhibited a pleasing voice united to considerable promise, and Herr Henchel, the new German vocalist, who seems rapidly making way among us, and who in an air by Carissimi, and Schumann's "Die beiden Grenadiere" made a strong impression—in the last more especially. The concert came to a termination with a very fine performance of Sterndale Bennett's overture, which, once entitled *Marie du Bois*, was afterwards affixed to his cantata, *The May Queen*.

Special Notices.

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E. to F. "She's a perfect little beauty,
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A pretty little ballad, of a pretty little maiden,
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"Nobis donet in patria."
"With life eternal crown our love."
A fine duet, with Latin and English words.
- Tantum Ergo. Duet for Tenor and Bass. C minor. 4. F to G. Rondinella. 40
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The Bella Donnas will do well to step to these lively strains.
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Can hardly fail to win applause in any public performance.
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One may not see how Johnny Morgan (with his organ) can either galop or waltz, but the air would make any one wish to try.
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Laurel and Rose, (Lorbeer und Rose.) Db. 4. 60
Gertrude's Song, (Lied der Gréte,) Ab. 4. 50
Perles et Diamants, Valse. Eb. 4. 60

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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Dwight's Journal of Music.

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Two Sonnets.

I.

Thou knowst it now, O Love! whose eyes, unsealed,
Drink gladdened in the dewy flush and blow
Of golden Springs, that do not come and go,
But linger evermore on wood and field,
Where Life's new streams glide deep and still, nor yield
Their sweet, eternal course to swifter flow,
Save when they thrill, as in a blinding glow
The Godhead one brief moment stands revealed,—
Thou knowst it now, if sometime, moved perchance
By tender grief and pity, from amid
Those passing joys, thou turnst a backward glance
On the gray earth, in dark and dimness hid,—
How I have loved thee through long, silent years,
With a great love grown strong in hopeless tears!

II.

And yet not this, O Love!—for it may be
That when I too know that new Life, e'en there
My lips may keep the broken breath of prayer,
Mine eyes the shadow of those tears,—to thee
Shall plead for answering love unwillingly!
Nay, if not freely as the joyous air,
And swift as fire to fire leaps in one fair
Undying flame, thy soul may come to me,—
I pray thee pass me by, nor cast behind
One pitying glance!—What then, I dare not ask,—
But God will answer. He will surely find,
In mercy there as here some sacred task
To feed my heart and give my hands employ,
And turn grief's bitterness to sweetest joy!

STUART STERN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A Few Notes on "Athalie."

After listening a few weeks ago to Mendelssohn's beautiful music to "Athalie," I desired a better knowledge than I had hitherto possessed of the play and of the circumstances under which it was produced. Accordingly I sought information from various sources and now give you the result of my search, thinking that others may be interested in the subject as well as myself.

Racine's "Athalie," his last and greatest work, was written under the following circumstances. Mme. de Maintenon had founded a school for young girls at Saint-Cyr which was, at that time, under the charge of a Mme. de Brinon. This lady wrote some plays for her pupils to act, and Mme. de Maintenon went herself to one of the performances. She found the play so badly written that she begged Mme. de Brinon to choose something by Corneille or Racine for representation. In accordance with her request, the girls gave first *Cinna*, and then *Andromaque*, and acted the latter so well that Mme. de Maintenon was alarmed at its success. She wrote to Racine: "Nos petites filles viennent de jouer votre *Andromaque*, et l'ont si bien jouée qu'elles ne la joueront de leur vie, ni aucune autre de vos pièces." She begged him at the same time to write something for their instruction and amusement. But it must be of an entirely different nature from *Andromaque*. It must not be worldly, and there must be no love-scenes in it.

It was not without a struggle that Racine acceded to her request. Twelve years had passed since his last great play of "Phèdre," and ever since then he had been resting on his

laurels, having entirely given up writing for the stage. He at length chose the bible narrative of "Esther" as the subject of a drama. It was produced in 1689, and had so great a success that Racine decided to write another play for the same purpose. This time the story of Athalie furnished him with a theme.* The tragedy appeared in 1691, and preparations were made for its representation at Saint-Cyr. But a cabal was formed against it. It was considered too worldly, and Racine had hit the king much too hard a blow in the scene where Joad talks to the young prince of the evils of absolute power. The play was suppressed, and the only comfort Racine received amidst the almost universal disapprobation was in the cheering words of Boileau. He alone saw the great merit of the work and proved himself a true prophet, when he said: "C'est votre meilleure pièce, j'en m'y connais: le public y reviendra."†

The play of "Athalie" is indeed a masterpiece. But far better critics than I have described the beauties of the work. All that I have to do is to collect a few facts of interest regarding its plot and peculiar construction. And in order to explain the action of the play I can do no better than to translate a part of Racine's preface.

"Everybody knows that the Kingdom of Judah was composed of the two tribes of Judah and Benjamin, and that the ten other tribes, who revolted against Rehoboam, made up the Kingdom of Israel. As the kings of Judah were of the house of David, and as the temple and the city of Jerusalem belonged to them, all the priests and Levites remained in the Kingdom of Judah; for since the building of the temple by Solomon it was no longer permitted to sacrifice elsewhere. The ten tribes which founded the Kingdom of Israel were either idolaters or schismatics.

"The priests and Levites formed by themselves a very large tribe. They were divided into different classes, which served in turn in the temple from one Sabbath to the next. The priests were of the house of Aaron and only those of that family had the right to offer sacrifice. The Levites were subordinate to them and had charge, among other things, of the chants, the preparation of the victims and the care of the temple. All these whose work it was to serve, as well as the high-priest, lived in the porticos or galleries which surrounded the temple and, indeed, made part of it."

Such was the state of Jerusalem when Joram, seventh king of the house of David, came to the throne. He was the son of Josaphat and had married Athalie, (Eng. version Athaliah) daughter of Jezebel and Ahab, king of Israel. Jezebel had been notorious for her persecu-

tions of the prophets, and Athalie, who was quite as wicked as her mother, soon led over King Joram to the worship of Baal. But misfortunes followed his apostasy. His sons were all killed by the Arabs and Philistines except Ochozias, (Ahaziah) who was a worshipper of Baal, imitating his mother's wickedness. Joram died of a lingering and painful illness and Ochozias succeeded to the throne. He had reigned only a year when he was killed while on a visit to his mother's brother at the time when all the race of Ahab and Jezebel were exterminated by order of Jehu.

Athalie, hearing at Jerusalem of the massacre of her family, determined, on her part, entirely to destroy the royal race of David. In pursuance of this purpose she endeavored to put the two sons of Ochozias to death. Happily Josabet (Jehoshebeath), daughter of Joram, but not of Athalie, succeeded in saving from her vengeance Joas, then very young. Joad, Josabet's husband, was high-priest, and little Joas found a safe hiding-place in the temple, where he remained for seven years before he was proclaimed King of Judah.*

It is here that the tragedy of *Athalie* begins. "The time has come when Joas is to ascend the throne usurped by his grandmother. Athalie recognized in the temple the child, as the same who had appeared to her in a dream; she causes him to come before her and seeks to obtain some sign from him. But she is foiled by the ingenuous replies of the youth and, vexed at his refusal to follow her, demands him as a hostage. Joad then decides to reveal to the young prince the mystery of his birth and to have him recognized by the priests and Levites as the rightful heir to the throne. Jerusalem is full of the hired troops of Athalie, but Joad trusts in God for success in his bold enterprise. Joas is solemnly proclaimed king; arms are distributed to the Levites, and when Athalie, accompanied by a mere handful of soldiers, enters the temple to take the child, the gates shut behind her, a curtain is pulled aside, and Joas is seen, crowned with a diadem and seated on a throne surrounded by armed Levites. The queen is seized and hurried out of the temple to be put to death."†

"In the two biblical tragedies, *Esther* and *Athalie*, Racine has introduced the most characteristic feature of the Greek theatre—the chorus, which as we know, was almost constantly on the stage and even took a certain part in the action." Racine says in his preface to *Athalie*: "I have tried to imitate that continuity of action of the ancient dramatists by which the stage is never left vacant, the intervals between the acts being marked only by the hymns and moral reflections of the chorus, which are connected with the action of the play."

* Preface to "Athalie."

† Marcellin, Manuel d'histoire de la Littérature Française. pp. 115—116.

* II Kings, chapters XI and XII, and II Chronicles, chapters XXI, XXII and XXIII.

† Gustave Masson, French Classic, Vol. II, pp. 8—11. F. Marcellin, Manuel d'histoire de la Littérature Française. p. 107.

The lyrics which he composed for this purpose, and which were intended to be either declaimed or sung by the Levites or by the young Israelites, are considered the most perfect specimens in French literature of a kind of writing which has always been too little cultivated in France.*

Mendelssohn's music to *Athalie* was written at the request of the King of Prussia. It was originally intended for performance at the theatre with the play; but, owing to the character of the work, it is now only heard at concerts, where of course it loses much of the vividness and reality of the stage. The Overture was written at London, during the winter of 1844, and the music was completed at Soden, near Frankfort, in the following summer. It was performed at Charlottenburg in 1845.†

"*Athalie*" was first brought out in Boston by the Parker Club, some years ago. This winter it has been heard again, and its performance has been one of the musical events of the season. It has been given three times, twice by the Cecilia, and once by the Boylston Club, and each performance differed in some respects from the other two. At the first Cecilia concert we had the main part of the work, with the Overture, Priests' March and accompaniments arranged for the pianoforte; the Boylston Club added the Music Hall organ and the reading of various passages, which served to make the story more clear and vivid; the Cecilia, at their second concert, were assisted by an orchestra of about forty pieces, and, thus performed, the music showed new beauties, hardly to be perceived before.

Mendelssohn's "*Athalie*" is indeed a glorious work, earnest, pure and refined. But it does not seem to me of equal merit throughout. The first number is fine from beginning to end, and the second opens very promisingly, but there the work loses interest. Although the solos that follow are not exactly commonplace, for a master like Mendelssohn could never write commonplace music, they do not seem inspired, like the first part of the work. But with the beautiful trio: "Hearts feel that love Thee" the interest returns, and from this point to the end steadily increases. The stirring Priests' March follows, then the chorus, "Depart, sons of Aaron," and they all await the result of the battle. At last is heard the grand and noble strain of the very beginning, which forms at the end a fitting celebration of the triumph of the right: "Heaven and the earth display, His grandeur is unbounded; They declare He is God; they resound His endless praise."

M. P. W.

—East Milton, April 2.

* Marcillac, pp. 117-118.
† See: The Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography. (pub. London.)
Life of Mendelssohn. Lampadius, pp. 138-139.
Reminiscences of Mendelssohn. E. Polko, p. 151.

Parsifal, A Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play, by Richard Wagner.*

(A LECTURE DELIVERED TO THE WAGNER ASSOCIATION AT TUMENHEIM NEAR BAYREUTH.)

A small hall, simply furnished. In the background a bust of Wagner with a figure of Germania holding a laurel-wreath over it. A plain tribune. Behind the speaker, but invisible to all, is seated Common Sense, slumbering.

*From the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, (translated in the *London Musical World*).

It may be objected that "Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play" is a strange title. I reply: It is. So is "*Bühnenweihfestspiel*." It may further be objected that "Consecrative" is an odd word. Again I reply: It is. I must, however, be allowed to add that Herr Richard Wagner is an author who at times does not content himself with ordinary German, and that I am compelled, in consequence, to use occasionally extraordinary English, if I would convey any notion of his style, which is, to say the least, peculiar. Perhaps some persons would, instead of the title I have adopted, prefer "Stage-Consecrational-Festival-Play." If so, let them mentally substitute the one for the other, as occasion requires. "Consecrational" is certainly somewhat more uncouth than "consecrative," besides setting the usual rules of etymology glaringly at defiance. For this reason, I cannot deny that, under the circumstances, it commands respectful consideration. To another epithet, "consecrational," however, I demur. It is formed with too great a regard for the humdrum spirit of language.—TRANSLATOR.

Honored companions in art, one of the latest decrees of our Master commands us to further in our secret confederacy, by means of lectures, German intellect, German poetry, German music, or to sum up all in one word, the cause of Richard Wagner himself. Obedient to this high order, and following also my own impulse, I appear before you, for the purpose of saying a few words on the Master's most recent creation. Let us first stop a little to consider the title. The Master calls the work a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*. A genial title! (Bravo! bravo!) I will go further and say: A title full of promise! (Hear, hear.) If you look through his writings, our Symbolic Books, you will find in them the avowal that he himself never really knew what he ought to call his works—that the father was always anxiously embarrassed about the names he should give his children at the font: they could not well be designated *operas*, "especially on account of their dissimilarity with *Don Juan*" (loud applause and merriment), and *Music-Drama*—an expression which comes so pat to the more immature among us—is an unintelligible, nay "utterly idiotic" word, altogether uncharacteristic of stage-works which are neither dramatic in the common acceptation of the term, nor vulgarly musical. But it was *indispensable* that they should be entered under some name or other, in the civil register of everyday art, if only to distinguish them from the common operative rabble, and—I now quote the Master's own words—"in order to issue vigorously, and once for all, from the confusion hence arising, I hit, as is well known, upon the idea of the *Stage-Festival-Play*." The Master appears to have chosen the title reluctantly, simply to comply with custom; he would have preferred leaving his creation unlabelled, that it might, as "a nameless artistic fact," work in complete purity, for his art is really unnameable, an Art of the Nameless. But, thank Heaven, he changed his mind: the same thought which gave birth to the expression: "*Stage-Festival-Play*," created likewise the *Stage* for the *Festival-Play*, that is, the art-temple at Bayreuth, and we may well say here: The title built the temple. But I now ask: Why should not a new temple spring from a new title? (Hear, hear.) *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*! What is a *Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play*? A *Festival-Play* to consecrate a stage. What stage? That in Bayreuth? Impossible. The stage in Bayreuth is already consecrated, trebly consecrated; besides, it would no longer be capable of satisfying the increased demands on the machinist and the scene-painter. Then it must be another stage, which does not yet exist, and which has still to be built, must it not? Yes, my honored companions in art, that is the secret which slumbers in one word; that is the Gospel which one word announces to us; as a coat was once composed to a button, and an opera tacked on to a funeral march, a house will in this case, believe me, be built, for a title; not a common thoroughfare of a house,* as in Bayreuth, open to all the world and to be entered by those without a call as well as by the elect, but a carefully closed temple, thoroughly secured, a true Graal-fortress on the hill of Monsalvat, the jealously guarded hill accessible only to the true brethren, friends of the first degree, the elect of our lord and master. (Commotion.) In strict confidence I can inform you, gentlemen, the Master has already thought of the Kuhberg near Tumbenheim in connection with the object he has in view. (Indescribable and long-continued storm of applause.)

Parsifal—(a fresh outburst of applause)—*Parsifal*—Bravo, bravo.) May I beg you to be calm, gentlemen, and to favor me with your entire attention? I have not yet got over the title of the new work. It is "*Parsifal*," with an "F" and not "*Parcival*," with a "V." The F is, philologically and aesthetically, of immense importance, and a world,

or at least the fragment of a world as large as Arabia, lies between the two letters. The worthy Wolfram von Eschenbach writes "*Percival*," as though he would derive the word from the French *percer* ("In truth thy name is *Percival*. It means *right through the middle*,") and the French write: "*Percival*," or, after Chrétien de Troyes: "*Percheval*, the Valley-Piercer." In the Italian chronicles the famous knight is called "*Peredur*," the All-sweetest, the All-fairest; and many other versions and interpretations of the word might be adduced, if it were worth while reviving an etymological dispute which has been definitely settled by Richard Wagner. Even Lessing—(At this name, Common Sense wakes up and listens)—could not imagine anything more delightful for curiosity than the study of etymology, in which German philologists, and consequently the Master, have always distinguished themselves; and in connection with this point I must beg you kindly to bear in mind that he himself, the great Wagner, tells us (*Symbolische Bücher*, Vol. IX.) that his favorite teacher at the Dresden Kreuzschule did not bid him take to music, poetry, or any other art, but "pointed emphatically to philology as the subject I ought to pursue." That teacher was evidently a very clever man. Philology, like learned gout, sticks in the Master's limbs, and is transmitted like a disease of the blood, to the offspring of his fancy. It is in an enchanted garden that Parsifal meets the beautiful Kundry; she is reposing on a flowery couch, "in lightly-veiling, fanciful garments, approximating to the Arabian style." Does she, amid billing and cooing, does she give the stranger anything for himself? Yes, an etymological hypothesis:

"Dich nannst' ich, thör' ger Reiner,

'Fal parsi'—

Dich, reinen Thoren: 'Parsifal.'"*

Fal parsi, Parsi fal—both expressions are in turned commas†—(Common Sense licks the Speaker)—and we may perhaps inquire whether the Master will find the suitable musical expression for turned commas. The answer cannot, however, be doubtful. Fal parsi, Parsi fal—these words, as the lovely woman teaches us, come from the Arabic, and signify: Foolish Pure-One, Pure Fool. Thus the dispute as to the meaning of our knight's name is settled in a genial fashion by the Master's philology—(Common Sense pinches the Speaker). Ill-conditioned individuals will object that this piece of philology does not in any way belong to the Master, but to the celebrated Görres, who certainly was the first to attempt explaining by means of the Arabic the hero's name—Parsi or Parsch Fal, that is: the pure, or poor Stupid-One, or *Tumbe* (the Imprudent-One, the Inexperienced-One)—in Wolfram's language. The geniality of the thing does not, however, consist in the happy etymological discovery, but in its dramatic application, and in the fact that philology now gains additional value for the German stage, since it has been included by Richard Wagner in the circle of the sister arts.

Parsifal—gentlemen, I cannot yet tear myself from the deeply significant title—Parsifal, I say, the Poor Stupid-One, is evidently not a mere name; it is a notion, a symbol, an allegory. Vilmar, who, by the by, like Gervinus, like Uhland, like San Marte, and like many others, writes "*Percival*," and appears to have only a presentiment of the deep meaning of the Arabic F, teaches us that the young hero appears as a fool to the world, just as on its first appearance in the world the German mind does. Parsifal is, therefore, the representative of the German mind, and of the German youth, and so, gentlemen, Wagner's Parsifal, also, strikes me as the representative of a German youth in general and the Wagnerian youth in particular (Bravo!). I will go further and say: Parsifal is Richard Wagner himself. Yes, the criminal here, who wanders through the forest, and shoots the gently warbling birds on the branches, is none other than our Master, and, if any one doubts this, I say to him: Wagner's hero does not know what his name is, and to all questions as to who he is generally, he replies with a stupid "I do not know;" he calls himself the Nameless —, is it, therefore, not palpable, gentlemen, that in Parsifal the Master intended to personify himself and his art, the art of the Nameless? The thing appears to me as clear as day, and, when anyone in future asks you the meaning of the variously interpreted word, answer boldly,

* "Thee did I name, thou foolish Pure-One,

'Fal parsi'—

Thee, pure fool: 'Parsifal.'"†

† "Turned commas;" in German: "*Günseflesse*," literally: "Goose's feet."

* "Kein Durchhaus."

Gentlemen: "Parsifal is the idiotic Wagner, and his idiotic art." (Commotion.)

Now to the real purport of the Stage-Consecrative-Festival-Play. (Common Sense, henceforth, plagues the Speaker every instant.)

Respected companions in art, you are all aware that Richard Wagner writes no common dramas. Drama means action, and Stage-Festival-Play means a dream. *Parsifal*, like some other productions, moves in the romantically sultry and soporific atmosphere, in which the foot forgets how to walk, and the arm how to raise itself; literally nothing happens; the dramatic element is solved by scenery, and the action by pictures; never is he who enjoys the treat rudely awakened from his dreamy devotion, nor exposed to the risk of forgetting the artist in the work of art, and, while in every other case movement is regarded as the vital principle of the stage, we are justified in declaring that principle here to be inertia. It is an uncommonly fine trait of the Master that he allows a work of such a kind, that he allows his *Parsifal*, to begin with sleeping, slumbering, and, perhaps, dreaming. A locality resembling "in character the northernly mountain ranges of Gothic Spain;" in it a forest, "shady and earnest, but not gloomy;" under the trees, Knights and Squires asleep; the solemn morning waking call of the trombones resounding behind the scenes. This is the first picture in *Parsifal*. Every touch of the pencil betrays the hand of the Master, and demonstrates his incredible skill in creating mood. How much I should like, on this occasion, to analyze the powerful effects the Master is accustomed to produce when he shows the spectators an empty stage (for a stage with the characters asleep must in a certain sense be denominated empty) or causes the music of invisible instruments to re-echo in the ears of the audience! Each is a morbid but effective over-irritation of our fancy, and we might deduct from it an entire art-theory, which is no other than the theory of the Empty and Invisible. But time presses, and we must hasten forward.

The Sleepers awake and prepare a medicinal bath for the sick Graal-King, Amfortas. The latter is unhappily sleepless from "*Starkem Bresten*,"* and his pains keep returning, each time more "*schrend*"† than before. According to Wagner, who here differs essentially from Wolfram, the King once set out to "*beheeren*"‡ with his spear—the same with which the side of Him upon the Cross was pierced—the magician Klingsor, but was by him entrapped, deprived of his "wond-wonderful" spear, and, with a wound which will not heal, sent home. His pain is great, but, in the bath, it is mitigated: "*staunt das Weh*."§ He goes through the same thing on the day in question. Scarcely, however, has he had the bath, ere there arises a great noise; *Parsifal*, an unknown youth, has penetrated unobserved into the forest and shot with his bow a swan, as it was just flying over the Sacred Lake. Hereupon, rage and indignation among the Knights and Squires. But a reconciliation speedily follows, how or wherefore I do not know, and Gurnemanz, in *Parsifal* an old Knight of the Graal, offers to conduct the Pure Fool to the Graal. A changing scene takes them up Monsalvat to the Graalsburg. You must know that, while they seem to be walking, the stage is gradually changed, and unrolls the whole road from the forest to the castle in changing pictures before you. By the Master this abiding of the characters in the moving space is thus rendered evident:

PARSIFAL.—Ich schreite kaum—doch wahn' ich mich schon weit.

GURNEMANZ.—Du siehst, mein Sohn, zum Raum wird hier die Zeit.]

* "Severe bodily suffering." *Brest*, from which *Bresten* comes, is an antiquated word, rarely used at the present day.—TRANSLATOR.

† "Hurful," "damaging." *Schrend* is another antiquated word, fished up out of the Past to give a coloring of the period to the text, and puzzle the less philologically accomplished among the "Master's" adherents.—TRANSLATOR.

‡ "To be-host," "to be-army;" i. e., I suppose, "to make war on." It strikes me that *beheeren* is a special coinage of the Wagnerian mint.—TRANSLATOR.

§ "The pain is motionless with astonishment," a poetic Wagnerianism, probably, for "the pain stops." With regard to the expression "wond-wonderful," a couple of lines previously, it is a faithful rendering of "*wund-wunder*," which I take to be a Wagnerian signifying "very," or "supremely wonderful."—TRANSLATOR.

¶ PARSIFAL.—I scarcely step, yet I fancy I have already gone far.

GURNEMANZ.—Thou seest, my son, time here becomes space.

I would, however, my respected auditors, advise you not to rack your brains about this genial inversion of two such opposite notions; it is enough to drive one crazy (Murmurs)—I mean, you might lose your senses with admiration. Time here becomes space.—"Hence the wearisomeness of his music," said an enemy of the Master's (Agitation.)

Stopping still, and yet advancing, we reach then the splendid domed-hall of the Graalsburg. Again does the Invisible play a principal part: Behind the stage, trombones are sounding and bells pealing; behind the scenes, half-way up 'twixt ground and dome, are heard youths', and behind the scenes, from the loftiest part of the hall, boys' voices; while, lastly, behind the scenes, from the extreme back, comes the sepulchral voice of Titurel, who is 500 years old, admonishing his son Amfortas to perform his sacred office. The poor, sickly king has to unveil the Graal; but the sight of the wonderful vessel, in which the blood of the Redeemer was once caught, renews his vitality, and with it his sufferings. Amfortas yearns for release and death; he would fain sleep, rest, die, in order that the "heaving wave of his own sinful blood" might not continually flow back "in mad flight" to his heart, and "discharge itself with wild fear into the world of sinful passions." But the invisible Titurel commands, and Amfortas must obey. The Graal is unveiled. Suddenly we have profound twilight, spreading out thicker and thicker, and traversed by dazzling rays; the sacred goblet glowing with bright purple color; all on their knees in pious prayer; song of the invisible boys—"Receive my blood, receive my body;" blessed sigh of joy from the invisible Titurel—"O holy transport, how brightly does the Lord greet us to-day!" . . . Then again daylight, pealing of bells, solemn repast of the knights, songs of the youths of the middle elevation, alternating with those of the boys of the greatest elevation—"Blessed in belief! Blessed in love!" Finally, the day again dying away, all splendor and all magnificence again sinking into twilight, while Knights and Squires, amid the strains of the trombone, quit the hall; then, night and fog, a mystic I-know-not-what, a mysterious Nothing. Such, gentlemen, is the wond-wonderful picture with which the Master terminates his first act. Nothing like it has probably ever been seen before on our stage. The most solemn ceremony of the Christian Church, the Sacrament of Sacraments, the Lord's Supper, is by Wagner degraded—I beg your pardon—elevated into a highly theatrical effect, and employed scenically so happily, that the Stage-Consecrative Festival-Play might be quite as well performed in St. Peter's as in the Theatre of the Future, on Monsalvat, near Tumbenheim. And the clare-obscure which the Master has diffused over the whole, the longing change, as I may term it, between light and fog, the glowing and paling, the shining and waning, the lamentation and jubilation, the "pain of most blessed enjoyment," to use his own words—how all this will please the ladies, how it will the German lady, "that monster of European civilization and Christianly-Germanic stupidity" (hisses)—gentlemen, the definition belongs to the great Schopenhauer, the Master's favorite philosopher (commotion.) By the way, I recollect opportunely the admonition which Gurnemanz, at the end of our first act, addresses to Parsifal to help him along on his road; "Leave for the future the swans here alone, and, being a gander, seek out for thyself a goose!" We will leave our ladies, the lovely swans, alone, and simply inquire why poor Parsifal is called a gander. Why? Just because, to the question "Dost thou know what thou sawest?" he answered by a slight shake of the head. This is a strange, though deeply significant enfeebling of the motive in the original saga. A prophetic writing once appeared before the sick Amfortas at the Graal; When a knight one day comes and, unchallenged, asks the reason of the King's sufferings and other things, the King will recover, but the inquirer will be Graal-King in his stead. Parsifal comes, and does not ask. Hence the continuance of the royal malady; hence the vexation of the Knights of the Graal; and hence the subsequent edict that the latter are not to be molested by worldly curiosity. Because the absence of a question had occasioned such extensive mischief, the putting of questions generally was to be prohibited in future. Compare with this *Lothengrin*. To render more intelligible the action of the later opera (murmurs), of this—that—nameless work, the Master should have taken from old Wolfram the leading motive of the question. His doing so would have rendered Parsifal's fault, Gurnemanz's vexation, and the justification of the peculiar Wagnerian term of re-

proach, "Gander," somewhat clearer. But this, perhaps, was the very thing which, for profoundly significant reasons, had to be avoided. The Unnameable and the Invisible are properly mated with the Obscure.

Honored brothers in belief, *Parsifal* is a mystery dripping with the oil of Catholic faith in miracles. Its purport is overpoweringly religiously-immoral. (Oh, oh!) Please understand me aright. I say religiously-immoral, because the Master had necessarily to oppose to the first act a second; to Gothic Spain, Arabian Spain; to the Graal, Klingsor's magic mirror; to Christianity, Paganism; and to longing religion, religious longing. All this we find done in the second act, which passes in the enchanted castle and in the enchanted garden of the necromancer, Klingsor. This is the real scene of Parsifal's heroic deeds, which, however, are of a purely negative nature. Parsifal, you must know, has to prove his coyness in a warm passage of arms with a remarkable female, the Kundry already named. If he conquers, he is to be the Graal-King. It may easily be supposed, however, that his task will not be easy. In this particular we may rely upon the Master. In the first place, a whole hell of wildly-yearning and appropriately-undressed maidens are let loose on the poor Stupid, who, however, while beholding the "beautiful Devildom," preserves a model coldness. The maidens endeavor to fascinate him, and dispute who shall have him: "Leave the boy alone! he belongs to me!—No!—No!—To me!—To me!—Come, fair boy, let me bloom for thee! My amorous efforting is meant for your ecstasie recreation!—Take me to thy breast!—Let me kiss thy mouth!—No! me! I am the loveliest!—No, I! I am more sweetly fragrant! . . . Are you a coward with women?"

Will not trust me? . . . Give place! See, he wants me!—No, me!—Me rather!—No, me!—Let him be ours!—No, ours!—No, mine!—And mine!—Here! Here! All this is tolerably mild; nay, it often seems as though a genuinely poetic fragrance breathed on us from out the lovely floral throng. But this is not the worst ordeal to which our hero's virtue is subjected. In the midst of the amorous chase Kundry's voice is heard, and the fair phantoms vanish. Poor Parsifal! you have now to combat with and overcome "of most fearful impulses the hellish pressure." For thy purity there is nothing more dangerous than Kundry's beauty. That extraordinary virgin merits nearer consideration. We met her in the first act, where, wonderfully hideous—staring black eyes are expressly specified—she figured as a messengeress of the Graal, that is, she was in the service of the Most Holy; while in the second act she appears, wonderfully beautiful—slightly-veiling garments are expressly specified—as the maid of the Arabian sorcerer, Klingsor, that is to say, she is in the service of the Most Unholy. Kundry the *sorcière* and Kundry the beautiful, both of whom are known to you from Wolfram's *Parsifal*, seem here to be combined in one person; and from this combination there has sprung a peculiarly duplicate being, creating Good and Evil, suspended in fear between Christianity and Paganism, an angel with a devil's face, a devil with an angel's form, something in the style of a female Faust, or Faust and Mephistopheles combined, or—Heaven knows what, for it is really difficult, gentlemen, to solve this riddle by one's own unaided skill. We must wait till the key is sent us from Bayreuth. An unspeakably profound meaning strikes me as lying in the circumstance that Kundry suffers from what seems an incurable affliction of convulsive laughter. "I saw—Him—Him—and—laughed . . ." she says to the Pure Fool, to whom she laments that, since she gazed laughingly on Him (the Redeemer, as it would appear) she has been condemned to everlasting laughter. "There I laugh—laugh—and cannot weep; only scream, rave, bluster, rage, in the continually-renewed night of madness." It is to be hoped that the explanation of these significant fits of laughter also will be shortly despatched to us from Bayreuth. Ought Kundry to be regarded as the incarnation of the Wagnerian world-view, of Schopenhauerish pessimism? Or does the laughter symbolize the Master's opinion of the attacks of his enemies, or even the behavior of his worshippers? Kundry, by the way, is called likewise the *Nameless* "prime-deviless, rose of hell!" Enough: it is certain that a profound meaning slumbers in this extraordinary and obscure double being. That it should awake and be plain to us, necessitates its receiving from above a call to do so. May the Master very soon delight us by uttering that call!

Kundry laughs, my respected friends now pres-

ent, she laughs—laughs—laughs—and this laughter of hers strikes me as of the highest significance, not only in an artistically philosophical, but also in a musically dramatic sense. Laughter is a natural sound, gentlemen, and this laughter, this natural sound, is really Kundry's usual speech; she despises words formed of letters, and sentences built up of words; at least she is mostly contented with abrupt words, emitted with difficulty, words scarcely worth more than simple natural sounds, as, for instance, in the first act, when, while asleep, she floats off from the Graalsburg to Klingsor's enchanted castle, and *shimmers* over (a favorite motive with Wagner) from Christianity to Paganism: "Sleep, sleep—I must!" or, in the second act, when to Klingsor's vain boasting that his castle is a much more agreeable habitation than the Graalsburg, she replies, roughly and disjointedly, "Ah!—ah! Deep night! Madness! Oh!—Rage!—Oh! Sorrow!—Sleep! Sleep!—Deep sleep!—Death!" But, as I have already said, Kundry's favorite idiom is the natural sound, the inarticulate, and it strikes me as extraordinarily instructive to peruse here the carefully prescribed directions of the Master, and measure by them the demands he makes upon the representative of Kundry. In the first act, a rough voice, a simple laugh, a dull scream, and a violent trembling suffice. The last, namely: the violent trembling, is a gradation to be particularly observed, and neither more nor less than characteristic of *Parsifal*, where it is peculiar, and, so to say, endemic to all the personages; the phenomenon generally commences with a long "Torpidity" which gradually passes into a state of intense "Agitation," and, lastly, degenerates into the said "violent trembling," just as though behind every personage there were stationed a keeper, charged, at given moments, to "seize" the patient and shake him till all his limbs writhed and twisted with the sacred tremor.

In the second act, the demands made upon the representative of Kundry increase after a wonderful fashion. The simple laugh and the dull scream are no longer enough. At the very commencement of the act, Kundry utters a fearful scream; she has next to indulge in "plaintive howling" of the greatest violence, graduating down to an anxious whine; then she has to laugh again either "shrilly" or "with a weird expression," and, lastly, "to fall in to a more and more ecstatic laugh, finally changing into a spasmodic cry of woe." Fancy this convulsive figure, these hysterics in human shape, struggling to overcome *Parsifal's* virtue. At this juncture, she commands, it is true, some connected words, but what words! Words of unspeakable "shame-lustful," sensual heat, as suggested by orgiastic madness, and expressed in the infernal intoxication of sin. What is otherwise feeling is here caricatured into concupiscent desire, and what is otherwise passion, to convulsions. Poor *Parsifal* does not know whether he is on his head or his heels. "Oh!—Torment of love!—How everything shudders, vibrates, and quivers in sinful yearning!" But the Devil cannot master him; he merely passes, as it were, the hot tips of his fingers over the youth's skin, awakening simultaneously with evil desire the "horribly slight" recollection of the holy vessel, the Redeemer, the Savior, God: "the ecstasy of redemption, divinely mild, permeates far and wide all souls." What did I say, gentlemen? (Common Sense shakes the speaker violently. Agitation among the audience.) I characterized the mystery as religiously-immoral. Well, you see that the "ecstasy of redemption" and "the most fearful movement of hell-like impulse" here meet in the same shudder. But, gentlemen, the mingling of religion and lewdness is not enough! This—master absolutely dares to defile a feeling sacred even to brute beasts, dares to talk of maternal love and carnal love in one and the same breath; dares to confound the endearments of a mother with the caresses of a—harlot. Ah! This Wagner is indeed a bold and daring man! (Great applause and great hissing.) Do you deary what I say, gentlemen? Just listen how Kundry reminds the hero *Parsifal* of the love of his father Gamuret for his mother Herzeleid: "*Learn to know the love which encircled Gamuret when Herzeleid, burning with love, scorchingly inundated him.*" She offers you to-day as the last greeting of her maternal blessing the first—kiss of love." It is true that anyone whose fancy has revelled in the spasmodic dual song of *Tristan* and *Isolde* and the incestuous scenes of *Die Walküre*—(Increasing tumult.) Oh, gentlemen, your uproar will not hinder me from frankly speaking my mind—I am tired of constraint, and rejoice that my understanding is once more free—it is

scandalous, I say, it is infamous, and it is shameful in us to wish to accustom our wives, sisters, and daughters to contemplate such filthy pictures without blushing crimson—nay, to regard them as the expression of the noblest poetry, while we take care anxiously to protect them from any book written with more than usual freedom and despising the rules of drawing-room decorum. But no; you are right; *Parsifal* is indeed extremely moral; the hero's virtue withstands the pressure put upon it, and his purity is saved. You will, however, grant me that, on the modern stage, the danger at which virtue and purity have to tremble has never had so glaring a light cast upon it, and that never was so libidinous a game played with chastity. (Immense and increasing tumult.) Shout, rave, bawl, just as you like, gentlemen! The most you will do will be to hinder me from telling you any more about the story of *Parsifal*, and that is a matter of little consequence. Whether you now know that Kundry, repelled by *Parsifal*, "in wild raving beats her breast terribly," and calls the sorcerer to her aid; that Klingsor hurls at the youth the spear he has purloined, but that the spear, without hurting the youth, flies into his hand, and is moved in the air by him "with a gesture of the highest ecstasy as he traces the shape of the Cross," whereupon the enchanted castle with all its splendor sinks into the earth; that, in the third act, *Parsifal* returns to the Graal, heals Amfortas's wound with the wondrous spear, becomes himself King of the Graal, and discharges the duties belonging to the guardianship of the sacred object; that, as in the first act, bells are pealed, trombones played, and the voices of invisible boys mingle with the voices of invisible youths behind the scenes, while on the stage light and twilight alternate, the Graal grows purple, a glorious halo spreads over everything and everybody, the dead one (*Titurel*) awakes, the one condemned to live (*Kundry*) at length expires; that the whole mystery dies away in the strains, so low as to be scarcely audible: "Wonder of the highest salvation; Redemption to the Redeemer!"—Whether you know, or do not know, all this, gentlemen, must be a subject of indifference to you and to myself. You are not here to judge reasonably, but to admire senselessly. (Cries of "Turn him out! turn him out!") To me, however ("Turn him out! turn him out!")—to me, however, I say, it seems a most marvellous thing that a writer for the stage and operatic composer ("Turn him out! treason! turn him out!") after daring to lay hands on Wolfram's *Parsifal*, could derive from that joyously-emotional poem, full of healthy love of life and beautiful actuality, nothing better for the stage than precisely the undramatic element in it—its symbolism and mysticism. It strikes me as a more marvellous fact that a fervently Catholicizing work, such as Richard Wagner's *Parsifal*, should be written in our time in the native land of Luther and of Beethoven, in the Germany which battles for culture (All rise from their seats, and endeavor to cry down the speaker). . . . In a word, gentlemen, Art of the Nameless, Theory of the Invisible, Philosophy of the Unclear, Aesthetics of the Inarticulate—wherever you take your lord and master, you grasp a negation; his whole being (the noise grows more and more fearful; the speaker can no longer make himself heard above it; only isolated words are audible from time to time) . . . a bloated Nothing . . . NIHIL . . . NIHIL . . . (The speaker is pulled down by some young men from the tribune, and turned out of the room amid indescribable tumult.)

CHORUS OF BELIEVERS:—HE IS CONDEMNED!
COMMON SENSE:—HE IS SAVED!

*(K. H.)

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Epiglottis.

The subject of the Epiglottis has not been generally much considered in vocal culture. But when its close connection with the production of tone is taken into account, it becomes manifestly a cartilage of real importance to the teacher and singer. The epiglottis is a leaf-shaped cartilaginous plate, located behind the tongue. When the surrounding parts are in a state of repose, the epiglottis stands erect, thus giving free scope to respiration. Its lower part is attached to the protuberance in the throat termed Pomum Adams, or more commonly called Adam's Apple, but anatomically termed the

Thyroid cartilage. It has generally been supposed that the entire function of the epiglottis was to act as a valve to prevent the entrance of solid food or liquids into the glottis,—the vertical opening of the trachea, or windpipe. But this is only one, and not by any means its most important, office. In recent experiments which have come under my own observation, it has been found, that out of many cases, where the epiglottis was nearly, and in some instances entirely cut away from animals, the majority of them experienced no trouble in swallowing. In a few, however, a slight difficulty was noticed. It was thus proved beyond a doubt that its chief function was not to act as a covering for the glottis, for the prevention of the entrance of foreign substances. Often the epiglottis is almost entirely eaten away by disease; but in such cases as those referred to there is sufficient extrinsic muscular action to compress the glottis and prevent the entrance of food or liquids. The principal function of the epiglottis is connected with the voice. The epiglottis, in its relation to the voice, may properly be termed a Resonator. This cartilaginous plate, the epiglottis, placed at the top of the larynx, acts as does the modifier or tuner placed at the top of certain flue organ pipes, the tone becoming more brilliant or more sombre by its action. The more erect the epiglottis the more brilliant the tone, and precisely the same result is obtained by the raising of the modifier or tuner of the flue pipe of the organ. In both cases, the over-tones become less in number, when the epiglottis, or modifier, is depressed.

In recent experiments with a dissected human larynx, with air forced through the trachea by hydraulic pressure, by imitating the action of the aryteno-epiglottidian muscles, I found the action of the epiglottis referred to unvaryingly the same as stated above. When the epiglottis was pulled far towards the arytenoid cartilages, the lower tones were subdued, and the higher tones beautiful and flute-like in quality. But as the epiglottis was made more and more erect, the tones became more and more clear, until finally it sounded shrill and disagreeable. In cases where the epiglottis has been eaten partially away by disease, or is by nature short, the quality of the voice is thin and metallic. Another office of the epiglottis is to compensate for a greater air force sent upon the vocal chords. A certain amount of air forced upon an elastic tissue, will produce a tone by causing a certain number of vibrations; now all else being equal, a greater air force would produce more vibrations, hence a higher tone; but the epiglottis comes over the glottis more and more as the blast is increased, thus in a measure compensating for the extra air force. We say in a measure, for the vocal chords themselves compensate to a great extent for this extra amount of air forced upon them; for as the air force increases, the vocal chords become relaxed, thus admitting of more force without a heightening of the tone, and just in proportion as the blast is increased, the vocal chords become relaxed. Thus we find by repeated experiments, severe tests, and careful laryngoscope examinations upon many subjects, that the main office of the epiglottis is to act as a modifier and compensator to the voice throughout its entire range, its motor nerves acting in beautiful harmony, and in perfect obedience to the gray matter of the brain.

HARRY WHEELER.

—N. E. Conservatory of Music.

Third Biennial Cincinnati Musical Festival.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE; THE GREAT ORGAN AND THE ORGANIST; THE SOLO SINGERS AND GRAND CHORUS.

The interest in the coming event intensifies, and the activity of preparation increases as the time for the fes-

tival draws near. The work on the noble music hall has been pushed forward so steadily that there remains but little to be done upon the interior, beyond the ornamentation, which will be of the classic order, massive and substantial rather than fancy. The gigantic many-storied scaffolding, used by the workmen in constructing the lofty ceilings, have been removed, and much of the debris cleared away, so that the vast auditorium presents a very imposing appearance—one hundred and ninety feet of space, unbroken by a single column, or obstruction of any description. Standing in the broad aisle back of the parquette, and looking toward the stage, it seems almost wonderful that any human voice could fill the immense room, and the great fame of the solo singers suggests the idea that to at least a few in the vast audience next month, the artists may be more easily recognized through the sense of hearing than that of sight. The entrance and corridors are appropriately colored in quiet, pleasing style, and the effect on entering the main hall is really beautiful. There has been a good deal said about the magnificent proportions and artistic arrangement of the new Cincinnati Music Hall, but the subject has not yet had full justice done it, nor has anything like an adequate description of the noble pile yet been written, as the throngs of harmonious strangers will realize next month.

THE GREAT ORGAN.

* * * As it now stands, stripped of all covering, without the case which will hide the mass of pipes, the huge bellows, and the thousands of strips of wood and metal, the great organ presents a very curious aspect.

It is divided, somewhat like a house, into three stories, and has a frame of beams and rafters on which the various parts are built. The lower story holds the lungs of the instrument, the bellows and huge wind chests. These occupy most of the space below, while above the pipes are placed. The key board is like the head of a body, and from it hundreds of narrow wooden strips, called trackers, run through the lower story up to the second, above the "belt," as it is usually called. These are like nerves, and convey the impressions or will of the organist to every part of the body. Besides these leaders, there are wooden troughs and metal pipes, called "wind trunks," the blood vessels which connect the bellows with the wind chests below and above the "belt." The mass of large pipes rest, mouth down, on the line of the second story, and in the third story the "swell" is placed. Various passage-ways are kept free, and ladders made to the upper platforms for the convenience of the tuner, or for repairs.

The case, or "organ-house," for the protection of the mass of delicate machinery has been the subject of much thought, and when completed will prove a fitting dress for the noble instrument. The front of the case is generally called the "screen," and as this is the most conspicuous part of the instrument, the people will take their first, and perhaps most lasting impressions from its appearance. And as Cincinnati has attained great fame as the centre of decorative art, people from abroad have a right to look for something remarkable in the carving of the screen for the new organ. There will be no disappointment in this respect. The entire front—fifty feet in width, and forty-five feet in height—will be decorated with original designs, unlike anything else, and following no laws or canons, except those of good taste.

The plan is one of rare beauty, full of pleasing suggestiveness and satisfying repose. It has solidity, firmness, and weight, without heaviness. There is nothing like it anywhere, and it will always be a source of delight to the thousands who will face it.

The material used throughout the screen is cherry, a light red, almost pink in its color, which will grow warmer and darker with age. Every bit of it is solid wood, and to the credit of our city and those in charge, be it said that there is not a particle of veneer or varnish in any part of the case.

THE ORGANIST OF THE MAY FESTIVAL.

"I knew those thirteen hundred pipes
And thirty stops, as blind men do
The voices of the friends they love."

Mr. George E. Whiting, who will preside at the great organ next month, has long held a leading place among the musicians of Boston, as a composer, teacher, and conductor. He was born at Holliston, and his mother was a fine vocalist in her younger days. During his boyhood, Mr. Whiting had many musical advantages, two of his elder brothers having adopted the profession before him. When but five years old, he began a course of study on the piano. He showed great talent, and when only thirteen made his debut as an organist, at a concert given in Worcester, Mass. Two years later, he went to Hartford, Connecticut, and shortly afterward succeeded Dudley Buck as organist, filling the place during Mr. Buck's absence in Europe. Previous to assuming this position, he had been a student with Mr. Morgan, of New York. During his residence in Hartford, Mr. Whiting founded the Beethoven Society, a choral organization which has done credit to its originator. In 1860, he was engaged by E. & G. Hook (Builders of the great Cincinnati Music Hall organ), to open a large organ at Woburn, Mass., and his exhibition of the instrument was so satisfactory that they secured his services for some years afterward.

In 1862, Mr. Whiting visited England and gave a year to a course of study under Best, the famous organist of St. George's Hall, Liverpool. Upon his return, he was engaged as organist at St. Joseph's Church, Albany, where he had, at that time, the largest organ in the country, and as a member of his choir *Mlle. La Jeunesse*, now famous as Miss Emma Alvan. He soon went again to the Old World to complete his studies of orchestration under the renowned Radecke, of Berlin. In 1869, he was induced to take the leadership in the Castle St. Church, Boston, and subsequently was organist at the Boston Music Hall.

Mr. Whiting has contributed largely to the composition for the organ, and his writings have become very popular. He has been a diligent student and a hard worker during his entire musical life, and has made many prominent successes. His masterly performances upon the magnificent Cincinnati organ next month will prove one of the interesting features of the festival.

THE SOLOISTS AND GRAND CHORUS.

A complete list of the soloists of the festival has already appeared in these columns. Biographical sketches of the most prominent artists have also been given.

Theodore Thomas, the master of musical leaders, has been drilling his matchless orchestra during the entire winter, in anticipation of the festival. The last rehearsal of the instrumental selections will be on the 26th of this month. And that the solo vocal parts will be as well done as it is within the power of human beings to do them, the names of the soloists alone guarantee. With such artists as Fappenheim, Cary, Cranch, Adams and Whitney, nothing but the highest standard of excellence will suffice, and nothing short of that is expected.

The grand chorus is composed not alone of Cincinnati singers. Of the most enthusiastic societies that are rehearsing for the festival, those of Hamilton, Dayton and Urbana, are highly spoken of by Mr. Singer, who has been giving his personal attention to their progress. These societies show much zeal, and have mastered many trying selections of which the programme is composed. All of the members of the chorus are alive to the importance of the event in which they are to take part, and are making such progress as leaves no doubt that they will be up to the mark next month.

By stretching out its arms and taking in societies from other cities, the festival widens its influence and extends the pure work it aims to do. The communities in these cities are awakened to higher art and better results. Their taste is cultivated and their knowledge of music, both new and old, is largely increased. True, there are return results which work to the financial success of the undertaking, but this is secondary. The festival concerts are not given for profit. This scheme does not have for its end any pecuniary result beyond the expense. These festivals are made for the honor of our city, for the credit of the West, and for the good of musical taste.—*Church's Musical Visitor.*

Foreign Notes.

The inauguration, which took place on the 2nd ult., of the new Royal Court Theatre at Dresden, an institution associated with the practical activity of C. M. von Weber and Marschner, Richard Wagner and Julius Rietz, is an event of more than purely local interest. The new building, which is erected on the site of the old house, destroyed by fire some eight years ago, is pronounced a very fine one, possessing above all most perfect acoustic properties. The architect is Herr Semper. The proceedings of the opening night consisted of a spoken prologue written for the occasion, followed by a stirring performance of Weber's "Jubel" Overture; after which Goethe's drama "Iphigenia" received an adequate representation, which concluded the festive arrangements. For the following day Beethoven's "Fidelio" was selected as the first operatic performance in the new house, wherein, it is hoped, the high artistic principles will continue to prevail which the composer of "Der Freischütz" and "Euryanthe" so earnestly strove to inculcate during the best years of his career. There are but few other events in connection with German operatic establishments to be recorded this month. Herr Richard Wuerst's new Opera, "Die Offiziere Kaiserin," which was performed for the first time at Berlin at the end of January last, achieved but a qualified success. On the other hand, Herr Ignaz Brüll's operatic work, "Das goldene Kreuz," continues in its progress of popularity, having recently been represented at Hannover and other leading German towns. At the Hoftheater of Schwerin, the production of Herr Wagner's "Walküre" has filled the house to overflowing during the last few weeks. The same composer's "Siegfried" (like "Walküre" a part of the famous Tetralogy) is to be produced on the Munich stage during the present month; and the dramatic prologue to the same giant work, "Das Rheingold," as well as "Walküre," is to be performed at Leipzig in April next, to be followed in the coming autumn by the remaining two works to complete the Tetralogy, viz. "Siegfried" and "Götterdämmerung." Thus it will be seen that German operatic managers are thoroughly in earnest in their endeavors to prove that the elaborate latest music-drama of their famous countryman may be adequately represented, even apart from the special conditions created for the purpose at the Bayreuth Theatre. Madame Christine Nilsson was expected in Hamburg last month, to appear in a cyclod of operatic performances; Madame Gerster-Gardini is announced to give a series of representations at the Royal Opera at Berlin, commencing on the 21st inst. At the latter institution an important measure of discipline was, according to the *Allgemeine Deutsche Musik Zeitung*, lately introduced, the directors having prohibited the practice of throwing bouquets, &c., upon the stage during a performance. "Gardeners will lament at the change," the above-quoted journal adds in effect, "prime donne will be furious; but the interests of art will gain by it in the end." Another far more sweeping reform in a similar direction is, however,

said to be contemplated, the report of which comes to us from Cologne. The director of the Stadt-Theater of the Rhenish town just mentioned is, it is stated, about to convene a congress of German operatic managers, which is to meet at Leipzig, for the purpose of considering the steps to be taken with a view to checking the exorbitant monetary pretensions of modern operatic singers. There can be no doubt that the question is one which commends itself with daily increasing force to the serious consideration of *impresarios*, but—as *Le Ménestrel*, in alluding to the circumstance, justly remarks—nothing short of an international congress could possibly lead to practical results. Meanwhile we may thank German operatic directors, should their intended congress become a reality, for publicly drawing attention to the pernicious "star" system of our days, which, while tending eventually to prove fatal to all unendowed operatic institutions, is at the same time inconsistent with the true interests of the art itself.—*Lond. Mus. Times.*

An interesting reprint has recently been issued by the firm of Trautwein of Berlin, under the auspices of the Gesellschaft für Musikforschung, namely, that of the oldest Wittenberg four-part hymn-book, compiled in the year 1524 by Johann Walther, by direction of Martin Luther. It is only some twenty-five years ago that fragments of the book (about the actual existence of which doubts had long been entertained) were discovered in the public libraries of Munich and Dresden, the two supplementing one another, and forming a complete copy of the work. While on the subject of musical bibliography, we may mention that a very rare and curious book bearing upon the art is also shortly to be republished by M. E. Thoinau of Paris, entitled "L'Entretien des Musiciens," the author being Annibal Gantez, and the year of its publication 1643. Apart from its scarcity, the work is chiefly interesting as treating of the musical customs and peculiarities of the period from which it emanates. Only four copies of the original edition are known to exist, one of which is in the possession of Mr. Thoinau, who thus generously resigns his favored position for the benefit of many.

The Berlin Wagner-Verein celebrated its first anniversary last month by a banquet, to which some 500 members and their friends sat down, and which was followed by some highly interesting musical and musico-dramatic performances. A herald, clad in style of the middle ages, having formally announced the commencement of the performance, a small orchestra composed of eight musicians, under the direction of Herr Wilhelm Tappert, played the oldest-known Overture, that to "Orfeo," by Monteverde; after which the audience were treated to a representation of the most venerable lyric drama, "Robin et Marion," by Adam de la Halle, which was first played at the Court of the King of Naples in 1282. Some German songs of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, a Serenade for violin by Jacob Walther, and a Sonata by Kuhnau, written in 1696, concluded the historic programme.

Gluck's "Armida" was performed last month at the Imperial Opera at Vienna. The Grand work of the "father of modern Opera" was, according to the opinion of the press, most worthily represented, Madame Materna's interpretation of the character of the heroine being especially praised.—*Ibid.*

We subjoin the programmes of concerts recently given at some of the leading institutions abroad:—

Paris.—Concert Populaire (February 8): Symphony, L'Océan (Rubinstein); Septet (Beethoven); Concertstück for Violin (Sivori); Overture to "Sigurd" (E. Rayer). Concert du Conservatoire (February 10): Symphony in A minor (Mendelssohn); La Prière du Matin et du Soir, unaccompanied chorus (E. del Cavallere); second and third part of "Roméo et Juliette" (Berlioz); Chorus from "Armida" (Lulli); Overture, "Leonora" (Beethoven). Concert Populaire (February 10): Symphony, D major (Beethoven); Fragment from "Iphigénie en Tauride" (Piccini); Minuet (Boccherini); Overture to "Der Freischütz" (Weber). Concert Populaire (February 17): Reformation Symphony (Mendelssohn); Andante (Haydn); Fragments from "Struensee" (Meyerbeer); Concerto in C minor for piano-forte (Beethoven); Prelude (Bach-Gounod). Concert du Châtelet (January 27): "Christophe Colomb," Ode symphonique (Félicien David).

Leipzig.—Gewandhaus Concert (January 17): Overture to "Tasso" (Schulz-Schwerin); Concerto for violoncello (H. Witte); Songs and Air from "Euryanthe" (Weber); Symphony in A (Beetho

ven.) Gewandhaus Concert (January 31): Overture, "Im Hochland" (Gade); Violin Concerto (Bruch); Symphony in B minor (Schubert). Euterpe Concert February 5: Overture, Scherzo, and Finale (Schumann); Rhapsody (Brahms); Pianoforte pieces (Schumann, Chopin, and David). Gewandhaus Concert (February 7): Requiem (Cherubini); Forty-second Psalm (Mendelssohn). Gewandhaus Concert February 14: Overture to "Melusine" (Mendelssohn); Concerto for pianoforte (Scharwenka); Symphony in G major (Haydn).

Berlin.—Bilse Concert (February 6): Overture to "Manfred" (Schumann); March (Lachner); Concerto for violoncello (Vieuxtemps); "Phaëton" (Saint-Saëns); Walkürenritt (Wagner); Symphony in C major (Schubert). Concert of the Symphonie-capelle (February 6): Symphony in C minor (Haydn); Symphony in C minor (Brahms); Fragments from "Loreley" (Bruch); Hungarian Dance (Brahms). Stern'sche Singakademie (February 15): Handel's "Alexander's Feast."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 13, 1878.

Symphony Concerts.

The Harvard Musical Association had every reason to feel fresh encouragement in the large audience and complete success of the tenth and last Concert of the thirteenth season (March 28). Very seldom, if ever, has a more interesting Orchestral Concert been heard in our city. The rich, unique and well contrasted programme, and the ability of the artists, who entered heart and soul into the interpretation of its several numbers, made that almost a foregone conclusion.

Overture to the Oratorio "St. Paul"....Mendelssohn
Air from "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso," "Sweet bird,
that shunn'st the noise of folly".....Handel
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Concerto in C major, for three pianos, with string
orchestra.....J. S. Bach
Allegro.—Adagio.—Fugue.
B. J. Lang, J. C. D. Parker, and Arthur W. Foote.

Overture to "Rosamunde" (second time).....Schubert
Songs with Pianoforte:—
a. Das Zügelbüchlein (The Passing Bell).
b. Stimme der Liebe (Voice of Love).
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Eighth Symphony, in F, Op. 93.....Beethoven
Allegro vivace.—Allegretto Scherzando.—Tempo
di minuetto.—Allegro vivace.

Most listeners were probably surprised to find so much exciting matter, so much breadth and power and grandeur, in the Overture to *St. Paul*. In Oratorio, as in Opera performances, the Overture commonly gets a small share of attention. People hardly listen, being not quite settled in their seats; or they sit waiting for the voices to begin; and probably there is something in the suggestion that the instruments, not over many on such occasions, are smothered up and deadened by the crowd of singing people on the stage. Really this noble Overture was for the first time fairly heard that Thursday afternoon. The orchestra was adequate to its effect, which was palpably increased by the Organ part, which Mendelssohn composed for it, and which was satisfactorily played by Mr. G. W. SUMNER.

The Nightingale Aria by Handel fitly followed. It seemed precisely suited for the fresh, bright, bird-like, sympathetic voice of Miss LILLIAN BAILEY; and, besides the excellent flute obligato of Mr. RITZEL, it had the advantage of Robert Franz's full development of the instrumental score, which sounded wonderfully rich and beautiful, and seemed to locate the "sweet bird, most musical, most melancholy" amid its shady green surroundings. The young singer was equal to all the exacting requirements of the song; all was clear, sustained and delicately true, and every trill precise and even. The only fault we noticed was the indistinct enunciation of the syllables, "sweet bird" sounding too

much like "wee bir"; but this may easily be remedied.

Next, after Mendelssohn and Handel, who could come in so sure not to disturb the harmony, as good Sebastian Bach? And this time not in his graver and more sombre aspect, but in a genial, brilliant, entertaining mood, while wielding all the wealth of his incomparable artistic resources. A triple Concerto for three pianos of course enlists a good deal of personal interest, besides the intrinsic interest of the composition. But this was no mere parade piece; and it would argue only a lack of true musical appreciation in any one who should be rash enough to seek to consign it to the dry category of pedantic studies or antique curiosities. It is music all aglow with a sincere, hearty, happy sense of life.

Bach has left two Concertos for three pianos: this one in C major, and another, equally interesting, in D minor. We owe the introduction of both of them in Boston concert rooms to Mr. Otto Dresel. That in D minor takes us back twenty-five years to a memorable concert given by that gentleman, in a small upper chamber, before one of the choicest audiences, when it was played by three remarkable pianists, Messrs. Dresel, Alfred Jaell, and William Scharfenberg; the string accompaniments, in the original form, by Messrs. Schultze, Meisel, Meyer, (viola), Carl Bergman (cello), and Balcke (contrabass). Eleven years later (Nov. and Dec. 1864), Mr. Dresel gave a series of five concerts at Chickering's Rooms, drawing largely for his programmes from the instrumental works of Bach. The first concert opened with the Triple Concerto in C major, which was again given in the third, the other (D minor) having taken its turn in the second concert. Perhaps it will revive pleasant memories with some of our readers, if we reprint here a portion of our record made directly after that first concert:—

Old Bach heads the list, as he is likely to do in each of the five concerts. Mr. Dresel, in this, is undertaking for us the same good service that Mendelssohn did for Germany; he means to put to flight, if possible, the *Bach bugbear*, by practically showing that Bach's music can be entertaining and delightful, as well as learned and profound. The piano compositions of the great master afford ample material for this, utterly different as they are from any of the modern piano music. Should these succeed in dissipating the bugbear, and actually prove enjoyable to a whole room full of people, then it may be hoped that soon a beginning will be made of some acquaintance with his vocal works, when all who have any plety or music in their souls will be astonished at the revelation of such depth and tenderness of feeling, such unsurpassed richness, truth and beauty of expression, and own that religious music, as such, whether Catholic or Protestant, has reached its highest, purest utterance in Sebastian Bach. The Great Organ is already doing its part—or a part of its part—to prepare the way; but these piano (or *Clavier*) compositions are perhaps the readiest entering wedge into the tough knot of anti-fugue and anti-scientific prejudice, since, instead of trying to cleave it by main force, they will gently, unawares, loosen its grasp by showing the old master under a *pleasing* aspect.

Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony.

The experiment, this first time, was signally successful. We verily believe that no piece on the programme was enjoyed so much, on the whole, and by the largest number, as the triple Concerto in C major. The charm, to be sure, was partly that of admirable rendering. The three pianos (Chickering Grands), which share equally the exposition of themes, were played with perfect clearness, evenness and nicety of expression, and with that absence of all exaggeration of effect, which Bach's music requires, by Messrs. HUGO LEONHARD, B. J. LANG, and J. C. D. PARKER; while the original accompaniments for the quartet of strings were consolidated by Mr. Dresel upon a fourth piano. Mechanically, it all moved like clockwork, wheel within wheel, quietly and beautifully. And such satisfying, rich, fresh, wholesomely stimulating sonority; such full, clear, sweet, delicious euphony! The sound was all-pervading; it seemed to come in all round us and behind us like water, welling up from exhaustless springs of sweet

and wholesome harmony. The first Allegro is remarkable for the exceeding simplicity of its theme, and for the wondrous art with which it is made interesting throughout such long and complex development; its reappearance now in this and now in that part of the harmony, now in one and now in another piano, being always natural, so much so that for most hearers the art was hidden in the charm. The expression is simply happy, healthy, sunshiny, full of joy in even-tempered life and solid work. The Adagio touches a deeper chord. That solemn minor phrase in the bass and tenor, which ever slowly climbs and falls, so boldly pronounced through the whole, is most impressive, and haunts you afterwards as it haunts the music. The finale is a little more formal.

Some years later this Concerto was played by the same artists, at one of Mr. Lang's Concerts in the Globe Theatre, with the Mendelssohn Quintette Club for the accompaniment. And again, in Dec. 1876, in that beautiful concert given for Mr. Leonard by some of his brother artists, in Wesleyan Hall, it was played by Messrs. Lang, Perabo and Parker, with the accompaniments on a fourth piano by Mr. Dresel. On all these occasions it was exceedingly enjoyed. But whether the "Bach bugbear" is even yet dispelled, may be a question, though we have since heard the *Passion Music* and the Christmas Oratorio, and many more of his immortal masterpieces, vocal and instrumental. The bugbear exists in not a few minds; but the sincere admirers, too, are many. Some doubtless were converted, or at least strongly inclined toward Bach's music, when they heard the Concerto given with such impressive power and breadth in this last Symphony Concert. For three powerful modern "Grands," and in so vast a hall, the mere quiret of strings, with which it was originally accompanied, would not suffice. Accordingly it was played by the whole string force of the orchestra, and with wonderful effect. There was a fullness, a richness, an all-pervading sweetness and vitality of sound, which there was no escaping. And no one could help observing what a complete whole in itself was that accompaniment; it was fullness not of mere sonority, but of co-operating, interwoven individual parts. How the 'cellos and basses sang in the *Adagio*! The last movement, too, impressed us more than ever before. The three pianists did their work admirably well together, and the orchestral parts were all in keeping. The "Bach bugbear" may not have been dispelled in every listener even then, but was not what we wrote of it so long ago all more than justified? Hour after hour it would be happiness, complete occupation of heart, mind and soul, to listen to such music, forgetting all else in "content se absolute."

If the first part of the concert was mainly serious, the second was bright and joyous. Schubert's *Rosamunde* Overture was even more keenly relished than it was the first time; it will be always welcome in its place. The two Schubert Songs were serious, but they were short; and they were sung with such taste and feeling as well as with such sweetness and purity of voice, by Miss Bailey, (accompanied by Mr. Lang) that they made a fine effect. The "Stimme der Liebe" is a remarkable song, full of climax, original in its harmony, and intensely dramatic; but the singer proved herself equal to it, singing it *con amore*, and with such effect that she was recalled, when she seated herself at the piano, and sang the same composer's "Haidenröslein." Finally the Eighth Symphony, so full of sunshine, though its inspiration came to the Master in his darkest days, and, buoyant as it is,—by some called "light,"—yet a most earnest and consummate work of Art, brought the Concert to the cheerfulest conclusion. Let us not despair of many more such good times coming!

THEODORE THOMAS and his Orchestra returned to

Boston on Wednesday evening, March 20, and Saturday afternoon, March 23, to try the experiment of a couple of "grand and popular Concerts," at "popular prices." The bait took, and the audience was very large, especially on Saturday, when country people come to town. The programmes contained many things of doubtful popularity; but if popular means miscellaneous, they certainly were "mixed," or, more properly speaking, heterogeneous, enough. We have no room to discriminate, and simply give the programmes:

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Overture "King Stephen," op. 117.....Beethoven
March Tempo, from "Lenore" Symphony.....Raff
Aria, "Di Provenza".....Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.
Solo for Trombone, Air and Variations.....Chemlich
Mr. F. Letsch.
Scene and Aria, "Freyschütz".....Weber
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Concerto for Piano and Orchestra.....Scharwenka
Madame M. Schiller and Orchestra.
Overture, "Rienzi".....Wagner
"Les Rameaux".....Faure
Signor Tagliapietra.
Menuet.....Bocherini
String Orchestra.
Aria, "Queen of Sheba".....Gounod
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Waltz, "Wiener Fräulein".....Strauss
Fête Bohème (Scenes Pittoresques).....Massenet

SATURDAY MATINEE.

Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream", Mendels'n
Aria, "Il Balen".....Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.
Fantasia (new), Prelude, Intermezzo, Fugue.
Rheinberger
Die Lorelei.....Liszt
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Concerto for Piano, in G minor.....Mendelssohn
Madame M. Schiller and Orchestra.
Largo (adapted by Joseph Helmesberger), for Violins, Violas, Harp, Organ and Solo Violin.....Handel
Mr. Hermann Brandt.
Song, "Les Rameaux" (by request).....Faure
Signor Tagliapietra.
Capriccio, op. 4 (new).....Hermann Graedner
Valse de Concert.....Venzano
Miss Mathilde Wilde.
Waltz, "Village Swallows".....Strauss
Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre".....Saint-Saëns

Chamber Concerts.

We return, for briefer mention than it merits, to Mr. S. LIEBLING's Concert at Union Hall, March 21. The hall was filled with a quickly responsive audience, and the programme contained much that was interesting, old and new, to wit:

Concerto for Piano. Op. 16.....Grieg
First and last movement.
Mr. S. Liebling.
Andante and Polonaise.....Wienlawski
Mr. Albert Van Raalte.
Aria, "Si, l'amor, O cara".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Piano. { a. Auf Flügeln des GesangesLiszt
b. Air à la Bourrée.....Handel
c. Nocturne, Op. 15, No. 2. }Chopin
d. Valse, Op. 64, No. 1. } Arr. by Tausig
Serenade (New).....Abt
Mr. Carl Pfeuger.
Recitation, "La mort de Jeanne d'Arc."
Casimir Delavigne
Mme. Leontine Arnot Cohn.
Grand Duo for Two Pianos. Op. 15.
Allegro-Adagietto-Finale.....Rheinberger
Messrs. Ernst Perabo and S. Liebling.
Song, "Der Wanderer".....Schubert
Mr. Joseph Claus.
Piano. { a. Concert étudeKullack
b. Moments musicaux.....Moszkowski
c. Polonaise.....Rubinstein
Songs, "Die Liebe hat gelogen." }Franz
"Stille Schönheit."
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Songs, { a. "Die Lotosblume".....Schumann
b. "Gute Nacht, mein Herz".....Franz
Mr. Carl Pfeuger.
Piano, Rhapsodie. No. 4.....Liszt

The piano compositions were all—with the exception of the Duo with Mr. PERABO, which we found the most interesting of them all, and very finely played—interpreted by Mr. Liebling. He played with remarkable facility, certainty and brilliancy, especially the Grieg Concerto movements and the Rhapsodie by Liszt, and showed discrimination, as well as enthusiasm, in his rendering of the groups of well contrasted smaller pieces. The Chopin Waltz, wilfully made to bristle with difficulties by Tausig, and far more expressive in its simple form, was wonderfully well played. Mr. VAN RAALTE, one of the earlier and most finished graduates from

Julius Eichberg's Violin School, played his difficult sole with precision, firmness and considerable brilliancy; it was good, sound violin playing, only a little rigid. Miss FANNY KELLOGG bore away the palm for singing. The Handel Aria was given with fine taste and feeling; and the two songs by Franz, the one so passionate, the other so serene, were beautifully interpreted. Mr. PLÜGGER was ill, so that his place had to be supplied in the second part by Mr. CLAUS, who sang "The Wanderer" with considerable expression, with a sonorous but rather too explosive letting out of voice. Mme. COHN's French recitation elicited a good deal of applause.

Mr. JOHN ORTH gave a Concert on Wednesday afternoon, April 3, in Union Hall, which was almost crowded with his friends. The programme was as follows:

Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello, in D,
Op. 183.....Raff
Mr. Fries and Mr. Orth.
Songs. { Phillis the Fair.....Franz
My Bonnie Mary.....Mr. C. R. Hayden.
Aria from Alexander's Feast: "Softly sweet
in Lydian measures".....Handel
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Menuetto in B-minor.....Schubert
Impromptu in E-flat, Op. 30.....Hiller
Mr. Orth.
Romance: "Return, Return".....Berlioz
Mr. Hayden.
Staccato Perpetuelle.....Dupont
Wienlied.....Kjerulf
Ballade, Op. 23.....Chopin
Mr. Orth.
Songs. { Das Zünglein klein.....Schubert
Ogni Pena.....Pergolesi
Miss Bailey.
Consolation, No. 2, in D-flat major.....Liszt
Marche Militaire.....Schubert-Tausig
Mr. Orth.

Raff's Sonata interested us comparatively little in the first movement (*Allegro*), which seemed made mechanically, with a mere routine facility. But the *Vivace* was singularly bright and sparkling, and the *Andante* lovely. It was capitally rendered by both artists. Mr. ORTH showed a technique well up to the times, and played all his very various selections with more discrimination and refinement than we have noticed before in his playing, as well as with enthusiastic energy. The Schubert Menuetto was daintily and crisply touched, and pleased so much that he was obliged to repeat it. The *Staccato* by Dupont, too, was very brilliantly and deftly done. Miss LILLIAN BAILLY's voice and style, and her intelligent expression and refinement for so young a singer, still grow upon the attentive listener and give assurance of a nature truly musical, with some thing of the spark of genius in it. The Air by Handel was beautifully rendered, so was the "Passing Bell" by Schubert; and the quaint melody by Pergolesi, a favorite song of Mme. Viardot Garcia's, was made as piquant and witching as need be. Mr. HAYDEN, though hardly at his best, sang finely two of the least pretending songs by Franz. His long sustained high tone in the Romance by Berlioz, was remarkably clear, musical and beautifully diminished.—Mr. Orth certainly gained standing by this concert.

Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD commenced a second series (of this his second season) of Concerts, on Friday evening, April 5, at Union Hall. An imperative engagement robbed us of the pleasure we should doubtless have had in listening both to him and his assistants in the following programme:

Allegro Feroce (Concert Etude), Op. 105, No. 2,
Moscheles.
Mr. Sherwood.
Songs { a. Neue Liebe, neues Leben.....Beethoven
b. My Dearest Heart.....Sullivan
Miss Annie Wentz.
Sonata, Op. 111 (last sonata).....L. v. Beethoven
Prayer, (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Madame Louise Cappiani.
{ a. Impromptu in A-flat, Op. 29.....Chopin
b. Novelette, E-major, Op. 21, No. 7.....Schumann
Miss Josie E. Ware.
Rondo Capriccioso in E.....Mendelssohn
Miss Jennie R. May.
Aria from Don Juan (Non mi dir).....Mozart
Miss Fannie Lovering.
{ a. Fantasia in F minor, Op. 49.....Chopin
b. Allegro Scherzando, Op. 5.....W. H. Sherwood
Grand Duo from l'Africaine.....Meyerbeer
Madame Cappiani and Miss Annie Wentz.
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....Liszt

All the accounts we have of the concert are essentially in accord with this from the *Courier*:

Mr. Sherwood played the Moscheles study in his best style, with the most unerring precision, firm, vital touch, and great spirit. The great Opus 111, sonata is a work that few pianists care to approach. Even disregarding its technical difficulties, which are immense, there is an intrinsic grandeur, a breadth of style in the composition which can be adequately rendered only by the supreme artist, and that, too, after long and arduous study. There are few works extant in which the interpreter is more liable to fall into the error of elaborating certain beautiful details to the detriment of the perfect symmetry of the whole. Then again it is a work which appeals but to the select few among music lovers, and in playing which the pianist can look for sympathy from but a small portion of his audience. To say that Mr. Sherwood played a great part of this stupendous sonata as it should be played is giving him very high praise indeed. If his rendering of the first movement seemed hardly in accordance with the character of the work, the bold outlines of which were often blurred and weakened, and if a certain sustained power, a comprehensive grasp of the leading idea in the earlier portions of the *Andante* were too plainly wanting, yet it must be said that his playing of the latter half of the second movement (say from the beginning of the fourth variation to the end) was wonderfully fine and strong. There was also much that deserved high commendation in his playing of the remainder of the work: that the most absolute earnestness of purpose ran through the whole performance was evident. To have played this sonata as Mr. Sherwood did may be accounted a more glorious achievement than to have given even the most complete and perfect rendering of a host of other compositions. With the exception of the great B-flat sonata, Opus 106, there is hardly a composition in the whole range of pianoforte music which presents so great intellectual difficulties to the performer. The rest of Mr. Sherwood's numbers were most capitally played. Madame Cappiani sang the extremely difficult and taxing Prayer from *Tannhäuser* really superbly. It is rarely that one finds a singer so absolutely in sympathy with her high task, and possessor of such means of realizing her conception. Miss Annie Wentz and Miss Fannie Lovering (pupils of Madame Cappiani) and Miss Josie E. Ware and Miss Jennie R. May (pupils of Mr. Sherwood) showed much talent, and gave evidence of the excellence of their instruction.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

A New Invention.

CAMBRIDGE has been called (I don't know how correctly) a Paradise of Paupers. I only repeat a phrase I have heard from an old resident of this semi-rural city. I think, however, a stop has been put upon the tramps, by a parish regulation that, instead of warm breakfasts at the doors of the citizens, they should be furnished with tickets entitling them to a meal at a certain restaurant in return for a certain amount of work. But there seems to be a club of resident hand-organists who perambulate the streets and dispense their music wherever they have been once encouraged. As a protection against this annoyance, it is reported that a sensitive Professor has (conditionally) invented a contrivance he calls a Paratone, which is said to ward off effectually the all-pervading melodies of the grinders. It simply reproduces the anatomy of a deaf ear. It reverses the action of the telephone or phonograph, and renders the musical vibrations inaudible. It can be easily applied to any window, and at the same time by its novel and peculiar appearance advertises the grinders that their services in front of that house where they are disposed to plant themselves, can be dispensed with. It can also be used in a portable way, like an umbrella, which it somewhat resembles in shape.

By the University students, and by all desirous of concentrating their thoughts on abstract studies, it should be well accepted. Think of escaping from these organic disturbances as you would escape from a sudden shower of rain, just by hoisting your Paratone! It might also be used in concert halls—if the apparatus could be compressed into a small compass of the size of a fan or a felt hat; and those of the audience who are anti-Wagner or anti-Liszt in their tastes, or those who are indifferent to the pure-classic school, might easily enjoy a period of expressive silence (unless they preferred talking), during such portions of the programme as they might wish omitted, instead of being obliged to leave the concert-room.

N. B.—Scientific journals please copy.

ELERY STREET.

THAT "COLLEGE OF MUSIC." The New York millionaire is dead, and, though he had no ear for music, his will shows that he had not abandoned his munificent design. The Chicago *Tribune* has the following dispatch:—

NEW YORK, March 21.—Samuel Wood, the retired millionaire merchant, who some three years ago created much expectancy by his proposition to give New York a million dollars to found a college of music, died yesterday. The *World* says that in his will he has left a sum amounting from \$600,000 to \$800,000 for this project, which had been well-nigh forgotten, it being supposed that Mr. Wood had changed his mind. The will is not made public, but Mr. Simonson, a relative long in confidential service, says there are provisions for four executors, who shall have power to employ the principal of this splendid bequest for the building and endowment of the musical college, or may at their discretion use only a portion, together with the interest. It was, he says, undoubtedly Mr. Wood's intention to expend the principal in carrying out his grand plan. The Legislature went so far at the time of the proposition as to set aside a plot in Central Park for the college building, and should the bequest prove as stated, and the will be admitted to probate, the original plans will probably be adhered to by the trustees. The various legacies in the will amount to about \$100,000, aside from which the residue of the estate and property are given to the college of music. Mr. Wood was born in 1795, and had no ear for music.

If the report be true, that the "College" is to be under the direction of Manager Max Strakosch and prima donna Clara Louise Kellogg, perhaps its foundations will be laid as deep as Bach and Handel. Or, will the corner stone be Verdi? Mayhap Wagner; who knows?

WAGNER'S "PARAFAL." The London *Figaro* says: "Herr Wagner departs from the Arturian legend, and reveals in some of the most questionable incidents that impurity ever imagined. There is in 'Percival' no attempt at concealment, no delicate touches whereby the disgust engendered in the minds of the least particular of men is softened. Better poets have treated the theme, and have told the story in a far different spirit. But Herr Wagner must be original at all risks, and the cost in this case is that he has substituted coarseness for sublimity. He has gone out of his way to be nasty, and from his own fertile imagination—or his Teutonic 'inner consciousness'—he has evolved a plot which no man dare describe in its integrity. If, however, the libretto will not in its present form prove acceptable, yet the piece will offer plenty of opportunities for that scenic display which Herr Wagner loves. The scenes in the hall of the Grail of the first, in the enchanted castle of the magician of the second, and the first scene of 'the last act, will cost all the money the faithful are likely to send to Bayreuth. The old talent for stage management, in which Herr Wagner is seen at his best, has not deserted the aged musician."

ANOTHER MUSIC FIRM GONE. Thomas J. Hall, surviving partner of Wm. Hall & Son, has just sold his entire stock of music and music plates to Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston and New York, and has also ceded all right in the copyright catalogue of the late Hall & Son, concerning which there was some recent litigation. The whole property, therefore, of the late firm has fallen into the hands of Messrs. Ditson & Co. Many will regret to see the catalogue of the old house of Hall & Son at last disappear from New York to enrich the lists of Boston publishers. Forty years ago Wm. Hall & Co. did the largest business in their line in this country. The store in Franklin Square was the popular resort of musicians, and the best writers of the time were anxious for their compositions to bear the imprint of the noted house. They were the publishers of Gottschalk, Wallace, Wollenhaupt, and others. Many of the choicest copyrights ever held in this country became their property. The "Last Hope," "Murmurs Eoliens," "Ojas Criollos," "Berceuse," "Banjo," "Marche de Nuits," "Pastorale e Cavallere," "Loving Heart Trust on," of Gottschalk, "Polka de Concert" and "La Reye," of Wallace, "Whispering Winds" mazurka of Wollenhaupt, ran through successive editions and are, to this day, among the most successful morceaux de salon in a musical repertoire. This is the catalogue, aggregating over 20,000 plates, which Ditson & Co. have now purchased. Besides the parent house in Boston, Ditson & Co. have branch houses in this city, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cincinnati, and their publications are said to comprise some 80,000 subjects, or over half a million music book plates.—*N. Y. Tribune*.

RICHARD COKER REDIVIVUS. Signor Ricardo Della Rosa has made a successful debut at the Teatro Paterna, Lucca, Italy. But who is Signor Della Rosa? None other than he, who, ten years ago, was a youth of provoking adolescence, and known all over the United States and Great Britain as Richard Coker, the boy-soprano of Trinity Church. All who at that time listened to that mournful voice, which had none of the coldness that boys' voices usually possess, will remember how unique and brilliant was its charm. It was indeed a phenomenon, and has not since been approached, much less equalled. More than ten years have passed since the breaking of the voice that comes with adolescence, necessitating Master Coker's retirement from the concert room. During the interval he has been placed under the best musical and dramatic instruction that was to be obtained in Great Britain and the Continent. His voice changed, not to a tenor, as had been predicted by

many of his admirers, but to a high baritone of remarkable strength and richness. Had he not had his ambition under prudent control, it is probable that his debut would have taken place long ago. But it was his wish, as well as that of his admirers, that it should occur only under the most favorable circumstances—that is to say, when a perfect method had been perfectly mastered.

If we are to credit the Italian papers that come to us, this is what has been done. His debut took place before a large and critical audience, the character assumed being that of *Alfonso*, in "La Favorita." The perfection of his method, the strength and beauty of his voice, his dramatic expression, his personal charm of manner, are unanimously dwelt upon, so that the mention we make of them here is mere matter of history, which his appearance among us, at no distant day, will enable us to verify.—*Music Trade Review*.

THE DEATH OF THE WIDOW OF ROSSINI severs one of the few links now remaining between the present and the past. Under the Restoration, Olympe Pélissier occupied a prominent place in Parisian society. She was witty, hospitable, and beautiful, and in her *salons* were gathered some of the best people of the day. Baron Schikler was a constant visitor, the celebrated hunting Comte de Girardin was amongst her admirers, and Horace Vernet made her the model for his "Judith et Holopherne." In 1840 she first met Rossini, then in pain of mind at his separation from his first wife, Madame Colbrand. Olympe Pélissier fell in love with the maestro, she soon managed his business affairs, made his macaroni, and generally played the part of the good-natured sister. When, in 1845, Madame Colbrand died, Rossini married the lady who had shown so much devotion to his interests, and the couple lived together a wandering and private life till 1855, when Rossini definitely fixed his residence at Passy. It was here that in the early days of the Empire, the City of Paris had offered to build a house for Rossini to live in. The "Swan of Pesaro" refused, saying, in a characteristic letter to Baron Haussmann, "I am not rich enough to pay for the land what it is worth, and I am not poor enough to live at the expense of the State." Eventually the matter was compromised by the composer paying a small price for the land, on condition that it reverted to the City of Paris on the death of Rossini and his widow. In this place, then on the borders of Bois de Boulogne, close by the green sward of Ranelagh, and but a stone's throw from the Pavillon de la Muette, and the City Gardens which were the chosen retreat of Lamartine, Rossini erected an elegant building, half villa, half mansion, discreetly veiled from public gaze by a cluster of verdure. There he lived till his death, and this retreat his widow never quitted until she died on Friday last. She was reported to be miserly, and was certainly economical. Rossini left a fortune of £42,000, which he directed should be devoted after the death of his widow to the formation of a free Academy of Music at his native town, Pesaro. The widow-Rossini left £80,000, besides £8000 in jewelry, and this she bequeathed to found almshouses for French and Italian vocalists. Her reasons for doing so are detailed in a letter written shortly before her death. "I am suffering, but not ill. I have *la maladie Anglaise*. I have a horror of humanity, and I am only happy when I am alone. I have such a horror of the Pesareses, that I have a moral conviction the Lycée Rossini will prove abortive, and that the honest gentlemen will put the money into their own pockets." The old lady, despite her contempt for mankind, had, however, a keen eye to the main chance, and a proper appreciation of herself as the widow of one of the greatest Hebraic composers. In pursuance of this reputation, she sold all the posthumous fugitive pieces of her husband for £8000 to Baron Albert Grant. Mr. Grant, who is but an indifferent musician, made a bad bargain. A few of those posthumous pieces have been heard in public, and they are barely worth the paper on which they were written.—*Figaro*.

Mrs. JULIA RIVE KING's way of learning music is odd enough: "I just take a piece," she says, "sit down and learn it with my eyes. After I have fixed a mental photograph of it in my brain, I go to the piano and teach it to my fingers. If I am uncertain in regard to a phrase or combination, I go to the piece again and read the doubtful portion. I never take a composition to the piano." Asked if she ever made mistakes, she said "No, indeed. It is the same as if you had learned a poem to recite. It would be impossible for you to drop a letter out of a word, of course. I learn a piece of music, and instead of reciting it with my lips, I deliver it through my fingers." This is quite too awfully smart, since von Bülow makes mistakes, and owns it, and Rubinstein never plays with absolute correctness. Even automata are liable to get out of gear, but Mrs. King is no doubt more perfect than any automaton. She says she prefers of all composers Liszt, and after him Chopin, Tausig and the romantic school,—as any one would guess from her playing. She says that "the weight of my touch is just twelve pounds. The average of ladies have a touch of only from two to three pounds. Thalberg had but four pounds, while Rubinstein reaches fifteen. I do not think any other woman ever had over a ten pound touch."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Jamie! For Soprano. E. 3. E to G. *Molloy*. 35
"Jamie! Jamie! Do you hear me,
Calling in the gloaming."
A very delightful song. Also published for
Alto voice.
- Eily Darling. Song and Chorus. Bb. 3.
d to G. *Hays*. 35
"Eily darling, don't be blushing,
For your face is young and fair."
Very pretty "Irish melody."
- Sailor Jack. C. 3. c to E. *Redhead*. 35
"Staunch and brave was Sailor Jack,
Just as tars should be."
A very hearty sailors' song of Jack as a lover
true.
- The Redbreast. Eb. 3. d to G. *Levey*. 30
"And sweetly sang, as I said, my dear,
Here's Robin come back to thee."
Another fine song about a sailor lover.
- Little Nannie. G. 3. d to G. *Woelf*. 40
"The Dustman has taken Nannie
To lullaby, lullaby land."
Very sweet song for home, as for an audience.
- The Wanderer's Song. (Wanderlied.) Ab.
c to G. *Schumann*. 40
"The sun does not shine on this one spot alone."
"Die Sonne, sie bleibet am Himmel nicht stehn."
It will be seen that this is not the famous
"Wanderer" song, but one bright and hearty,
and belonging more to common life.
- The Fairy Dell. Duet. E. 3. c to F. *Adt*. 40
"In yonder dell the fairies dwell,
And sport the hours away."
A delicate and fairy-like movement, with
heather bells ringing, and all fairy accompani-
ments.
- Brown Eyes has that Little Maiden. C. 3.
E to G. *Osgood*. 40
"And she has a mouth of roses,
Heavenly sweetness it discloses."
Has a lithograph title to adorn a new edition
of this popular and finely constructed song.

Instrumental.

- Sweet By and By. Variations. Ab. 4. *Stier*. 40
Rather easy, and quite graceful variations on
a well-known air.
- Star and Crescent Galop. C. 3. *Shear*. 40
Easy and pretty galop with varied arrange-
ments that cause a little more difficulty. Chan-
ges to keys of Ab and Db.
- Polka Militaire. Eb. 3. *Behr*. 35
The military title gives excuse for an extra
touch of brilliancy, which is accordingly intro-
duced.
- Nancy Lee Galop. D. 3. *Frewin*. 35
A lively galop, founded on a favorite air.
- Gretna Green Galop. 4 Hands. D. 2. *.60*
An easy and bright four-hand piece.
- The Blue Flowers. (Blaublümchen.)
G. 2. *Spidler*. 35
Simple and elegant.
- Racquet Galop. Eb. 3. *Simmons*. 40
As a musical racket it is quite a success, and
is pretty, also, reminding one in its movements,
of the light, quick bound of the shuttlecock
from bat to bat.
- Concordia Waltzes. 3. *Wendelstein*. 40
An introduction and four melodious waltzes.
- Pope Pius IX Funeral March. With por-
trait. A minor. 2. *Holloway*. 40
An impressive march, to which the portrait of
the deceased Pontiff adds value.
- Quiet Evening. Etude Nocturne. F. 3. *Hull*. 40
A "study" in very slow time. Nice practice,
and pleasing.
- Idyl. F. 4. *Rheinberger*. 40
One of Ernst Perabo's elegant "Twelve Sele-
ctions." The left hand has considerable to do.
- Silver Leaf Mazurka Caprice. D. 4. *Pattison*. 50
The rich music of the mazurka is mingled
with light flings of chromatic runs and other
brilliant devices, producing a fine variety.
- Pope Leo XIII Coronation March. A. 2. *.40*
A spirited march, made valuable by the por-
trait of the new Pope.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 966. BOSTON, SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 2.

Venus.

The London *Athenaeum* prints the following verses on the picture of Venus, recently painted by Mr. Burne Jones, of London:—

Pallid with too much longing,
White with passion and prayer,
Goddess of Love and Beauty,
She sits in the picture there—

Sits, with her dark eyes seeking
Something more subtle still
Than the old delights of loving,
Her measureless days to fill.

She has loved and been loved so often,
In the long, immortal years,
That she tires of the worn-out rapture,
Sickens of hopes and tears.

No joys nor sorrows move her—
Gone is her ancient pride,
For her head she found too heavy
The crown she has cast aside.

Clothed in her scarlet splendor,
Bright with her glory of hair,
Sad that she is not mortal—
Eternally sad and fair—

Longing for joys she knows not,
A thirst with a vain desire,
There she sits in the picture,
Daughter of Foam and Fire.

—LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON.

—March, 1878.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Notes and Reminiscences on the Development and Rapid Progress of Music in this Country during the past Century.

BY LORING B. BARNES.

No attempt will here be made to frame a historical narrative of the progress that music has made in this country during the period indicated. That would require years of patient research and labor, and many volumes to contain it when completed. A sketch only—possibly a rough sketch, is all that is aimed at; and if important events shall be omitted or touched upon lightly, the critical reader will pass over them; and in so doing he may possibly find something of interest, should it fail to instruct. The subject is unquestionably interesting, however poorly it may be presented.

Much of the later portion of these notes, or reminiscences, are from the personal recollections of the writer, while the earlier period, that of one hundred years ago, may be somewhat enlivened by the use of such incidents in the active life of the honored father of the writer, who lived contemporaneously with Wm. Billings, Oliver Holden, Swan, Reed and others, whose writings were then, and for many years thereafter, in general use in the churches of the land. The peculiar characteristics of the greater portion of the sacred music of those days has been well presented to this generation from time to time through the so-called Old Folks Concerts, the fugue being then the most popular style. Much of it was in the minor key, as it was deemed the more appropriate for church worship. One notable example of a wholly different character, however, is worthy

of a place in this record. The tune "Coronation," written in the strong, manly key of A-major, and which is heard in all the churches of the present time, in its majestic and inspiring strains, never fails to uplift the soul of the worshipper as few modern compositions can. Through the medium of this tune mainly, though he was the writer of many others, has the name of its composer, Oliver Holden, been handed down to us as one of the pioneers in this department of art; and when it is remembered that the puritanical notions of those times forbade, by legal enactments, any amusements of a theatrical character, and that the singing school was the only real recreation allowed, it is not surprising that composers should have sprung up to fill the wants and requirements of the people.

Wm. Billings was a tanner by trade, and many a tune of his was first chalked out on the door of his tannery, before being placed in any more enduring form. The earliest record we have of the formation of any society for the improvement of church music is that of the Stoughton Choral Society in 1786, and which has survived the changes of the century and is still, in its vigorous old age, devoting its energies to its own distinctive work; not of a character however to rank with the great choral societies of the country.

The Massachusetts Society, so called, located in Boston, was formed in 1807, but after a precarious existence of three years, it ceased to exist. Then came the world-renowned Handel and Haydn Society, which dates its organization from April, 1815. Two of the great Oratorios of the masters whose names they then adopted as the name of the new society,—the *Messiah* of Handel, and the *Creation* of Haydn,—were purchased and the study of them began in right good earnest. In this connection it is worthy of remark that the selection of two works of the character of the *Messiah* and the *Creation*, both so immeasurably beyond the character of the only music then known, is alike creditable and surprising. It was an amazing stride into those upper regions of harmony and inspiration. Such progress was made and such a degree of enthusiasm existed among its members that it was decided to give a public performance in the early winter of the same year in which the society was formed. The concert was given in the King's Chapel, as it was then called, now Stone Chapel. The programme was mainly made up of selections from the two works named and the church was filled with delighted listeners. The *Columbian Sentinel*, edited by Major Ben. Russell, a representative man, was enthusiastic in praises of the new society and of their concert, and from that time the praise of the society was on every tongue, and a great degree of prosperity attended its labors for many years.

All honor to Thomas Smith Webb, Amasa Winchester, Nathaniel Tucker, and Matthew

Stanley Parker, whose names appear in the act of incorporation of Feb. 7, 1816, as approved by Caleb Strong, Governor, and to many others, their associates, to the number of nearly fifty, for the transmission to us, of this generation, of this highly valued Boston institution, which began with high aims, and which has so nobly sustained itself during all the changes which have since taken place. No very great changes, however, in the character of the music of the churches was made until the advent among us, in 1821, of Lowell Mason, who introduced in a volume of Hymn tunes—many from old English and German writers, as well as those of his own composition,—tunes of a wholly different character from those in general use at that time, and which through the joint efforts of Mr. Mason and the Handel and Haydn Society,—the latter as publisher,—eradicated in a great measure the tunes of the previous half century as used in the Puritan churches of New England. In 1827, Mr. Mason was called to the Presidency of the Society with which he had labored in another capacity, which position he held for five years, with credit alike to himself and the society over which he presided.

Very little interest in music was manifested in any section of this, at that time, comparatively new country outside the limits of Boston. Here it had taken firm root; but though much had been accomplished by Mr. Mason and others, in educating and improving the public taste, it was not until 1837 or 38 that the authorities of the city could be prevailed upon to introduce music into any of our public schools as a part of the studies of the pupils. This decision on the part of the city authorities was mainly in consequence of the influence of an organization known as the Boston Academy of Music, instituted in 1832, with Samuel A. Eliot, the father of the present President of Harvard University, as President, and Lowell Mason and Geo. Jas. Webb as musical professors. Here oratorios and smaller works were from time to time performed, and concerts exclusively for orchestra were given.

The writer has a distinct recollection of the time when Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was first performed in Boston by this society in the early years of its existence, in 1841. This was probably the first time that any one of the great symphonies of this wonderful master of harmony had ever been heard in this country; for the great orchestras of other cities did not then exist, with the exception of the New York Philharmonic, which was organized in this same year, 1841. Though fully three-fourths of an hour were consumed in its production, the *tempi* being slowly and carefully taken by Henry Schmidt as leader, with Wm. Keyser at the head of the first violins, it opened up to all hearers a new source of enjoyment till that time unknown. If the listening to an Oratorio by the Handel and Haydn Society a few years

earlier was a new revelation, the performance of a Beethoven Symphony was none the less so, and the thrill of admiration, as its ever changing beauties dragged their slow length along, is well remembered to this day, but cannot be described.

To turn from the concert room to the stage, we find from Clapp's Record of the Boston Stage, that *Der Freischütz* and the *Barber of Seville*, of course in English, were brought out at the Boston Theatre in January, 1829, under the direction of Tom Comer, as he was familiarly called, with solos by Mrs. Austin, Mrs. Papanti, Mr. Comer, Mr. Chas. E. Horn, and others.

In September, 1829, the first attempt at Italian Opera in Boston, was the production of *Tancredi* and *The Barber*. The company consisted of Madam Feron and "others of less note;" Ostinelli led the orchestra, and Tom Comer was musical director, with Wm. B. Oliver and Capt. Sam. Adams, two of Boston's notables—in their way—in the chorus.

The appearance in this city of Mr. and Mrs. John Wood, in December 1833, seems to have created quite a sensation, and it is recorded that the receipts during the engagement of December and the three days in January, five weeks, amounted to more than \$10,000, which for those times was very great. *Cinderella*, *Guy Mannering*, *The Barber*, *Der Freischütz*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Robert the Devil*, and *La Sonnambula*, all in English, were given by this really good company, which included among the number, Mr. Wm. F. Brongh, the heavy Basco. Mrs. Wood was unquestionably the finest vocalist that had ever been heard in this country at that time, and it is not surprising that that she had many admirers. Even to this day, among some of the earlier opera goers, we hear Mrs. Wood quoted as one of the best singers they had ever heard.

The Seguin troupe first appeared in Boston in Opera at the old Tabernacle in Howard St., in 1845. The first representation of *Norma* in this city was given on the opening night. For two or three years thereafter this really fine company, though limited in number of principal artists, enjoyed a great degree of popularity. But when in 1847 Marti's Italian Opera Company, from Havana, with such artists as Tedesco, Perelli, Novelli, Vita, and many others, who would take a high rank in any company of the present day, made its appearance at the Howard in a round of Italian Operas, beginning with *Ernani*, the former favorites were forgotten. Who that heard for the first time the consummate artists named, and witnessed the grotesque girations of Sanquirico in his inimitable delineation of Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, though he could not sing, will ever forget the Havana Opera Co.? Eliza Ostinelli, afterwards Madame Biscaccianti, made a successful first appearance in Opera in 1848, the opera chosen for her debut being *La Sonnambula*. Truffi and Benedetti, who remained in this country several successive seasons and became very popular with all classes, first appeared in 1848. Those superb artists, Besio, Bettini, Badiali (the three B's, as they were called) with Salvi and Marini, were listened to by thousands through two or more seasons, first coming among us in 1850. Grisi and Ma-

rio, with that superb barytone Badiali, and Susini, then in his prime, appeared at the Boston Theatre in 1854, in a round of operas, much to the delight of all critical listeners; and in the same year the Pyne and Harrison troupe of English singers were heard in the same house in a succession of operas in English.

The Boston Academy of Music, already referred to, had a short life of some six or eight years, and from that time forward, until the arrival on our shores of the Germania Musical Society in 1848, very little orchestral music was heard. This society, composed of young men of fine musical culture, enthusiastic in their art, and numbering twenty-five all told, formed themselves into an orchestra before leaving their native land, for the purpose of giving concerts of a strictly classical character in the States of our widely extended country, and well did they fulfil their mission; many times under most disheartening circumstances, but never giving themselves up to anything unworthy of their high art aims; and it must even now be a source of pride with each member of that pioneer organization, scattered and separated from each other as they are, to know that they never prostituted art in all their wanderings, and that the good seed they so liberally sowed has returned to us and to them in the ripened grain, a thousand fold.

The arrival in this country of Mme. Jenny Lind, that world-renowned and highly-gifted songstress, who first appeared in New York in 1841, was an event of very great importance to the musical world. Thousands of delighted listeners were ever within reach of her voice on all occasions of her public performances, and no artist ever bade adieu to friends on this side the Atlantic, more sincerely loved for her art, than Mme. Jenny Lind, or Madame Goldschmidt, as she then was. The unprecedented success of this star of the first magnitude, induced others to try their fortunes with us, and the following year, 1852, brought us two of the most highly gifted vocalists of the present century, —Henrietta Sontag and Alboni; and while the Lind was bidding adieu to our shores in May of that year, the superb Sontag followed in September, and Alboni in October.

The season of 1852 was memorable in the minds of all Bostonians, from the advent among them of the artistes here named, and the additional fact of the opening of the Boston Music Hall, and the establishment of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, both of the latter filling a great want at that time, and both increasing in value as the years roll on. Many others among the world's greatest artists, both vocal and instrumental, have visited us; among whom may be mentioned John Braham, in 1840, that wonderful old man of seventy, who could draw tears into the eyes of his audience as with marvellous power he declaimed Handel's "Deeper and deeper still," followed by that no less wonderful tone picture: "Waft her Angels to the skies," or thrilled the listener with his "Sound an Alarm." Madame La Grange, in 1855, and for several consecutive seasons thereafter, will be remembered as one of the most conscientious artists who ever appeared among us; versatile and satisfactory in all her roles. Adelina Patti, though then but just from her training school, in 1859 and 60, foreshadowed even at that immature period in her musical career, —one of the most brilliant and successful on record,—her subsequent world-wide reputation as a star with few if any equals and no superiors. The more recent and prolonged residence in this coun-

try of that much beloved and highly gifted artiste, the late lamented Parepa Rosa, is remembered by all lovers of the divine art, and it may be said in truth that no artist ever contributed more to the enjoyment of the thousands who were enabled to listen to her vocalism, whether in Concert, Oratorio or Opera, than this highly accomplished artiste.

The season of 1872 and 73 will be remembered as one in which Mr. Manager Strakosch presented the people of this country with something approaching Grand Opera, with that eminent artiste, Christine Nilsson, in a company of which such names as Torriani, Cary, Campanini, Capoul, Del Puente, and Scolari were members.

A decade earlier we were regaled with the warblings of such song-birds as Laborde, Gazzaniga and Piccolemini, while the stentorian lungs of Carl Fornes and the exceedingly satisfactory vocalism of Stigelli, that highly accomplished tenor, were both listened to with pleasure and profit by our rising and ambitious young singers as well as by older patrons of the opera.

The names of Alboni and Lucca will call up pleasant remembrances, while the quartet of English vocalists, which included in its number that consummate artist, Charles Santley, recalls in the minds of all lovers of the true and good in art some of the pleasantest recollections of their lives. But to enumerate all, would be to bring before the eye of the reader the larger number of the world's greatest artists; but we forbear, though the name of Mdlle. Therese Tietjens, an artiste of unqualified superiority in the roles of Grand Opera, no less than in Oratorio, must not be passed by in silence, while those of Madame Rudersdorff and Pescha-Lentner are both entitled to a place in this record.

Many of the most cultured and accomplished artists known to fame now proudly claim this country as their birth place, among whom may be named the Philipps's, Kellogg, Cary, Van Zandt, and our hasso, Whitney, as the most conspicuously shining lights at the present time; while a host of lesser luminaries are scattered throughout the length and breadth of our land.

A large number of eminent pianists of both sexes, native and to the manor born, are residents of many of our larger cities, the greater portion of whom have mastered the difficulties of the instrument under the teachings of the great European masters, and who, though unable to rival the marvellous power of a Bülow or a Rubinstein, are yet equal to all requirements in the interpretation of the great works of the masters. Miss Topp, Miss Mehlig, Miss Krebs, Arabella Goddard, and Mad. Essipoff are not forgotten, though the two great names above given are of more recent date among us; while we still have Madame Schiller and Rivé-King, two artists of great eminence, to delight the ear of the listener. Eminent teachers of the Piano, mainly from the ranks of our own countrymen, are now found in all our large cities and smaller towns; while the same remark will apply to organ instructors and vocal teachers, as well.

With all this native talent and an ambition to excel on the part of the young women and young men of this country, it must be recorded that very little attention has as yet been given to any other instrument than the piano, if we except the organ; though some successful efforts have been made in that direction by one at least of the conservatories of music with which all our larger cities are now well supplied. In the nature of things however, the time cannot be far distant when our grand orchestras, now almost exclusively in the hands of our Teutonic fellow citizens, will be shared by our own native musicians. Of Societies for the practice of the great Oratorios of the old masters as well as

the new, the Boston Handel and Haydn Society holds the undisputed first place for efficiency, as it ranks first in age, having survived the changes and reverses of more than sixty years. Of the formation of other similar organizations we may be permitted to quote from the report of the President of the Handel and Haydn Society made in 1875. He says: "We find them on the shores of the Pacific, the hills of Nevada, and among the older cities of our wide spread country, many bearing our names, and in most cases owing their origin to those who received their first impressions of the true value to a community of a society of this nature from the parent society of Boston." Where there was but one choral society, and that the Handel and Haydn, some twenty-five years ago, there are now, scattered through our cities and larger towns from the easternmost limits of our country even to the far Pacific coast, many like organizations, all engaged in the work of educating the masses in the higher branches of musical knowledge. Singing clubs composed of male voices only, and others where the united voices of both sexes are employed to interpret works of the highest order of vocal writing, which until a recent period were entirely unknown, have been formed in many of the large cities and their performances are among the most enjoyable of the musical season.

The festivals of the Handel and Haydn Society, which occur every third year in the month of May, take rank as the great musical events of the country, and visitors from great distances are found in attendance. Cincinnati has within a few years organized a similar series of festivals and has met with success in the venture, which is an evidence of the interest aroused in the Middle and Western States, in classical music.

Composers of Symphonies, Oratorios, and works of less magnitude, whose creations would do credit to writers in the more highly cultured centres of musical art in the old world, are now found in the new.

The Thomas Orchestra is entitled to the first rank as an organization of musicians, and it has accomplished a great work in presenting compositions of the highest order of merit, as well as those of a lighter character, to those in distant places as well as in our older cities; thereby elevating the taste of many who until such hearing were ignorant of the character of such compositions as are presented by this fine band of musicians. They have successfully followed out the work so well begun and accomplished by the Germania thirty years previously.

The Harvard Musical Association is to Boston what the Philharmonic Society of New York is to that city. It is an organization employing an orchestra for the especial purpose of presenting the great works of the Masters in Symphonic form, now in its thirteenth year of active service, each season; and to no Association in this country is a greater degree of credit due for persistent and untiring energy in bringing before our cultured audiences those creations of genius now so familiar to concert goers, than to that of the Harvard Musical Association. Long may it be sustained as one of the indispensable institutions of Boston.

When each of our great cities can point to an established orchestra like the two Philharmonic Societies of New York and Brooklyn, and the Harvard Musical Society of Boston, as permanent institutions, then we may justly lay claim to being a musical country; and when we consider the position occupied in the musical world by our vocal artists, we may well say that sunny Italy can no longer be considered *par excellence*, as the land of song. That honor must at least be divided with the fair daughters and brave sons of America; and the day cannot be far distant when the more highly cultured Teutonic and Saxon races of the old world will also feel honored in sharing the crown so long worn by them with their ambitious rivals on this side of the broad Atlantic.

The two great Gilmore Jubilees of 1869 and 1872, though partaking largely of the sensational, are worthy of mention in this record; the first, as satisfac-

torily solving a question till then untried, as to whether so large a body of choristers as was contained in that chorus,—stated to be five thousand,—could sing together in time and tune; and the second,—that of three years later,—as introducing to us three military Bands, unequalled, and in no sense previously approached by any similar organizations in this country; England, France and Germany were each thus represented. That Jubilee was also remarkable for the great number who occupied the seats assigned for the grand chorus, which was stated to consist of some twenty thousand, but that portion of the performances which fell to that immense body could hardly be called a success. Financially it was a disastrous failure, while that of 1869 was a financial success.

This somewhat crude and certainly imperfect résumé of the wide-spread and rapid stride that music has made in this country during the period under consideration would be still more defective were we to omit mention of two important branches of the musical art in the mechanical department, not heretofore touched upon.

The manufacture of musical instruments, particularly of Piano-fortes and Reed organs, has grown to colossal proportions in this country during the last half century, (though the introduction of the Reed organ is of more recent date), until it has become one of the most important branches of industry; and the products of the best makers are found in all the principal cities of Europe as well as those of our own country. It is true that thousands of both descriptions of instruments are only made to sell, without regard to durability or quality of tone, but our best will challenge comparison with any manufactured in the older workshops of the world.

But perhaps no department of musical activity has made more rapid strides or reached a higher grade of financial success than that of the music publishers. And though tons of trash in the form of sheet music, which mainly adorn the music racks of the Miss Flimseys of the country, and thousands of books of Church Psalmody, manufactured expressly to sell at "Conventions," are annually put through the hands of the engraver and the press man; a marked change in the demand for a higher order of compositions, from all sections of the country, is an encouraging indication of improved musical culture among us.

We have here attempted to chronicle, however imperfectly, our progress as a nation in the culture of music, and to point out some of the advantages which we have reaped from it in a business point of view; but our great need has not, as yet, been referred to:—a college of music, not a castle in the air, like the one so nearly erected—on paper—but a few years ago and recently revived again, where millions, now thousands, had already been pledged by some one of vast wealth for this purpose. Such an institution must have at its head a man of acknowledged ability and possessed of the highest musical acquirements, with instructors in each department of high professional attainments, that our rising generation of natural musicians may gain the knowledge they seek, without crossing the seas, as many now do; and where the most rigid tests shall alone entitle the graduate to wear a degree; then if we find a Mus. Doc. or a Professor among us, we shall know his authority for wearing the high-sounding title. No reflections are intended in these remarks, on those who have earned their titles, but on those only who assume them.

Too little attention is now given by our teachers, both in and out of conservatories, to the first rudiments, so essential to all, until it has become a nearly universal remark, that we have no readers now, as formerly. We know personally of some young ladies who have "graduated" from some Conservatory, well advertised as furnishing pupils with thorough musical education, and who have already filled some important position at a single concert; it may be after the "Pol Parrot" method of committing everything to memory, through the medium of the ear, but who ignominiously failed to pass an examination for admission to a church choir, simply because it was quite impossible for them to read a plain hymn tune at sight; and who were obliged to resort to private instruction for the purpose of supplying this important lack in their musical education, though at the time of "graduating" they were told that they were Artists! The small and unimportant (!) matter of reading had never been taught them.

For our present purpose it matters not whether the Conservatory referred to is located in New York, Philadelphia, Boston or Chicago. The facts are as stated.

The principal object however of this record is not to point out our needs or to criticize men or measures, but to show in some slight degree the progress we have made as a nation in this most delightful, most ennobling, and most highly valued of all human arts. There is force in the remark, that he who writes the songs of a nation is mightier than he who makes its laws. Then let us look well to the culture of our song writers.

Roman Notes.

(Special Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

Rome, Italy, March 22, 1878.—It is the season of concerts in Rome; the most important one we have had was Sgambati's, which took place a few days ago at the Sala Dante. All the musical notabilities—professors and amateurs—as well as literary personages—were present; among these, Massenet, who is now in Rome superintending the rehearsals of his opera, *Il Re di Lahore*, which was sung for the first time at the Apollo last evening; Prehn, the distinguished violoncellist; Madame Helbig; Kendell, the German Ambassador, who is an *fanatico per la musica*; Countess Giulio (née Clara Novello); her clever sisters, Miss Sibilla Novello and Mrs. Charles Cowden Clarke, to whom all Shakespeare students are grateful; any number of Roman princes and princesses—who have a taste for the arts, it is supposed, by inheritance, etc., etc.—the list is endless.

It was a delightful concert, and displayed Sgambati in his double musical character as composer and executant. Sgambati is a cold, reserved man; has exquisite dignity of presence, which would be haughty if it were not for the fine nuances of self-respect and gentlemanlike, modest self-possession. When he sits down to the piano his serious, contained manner gives no hope of the fire and passion you afterwards discover in his performance. He is very *serré* in execution. You feel confidence in him from the beginning. The first piece on the programme gave us a chance to notice the firmer qualities of his playing. It was the 32 variations with Tema in *Do minor*, opus 86, Beethoven, "a composition that is regarded as a *tour de force* of harmonic, rhythmic and counterpoint science, and which demands a serious executant." This was followed by one of his own remarkable quintets for piano and strings, the *Fa minor*. Sgambati's quintets have been attracting much attention in Germany. They are now placed in the *repertoire* of

THE CLASSICAL CONCERTS.

with the works of Schumann, Brahms, Rheinberger and Raff. His second quintet has been executed lately with great success in the concerts of Hellmberger, at Vienna. Capocci, the clever musical critic of the *Libertà* (son of the well-known old Maestro di Capella Capocci, of St. John of Lateran), says, in his excellent notice of Sgambati's last concert, when alluding to the quintet in *Fa Minor*: "This great opus of serious character and workmanship, rather advanced in its style, should be listened to by a public already accustomed to compositions of the modern school. The multiplicity of ideas, the richness of development, the freedom of form and novelty of thought, which characterize it, make of this quintet a work of the first order." "A prophet is not a prophet," in his own country, we are told, but this is the way Sgambati is judged by a clever townsman, who has grown up with him from boyhood.

After the quintet, Sgambati sat down to the piano, and played a succession of solos that were, as the Romans say, *veramente stupende*. He began with his own Notturmo, and the fine *Prélude* and *Fuge*; then he played a brilliant *Capriccio* of Scarlatti; a *Chant Polonoise* of Chopin, translated by Liszt, and a *Scherzo* of Mendelssohn's. This brilliant chaplet, which contained Wagner's *Core di Filatrici del Vascello Fantasma*, transcribed by Liszt, displayed the executant's marvellous command of technique, as well as his high order of musical conception and expression. It closed with a perfect rendering of Chopin's bold, energetic 8th *Polonoise* and Liszt's *Rapodia Ungheresi*, which lifted up his audience on mighty wings of musical emotion.

A GREAT PIANIST.

I have heard most, if not all, the great pianists of the last thirty-five years, and as I recall them and their comparative grades of merit as executants, I place Sgambati first. I do not name Liszt in this category, of course. That celebrated artist,

whom I have had the great privilege to know intimately for many years, is the king, the emperor of pianistes. He is unequalled. He is the poet of the instrument. Under his hands the ivory and ebony keys are as biddable[?] as a flexible and perfect voice, and what wonderful hands are those of Liszt! I once had a chance to look at them in Palmistry light. I was deeply interested in Desbarolles and other works on that doubtful but fascinating lore. Story, the sculptor, has a cast in plaster of Chopin's hand, which is the sickest and saddest one I ever saw, and which was, I am sorry to report, on the authority of a Russian Princess, who was one of his best pupils, and to whom he dedicated one of his Etudes—a very dirty hand with nails that were never clean! This cast I studied very carefully, and told Liszt of the result of my examinations. We laughed over the subject, and Liszt talked of Desbarolles, whom he had known, and of Zingara Bohemian cleverness in Palmistry. No intelligent person believes in either fortune telling or ghosts, and yet many of us are of the opinion of a good old country woman, whom I asked, when I was a child, if she believed in ghosts. "No, no! I don't believe in them," she said; then added, with a laugh, "yet, after all, I'm afraid of them."

LISZT'S HAND.

"What can you make out of my hand?" said Liszt, gayly, holding out to me his square, large one, the knotty fingers of which tell of the command of learned music. What a proof of Desbarolles's theory is to be found in the hand and fingers of this celebrated artist! It is a mixed one; that is, the fingers are varied, some are round, some square and some flat or spatula; this is the true hand of an artist, for it betokens form and idea. The palm is covered with rays, betraying that his life has been an agitated, eventful one, full of passion and emotion,—but the philosophic and material *seeds*, or knots, on the Apollo and Mercury fingers, the logic and will on that wonderful long thumb, which extends beyond the middle joint of the fore-finger, shows how this remarkable man has been able to conquer instincts and govern temperament. According to palmistry this self-control is shown in the palm lines, which are a little defaced. Serious, severe work, and study of a high and noble character, have effaced the impressions of a stormy youth, and placed him in old age on a lofty plane where he enjoys serenity and peace. The line of life is the strongest I ever saw; and numberless lines start out from the Jupiter mount. The fingers are remarkable. The Jupiter and Saturn fingers are square; the ring, or Apollo, and little, or Mercury fingers, are spatula, flat and broad. The second phalange of the Jupiter finger is longer than the first, which denotes ambition. The Saturn finger is full of knots. There is a wart on the Apollo finger of the right hand. The force of the little finger on both hands is tremendous; the knuckle seems as if made of iron. The knuckle of the Apollo finger is very strongly developed. The knuckle of the Saturn finger is like a hinge. A line starts from the root of the Apollo finger and traverses all the joints; it is strongly marked; this means great renown. Healy, our distinguished American portrait painter, who lives in Paris, has Liszt's two cunning hands in bronze, posed as if they were on the piano. He had a cast taken of Liszt's hands ten years ago, when he painted the fine portrait of the great pianist dressed in the Abbé's dress, seated at a piano. This portrait was taken under the most favorable circumstances. Healy had a grand piano placed in his studio and painted Liszt while he was playing. Healy and Liszt were friends, both living in Rome at the time. It was that memorable winter of '68-'69, when we had in this city Longfellow and Liszt and Buchanan Read and a host of artistic celebrities, most of whom were intimate friends. Healy afterwards had the plaster hands of Liszt cast into bronze. If you go to Mr. Healy's picturesque studio in Paris, 66 Rue Rochefoucauld, you can see them and discover more than I tell you in this hasty remembrance; you can also see there the remarkable portrait of Liszt and portraits of many other notabilities whom Mr. Healy has painted.

LISZT'S FRIEND AND PUPIL.

But to go back to Sgambati, Liszt's favorite pupil and valued friend. You probably know little about his great musical merits in America, and, as he is a hard student, unambitious—moreover has a very happy, full, rich life in Rome—he is not likely to conquer foreign laurels by artistic journeys. He has some means, a large number of pupils, and

is devoted to the direction of music in the Academy of Santa Cecilia. It is only those who have the chance of hearing Sgambati in Rome that can appreciate what a treasure we possess. He is rarely seen in society; never plays in salons, except for some intimate friend. A few weeks ago, at one of my Saturday evenings, he delighted us by playing Mendelssohn's "On wings of song;" but this is a rare occurrence.

Sgambati is young, not over thirty, about middle size; has dark hair, which he wears *à la Raffaele*. When he was very young he resembled the portraits of the great artist of Urbino. He has dark eyes and brown skin. To his friends he is gentle and charming, and has one of the softest and sweetest of low voices. Lately there has been an article published in the Vienna annual review, *Die Dioskuren*, upon Italian artists, painters, sculptors, and musicians. The author is Count C. Zaluski, a literary person of taste and culture. Apropos to our Roman executant and composer he writes: "The long residence of Liszt in Rome has left a permanent impression on the music of that city. He formed there

A GREAT MUSICAL STUDENT,

who seems destined to procure for his country another musical glory. Giovanni Sgambati is not only a pianist of the first order: he is a composer endowed with extraordinary talent, to which are added the most serious and profound studies. He already enjoys great fame, and has attracted the attention of Wagner."

The author then relates that when Wagner was in Rome, last year, he heard Sgambati's two quintets for piano and strings, and continues thus:

"How much grace and passion, what admirable harmonic chains and exquisite workmanship these important compositions reveal cannot be expressed in a few words. Wagner admired them so much that he wrote instantly to his editor, Schott, in Mayence, recommending him to secure these quintets and to publish them. An overture (*Rienzi*) is another work of Sgambati's of great merit, and a *Prelude* and a *Fuga* for piano-forte. The *Prelude* is remarkable for the novelty of its technicality. The *Fuga* has for its theme the well-known choral from which the Monk Aretino took the names of the musical scale."

You will probably remember that ten years ago I was enthusiastic in my notices of Sgambati, who was then a youth of twenty, "already a master," as Liszt said to me at the time. I have followed his progress with pride and pleasure, and have been glad to chronicle each year his fast succeeding triumphs. Sgambati's quiet, happy life in Rome with his beautiful, charming wife, his close, severe studies, his dignified avoidance of all *réclamées*, give him an attraction few artists possess. It is pleasant to see fame come spontaneously to one who merits it, it is true, but who has never courted that capricious goddess.

ANNE HAMPTON BREWSTER.

Female Voice Culture.

The Rev. Edward E. Hale has written Mrs. Annie D. C. Hardy the following letter on the cultivation of the female voice:—

DEAR MRS. HARDY:—What I said to the ladies in church after your reading was, in substance, this: I value such instructions as Mrs. Hardy's, and those of the school of teachers which she represents, because I hope they may improve in the course of time the bad voices to which my countrywomen are now trained. I ascribe it mostly to the habits of our large schools; some people ascribe it to the dryness of our climate; whatever be the reason, the fact is that most American women talk with a shrill voice, and if they wish to gain power seek it by sharpening the note, or screaming, rather than by giving it more volume. I remember at the great dining-saloon of the Bauer-au-Lac Hotel in Zurich, both the largest and finest dining-hall I ever saw, when five hundred people were dining at once at their different tables. I could single out my own countrywomen in all parts of the hall, no matter what their distance, by the shrill yell, more or less nasal, with which they summoned the waiters, ordered soup, asked for a napkin, or passed from pastry to ice-cream. Above the general roar of the buzz-buzz-buzz of five hundred voices in conversation you could distinguish the war-cry of these eight or ten American women as you distinguish signal rockets at night above a long and dark line

of entrenchments. A casual observer would have no difficulty in telling, at the end of the day, how much pastry these women ate, or how often their plates were changed. We are so used to it in a Sound steamer here, or other hall where women are together, that we do not notice it here. You need to be in another land to know what it is. Some people, as I say, ascribe this to the climate. I do not. If it were climate, you and Mrs. Smith would speak with this clarion cry, as you do not. There may be a tendency that way in the climate, but the Indian women do not have this shriek, and such black women from the South as I have known have been apt to speak in what we should call a subdued contralto. The general habit is to use the *di testa* voice almost wholly. The joke is bad, but the custom is detestable. I ascribe it to the custom of the grammar schools and the primary schools which makes little girls "read up," as it is called. The teachers really expect a child of five to fill with her voice a room fifty feet square and fifteen feet high. Now, in simplicity, when a child of that age speaks in church to her mother in her natural voice, no person is conscious of it except in the next pews. She does not affect the congregation at large at all. Nor ought the child at school to read any louder than she talks naturally. But just as long as Miss Love-child or Miss Screemwell, the teacher, expects the poor thing to "read louder," so long will she change her home voice for a school scream; and in the end the school scream takes the place of the home voice. Lear says of Cordelia:—

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."

If I had money enough I would have that written in large signs, in letters of gold, and hung in every school-room in the country. Failing that, if you and those like you will go about on a crusade showing women how to use all the muscles which belong to the human voice, why, women will find that it is pleasanter to talk and read so than it is when they use only the poor, worn-out throat and palate, and the apparatus, such as it is, of the back of the nose. I do not write in the interests of public speaking. I should have no tears if I never heard a woman make a speech. But in the interests of reading aloud, of school-room and of talk, which is probably the thing which does most to make life happy, I bid you and yours God-speed!

EDWARD E. HALE.

Weak Middle Tones in the Voice.

The Chicago *Tribune* is publishing a series of "Talks about Singing," the talker being a teacher in that city, who signs herself ANNIE M. R. BARNETTE. Here is the seventh talk, worth the attention, we should think, of any would-be singer:

The question that is asked me, perhaps, the oftenest in the many charming and appreciative letters which I have received from every part of the United States since I began these "Talks About Singing," is, "Why are my middle tones so weak and husky?" or, "My low and high tones are clear and tolerably strong, but why is the middle of my voice so insignificant, or unpleasant in quality?" In almost every case, without having heard the voices, from the written description of their faults, weaknesses, and peculiarities, I judge them to be light and high sopranos. Now, there is one fact to which little or no attention seems to be paid by singing-teachers in general, which is, that voices often have what the Italians call, *Una buca nella voce*,—"a hole in the voice," and in light sopranos this weak spot is found in the middle tones, from G, second line, up to C sharp, third space; therefore, these tones should be sung very carefully; and it is of no use for the possessor of such a voice to try to strengthen this dangerous spot, for it cannot be done without injury to these tones and almost the ruin of those next above. They are, like the thin spots in ice, to be passed over lightly and rapidly, for to linger upon them heavily is sure destruction; but, as compensation, Nature gives to these middle tones of a light soprano a deliciously tender quality, which, carefully managed, is capable of the most pleasing effects. They may also be much improved, be sweetened, cleared, and rounded, but can never be made as bright or strong as the tones above immediately following. The reason why they are "weak and insignificant" is because they are too often made so by the fatal habit of carrying the chest tones beyond their just limits; and this sort of voice is the most apt to run into this fault; for, feeling sensible of this unavoidable gap, made more perceptible by the contrast with the brightness and brilliancy of the head tones, they instinctively try to strengthen

the middle of the voice by giving it the only deep quality that they know how to use, which is, the chest tone carried up as far as possible. A light soprano in its normal condition abhors a chest tone and never uses it unless obliged to; but it is often able to sing a tolerably strong medium tone or middle C, D, E, and F. When I find this natural disinclination to sing chest tones (those formed behind the soft palate) in perfectly healthy voices of this kind, I never attempt to have them sing with this quality of tone until they have cultivated to the highest degree the middle and head registers; then the gaining of the two or three chest tones needed will be easy work.

Although carrying the chest tones too high weakens the middle ones, it is loud singing, forcing the voice that renders it husky; and what an extreme folly to fancy that screaming or shouting when you sing will change a small voice into a large one or make any person believe that it is large! You might as well try to change the color of your eyes. Why not be content with the quality of voice Nature has given you, and strive to beautify it? Make your tones pure, clear, sweet, and strong, if they will admit of strength without sacrificing some more important quality. My master, Prof. VANNUCCI, of Florence, used frequently to say: "Oh, you Americans think everything of quantity and nothing of quality of voice, and you would all of you swell out to be oxen, when everybody can see that you are only frogs all the while." He is so rigid a disciple of the seventeenth century purists, and so careful himself in his treatment of voices, that, although he delights in a robust dramatic voice, whenever he finds one, yet I believe the tendency to howl, which characterizes so many of his pupils from this side of the Atlantic, gives him more trouble than all their other faults; and old ROMANI, lately dead, who was called by musicians in Italy the *Babbo di tutti maestri*, the "Father of all the Teachers,"—had the same horror of hearing anyone sing beyond the natural power and strength of the voice. Whenever I used to meet him he would invariably say: "What are you doing now, Care?" "I am teaching singing." "That is right, that is right; only don't let them howl! There is no more singing nowadays; singers only yell." But he used to go every night to hear Albani in "Mignon;" he said: "It is a lesson for me."

There is one singer of whom you could all take a lesson in the skillful and careful management of a very small voice, especially weak in the middle register, and that is Miss THURMAN; she has a beautiful method, and always sings with the utmost care. You can give yourself comfortably up to the enjoyment of the moment, feeling sure that all the middle tones will be humored, touched tenderly, and brought well to the front of the mouth; that the high tones will be thrown up into the head and not shrieked forth; that her phrasing will not be so long that you are in fear lest she lose her breath altogether or break a blood-vessel in her efforts; that her words will be sung as if she had a story to tell which she wanted you to hear and understand. One grand secret of Miss Thurman's success as a concert singer, aside from her charmingly modest and dignified manner, is the fact that she rarely, if ever, sings a piece not thoroughly suited to her voice and ability. In thus doing she shows consummate wisdom; for so much of the proper effect of music depends upon the choice of songs, that you ought to refuse, no matter how injudiciously urged, or how much you yourself may like the pieces,—to sing music composed for a voice differing widely from your own. As nearly all English songs are written for mezzo-sopranos, it is rather difficult for a high, light voice to find anything exactly suited to it outside of Italian music; and as many, naturally and justly, prefer to sing in their native language, their repertory becomes still more limited. One general rule I will give you, however, to aid in the selection of songs; choose those that are the most easy for you to sing, that tire you the least, and in which your voice sounds sweetest, clearest, and best. Let a high soprano avoid songs lying nearly all on the middle voice. Also those requiring long sustained notes, for however easy and abundant may be the breath and skillful the power of managing it, this sort of music will, in a short time, entirely destroy the delicate beauty of the tones; a mezzo-soprano, no matter how extensive her compass, must shun a constant succession of high tones, and a contralto need not, if she wishes to preserve her voice, try to sing music requiring power on the middle, and the few high tones generally belonging to this sort of voice. How many contraltos we hear which are worn out,—and there is no more painful wreck,—while their possessors are still comparatively young.

After a Ball—A Musician's Dream.

Alas, I now remember it too well,
I dreamed I died—effect of punch and turkey—
My songful soul was hurried down to hell
One awful midnight, stormy, rainy, murky.

Around me in this dreadful spot appeared
A multitude of little scarlet devils,
Unrightly imps, who at my coming leered,
And bade my trembling soul to join their revels.

Gazing around, I missed in great surprise
The brimstone lakes and furnaces of fire:
No boiling lead, gnashed teeth, dilated eyes—
Nothing, in fact, real horror to inspire.

Alas, I could not know old Satan's ways;
My guileless soul harbored a curious error;
The little pagan devils at their plays
Were destined to arouse my greatest terror.

With ominous smiles, the leader of the band
Produced from some dark hole a grand piano,
Which he then played, really with artist hand,
And sang Abt's "Swallows" with a cracked
soprano.

So far, so good. The devils cleared their throats,
And, with a most infernal *coro* and frenzy,
Sang—Heaven protect me!—with discordant notes,
The favorite choral morceaux from "Rienzi."

And, oh, most cruel, then, between each bar
An aged maniac demon, lean and hoary,
Sang, in the dialect of Temesvar,
"Di quella pira," from "Il Trovatore!"

And when this aggravating, mad, unclean
Old devil forced his vilely shrill falsetto
To perpetrate some wild *ut de poltrine*,
The other brazen imps howled "Rigoletto!"

Then I began to understand real hell,
If mortals and musicians, really such, can;
Till with heartrending shrieks and grunts as well
The devils played with zest the "Flying Dutchman."

They saw my feverish brow turn pale and white,
And (oh, imagine most aesthetic Reber!)
These awful beings, with insane delight,
Massacred Gluck, assassinated Weber!

Then peerless Beethoven was tortured too,
Chopin's Nocturnes were given in shrill staccati,
And with cacophonous yells this mongrel crew
Played Gounod's "Dreams" in falsest pizzicati.

And not content with all this pain, the pack
Placed in my hands a mammoth hurdy gurdy,
And made me play for hours all Offenbach,
American songs, and the first style of Verdi.

At last, driven wild, I threw it down and fell,
Assailed by shouts, by jeers, and innuendoes,
Until, delirious in this jingling hell,
I swooned, and woke amid their last crescendoes.

—"Doroni" in the *New York Sun*.

The Cincinnati Festival.

MAY, 1878.

Musical Director—Theodore Thomas.
Assistant Musical Director—Otto Singer.
Principal Vocal Performers—Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim, soprano; Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, soprano; Miss Annie Louise Cary, contralto; Miss Emma Cranch, contralto; Miss Louise Rollwagen, contralto; Mr. Charles R. Adams, tenor; Mr. Christian Fritsch, tenor; Signor G. Tagliapietra, baritone; Mr. M. W. Whitney, bass; Mr. Franz Remmert, bass.
Organist—Mr. Geo. E. Whiting.
Full Chorus—Orchestra.

FIRST NIGHT.

Tuesday, May 14.—Scenes from "Alceste," Gluck; Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cranch, Miss Heckle, Messrs. Adams, Fritsch, Tagliapietra, Whitney and Remmert. Chorus and orchestra.

Dedication Ceremonies: "Festival Ode"—written expressly for this occasion by Otto Singer—Mme. Pappenheim, Messrs. Adams and Whitney. Intermission. Symphony, No. 3, "Eroica," Op. 55, Beethoven, Orchestra.

FIRST MATINEE.

Wednesday Afternoon, May 15.—Overture, "Tannhäuser," Wagner, Orchestra. Aria, "O don Fatale," "Don Carlos," Verdi; Miss Annie Louise Cary. March Tempo, Symphony, "Leonore," Raff; Orchestra. Aria, "Oberon," Weber; Mr. Charles Adams. Symphonic Poem, "Danse Macabre," Saint-Saëns; Orchestra. Aria, "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer; Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim. Intermission. Overture, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn; Orchestra. Largo, adapted by J. Helmesberger, Handel; for Violins, Violas, Harp, Organ and Violin Obligato by Theodore Thomas. Song, "The Palms," Faure; Sig. G. Tagliapietra. Duo, "Requiem," Verdi; Mme. Pappenheim and Miss Cary. "Trübsinn," Schumann; Orchestra. Overture, "William Tell," Rossini; Orchestra.

SECOND NIGHT.

Wednesday, May 15.—Oratorio, "The Messiah," Handel; Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, Mr. Fritsch, Mr. Whitney, Grand Chorus, Great Organ and Orchestra. Intermission between the first and second parts of the oratorio.

SECOND MATINEE.

Thursday afternoon, May 16.—Unfinished Symphony, Schubert; Orchestra. Aria, "In diesen heiligen Hallen," "Magic Flute," Mozart; Mr. M. W. Whitney. Aria, "Penelope weaving a garment," "Odysseus," Bruch; Miss Emma Cranch. Aria, "Cujus Animam," Stabat

Mater, Rossini; Mr. Christian Fritsch. Capriccio, Op. 4, Graedner; Orchestra. "Repose in peace," from Randecker's "Fridolin," Mrs. E. Aline Osgood.

Intermission. Selections from "Lohengrin," Wagner, "Vorspiel," Orchestra; *Lohengrin's* Disclosure and Departure, Mr. Charles Adams. "Invitation to the Dance," Weber, adapted for orchestra by Hector Berlioz, Orchestra. Recitative, "Awake, Saturnia," Aria, "Hence, Hence, Away," "Semiele," Handel, Miss Annie Louise Cary. Menuet, Bocherini, String Orchestra. Song, "The Valley," Gounod, Sig. G. Tagliapietra. Sextet "Lucia," Donizetti; Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cranch, Messrs. Adams, Fritsch, Tagliapietra and Whitney.

THIRD NIGHT.

Thursday, May 16.—Chorus, "Wach Auf," Third Act "Die Meistersinger," Wagner. Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven, Orchestra. "Götterdämmerung," Wagner, *Siegfried's* Death, Finale, Orchestra and Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim. Intermission. Symphony No. 9, D minor, Op. 125, Beethoven, with final chorus to Schiller's ode, "Hymn of Joy," orchestra, solo, quartet and chorus; recitative, solos, quartet and chorus, Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Mr. Remmert.

THIRD MATINEE.

Friday afternoon, May 17.—Prelude, choral, fugue, adapted for orchestra by J. J. Abert, Bach; Orchestra. Aria, "Nasci il bosco," Handel; Miss Louise Rollwagen. Aria, "Der Freischütz," Weber; Mr. Christian Fritsch. Overture, "Sakuntala," Goldmark; Orchestra. Scene and Aria, "Abscheulicher," "Fidelio," Beethoven; Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim. Selections from "Die Meistersinger," Wagner; a. Monologue; b. Cobbler's Song; c. Quintet; Mr. Franz Remmert, Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Rollwagen, Messrs. Adams and Fritsch. "Ride of the Walkyres," Wagner; Orchestra. Intermission. Selections from "Manfred": a. Overture; b. Interlude; c. Invocation of the Alpine Fay, Schumann; Orchestra. "Loreley," Liszt; Mrs. E. Aline Osgood. Aria, "La Juive," Halevy; Mr. M. W. Whitney. Aria, "Abu Hassan," Weber; Miss Annie Louise Cary. Serenade, Schubert; Sig. G. Tagliapietra. Scene and Quintet, "Ballo in Maschera," Verdi; Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Messrs. Adams, Tagliapietra, and Whitney.

FOURTH NIGHT.

Friday, May 17.—"Missa Solennis," Liszt, composed for the One Thousandth Anniversary of the Cathedral of Gran, in Hungary, (first time in America)—Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Rollwagen, Mr. Fritsch, and Mr. Whitney; Chorus, organ and orchestra. Intermission. "Roméo and Juliet," "Symphony Dramatic, op. 37, Berlioz, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Mr. Remmert; Orchestra, and Chorus.

NEW YORK, APRIL 22.—At the sixth concert of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music, on Saturday evening, April 6, there was a remarkably fine performance of Rubinstein's "Ocean" Symphony, a work which we were glad to hear again, as it has been neglected for a number of years past. The concert began with the music to "Egmont," consisting of the Overture and the two beautiful songs which Beethoven has given to Clara; the first of which is sung as she sits with her mother winding a skein of yarn. This was followed by the orchestral entr' acte succeeding the interview of Egmont with William of Orange, who warns him that he is in danger and urges him to flee. Then followed the last song: "Freudvoll und leidvoll." The programme ended with the funeral music from Wagner's *Götterdämmerung*, and the finale to the same opera. The orchestra was excellent in this music as well as in the symphony, and Mme. Pappenheim sang the solos very acceptably. It is certain that Mr. Thomas has made these concerts very successful this year, as the Academy has been well filled at each concert.

The sixth and last of the Thomas Symphony concerts took place at Steinway Hall, on Saturday evening, April 11, with the following programme:

Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn
Cavatina—"Flowers of the Valley," (Euryanthe,) Weber
Concerto, No. 1, in E flat.....Liszt
Introduction—"Tristan and Isolde," Finale—"Isolde's Death,".....Wagner
Isolde; Mrs. E. A. Osgood.
Symphony, No. 5, C minor, Op. 67.....Beethoven

The symphony was well played, but not as well as I have heard it. No fault was to be found with the stringed instruments; but the brass gave out

some very dubious sounds in certain passages. This was the more surprising, because we are accustomed to expect from the Thomas orchestra perfection in every detail.

Mr. Pinner performed the difficult Concerto of Liszt's with ease and precision. He seems to be free from the defects usually apparent in the playing of young or "rising" pianists. His touch is firm and even, though not very powerful, for at times his instrument was quite overpowered by the orchestra. He gave a recital of piano music at Steinway Hall on April 6, which I did not attend, and could judge of his playing only by hearing the Concerto.

Mrs. Osgood sang Weber's delightful Cavatina very acceptably, but the Wagner music was far beyond the power of her voice.

The audience was large, and at the close of the concert Mr. Thomas was recalled to the platform and greeted with a round of applause, which testified to a hearty appreciation of his work during the winter.

A. A. C.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18.—Mr. Emil Liebling's second recital came off in due time after one postponement, and presented a programme made up of Schumann and Chopin selections. A fine audience was present, and the various numbers were highly approved, especially the Schumann Toccata and the Chopin Fantasia. The interpretation of the latter did not coincide with the ideas of your correspondent. But never mind. For all that, I wish Mr. Liebling would play six recitals every year instead of two or three; for whether one likes his interpretations or not, and however much one may differ from him on questions of taste, he at least plays cleanly and with great power and delicacy, and to that extent his ministrations conduce to the elevation of current piano-playing.

Then, too, here is Mr. Silas G. Pratt with two recitals. His first was given last Monday afternoon with this programme:

- No. 1. a. Bourée, in A minor, from the English Suites.....Bach
 b. Etude, Op. 13.....Henselt
 c. Circling of the Gnomes.....Liszt
 Song, "Bride Bells,".....Rosekell
 Mrs. Stacy.
 No. 2. a. Bird as a Prophet, }Schumann
 b. Kreisleriana, No. 4 and 5, }
 Song. a. It must be Wonderful.....Liszt
 b. His Coming.....Franz
 No. 3. a. Valse in C sharp, Op. 64, No. 2, }Chopin
 b. Berceuse, }
 c. Ballad in G minor, }
 Song. a. My own Ideal, }S. G. Pratt
 b. Stay at Home, my Heart, }
 No. 4. a. Impromptu, }S. G. Pratt
 b. Romanza, No. 2, }
 c. Polonaise in A flat, }

Mr. Pratt is a hard-working and ambitious musician, frequently with more zeal than discretion, yet after all a really deserving man, and his audience was of the most friendly. On this occasion he was not in good condition and was so much disturbed by noises outside the hall, (something almost impossible to avoid in a city in the day-time) that he was unable to do himself justice. Ten years ago Mr. Pratt was a sheet-music salesman, playing but little, and that mostly "on the sly." He has since studied and worked very hard and feels competent to take up such a programme as the one above. With this kind of stuff in him he deserves to succeed, and I hereby give him benediction. As a pianist he stands high (if that is the proper term to use) among our local teachers. In fact we have four piano teachers who play in public: Messrs. Liebling, Ledochowski, Pratt, and Wolfsohn; and each one is strong in a particular direction. Mr. Ledochowski belongs, I suppose, rather to the French school. Liebling and Pratt are after Liszt (somewhat); and Mr. Wolfsohn is, in Wolfsohn.

Mr. Eddy has just given his fiftieth organ recital of the present series, in which no organ numbers have been repeated. As each recital embraced eight numbers, a perhaps not too difficult mathematical calculation will show that to date he must have played at least four hundred pieces—many of them, it is to be hoped, for the last time; and therein has begun to illustrate his repertory. At the same time it is but just to the readers and to this correspondent to add that, the present season, Mr. Eddy has been so crowded with teaching as to have been unable to practice his programmes properly; in consequence of which some things have not been done as well as one would expect. And so last Saturday night a small crowd of musical people gathered by invitation at Mrs. Hershey's and a sort of celebration was held in Mr. Eddy's honor, and many happy returns desired.

DEB. FREYBACH.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, APRIL 27, 1878.

Easter Oratorio.

The Handel and Haydn Society on Sunday evening closed its successful series of four Oratorio performances with (we believe) its sixtieth performance of *The Creation*. Haydn's fresh, beautiful and graphic music still has power to charm. The audience quite filled the Boston Music Hall, and all seemed pleased and satisfied. The rendering on the whole was excellent. The chorus seats were remarkably full and the ensemble of tone very rich and full and musical. All went with precision, spirit and good light and shade, so far as the voices were concerned. The instruments, to be sure, warmed only gradually into perfect tune; some of them were not a little out at first, and "Chaos" in the Introduction rather overdid its part. Mr. Lang was at his old post at the Organ, and there was nothing wanting there. The effect of nearly every one of the great choruses was truly inspiring.

The solo passages, too, which constitute the largest portion of the work, were in excellent hands. Miss EMMA C. THURMAN's pure and flexible Soprano voice has lost none of its loveliness. Though she was somewhat hoarse, it did not affect the brilliancy or sweetness of her upper tones, causing at the most a little weakness, and occasionally a slight tremolo in the middle notes. Haydn's graceful, naturally florid, limpid melody was admirably suited to her voice and style; and seldom have we heard "With verdure clad," or the soprano part in the Trios, or the tender melodies of Eve so beautifully, artistically, and finely sung. "On mighty pens," of course, was a greater thing with a great voice like Jenny Lind's; yet Miss Thursty sang it wonderfully well. Taken altogether her effort charmed by its simplicity, its purity and exquisite refinement. Mr. M. W. WHITNEY's grand voice was of course fully equal to all the demands of the descriptive music in the first part; in his great rich, tones the pictures were sometimes magnified beyond one's previous conception; and we know not what Father Haydn would have thought to hear those last tones carried down an octave. In the earlier portions, too, Mr. Whitney was not always true in pitch; but this disturbance disappeared ere long. We venture to suggest whether the Bass solos in this Oratorio could not be divided to advantage. Mr. Whitney's ponderous voice, so admirable in the first part, is rather too heavy for the part of Adam; the contrast with so delicate an Eve seems exaggerated; a Bass of somewhat lighter quality, more like a Baritone, would seem to be the voice for

Adam.—Mr. WM. H. FRAENKEL's delicate and sympathetic Tenor was considerably clouded in the early part of the evening by hoarseness; yet he sang all sweetly and tastefully, and when it came to the Air: "In native worth and honor clad," his tones were rich and clear and manly, and the full, noble character of the piece came out in his delivery.—Mr. ZERRAHN, as Conductor, was as usual completely master of the situation.

The Society announces another Concert and a new work, Verdi's *Requiem*, for Sunday evening, May 3. The solos will be by MRS. PAPPENHEIM, Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS, Mr. CHAS. R. ADAMS and Mr. A. BLUM.

Vocal Clubs.

For Mass music (or Church music generally) in extreme contrast to the Verdi *Requiem*, which we are soon to hear, we may look back to the last programme of the BOYLSTON CLUB (for April 17), where the name PALESTRINA meets us on the threshold! Here is the whole programme:

- Messa, per i defuncti. Mixed Chorus.....Palestrina
 Vinum Hungaricum. Male Chorus.....Rubinstein
 { a. Lotus Flower, } Female Chorus,
 { b. Spring's Inspiration, } Rubinstein
 May Song. Mixed Chorus.....Franz
 Ruined Chapel. Male Chorus.....Becker
 My Love is far away. Mixed Chorus.....Osgood
 Cuckoo Song. Female Chorus.....Hiller
 { c. Midsummer Night. Male Chorus, }
 { d. The Stars in Heaven. Mixed Chorus, } Rheinberger
 His is the Sea. From the 96th Psalm.....Mendelssohn

It can be said that this is bringing upon a common platform things that differ heaven-wide in spirit and intention. Nevertheless, if there is heavenly music in the Church, in any church, we see not why all the music and the heaven should be looked up there; why it should not come out sometimes into the common air, to cheer, inspire, and fill with peace and holy aspiration those of us who need all such influences in this distracting every-day life. If it is good music in the church, it must be good music anywhere—that is to say as music, fitness of time and place being considered always. If it be music which is only music in a church service, then the probability is that it is more a thing of outward form and ritual, than of essential music; the art of music being borrowed, in a restricted sense, to lend rhythm, symmetry, impressiveness, imaginative suggestiveness, to certain prescribed forms and ceremonies. We have always felt that the peculiar Church of England music,—especially that of the older masters, much of which is sung *a capella*, and which is built upon the Palestrina model—was of a dry and formal character, for the reason that there is more in it of imposing ritual than of fresh, musical ideas or inspiration; it is a *style*—solemn to be sure and noble—not an original creation, not a fund of rich, imaginative musical tone poems.

We do not know how far the same might be found to be the case with Palestrina; but, as he was the original, the master, and the model in the Church style which for three centuries has been regarded as the purest and the highest, it is the part of prudence and humility not to pretend to judge his music until we have had more opportunities of knowing it than the musical world of to-day affords. Probably this *Requiem* or "Mass for the Dead," for so good a hearing of which we are indebted to Mr. Osgood and the Club which he is leading into such high paths, is the first full Mass, or work of magnitude, by Palestrina, which has ever been given in this city;—of course we can only conjecture as to what is done in all the churches; but, go into any Catholic Church at a venture, and you are more likely to hear music of the modern Italian operatic character,—at best, some ornate, sensuous Mass by Haydn, than you are to be awed

and tranquillized by any grand old *a capella* singing. And it is even so in Italy, in Rome itself, where we have heard Verdi played upon the organ in the churches, and services and Masses of the most modern sensuous description. We have heard more of Palestrina, Gabrieli, and the like, sung in a single winter by the Protestant Dom-Chor in Berlin,—in concerts more than in the Cathedral,—than we get report of in all Italy the year round. Of course there may be some church there, or some Conservatorio, where Palestrina's music is made a specialty; but it is not the style of music now in vogue. No wonder, then, that we know so little of it here in Boston. We trust that henceforth we shall hear more of it, at least until we can feel that we know what it is. This demands much more than a single hearing of a single work. The singers themselves, to be sure, may have learned much from that; for they have studied it; and it is through those who study that the rest of us must learn.

Now let us say at the outset, that the Mass was sung by this fine choir of mixed voices, not only in a way to show that they had been most carefully and admirably trained, but also *con amore*, showing that the singers had actually learned to love the music and enjoy the exercise. And it made—judging from our own feeling, and the feeling of the immense audience so far as we could read it, more through rapt, expressive silence than through noisy demonstration—a fine, and beautiful, a very new impression. For if it really be religious music purely, if it symbolize the divine presence and a putting away of the world altogether, what has the clapping of hands to do with it? Of course mingled curiosity and wonder was the state of mind in which most listened. But there was also something of fresh delight and tranquil ecstasy, which was to most a new experience. This music was all a marvel to them doubtless; they did not understand it; they knew not how to analyze it, or what the charm consisted in; but it did exercise a spell over them; it induced a state of mind and feeling worthy to be prolonged. One secret of its power was, that it seemed absolutely *impersonal* music; while it lasted the listener lived as it were in the eternal and the universal. "The Lord is in his holy temple" was the feeling; and *this* is the temple, here, wherever dwells this music,—not in temples made with hands alone.

If we seek for the peculiar characteristics, technically, of this music, the wonder increases; so inadequate they seem to their traditional effect. In the first place, this, and all Palestrina's music, is written to be sung *a capella*, that is by voices wholly unaccompanied, or forming mutually their own accompaniment. It is commonly in five, sometimes in six, eight, or even twelve "real parts." In the next place if you look through the score, one page seems precisely like another. In the seven folio volumes of the Alfieri edition, masses, motets, *Improperia*, etc., you find not one bar of music in any other measure but the square four-fold, composed of four half-notes (4-2), and never a note shorter than the fourth or crotchet; and it all goes at one unvarying *alla breve* rate of time. Moreover every piece is either in the key of C or F major, or their relative minors. One would say, save us from such monotony! But it contains a saving secret; and that none other than the very principle which we find in Bach and Handel developed into perfect freedom and such boundless wealth of beauty and of meaning. It is the *polyphonic* principle; the interweaving of the several melodic parts or voices into a harmonious whole; they enter and go out at different parts of the measure, answering, imitating, or supporting one another, so that you have one fluid, ever-shifting wondrous web. And from their mutual approaches and recedings, and their crossings, result great varieties of chords and momentary discords,

with plenty of modulation in spite of the uniformity of key. Yet we must feel that what we have here only in germ as it were, restricted within close conventional and ritual limits, had yet to reach the freedom and glory of pure Art as such, in the high poetic and imaginative, creative sense, in the far richer and not less religious Art of Bach and Handel, and the whole line of their illustrious followers. If the Church had ever succeeded, or ever could succeed in monopolizing religion (which would be monopolizing life itself), then Palestrina's music might be the one only true religious music. But we imagine that even more religious influence has been felt in many other kinds of music, and that this is the chief reason why his music is so seldom heard today.

At all events Palestrina, this time, has proved too absorbing to leave us any room to speak in detail of the lighter portion of the programme. All the selections were interesting, some of them very beautiful; particularly the "May Song" by Franz, so delightfully fresh and buoyant, that it had to be repeated; Mr. Osgood's soaring and impassioned part-song; the second of the female choruses by Rubinstein; and, of course, that from the Psalm by Mendelssohn, composed since the Psalm itself as usually sung. All were beautifully rendered.

It is almost too late to speak of the rare merit of the last pair of APOLLO concerts, which we found highly interesting. Here too we were presented with a new work—new in both senses—for the first part of the programme, which was on both evenings (March 27 and April 2) as follows:

Aloasis, op. 14.....C. Joseph Brambach
Solos by Mrs. Anna Granger Dow, Mr. W. J. Winch and Dr. E. C. Bullard.
The Voyage.....Mendelssohn
His thee, Shallop.....Kücken
Soprano *obligato*, by Mrs. Dow.
The Gondolier.....Schubert
Cavatina, from "Masanello".....Auber
Dr. S. W. Langmaid.
The Chafer and the Flower.....Velt
Double chorus, from "Edipus,".....Mendelssohn

Brambach is one of the younger German composers, of whom we know but little. Judged by this Cantata, his music is free from the modern extravagances, and not unworthy of its noble classic theme: the voluntary sacrifice, by the wife Aloasis, of her own life to save that of her husband, King Admetus, and the intervention of Apollo, who, as a reward for her devotion, restores her life. The words are from Herder's "House of Admetus." The Cantata is in three scenes, each consisting of several choruses and solos. There is dignity and subdued deep feeling in some of these choruses, particularly the opening one: "All sad and dark" describing the silence of the palace as Admetus dies; the harmony is rich, yet chaste and solemn. There are also some triumphant, brilliant choral passages. The final chorus: "What a joy dwells in love eternal," is beautiful. A fine poetic and mysterious effect is produced where a chorus of departed spirits call upon the wife to join them; and the Tenor solo and chorus: "With mighty power rang Apollo's song," etc. It is all sound and more than respectable music, yet the inspiration often seemed to flag; so much so that the point of interest was the excellent singing rather than the matter sung. The solos were all creditably rendered. Doubtless the orchestral accompaniments, which were merely sketched on the piano, well as that was played by Mr. PETERSEN, would have placed the whole work in a stronger light.

Mendelssohn's "Voyage" and the noble double chorus from "Edipus at Colonus," were models of good male part-singing.

CONCERTS BY-GONE. A number of interesting concerts occurred near the beginning of the month, which we have had no room before to chronicle. A note or two is all we can afford them now. Among them were:

The Farewell of Miss MATHILDE PHILLIPS (Music Hall, April 4). It had not so large an audience as we had hoped to see, but one that was appreciative and responsive. The young lady herself sang Rossini's "Di tanti palpiti,"—the recitative in large and noble style, the Aria with too much embellishment for our taste, since the beauty of that melody lies so much in its simplicity. In a Romanza from "I Promessi Sposi," by Ponchielli, the power and richness of her voice came out with great dramatic fire. In the Duet from "Saffo" she had the charm-

ing, delicate soprano of Miss LAURA SCHIRMER with her. Mr. C. R. ADAMS sang two sets of Songs entirely new to us, one German (by Sucher), and one English. These songs again illustrated an art which Mr. Adams possesses in a higher degree than any singer whom we can recall; he is a perfect model of *distinct enunciation*; in the two German songs, of which we knew not even the subjects beforehand, we did not lose a single syllable. After what we said in our last of the defect in this particular of Miss LILLIAN BAILEY's singing, it was instructive for once to have Mr. Adams in the same concert with her. Miss Bailey sang Schubert's "Gretchen am Spinnrade," not only with her usual beauty of voice and style, but with a tender pathos hardly to be expected from one of her age. Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS sang an Aria from *Faust* in her most pure, artistic manner; and closed the concert with Mr. Adams in the Duet: "Al nostri monti," by Verdi. Miss Schirmer's voice has gained in power and volume, and she sang the Cavatina from *Rigoletto* with grace and expression. For the instrumental part, Mr. SHAWWOOD played Chopin's Ballade in A flat and a very brilliant staccato piece ("Toccata di Concerto") by Dupont, both very finely; and there was some good harp playing by a pleasing, modest-looking girl, Miss MAUD MORGAN.

The Reunion of former pupils of the N. E. CONSERVATORY, (Music Hall, April 6), offered much that was interesting, and all that we were able to hear spoke well for the results of the Conservatory teaching. There was skilful organ playing (though of the modern school entirely) by Miss E. P. Warren, and Messrs. C. H. Morse, F. H. Lewis, and H. M. Dunham. The piano playing by Miss S. A. Pearson, a pupil of Mr. Parker (Liszt's "Gnomesreigen," Chopin's Nocturne in G, op. 37, and a Valse Caprice by Scharwenka) we heard with unalloyed satisfaction so far as the execution and interpretation were concerned. Miss AMY FAY played Liszt's Hungarian Rhapsody, No. 14, and Mr. Turner the Fantasia, op. 15, by Schubert-Liszt. The solo singing by Miss S. C. Fisher (Schumann's "The Noblest"), Miss A. L. Gage and Miss Lillian Norton ("Vanne," from *Roberto*), gave great satisfaction. There was also some quartet singing, which we did not hear.

The Matinée by Mr. J. A. HILLS and Pupils (Union Hall, April 10) was an agreeable occasion, both the piano playing and the singing being in good taste and artistic. The selections were:

Concerto in D minor, Romanza-Allegro assai. Mozart
Miss Viola J. Palmer,
Song. Cavatina from "Les Huguenots," Meyerbeer
Mrs. Hills.
Rondo Brillante, Op. 62.....Weber-Liszt
Miss Rita M. Bailey.
Songs. } a. "Thou art like unto a flower," Rubinstein
} b. "The Rivulet,".....J. A. Hills
Dr. Hills.
Concertstück.....Weber-Liszt
Miss Minnie E. Messenger.
Duetto. "Wanderer's Night Song,".....Rubinstein
Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Hills.
Polacca Brillante. (Eight hands).....Weber

A CORRECTION. In a careless moment (so soon, too, after declaring our mind so freely about the vicious practice of "interviewing" artists) we allowed a paragraph, which was going the rounds of the newspapers, to creep into our last number, concerning the distinguished pianist Mme. RIVE-KING. The writer professed to know all about her way of learning and memorizing difficult compositions, her preferences and partialities among composers, etc., etc., and ascribed to this singularly modest and sincere young artist such arrogant assertions as anyone who knows her, knows she never could have made. The absurdities of the paragraph were too self-evident, and, if any motive for printing it passed through our mind at the time, it was simply to point to the thing as a short, convenient and curious specimen of the mischievous folly of the "interviewers"; but unfortunately we forgot to add the two lines of comment which would have made this purpose clear. But we are not altogether sorry that the blunder happened, since it gives us opportunity to print the following note:

"MR. J. S. DWIGHT,

Dear Sir:—As I dislike to be misrepresented and made ridiculous before so intelligent a public as that of *Dwight's Journal of Music*, I hope you will allow me to say that no "interview" with me, such as is referred to in your last issue, ever took place, and that the opinions therein expressed are not mine at all. For I love Beethoven and Chopin better than any other composers. I have never spoken of my touch, or that of others, as there described, or denied that I made mistakes; and the statement that I never take a composition to the piano while learning it, is too absurd for denial. I should suppose my programme, played in all parts of the country, would exempt me from such foolish and malicious misrepresentation."

JULIA RIVE-KING.

—Chicago, April 17, 1878.

CONCERT FOR THE BLIND. The Concert at the Perkins Institution, Wednesday evening, by Mr. John Orth, assisted by Mr. Wulf Fries, Miss Fanny Kellogg, and Miss Florence Faxon, a pupil of Mr. Orth, was from the following programme: Sonata for piano and cello, Raff, Op. 183; song by Miss Kellogg, "My heart ever faithful," Bach, cello obbligato, by Mr. Fries; "Theme and Variations," by Mendelssohn, Miss Faxon; Song, "Autumn," Miss Kellogg; Op. 11, Rubinstein, for piano and cello, Mr. Orth and Mr. Fries; Song, "Little Jacob," "Farmer and the Pigeons," Taubert, Miss Kellogg; "Consolation," and "Polonaise," Liszt, Mr. Orth. To which Mr. Orth added, by request, "Impromptu," by Schubert. Mr. Orth's playing was of its usual thoughtful character, and at times impassioned, as in the selections from Liszt. Miss Kellogg was warmly cheered at each of her vocal numbers, to which she first responded with the song "Clochette," and after the "Farmer and Pigeons" was forced to repeat the whole of that pleasing song before her listeners were satisfied. It is said she was never heard to better advantage than Wednesday evening. Mr. Fries seemed to play with even more than his usual spirit, and delighted all listeners. His rendering of the Rubinstein selection was a great artistic treat. Miss Faxon's playing is characterized by a self-possession and firmness of touch which surprised all present. The concert was entirely voluntary on the side of the artists, and was thoroughly appreciated by the pupils and their friends.—*Transcript*, April 12.

HOW TO KEEP A PIANO. Otto Brunning, writing to the *Journal de Musique* of Paris, says: "The piano is constructed almost exclusively of various kinds of woods and metals; cloth, skin and felt being used also in the mechanical portion. For this reason atmospheric changes have a great effect on the quality and durability of the instrument, and it is necessary to protect it from all external influences which might affect the materials of which it is composed. It must be shaded from the sun, kept out of a draught, and, above all, guarded against sudden changes of temperature. This latter is a most frequent cause of the piano getting out of tune, and the instrument should be kept in a temperature not lower than 54 degrees and not higher than 88 degrees Fahrenheit. When too cold the wood, cloth and skin swell, and the mechanism works badly; when too warm these materials shrink and produce creaking, squeaking and other disagreeable sounds. Moisture is the greatest enemy of the piano, and it cannot be too carefully guarded against. In a very short time damp will destroy every good point about the instrument. The tone becomes dull and flat, the wires rusty and easily broken, the joints of the mechanism stiff, and the hammers do not strike with precision, and if these symptoms are not attended to at once the piano is irretrievably spoiled. Therefore do not put your piano in a damp ground-floor room or between two windows, or between the door and the window where there is a thorough draught. Never leave the piano open when not in use, and above all when the room is being cleaned. Do not put it near a stove, chimney or hot-air pipes. Always wipe the keys after playing. Never pile books, music or other heavy things on the top. Be careful when using the soft pedal not to thump the notes. Do not allow five-note or other exercises of a small compass on a piano you have any regard for. A leather cover should be kept on the instrument when not in use, and removed every day for the purpose of dusting. A cushion of wadding or a strip of flannel laid on the keys will help to keep them white and preserve the polish. Never leave the piano open after a musical evening or dance. If you are obliged to have it in a damp room, do not place it against the wall, and raise it from the floor by means of insulators, and always cover it after playing. Employ the best tuner you can get, and if a new instrument, let it be tuned every two months during the first year, and at least three times a year afterward. Always have it tuned after a soirée, if the room has been very hot."

NEW YORK. The following is a list of the orchestral works performed at the six concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society during the season of 1877-78:

Mozart—Symphony, No. 1, in D.
Cherubini—Overture, "Water-Carrier."
Beethoven—Concerto, No. 3, in C minor; overture, "Leonore," No. 2; overture and selections, "Egmont;" Symphony No. 6, "Pastoral;" Symphony No. 8, in F.
Schubert—Symphony No. 8, in C.
Mendelssohn—Violin concerto, (first movement).
Schumann—Overture, scherzo and finale; overture, interlude and invocation, "Manfred."
Berlioz—Ball scene from "Romeo and Juliet."
Liszt—Poème Symphonique, "Mazeppa."
Wagner—"Faust Overture;" Introduction, "Meistersinger;" Funeral March and Finale, "Götterdämmerung."
Volkmann—Serenade No. 3, in D minor.
Raff—Symphony, "Im Walde;" suite for piano and orchestra.
Brahms—Variations on Haydn's theme; Symphony No. 1, in C minor.
Rubinstein—Symphony, "Ocean."
Goldmark—Overture, "Sakuntala."

The Thomas Symphony Concerts of this year with their rehearsals, have presented to us three symphonies of Beethoven's—his third, fifth and seventh; Brahms' C minor, Haydn's E flat, Schumann's 4th in D minor, Rubinstein's "Dramatic" in D minor, and Liszt's symphonie poem, "Tasso." Of overtures, "Magic Flute," "Coriolan," "King Stephen," Schumann's "Bride of Messina," Introduction to the "Meistersinger," and Introduction to the third act of Cherubini's "Medea," "Siegfried Idyl," by Wagner. An episode from Lenau's "Faust," by Liszt, Mozart's "Masonic Funeral Music," Graedner's "Capriccio," op. 4, Bach's triple pianoforte

concerto, Handel's "Largo," and three movements from Handel's instrumental concertos. Of vocal numbers, Quintet from the Meistersinger, Scene and Aria from Gluck's "Alceste," Aria from "Fidelio," "Monologue" and "Cobbler's Song," from the Meistersinger. For violin, Wagner's "Albumblatt." The soloists of the season were Miss Mathilde Wilde, Miss A. Henne, Miss May Moss, Messrs. Remmert, Bersin and Toedt, vocalists; Messrs. R. Hoffmann, Wm. Mason, Ferdinand Dulcken, pianists, and Master Lichtenberg, violinist.

HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The following compositions were performed in the ten concerts of the past (thirteenth) season:

INSTRUMENTAL.

BACH, J. S.—Chaconne, D minor, for Violin Solo; Triple Concerto, C major, for three Pianos, with string orchestra.
HANDEL.—Fugue in E minor, for Piano.
HAYDN.—Symphony in G. (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel).
CHERUBINI.—Overtures to Medea, Water-Carrier, Fanciulla.
BEETHOVEN.—Symphonies No. 4, 5 and 8; Overtures: in C, Op. 115, in C, Op. 124, to Coriolan, to Leonore, No. 3.
SCHUBERT.—Symphony in C (No. 9); Unfinished Do., in B minor (1st movement). Reiter-Marsch, in C, transcribed by Liszt. Overture to Rosamunde (twice).
MENDELSSOHN.—Overtures to Ruy Blas, Hebrides, St. Paul.—Violin Concerto.—Scherzo from Reformation Symphony; Vivace from Scotch Symphony.
SCHUMANN.—Symphony, D minor, No. 4.
WEBER.—Overture to Euryanthe.
ROSSINI.—Overture to Tell.
GADE.—Symphonies: No. 1, C minor; No. 4, B flat; Allegretto from No. 3. Overture: "In the Highlands."
RIETZ.—Concert Overture, in A.
BENNETT.—Overture, "The Nalads."
CHOPIN.—Kakowiak, Op. 14. Nocturne in F sharp, Op. 15.
GOLDMARK.—Overture to Sakuntala.
SAINT-SAËNS.—Piano Concerto, No. 4, in C minor.
BARGIEL.—Scherzo (Piano), from Suite, Op. 31.
BRAHMS.—Symphony, No. 1, in C minor (twice).
MUELLER, C. C.—Nocturne ("Hiawatha"), in E minor.
PARKER, J. C. D.—Overture: "Hiawatha," (MS.)

VOCAL.

BACH.—Air (Soprano) with Cello obbligato: "My heart ever faithful."
HANDEL.—Aria (Soprano): "As when the dove," from *Aria and Galatea*; Aria (Soprano): "Sweet Bird," from *Il Penseroso*.
LOTTI.—Aria: (Tenor) "Pur dicesti," (1700).
MOZART.—Rec. and Aria (Soprano): "Non mi dir," from *Don Giovanni*; "Il mio tesoro" (Tenor) from *Do.*; Rec. and Ari. (Soprano) from *Idomeneo*: "Tutte nel cor mi sento."
MENDELSSOHN.—Concert Aria (Soprano): "Infelice."—Songs: "Suleika," No. 2 (Soprano); "The Garland," (Tenor).
MEYERBEER.—Scène et Berceuse from *Dinorah* (Soprano).
ROSSINI.—Romanza and Prayer (Soprano) from *Otello*.
ROBERT FRANZ.—Songs: "Frühlings Ankunft," (Soprano), Op. 23, No. 5; "Im Mai," Op. 22; "Ständchen": "Der Mond ist schlafen gungen," Op. 17; "Frühlingeddränge," Op. 7.
SCHUMANN.—Song (Tenor): "The Hidalgo."
SCHUBERT.—Songs (Soprano): "Das Züngleinlein;" "Stimme der Liebe."

The singers were: Mrs. Emma Dexter, Miss Lizzie Cronyn, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Miss Lillian Bailey, Mr. George L. Osgood, and Mr. Alfred Wilkie.—The pianists were, Messrs. B. J. Lang, Wm. H. Sherwood, J. C. D. Parker, G. W. Sumner, J. A. Preston, and A. W. Foote. Violin Soloist, Dr. L. Damrosch. Piano Accompanist, Otto Dresel.

LONDON. MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON has definitely declined to take part in the forthcoming Italian opera season at Her Majesty's Theatre. M. Faure has followed her example; and, so far as it has been at present decided, the list of secessionists will also include the names of Madame Trebelli-Bettini, Signor Tamberlik, Herr Rokitsky, Herr Behrens, and Madame Marie-Rozz. This is not all the fault of the manager. In Madame Nilsson's case the director has made every endeavor to secure the services of the Swedish prima donna for his subscribers, but the lady persistently declines to accept any terms whatever from Mr. Mapleson. Madame Nilsson will come during the season to London, where she has a house, and which she considers her home; but all hope of her co-operation this season at Her Majesty's Theatre is feared, at an end. In some of the other cases it is hoped that negotiations for their engagement may prove successful. But, in any case, with the death of Mdle. Titiens, the secession of Madame Nilsson and M. Faure, and the anticipated secession of Madame Trebelli, and the rest of the old artists of the theatre, the troupe of Her Majesty's Opera will have to be completely remodelled. In June, Madame Pappenhelm will come from the United States, Miss Minnie Hauck will return to her old impresario, and Mdle. Salla, Madame Gerster-Gardini, Miss Valleria, Madame Demerit, Signor Fancelli, and Signor Del Puente, have also accepted re-engagements. M. Gounod's "Mireille" is to be revived, and it is not improbable that "Carmen" will be announced, and a fresh attempt is to be made to give prominence to the ballet. Such are the broad outlines of the scheme which, it is to be hoped, will be carried out at Her Majesty's Theatre during the summer season.—*Figaro*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC, Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Now the Sun his journey ended. Cradle Song. F. 2. c to D. Taubert. 30
"My baby does as others do, My babe is sleepy too,—too,—too:— Kindchen ist nicht dumm, Sum,—sum,—sum!" A perfectly charming lullaby in two languages.
Parted forever. D minor. 3. d to F. Barker. 35
"When I left thy shores, O Naxos, Not a tear in sorrow fell." Well known beautiful words by Lord Byron, to new music, quite worthy of the text.
After long Years. E. 4. d to F. Schira. 40
"After long silent years, That slowly passed away." Very fine words and a first-class song.
My own Beppins. (Il mio Beppin.) D. 4. d to F. Schira. 40
"Ha un guibboncino di mammalana." "He wears a little vest." A very pretty Italian peasant song.
Across the far blue hills, Marie. Bb. 4. Blumenthal. 60
"Across the bars of Heaven, Marie, Look from thy place in love on me." A finely wrought song of elevated sentiment.
The Glory of a Scar. C. 3. c to E. Blanche Wilmot. 30
"And scout the suitors, one and all Who throng around the gates." That is what the scarred warrior said. Manly song.
The Hour is late. (Waldeesgesprach). Eb. 4. c to F. Jensen. 35
"Hark to the Elf-horn sounding near." "Wohl irt das Wald-horn her und hin." One of the grand legends of the Rhine, told in a few suggestive lines, with German music to match. The beautiful witch, Loreley, is here encountered in a forest.

Instrumental.

- Chimes of Normandy. Comic Opera by Planquette.
Besides the very taking songs from this new and favorite opera, there are six instrumental pieces, including the brightest airs. Of these we notice:—
Polka, from Chimes of Normandy. Bb. 3. Warren. 30
Galop, " " " F. 3. " 30
Waltz, " " " Eb. 3. " 30
Potpourri, " " " 3. " 75
With respect to the above arrangements, it is very encouraging to note that "home talent" is now quite sufficient to work up the music of any taking opera, into the most acceptable forms. We were formerly dependent on foreign talent for this kind of thing.
Grand Valse Caprice. Bb. 4. Wheeler. 40
A very brilliant and taking affair, that any one would take a "caprice" to play.
Crème de la Crème Waltzes. 3. Keens. 50
Four brilliant waltzes, with introduction and finale.
German Maiden's Song Waltzes. (Deutsche Mädchen Lieder). 3. Hartmann. 75
Five waltzes, with introduction and finale. Words are introduced occasionally, showing the character of pretty folk-songs whose melodies are here used.
Meadow Dance. (Epigen im Grünen). F. 3. Lange. 60
Another of Lange's charmingly graceful pieces. One playing this may enjoy the merry out-door dances as if present.
New Silver Dollar March. C. 2. Mack. 30
Here's a new dollar for 30 cts! You will be sure to like the ring of it!

BOOKS.

CLARKE'S REED ORGAN MELODIES. By W. H. Clarke. Boards \$2.50; Cloth \$3.00.
This is not a book of selections, but of newly arranged or entirely new material, and of so musical a nature, that whoever allows his fingers to glide over the first air, will be lured on from one page to another until he has played the hundred and twentieth air. No dead wood or trash in the book, which fits uncommonly well the character of reeds.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 967.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1878.

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Berlioz.

BY EDWARD DANNREUTHER.

(From Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, Part II.)

BERLIOZ, HECTOR, born Dec. 11, 1808, at La Côte Saint-André, near Grenoble, France; died March 9, 1869, at Paris.

He stands alone—a colossus with few friends and no direct followers; a marked individuality, original, puissant, bizarre, violently one-sided; whose influence has been and will again be felt far and wide, for good and for bad, but cannot rear disciples nor form a school. His views of music are practically if not theoretically adhered to by all eminent composers and executants since Beethoven; and if interpreted *cum grano salis* his very words could be used as watchwords which few musicians would hesitate to adopt. Take, for example, the following sentences, written at long intervals, yet forming a sort of profession of faith, to which Berlioz clung without flinching throughout the whole of his long career: 'Musique, art d'émouvoir par des combinaisons de sons les hommes intelligents et doués d'organes spéciaux et exercés. . . . La musique, en s'associant à des idées qu'elle a mille moyens de faire naître, augmente l'intensité de son action de toute la puissance de ce qu'on appelle la poésie réunissant à la fois toutes ses forces sur l'oreille qu'elle charme, et qu'elle offense habilement, sur le système nerveux qu'elle sur-excite, sur la circulation du sang qu'elle accélère, sur le cerveau qu'elle embrasse, sur le cœur qu'elle gonfle et fait battre à coups redoublés, sur la pensée qu'elle agrandit démesurément et lance dans les régions de l'infini: elle agit dans la sphère qui lui est propre, c'est-à-dire sur des êtres chez lesquels le sens musical existe réellement.' ('A travers chants,' p. 1.)

Berlioz's startling originality as a musician rests upon a physical and mental organization very different from, and in some respects superior to, that of other eminent masters; a most ardent nervous temperament; a gorgeous imagination incessantly active, heated at times to the verge of insanity; an abnormally subtle and acute sense of hearing; the keenest intellect, of a dissecting, analyzing turn; the most violent will, manifesting itself in a spirit of enterprise and daring equalled only by its tenacity of purpose and indefatigable perseverance.

From first to last, from the 'Ouverture des Francs Juges' and the 'Symphonie fantastique' to 'Les Troyens,' Berlioz strove to widen the domains of his art; in the portrayal of varied and intense passions, and the suggestion of distinct dramatic scenes and situations, he tried to attain a more intimate connection between instrumental music and the highest poetry. Starting, as he did, on a voyage of discovery, no one need be surprised that he occasionally, nay perhaps frequently, sailed beyond his mark; and that he now and then made violent efforts to compel music to say something which lies beyond its proper sphere. But, be this as it may, his occasional failures do not render his works less interesting, nor less astonishing.

Berlioz was one of the most uncompromising champions of what, for want of a better name, has been dubbed 'programme music.' In his 'Symphonie fantastique' with its sequel 'Le Léo,' and in 'Romeo et Juliette,' elaborate efforts are made, by means of programmes and

superscriptions, to force the hearers' imagination to dwell on certain exterior scenes and situations during the progress of the music; and these efforts, it must be confessed, are not always successful. One either loses the musical thread and has to fly to the programme for explanation, or one dreams of the programme and misses the music. The really perfect specimens of Berlioz's instrumental works are in truth those in which the music speaks for itself, and the programme or superscription may be dispensed with. Such are, for instance, the 'Scène aux champs' and the 'Marche au supplice' in the 'Symphonie fantastique,' the 'Marche des Pèlerins' in 'Harold,' the Overtures to 'King Lear,' 'Beethoven Cellini,' 'Carnaval Romain,' 'Le Corsaire,' etc.

From a technical point of view certain of Berlioz's attainments are phenomenal. The gigantic proportions, the grandiose style, the imposing weight of those long and broad harmonic and rhythmical progressions towards some end afar off, the exceptional means employed for exceptional ends—in a word, the colossal, cyclopean aspect of certain movements, such as the 'Judex crederis' of his 'Te Deum,' or the 'Lacrymosa' and 'Dies Iræ' of his 'Requiem,' are without parallel in musical art. The originality and inexhaustible variety of rhythms, and the surpassing perfection of his instrumentation, are points willingly conceded even by Berlioz's staunchest opponents. As far as the technique of instrumentation is concerned it may truly be asserted that he treats the orchestra with the same supreme daring and absolute mastery with which Paganini treated the violin, or Liszt the pianoforte. No one before him had so clearly realized the individuality of each particular instrument, its resources and capabilities. In his works the equation between a particular phrase and a particular instrument is invariably perfect; and over and above this, his experiments in orchestral color, his combination of single instruments with others so as to form groups, and again his combination of several separate groups of instruments with one another, are as novel and as beautiful as they are uniformly successful.

French art can show nothing more tender and delicately graceful, more perfect in shape and diction than certain of his songs and choral pieces—the duet between Hero and Ursule, 'Vous soupirez Madame,' from 'Béatrice et Bénédicte,' and single numbers among his 'Nuits d'été' and 'Irlande.' Nothing more touching in its simplicity than 'L'adieu des bergers' and 'Le repos de la Sainte Famille,' from 'L'Enfance du Christ.'

But there is a portion of Berlioz's works from which many of his admirers, who are certainly not open to the charge of being musical milkops, recoil with instinctive aversion. One must draw the line somewhere, and the writer would draw it on the hitherside of such movements as the 'Orgies,' which form the finales of the 'La Symphonie fantastique' and 'Harold en Italie,' or the chorus of devils in the 'Damnation de Faust.' Bloodthirsty, delirious passion such as is here depicted may have been excited by gladiator and wild beast shows in Roman arenas; but its rites, whether reflected through the medium of poetry, painting, or music, are assuredly more honored in the breach than the observance. On the other hand, it cannot be overlooked that these same reprehensible pieces contain some of their author's most astonishing technical achievements.

No musician, unless he writes for the stage, can hope to live by his compositions in France;

accordingly Berlioz was driven to the dubious 'métier' of beneficiare—to conducting concerts of his own music whenever and wherever he could get a chance, and to journalism, 'feuilletonism.' A note of bitter complaint at the tortures hardly to be borne which the 'compte rendu' on matters musical he furnished weekly during a space of twenty years for the 'Journal des Débats' entailed on him, runs through all his prose. These newspaper scraps made a name for their author as the foremost musical critic and one of the most brilliant of French journalists; whilst the perfection of style and graphic narrative of his *Mémoires* have proved him the equal of the best modern prosateurs. Frenchmen only can say whether or not his verse is likely to live by its own merits, apart from the music to which he wedded it, in 'L'Enfance du Christ,' 'Béatrice et Bénédicte,' and 'Les Troyens.'

Berlioz knew the principal works of Beethoven, Weber, Spontini, Mozart, in every respect, down to the smallest details, by heart, and he has always and very frequently spoken of them with contagious enthusiasm and convincing eloquence. Yet he was by no means an erudite musician, his knowledge being restricted, like that of most men of genius, to the range of his personal sympathies. Of Handel, Bach, Palestrina, he knew little, and at times spoke in a manner to lay bare his ignorance.

Berlioz's father, a physician, wished him to follow the same career. At eighteen years of age, and much against his will, he was sent to Paris as a student of medicine; music however so engrossed him that, though he attended lectures and tried hard to overcome his repugnance to the dissecting room, his anatomical studies came to nothing, and he entered the Conservatoire as a pupil of Lesueur, after a violent quarrel with his parents, who stopped supplies and forced him to earn a scanty subsistence by singing in the chorus of an obscure theatre, Le Gymnase Dramatique. At the Conservatoire, which he once left in a huff and re-entered as a member of Reicha's 'classe de contrepoint,' he met with little encouragement from the dons, to whom his sentiments and beliefs, his ways and works were more or less antipathetic; and he was positively hated by the director, Cherubini. So that, in spite of his most remarkable attainments (the 'Ouverture des Francs Juges' and the 'Symphonie fantastique,' which he wrote whilst a pupil at the Conservatoire, are more than sufficient to show that he was then already the master of his masters, Cherubini of course excepted), it was only after having been repeatedly plucked that he was permitted, on the fourth trial, to take a prize for composition. In 1828 he took the second, and at last, in 1830, with the cantata 'Sardanapale,' the first prize—the 'Prix de Rome'—to which is attached a government pension, supporting the winner three years at Rome. On his return to Paris, finding it difficult to live by composing, he was driven to earn a livelihood by contributions to newspapers, and by occasional concerts and musical festivals, which he organized on a large scale. The story of his violent and eccentric passion for Miss Smithson—an Irish actress who came to Paris with an English troupe, and made a sensation as Ophelia and Juliet, whilst the enthusiasm for Shakespeare, kindled by Victor Hugo, was at its height—is minutely told in his 'Mémoires,' published after his death. That sad book contains many a hint of the misery he subsequently endured with her as his wife, the prolonged fits of ill health, bad temper and ungovernable jealousy she was

subject to; it tells how disgracefully she was treated by the very audience who had lauded her to the skies when she reappeared as Ophelia after the pseudo-enthusiasm for Shakespeare had blown over; how she fell from her carriage, broke a leg, and could act no more; how her losses as the manageress of an unsuccessful theatrical venture crushed him, and how they ultimately separated; Berlioz, with scrupulous fidelity, supplying her wants out of his poor pittance as a contributor to newspapers up to her melancholy death and interment.

Admired occasionally with an enthusiasm akin to adoration (for instance by Paganini, who, after hearing the 'Symphonie fantastique' at the Conservatoire, fell on his knees before Berlioz, kissed his hands, and on the following morning sent him a cheque for twenty thousand francs), always much talked of, but generally misunderstood and shamefully abused, Berlioz was not a popular man in France, and Parisians were curiously surprised at the success of his long 'Voyage musical,' when he produced his works in the principal cities of Germany and Russia. In 1852 Berlioz conducted the first series of the 'New Philharmonic Concerts' at Exeter Hall, and in the following year, on June 25, he conducted his opera 'Benvenuto Cellini' at Covent Garden.

He tried in vain to get a professorship at the Conservatoire. The modest appointment of librarian to that institute in 1839 and the cross of the Legion d'Honneur were the sole distinctions that fell to his lot.

His published works, few in number but colossal in their proportions, are as follows:—

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| Op. 1. Ouverture de 'Waverley.' | Op. 18. 'Tristia.' 3 Chœurs avec orchestre. (Méditation religieuse, Ballade sur la Mort d'Ophélie, Marche funèbre.) |
| Op. 2. 'Irlande; 9 mélodies pour une et deux voix sur des traductions de Thomas Moore.' | Op. 19. 'Feuilles d'Album.' 3 morceaux de chant avec piano. |
| Op. 3. Ouverture des 'Francs Juges.' | Op. 20. 'Vox populi.' Deux grands chœurs avec orchestre. (La menace des Francs, Hymne à la France.) |
| Op. 4. Ouverture du 'Roi Lear.' | Op. 21. Ouverture du 'Corsaire.' |
| Op. 5. 'Grande Messe des Morts' (Requiem.) | Op. 22. 'Te Deum,' à trois chœurs avec orchestre et orgue concertants. |
| Op. 6. 'Le 5 Mai.' Chant sur la mort de l'empereur Napoléon, pour voix de basse avec chœurs et orchestre. | Op. 23. 'Benvenuto Cellini.' Opéra en trois actes. Paroles de Leon de Wally et August Barbier. (Partition de piano. Paris, Choudens.) |
| Op. 7. 'Les nuits d'été.' Six mélodies pour une voix avec orchestre ou piano. | Op. 24. 'La Damnation de Faust.' Légende dramatique en quatre parties. |
| Op. 8. 'Rêverie et caprice.' Romance pour le violon avec orchestre ou piano. | Op. 25. 'L'Enfance du Christ.' Trilogie sacrée. 1. 'Le songe d'Hérode.' 2. 'La fuite en Egypte.' 3. 'L'arrivée à Bais.' |
| Op. 9. 'Le Carnaval Romain.' Ouverture Caractéristique. | Op. 26. 'L'Impériale,' cantate à deux chœurs et orchestre. |
| Op. 10. Grand Traité d'instrumentation et d'orchestration modernes. Avec supplément 'Le chef d'orchestre.' | 'Le Temple universel.' Chœur à quatre voix et piano. |
| Op. 11. 'Sarah la Baïnoise.' Ballade à trois chœurs avec orchestre. | 'Prière du Matin.' Chœur à deux voix et piano. |
| Op. 12. 'La Captive.' Réverie pour mezzo soprano avec orchestre. | 'La belle Isabeau.' Conte pendant l'orage, avec chœur. |
| Op. 13. 'Fleurs des Landes.' Cinq mélodies pour une voix avec piano. | 'Le Chasseur danois.' Pour voix de basse avec piano. |
| Op. 14. 'Épisode de la vie d'un artiste.' Symphonie fantastique en cinq parties. | 'L'Invitation à la valse de Weber.' Orchestration. |
| Op. 14 bis. 'Lello, ou Le retour à la Vie.' Monodrame lyrique, 2e partie de l'épisode. | 'Marche Marcelline' de L. de Meyer. Orchestration. |
| Op. 15. Grand symphonie funèbre et triomphale pour grande harmonie militaire, avec un orchestre d'instruments à cordes et un chœur ad libit. | 'Recitatives' pour 'le Freischütz.' |
| Op. 16. 'Harold en Italie.' Symphonie en 4 parties, avec un alto principal. | 'Béatrice et Bénédict.' Opéra en deux actes imité de Shakespeare. Paroles de Hector Berlioz. (Partition de piano. Paris, Choudens.) |
| Op. 17. 'Roméo et Juliette.' Symphonie dramatique avec chœurs, solos de chant et prologue en récitatif choral. | 'Les Troyens.' Poème lyrique en deux parties: (1) 'La prise de Troie.' (M.S.) (2) 'Les Troyens à Carthage.' (Partition de piano. Paris, Choudens.) |

Besides the 'Traité d'instrumentation,' with its sequel 'Le chef d'orchestre,' included above amongst his musical works as Op. 10, the subjoined literary productions have been issued in book-form:—

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| Voyage Musical. | Memoires, comprenant études sur Beethoven, Gluck ses voyages, etc., 1803-1865. et Weber, 2 volumes. Par. Paris, 1870. |
| 1844. | Historiettes et Scènes musicales. |
| Les soirées de l'orchestre, 1855. | Les musiciens et la musique, 1859. |
| Les grotesques de la musique, 1859. | Advertised by M. Levy frères in 1872, but not yet published. |
| A travers chants; 1862. | |

The Bach Choir in London.

After the success achieved with J. S. Bach's colossal Mass in B minor, by the Amateur Society of ladies and gentlemen in 1876, and again last year, it was easy to believe that their labors would not stop at that point. Accordingly, they have appeared before us in St. James's Hall with a concert—first of three, the opening section of which comprised Nos. 1, 2, and 3 of the *Christmas Oratorio*—which, for the most part, is quite as jubilant in expression as the *Passions* according to Matthew and John are the contrary. The dissimilarity of the themes may well account for this; and Bach knew how to represent consolation in music as well as to represent grief and penitence. To ordinary hearers the *Christmas Oratorio* must essentially always exercise more charm than those graver embodiments of the Passion, of which, although few are believed to have been written by the Thuringian master, only two ("Matthew" and "John") are known. From the very first chorus, "Christians, be joyful," we feel as if in another element; and though, as Professor G. A. Macfarren intimates in an exhaustive essay on the subject, "the manner is the same" (being Bach's manner), "the character is essentially different." In short, while with the *Passions-Musik* we are depressed, with the *Christmas Oratorio* we are enlivened. But it would be superfluous to discuss further a theme so familiar to amateurs and musicians inclined to dive beneath the mere surface of things. Bach's faculty was such that, as has been hinted, he could not only treat cheerful subjects just as well as he could treat grave, but—take, for instance, some of his instrumental music—comic themes as well as serious. He was more or less of an eclectic, as his *suited*, containing innumerable *giggles* and other lively dances, prove. Thus his occasional bidding to his gifted sons, Friedemann and Emmanuel (two children among many), "Come, now, and let us go and hear the pretty tunes at Dresden"—where Hasse, by the way, was writing operas—is perfectly in consonance with his substantially grave and patriarchal character. If Bach studied Vivaldi (composer of the "Cuckoo concerto") in his earlier time, he may well have consoled himself, in moments of leisure, with Dresden, Hasse, etc. The real fact is, that it did the stern old contrapuntist good, and was of no small advantage to his sons, both Friedemann and Emmanuel, though it brought John Christian Bach, whom Mozart used to call the "English Bach," down to the level of the most trivial writers for the clavier—ultimately set aside by that same Mozart. About the general performance of the first half of the *Christmas Oratorio* (which, it is to be hoped may be succeeded by the second), we have little to say except in praise. These vocal amateurs evidently work with zeal during the intervals, and the assistance they obtain from certain members of the choir of St. Paul's Cathedral, though doubtless valuable, is, after all, but a straw in the balance. Herr Otto Goldschmidt is a hero at his post, and labors *con amore*; while the occasional presence of his distinguished lady in one of the foremost choral benches can be only calculated to incite the amateur singers to increased exertion. Herr Goldschmidt has also an excellent orchestra (with Herr Ludwig Straus as leading violin) under his control, and this, in such intricate music as that of Bach, is of no small importance. The leading solo singers, Miss Mary Davies, Mdma. Patey, Mr. Shakespeare, and Herr Henschel, all went to their task with right goodwill. Mdma. Patey was everywhere impeccable, and never sang anything more perfectly in our remembrance of her career than the truly Orphean melody, "Slumber, beloved, and take thy repose." Mr. Shakespeare, in the very trying air, "Haste ye shepherds," with many passages better fitted to an instrument than to a

voice, (Bach, unlike Handel and Mozart, but something more like Beethoven, in his latter works, had occasionally little consideration for that human instrument), proved successfully what an advantage it is to be a musician, in addition to being a singer. Every passage told—for every passage was distinctly enunciated. Mr. Shakespeare was cleverly accompanied in the flute *obligato* part by Mr. Svendsen, as was Herr Henschel by Mr. T. Harper in the trumpet which gives character to the air, "Mighty Lord," sung by the German bass with an intelligence that proclaimed him a genuine adept in the Bach school. The chorus, efficient more or less from beginning to end, deserves especial note for its forcible and effective execution of the superb hymn of thanksgiving, "Glory to God in the highest." The chorales, without exception, were impressively given, more particularly that known as "Vom Himmel hoch," set three times to different words in the first parts of the oratorio, and "For us to earth He cometh poor," in which the soprano of the choir are chiefly engaged. We should also have mentioned Mdma. Patey's air, "Keep, O my spirit," in which not only the singing of the lady, but the execution of the violin *obligato* by Herr Strauss, was irreproachable. To conclude, the first three sections of the *Christmas Oratorio*, thus performed, only raised a strong desire to hear the last three with the same executants. The second part of the concert included Schumann's *Neujahrslied* ("New Year's Song") for chorus, solos, and orchestra, in which Miss Mary Davies, Madame Patey, and Herr Henschel were the leading singers; the late Samuel Sebastian Wesley's superb eight-part anthem, "O Lord, Thou art my God," with vocal solos and organ accompaniment (Mr. Thomas Pettit); and Mendelssohn's setting of the 114th Psalm, "When Israel out of Egypt came," another piece of ingenious eight-part vocal writing, for chorus, with orchestral accompaniment. Schumann's work (a posthumous publication), is full of charm and spirit, like almost all he has written, but can hardly be ranked among his most genuine inspirations; Wesley's anthem, in which three of the chief singers were joined by Messrs. Frost, Beckett, and Kempton, in the sextet, "For this mortal must put on immortality," contains a final chorus, "And that day it shall be said," which might have been signed "Handel;" while the Psalm of Mendelssohn may take rank with anything of its kind existing. This was the last piece in a concert brimful of interest, all the more so because of its variety; and we were only sorry to observe that so many of the audience left the hall when the first piece in the 114th Psalm had already begun. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt conducted the performance from first to last with the skill and intelligence of a thoroughly practised musician. The Bach choir has begun well again, and there is every hope that it may go on steadfastly in the path it has thus struck out for itself. Such "amateurs" are welcome.

The able and scholarly adaptation of the words in the German original, by the Rev. Mr. Troutbeck, demand hearty recognition, as also does the discreet and able manner in which Mr. Ebenezer Prent has fitted some of the old orchestral parts to modern use.—*Times*.

An Italian View of Verdi's Requiem.

(From *La Gazzetta Musicale*, Milan, May, 1874.)

The principal impression remaining, after we have listened religiously to the new masterpiece, is everywhere the same, and we have seen it piercing through all the lyric outbursts in the notices and criticisms published both by home and foreign papers; this is a mass not resembling other masses; it has a physiognomy of its own. At every page, even when the inspiration becomes entwined in the sinuosities of the fugue, we hear people say: '*Ecos Deus! Behold Verdi!*' The sacrilegious may cry out scandal, because they wish even genius to put on the black cassock, and enter the flock of imitators; they vociferate the most holy maxim that: all are equal before plain-song. But, to everyone who does not feel round his head the iron circle of certain consecrated maxims of formalism, it is clear that this is the grand merit of the new mass, and that Verdi could not have done, and ought not to have done, otherwise.

An excellent critic, Sig. Filippi, has gone so far in maintaining this principle as almost to twist into something deserving censure what ought to be regarded worthy of the highest praise. He justifies the dramatic form in Verdi's sacred composition by uttering the following trifle: the religious senti-

ment of yore no longer exists; the blind and brutal faith of former days has disappeared. But this is not true; religious sentiment does fortunately still exist, and too much, also, among the immense majority of the ignorant, exists the blind and brutal faith of the ninth century. What has disappeared, at least for those who think, is the veneration of form and of the ritual; the substance of religion remains rooted in the hearts of all, even in the heart of him who doubts in order not to let his reason lie idle, only ceremonies have lost their prestige; the gods are not leaving us, as an impatient chronicler has hastened to tell the world; it is the priests and the monks who are doing so; the mist of the middle ages is clearing away, but the light of all time remains; churches and monasteries are shaken, but there is left the azure dome, in which the stars perform the solemn ritual of ages. Religious songs, which originally were dull, monotonous, heavy, oppressive by their length, and careless about any accent save the accent of solemnity, have been gradually transformed, and, so to speak, humanized. And this reformation was not begun to-day, systematically, from a spirit of philosophic rebellion, and out of antagonism to religious worship, but begun ages ago from the very nature of things; the day on which the choruses of the faithful replied from the naves to the priests, there was heard the first piercing cry, the first accent of real grief, and the first cantilena made open war upon plain song. This solemn but empty style was, it is true, adapted to the ceremonies of the priests; it was, like other things, a part of the ritual, and had, of course, to be incomprehensible like all the other forms of a faith which cannot be understood; the majestic and imperceptibly modulated vociferation must have seemed a strange dialogue between God and the priest; it was, at all events, a strange kind of music. The great musicians who wrote real music for masses, psalms, and so on, diverged from this mysterious style; in the accents of Palestrina are the movements of suffering humanity.

Now-a-days, formalism, the greatest strength of the Roman Catholic religion, has felt the blows of philosophy; it has been shaken by the heresies of revolution, and discredited by the puerile stubbornness of its own defenders; the measured music of other days has no longer sufficient strength to make itself honored, just as it never had authority in matters of feeling or aesthetics. But this does not mean that there were formerly two kinds of music, and that the music of the church must necessarily be opposed in form and feeling to the other, as is pretended by some who deal out aesthetics like pills.

For everyone who reasons with his own brain, for everyone who, not satisfied with existing authorities, attributes to traditions their just value, and seeks in the past only the method of unfolding the present, and a reason for greater independence in the laws of the future, music is one and the same, that is to say: inspired, learned, elegant, and affectionate, according to the mind which creates it, but it is free and unshackled; if it is joined to words, seeming to interpret, comment on, and illustrate it, such unique music corresponding to the unique type of the beautiful is called dramatic music. I could easily cite a hundred examples of sacred music of this kind in the operas of the modern repertory. The pages of *La Prophète*, of *Faust*, of *L'Africain*, of *Aida*, of *La Juive*, of *Mossé*, and of numerous other scores which, to save space, I will not name, are plainly stupendous examples of music which is, at one and the same time, sacred and dramatic.

And what more solemn and grandiose drama can there be than a mass for the dead?

The voice which invokes eternal peace for the Departed, which foretells the tremendous day of judgment, which announces and describes the opening of the tombs at the sounds of the trumpets, and the astonishment of death and nature, and the groans of the guilty, and the majesty of the Judge, and the damnation of the rejected—that voice finds accents which vibrate in the human heart, be it Roman Catholic or not Roman Catholic, because it represents to the mind the obscure enigmas of another life which is the base of every religion. No, the modern drama, with all its allurements, with all its febrile excitement of adulteresses, and all the race of bastards in their train, was never more effective than this same voice. Materialists alone (and genuine materialists are rare) may smile at such fancies, but all the rest of the human race, to whatever religion they may belong, must feel its mysterious fascination.

What has Verdi done? In the first place he has

not departed from the traditional forms, except in so far as was requisite to profit by the increased power of the orchestral elements; but, making frequent use of the classical form of the fugue, and investing primitive counterpoint with renewed youth, at one time he has not scrupled to interrupt the fugue with an orchestral outburst, on which is the impress of his genius, and, at another, to give the counterpoint caressing and elegant forms corresponding to his taste as an artist; we have form, but not form only; the idea predominates; it has entered the old garments, and so adapted them round its body that they appear something new, which affords cause for scandal to the clericals. What would have been said to the author of *Aida*, if, when giving us a mass, he had restricted himself to the orchestral resources of the famous time of Palestrina, as a mark of homage to the so-called classicism of that giant, who, in his own day, was assuredly looked upon as an innovator by sundry fanatics for the Gregorian chant?

It is time to come to an understanding. If we would arrive at any really practical and useful result. The musty distinctions between music for the church and music for the stage are merely verbal distinctions, with no other foundation than the locality of the performance; good sense and aesthetics have nothing to do with the matter. As regards its merit, music admits of no classification beyond that of Rossini: beautiful or ugly; unless it be this one: dramatic or not dramatic, that is, well-adapted, or ill-adapted to the words and to the situations.

To come to the particulars of Verdi's new masterpiece, I believe I may at present assert, with the consciousness of bestowing the greatest praise upon the composer, that the whole of his music is eminently sacred and dramatic.

Listen to the 'Requiem': it begins with a most gentle whispering of the violins; to this succeed solemn and murmuring voices, which, when they sing the praises of the Lord, respond to, and follow, each other; here we have the classic fugue, but with what shrewdness and dramatic appropriateness employed! Then the four principal voices implore pity in the 'Kyrie,' alternately taking up the invocation, in the midst of a delicious orchestral movement.

It is the day of wrath; this is announced by the brisk snatches of the stringed instruments accompanied by the dull thunder of the big drum; then, in the track of these voices of nature, which is being rent asunder, there succeeds the long and continuous cry of humanity awakening to its immortal destiny, a cry which is simultaneously terror, wonder, desire, and affrighted anxiety. This first part of the 'Dies Iræ' is really something extraordinarily effective. In the 'Tuba mirum,' the orchestra describes graphically the grandeur of the day. The trumpets of the Judgment re-echo from all sides; their sounds combine with, or are opposed to, each other, till they become overwhelming, and, when this wild tumult has ceased, the voice of the bass is introduced to describe the stupor of astonishment felt by nature and by death at the sight of those who have risen again. The description of this astonishment is accomplished by means of certain intervals between one word and another, and I do not know which is the greater, the effect itself or the simplicity of the means by which it is obtained. This is succeeded by another most admirable fugue on the words: 'Liber scriptus,' and then begins the most harrowing part of the 'Dies Iræ.' The following short trio is full of melancholy; grand is the effect of the quartet and chorus, 'Rex tremendæ;' and stupendous the 'Recordare,' in the form of a duet between the soprano and the mezzo-soprano; the prayer to Jesus could not have found more expressive accents; the lamentation of the sinner in the tenor solo is most touching, and forms a grand contrast with the 'Confutatis maledictis,' which the bass, Maini, burls forth with the impetuosity of an implacable inquisitor, or of a Mephistopheles seizing his prey. In the 'Lacrymosa' we first hear once more the descriptive orchestral movement, and then the stupendous epic closes with the quartet once again invoking pity and peace. Each of the parts of which we have given an idea is in itself most admirable; but we have here to do not merely with the beauty of Verdi's conception; the sublimity of the work consists in the harmony of all the parts when taken together, in the profound sentiment which predominates in it from beginning to end, and in the philosophy, neither allegorically nor petty, with which every *terzina* is musically colored; every phrase, pronounced; and every word, underlined.

The 'Dies Iræ' is followed by the Offertorium, 'Domine Jesu.' I must direct attention in this piece to the words which refer to the archangel Michael, and which are expressed by a phrase containing a most suave aspiration, and intense, yet timid desire, accompanied by an exceedingly soft movement of the violins. The second part of the Offertorium is undoubtedly, by its simplicity, one of the most solemn pages of the work. The offering-up of the sacrifices and of the prayers is effected by one of those indeterminate phrases as vague as the mystic sentiment which dictates them.

Some one has said and written that there occurs in the 'Sanctus' a movement almost *choreographic* in character; I kept both my ears wide open, but I still was deaf; not only did I hear nothing choreographic, but I should be very much astounded if any ballet-master ever succeeded in making his gauze-skirted troops execute pirouettes to such music; if he succeeded, for we must not be sceptical as to choreographic talent, I should say: bravo. Lastly, the 'Sanctus' is nothing else than a fugue difficult to perform, but cheerful and light in character, as becomes the piece which sings the glory of Heaven. The 'Agnello di Dio' would tame even wolves; it is a simple phrase, first sung by the soprano and the mezzo-soprano together, and then repeated by the chorus, but it has delicately blended effects of piano and *pianissimo*, so elegant and pleasing, and an interrupted cadence so fascinating, that the public had to make an effort so as not to break out into applause. The third time the phrase is executed, the accompaniment of the flutes, and the charming design of the violins are wonderful.

In the 'Lux eterna,' which is a short and exquisite trio, I remarked among its many gems, a graceful movement of stringed instruments, first introduced at the words 'Luceat eis,' and which is really like a tremulous flash of light cast across the shades of the Infinite.

All agree in saying that the 'Libera me' is a grand piece, and would alone suffice to establish the reputation of its composer as a great master; very effective here is the monotonous peal of first sung by the soprano and then repeated in an undertone by the basses; dramatic and harrowing is the motive of the soprano, trembling at the thought of the wrath to come. We then hear again, for the third time, the rumor of the last catastrophe which shall befall the world, and then we hear the 'Requiem;' finally the invocation: 'Libera me' recurs once more. It is a picture of grand proportions, comprising the whole epic of death; in this grandiose part, Verdi, from whom so much was expected, has surpassed all expectation.

Verdi's "Requiem Mass"

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, May 2.)

The Requiem Mass of Signor Giuseppe Verdi, which, in compliment to the memory of his friend, Signor Alessandro Manzoni, the Italian poet and novelist, was named by him "The Manzoni Requiem," is the latest important work given to the world by the most popular lyric musician of the day. Its performance throughout Europe has excited great enthusiasm, and there have been few instances in musical history of a work of its character so quickly commanding equal admiration. Of course, it has encountered adverse criticism. Von Bülow called it an opera "in ecclesiastical costume." But this witty epithet might have been applied, with equal [?] truth, to the Requiem of Mozart. Verdi's long experience in the theatre would naturally lead him to express himself by means more familiar to the footlights than to the altar, though it be a service for the dead which inspires his pen. The Requiem is dramatic in exactly the same sense as Rossini's *Stabat Mater* is dramatic. Verdi's work may also be fairly judged by the same rules which one would apply in considering the artistic merits of the dramatic portions of an oratorio by Handel or Mendelssohn. It is the dramatic and human element which gives to the best-known oratorios of either—except "The Messiah"—their vivid character. Without this element, developed and emphasized by every means known to the musician, it is a question if they would have so long held their positions in the world of art. It was a saying of Balzac, the violinist, that "it is not enough that the artist should be well prepared for the public; it is also necessary that the public should know what it goes to hear." It is with that idea in mind that the following description of Verdi's Requiem—it makes no pretence to being an analysis—is submitted. We only regret our inability to present quotations. One may as well hope to suggest

the rose's fragrance in the cabalistic formula of the laboratory, or tell the glories of autumnal sunsets in a paint-merchant's inventory, as in words alone to describe the beauty of a melody.

The Requiem begins quietly enough. The strings play a half-dozen bars of a simple melody in A-minor, then the male voices chant "Requiem," in open fifths, the female voices repeat the refrain, and all unite on "Requiem aeternam," chord of E-major. The strings continue in a movement full of tenderness, and the sentence, "Dona eis Domine," is finished, in syncope, phrases, by the sopranos. The full chorus breathes the prayer, "Et lux perpetua;" the key, now A-major, is gradually modulated into A-minor as "luceat eis" is whispered by the separate voices, and from that into F-major, leading into "Te decet hymnus," whose beginning is canonized in form. The time is slightly accelerated in this movement, which is sung without accompaniment, at first forte, but with diminished force at the end. The initial movements are then repeated, with some unimportant changes. "Kyrie eleison" is a complicated chain of imitations in A-major, whose subjects are first given out as solos, and dependent parts are also assigned to the soloists during the choral delivery, which leads us to think that Verdi did not originally intend the choral force to be of much greater proportions than is commonly employed in European opera houses. The orchestral accompaniment seems to confirm this thought. There are long passages, with such directions as *leggerissimo*, *staccato*, and *pianissimo*, constantly reiterated. The orchestration of the entire work, it may be said here, is extremely rich and effective. Verdi has divided the great medieval hymn "Dies Ira" into nine movements, which are, however, so linked together as not to disturb the continuity of thought which distinguishes this wonderful poem. Crashing chords (G minor) repeated four times, preface the entrance of the chorus. All of the instrumentation at this point is of the most intense and exciting sort. The trilling trumpets seem to picture forth the flaming horrors of the day of wrath. Though the composer introduces a second theme, it is not, apparently, for the sake of contrast. It rather adds to the intensity of the movement. There is, however, a gradual *diminuendo*, beginning with the second theme, whose form is repeated in the accompaniment, while the chorus whispers, as though hushed in awe, "Dies Ira," which is heard again in the bass of the accompaniment to *Quantus tremor*, sung by the chorus, in unison, *sotto voce*. As its last syllable is uttered the trumpets begin a flourish, which, gradually *crescendo* in force, and *animando* in movement, leads to "Tuba mirum." It is the line "Coget omnes ante thronum," which, we presume, suggests to Verdi the idea of posting these trumpets—eight of which are prescribed in the score—at various points, even directing that one pair be invisible. These trumpet calls and answers are reiterated all through the chorus, and do not cease until the last word of the verse is sung. *Mors stupebit* is sung by bass solo. The bass drum played with its braces slackened, the stroke being given on the unaccented parts of the measures, produces here a weird and solemn effect.

Verdi originally wrote a fugue for "Liber scriptus." It afterwards being considered desirable that Mme. Waldmann should be permitted an opportunity to display the resources of her extraordinary voice, a solo movement was substituted. The melody (D-minor) is of great beauty. From time to time the chorus whisper in unison, "Dies Ira." Violin arpeggios succeed the solo, leading to a reprise of *Dies Ira* (second theme), the concluding measures of which, slowly dying away, prepare the ear for the beginning of the *Adagio* (the key still remaining G-minor), set in the form of a trio (two sopranos and tenor) for "Quid sum miser." The most prominent portions of the accompaniment for the trio are given to the wood wind, clarionets playing sustained tones against persistent arpeggios by the bassoons. Simple, dignified and graceful are epithets properly applicable to this movement. Without warning the basses of the chorus burst forth "Reverentem majestatis," in unison with trombones. A fine effect is produced here by means of a contrast between the *f* of the basses and the answering voices (*pp*) of the tenors. The melody set for "Salva me" is very beautiful and expressive, and great skill is shown in the modulations by which it is passed from one to another solo voice. The movement (*Adagio maestoso*) begins in C-minor, but the changes of tone are incessant, and it finally ends, in accordance with the signature (established about midway), in C-major. Another fine melody succeeds, without change of time or movement, for the duet (two sopranos) "Recordare," an interesting, clearly written movement, in F-major. The string quartette and horns furnish the accompaniment, and at the end of each phrase of the first theme one hears three notes on the dominant, uttered

by wood wind, producing a wonderfully bright effect. "Ingenio" and "Qui Mariam" are for tenor solo. The melody of the latter (the former is *quasi-recitativo*) is very expressive, but greater expression will be found in the accompaniment. A chromatic rush at the end carries the key from E-flat to E-natural, and the bass solo, "Confutatio" (marked *andante*) follows. This aria is more passionate, in both vocal and instrumental score, than either of the solos that have preceded. A vivid effect is produced at the reception of "Confutatio maledictio" by the use of chromatic scales in contrary motion. The cadence at the close is interrupted before reaching its anticipated close by the orchestral crashes which precede "Dies Ira," the first theme of which is repeated, followed by an ending not before employed. The strings complete the movement and, by degrees, prepare the way to a new key (B-flat minor), and "Lachrymosa" (marked *largo*) is begun by the soprano. Great ingenuity is displayed throughout the piece in modulations, and contrasts of major and minor keys. Above the dirge-like themes—in whose enunciation the chorus participate—the solo soprano utters a plaintive, syncope melody, the violin emphasizing the effect. The expression of grief, which is in the highest sense dramatic, comes to an end, and "Pie Jesu" is sung, first by the four soloists, without accompaniment, and closed by the quartette and full chorus. "Dona eis requiem, Amen," by all the voices in unison, and the full chord of B-flat major, repeated *pp* by the orchestra, brings the hymn to a close.

"Domine Jesu" is for solo quartette. The principal theme is very graceful, and is first given out by the strings. It is in A-flat, marked *andante mosso*. There are several strongly marked contrasts of key, rhythm, and movement in the course of the piece, "Quantus tremor" being headed *allegretto mosso*, while "Hostias" becomes an *adagio*. "Quantus tremor" begins like a canon. A remarkable effect is produced by descending chromatic scales at one point. A very grave and serious melody is that set for "Hostias." "Sanctus" (marked *allegro*) is a bright and stirring fugue for double chorus, led in by trumpet calls and loud vocal proclamations, thrice uttered, of *Sanctus*. At "Hosanna" the movement takes on the dignity of a chorale, so far as voices are concerned. The accompaniment is exceedingly brilliant at this point.

"Agnus Dei" begins with a melancholy melody, sung by two sopranos, in octaves, without accompaniment. The chorus repeat the melody, also in unison, accompanied by strings and wood-wind. The entire movement is notable for its calmness, a calmness which is not disturbed by the repetition of the subject by the chorus in three-part harmony. "Lux aeterna," trio for mezzo-soprano, tenor, and bass, has for accompaniment the string quartette, below whose continued trappings are heard some deep chords from the brass. A portion of this piece is unaccompanied, and there is a fine effect produced by the use of the great drum. The end of the prayer is slowly breathed forth against rapid arpeggios for flutes. "Liberate me" is begun by soprano *sensu misera*, continued by chorus. "Dum veneris," soprano solo, succeeds a melody of great power, and at its close there is a prolonged pause. The orchestra again gives warning of *Dies Ira*, which is repeated by chorus. The voices take the places of the instruments in a repetition of the first movement of the mass (*Requiem*, etc.) Again there is silence. The soprano repeats "Liberate me," which serves as introduction to a long fugue in C-minor, set to the same words with whose last episode the voice of the soprano interweaves her touching prayer. The second theme in *Dies Ira* is heard in the orchestra. *Liberate me*, etc., is intoned by the soprano, the chorus accompanying in voices just removed from silence: *Liberate me, Liberate me*, repeat all the voices, in the softest unison. It is the last sound.

It would be an easy matter to point out the motives and methods of treatment which have something in common with the works of other composers. Their enumeration, however, would not materially enlighten the reader as to the beauties or peculiarities of the mass. So far as Verdi's own characteristics are concerned, it is enough to say that it is the style used with such signal success in "Aida" which has been employed in the mass. Points of resemblance to earlier and more familiar works are by no means frequent or striking. One feature, especially notable, is the difference of treatment at each repetition of a motive, by a variation or addition of harmonies, or of instrumentation, or in the ending.

The history of the mass is briefly as follows: It was first sung at Milan, in St. Mark's church, on the first anniversary of Manzoni's death, May 22, 1874. Several performances were then given at La Scala. It appeared in Paris at the Opera Comique, June 8, following. The Parisians were permitted several opportunities to hear it at this house during that summer and the next spring, as well as during the spring months of 1876 and 1877 at the Salle Ventadour. It was soon heard at Vienna and at the Gewandhaus, Leipzig. Ferdinand Hiller produced it at the Cologne festival of last summer. It has had a triumphant career through the British Isles ever since its production at the Royal Albert Hall in 1876, and has even been sung at St. Petersburg. It was first heard on this side of the Atlantic, October 23, 1874, at St. Ann's church, New York. Its first performance with orchestra was given at the New York Academy, November 17, 1874, by the artists of Mr. Max Strakosch's troupe. Three performances were given in 1877 by the Beethoven Society of Chicago, the last two being with orchestra. Mr. George E. Whiting included a large portion in the service arranged by him in honor of the late Pope, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in February last. Some of the solos have been sung on other occasions at this church, as well as at concerts in the Music Hall.

Hermann Kuester.*

On the 17th March, there died at Hereford a distinguished musical scholar, H. Kuester, Musical Director and Court Cathedral Organist, Berlin. Born the 14th July, 1817, at Templin in the Uckermark,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

he received his schooling at the Gymnasium of Prenzlau. He was intended for a theological career, but his natural inclination soon attracted him to music, it was from Christ. Koch, Cantor in his native town, that he took his first lessons on the piano and organ; he then found a means to play the organ in public, and tried his hand at composition. The inauguration of the organ in Liebenwald afforded him an opportunity, through his brother-in-law, the Cantor, of composing a psalm for the ceremony. He attended the performance, and was urged by A. W. Bach, Musical Director of Berlin, to devote himself entirely to music. This deciding him, he proceeded to Berlin and became a student of the Royal Institute for Church Music and of the Royal Academy of Arts. In the theory of music he enjoyed the instruction of Rungenhagen and Professor A. B. Marx, while he studied piano-forte-playing under Ludwig Berger. At the public meetings of the Academy various prizes were awarded him, and several of his compositions executed. In the year 1845, he accepted the offer of the musical-directorship at Saarbrücken, but returned in 1852 to Berlin, where, with the exception of a short sojourn at Dresden, he settled as a teacher of music and singing. After Grell was elected director of the Singacademie, Kuester obtained, in 1857, that musician's place as Court-Cathedral-Organist. Having acted for many years as teacher of singing at the Louisenstädtische Realschule, he resigned on the 1st January, 1877, on account of continued ill-health, his post as organist as well as that of teacher of singing in the Friedrich Werder Gymnasium. As a composer he wrote various operas and oratorios (*Judith, Die Bräutigam des Kreuzes, Julian der Abtrünnige, Johannes der Evangelist, Das Wort des Herrn, Die ewige Heimath, Hermann der Deutsche*), psalms, cantatas, motets, songs, orchestral works, and organ-preludes, some of which he made public through the printing-press. His vocal works have often been successfully performed here and elsewhere. As a writer on musical subjects he contributed to the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* and *Echo*, besides being the author of the following independent essays: *Über Handel's "Israel in Egypt"* (On Handel's "Israel in Egypt"), Berlin, 1854; *Populäre Vorträge über Bildung und Begründung eines Musik. Urtheils mit Erläuternden Beispielen* (Popular Lectures on the Formation and Foundation of a Musical Judgment, with Explanatory Examples;) Leipzig, Breitkopf und Härtel. These lectures were divided into three series or "Cycli," namely:—Cyclus I. The most simple Tone-forms; Cyclus II. The higher Tone forms; Cyclus III. On Tone-purport. Cycli I. and II. are the fruit of a more extensive series of lectures publicly delivered by the author in the years 1869, 1870, and 1871. Illness prevented him from delivering Cyclus III. Kuester helped to found the Berlin Tonkünstlerverein (Berlin Association of Composers) of which Professor and Dr. Alsaleben is now President. We sincerely regret Kuester's death; he leaves behind him the reputation of a composer of great knowledge and of a clever writer.

TH. R.

—Berlin, the 20th March, 1878.

Music in Leipzig.

Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.

LEIPZIG, April 1st, 1878.—The programme of the twenty-first and last Gewandhaus concert was the following:—

Ph. Em. Bach.....	Symphony in D major
G. F. Händel.....	Aria from Cecilian Ode
Joseph Haydn.....	Symphony in D major
W. A. Mozart.....	Aria from Idomeneo
L. v. Beethoven.....	Symphony in C minor

The concert might aptly have been termed an historical one, showing the development of the symphony from Bach to Beethoven; it was also a condensed history of music in general, covering a period of nearly two centuries.

The orchestra, under the inspired leadership of Carl Reinecke, aided by his able Concertmeister Röntgen and Schradieck, completely met and fulfilled the most exacting expectations in the performance of the parts allotted to it, and was worthy, if ever an orchestra was, of its noble task. The arias were sung by Fräulein Weckerlin, from Munich. The culminating point of the concert was, of course, the C-minor symphony; it never before seemed to sound so grandly, and it fittingly terminated the long series of these famous concerts.

The following will convey an idea of the enormous activity of the Gewandhaus for the season just closed: Twenty symphonies, of which number five were of Beet-

hoven (Nos. 3, 5, 7, 8 and 9); three of Schumann (Nos. 1, 2 and 3); two of Haydn, and one each of Ph. E. Bach, Brahms, Gade, Hiller, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rietz and Svendsen; five orchestral compositions consisting of more than one movement (suites, variations, etc.); twelve choral compositions, among these Haydn's "Seasons;" twenty overtures, sixteen concertos for various instruments, eighteen instrumental solos, twelve arias, and thirty-six songs, in all one hundred and thirty-nine numbers.

The names of the composers in alphabetical order were: J. S. Bach, J. Ch. Bach, Ph. E. Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Bruch, Cherubini, Chopin, Dietrich, Ernst, Faocio, Franz, Field, Gade, Gluck, Götze, Graziani, Hiller, Haydn, Haendel, Jadasohn, Jensen, Joachim, Lachner, Liszt, Lotti, Mendelssohn, Mozart, Rameau, Radenke, Reinecke, Rietz, Rossini, Rudorff, Rubinstein, Suchoer, Saint-Saëns, Schubert, Schumann, Spohr, Sarasate, Schulk-Schwerin, Scharwenka, Schradieck, Svendsen, Taubert, Viotti, Vieuxtemps, Volkmann, Weber, Wagner, Winter, Witte and Wieniawski.

The soloists were Fräulein Olden and Weckerlin, the Frauen Koch-Bossensberger, V. Edelsberg, Joachim, Schimon-Regan, Schuch-Proska, Kille-Murjahn and Suchoer, Gura and Vogl as vocalists; Reinecke, Saint-Saëns, Brahms, Scharwenka, Ordensstein, Fräulein Hippus and Jacobsen, as pianists; Sauret, Wieniawski, Joachim, Sarasate, Schradieck and Fräulein Haft, as violinists; Grünzacher and Schröder, as violoncellists.

Brahms, Hiller, Joachim, Rudorff, Saint-Saëns and Svendsen personally conducted their respective compositions.

Rienzi, Lohengrin, Der Prophet, Der Erlös (Halévy) and the *Barber of Seville* have been the operas given recently. In the first three, A. Schlott, tenor, from Hanover, sang the roles of Rienzi, Lohengrin and Leyden. He is a great artist, and by voice and as an actor, peculiarly fitted for the representation of the prominent tenor parts in Wagner's operas.

JOHN F. HIMMELBAUGH.

Music at Wellesley College.

The Trustees of this flourishing institution have placed music on an equal footing with the other College Courses, having established a Musical Course of five years beginning with the present Collegiate year. The very complete scheme of studies is set forth in the *Calendar for 1877-'78* as follows:

This course is intended for those who have peculiar musical taste and talent, and wish to attain a high standard of classical culture. A full description of the courses is given, in order that candidates may understand the nature of the instruction and the thorough study that will be required if they select either of the three courses.

The branches taught will be Piano-forte, Organ Playing, and Solo Singing, Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, Composition, Theory, History, and Aesthetics of Music.

There will be three regular courses of instruction, either one of which may be selected—the Piano-forte, Organ, and Voice. Classes of two or more will be formed, if desired. All pupils in Music will study Harmony during the first and second years, Counterpoint and Fugue during the third and fourth years, and Composition the fifth year. Musical Theory will be studied during the second and third years, History and Aesthetics of Music during the fourth and fifth years.

The Musical Library contains a choice collection of works for the use of the pupils. The entire Musical Course is strictly classical, and has been arranged with the object of giving a thorough knowledge of the science of Music, developing the highest degree of technical skill, and cultivating pure taste and style.

COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE PIANO-FORTE.

FIRST YEAR.

Tausig's Daily Studies.

Selections from the following works:

Cramer-Etudes; Czerny-Etudes, Op. 740, 2 Books; Czerny—"Method of Legato and Staccato," Op. 835; Krause-Etudes, Op. 5; Krause-Etudes, Op. 9; Loeschorn-Etudes, Op. 67, Books I and II, Op. 136; Jensen-Etudes, Op. 32; Mayer-Etudes, Op. 305; Bach's Inventions; Selected pieces to be played without notes; Solo, and Piano and Violin Sonatas of Haydn and Mozart; easier Sonatas of Beethoven; Songs without Words, Mendelssohn; Pieces for four hands; smaller works of best modern composers.

SECOND YEAR.

Tausig's Daily Studies.

Selections from the following works:

Clementi's "Gradus ad Parnassum" (Tausig); Eschmann-Etudes, Op. 23; Bennett-Etudes, Op. 11; Carl Mayer-Etudes, Op. 119; Moscheles-Etudes, Op. 70; Bach's six French Suites; Bach's six English Suites. Sonatas by Beethoven and Schubert; larger pieces of Bach, Scarlatti, Mendelssohn and Schumann; Concertos by Mozart; Concerted music; selections from best modern composers.

THIRD YEAR.

Selections from the following works:

Grund's Etudes, Op. 21; Harbier—"Etudes-Poésies;" Eschmann-Etudes, Op. 16; Chopin-Etudes, Op. 10; Henselt-Etudes, Op. 2; Henselt-Etudes, Op. 5; Kullak's Octave Studies; Moscheles-Characteristic Studies, Op. 75; Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier."

Sonatas, Concertos by Mendelssohn, Weber, Beethoven and Hummel; Concert Pieces by Bach, Chopin, Schubert, Schumann, Thalberg, Moscheles, Liszt and Rubinstein.

FOURTH YEAR.

Chopin-Etudes, Op. 25; Kullak's Octave Studies; Bach's "Well-tempered Clavier;" Sonatas; Concerted Music; Concertos by Mendelssohn, Schumann, Beethoven and Chopin; Concert Pieces by modern writers, Liszt, Rubinstein, Tausig, Raff, Chopin, Brahms, Bennett, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Reinecke, Saint-Saëns, Rheinberger, Henselt, and Paine.

FIFTH YEAR.

Selections from the following works:

Liszt-Etudes, Rubinstein-Etudes and Preludes, Alkan-Etudes.

Sonatas, Concerted Music; Concertos by Beethoven, Chopin, Saint-Saëns and Rubinstein. Concert Pieces continued.

COURSE OF STUDY FOR THE ORGAN.

FIRST YEAR.

Rink Organ School, Book IV.

"The Organist," by Southard and Whiting (for Instrumentation.)

Lemmens's Organ School, Book II.

"Arrangements from the Scores of the Great Masters." W. T. Best.

Preludes, Fugues and Concert Pieces by Bach, Mendelssohn, Merkel, Guilmant, and other composers.

Introduction to extempore playing, and accompaniments for solo and chorus singing.

SECOND YEAR.

Mendelssohn's Sonatas, Op. 65.

Merkel's Sonatas.

Best's "Arrangements," continued.

Works of Bach, continued.

Extempore Playing, continued.

Accompanying solo, choir, and chorus with orchestra.

THIRD YEAR.

Bach's Preludes, Fugues, etc., Ritter's Sonatas, Handel's Concertos, Best's "Arrangements," Concert Pieces by the best German, French, and English composers. Accompanying continued.

FOURTH YEAR.

Rheinberger's Sonatas, Grand Studies, Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Fantasias, and Variations, by Bach, Handel, Mendelssohn, Hesse, Rink, Guilmant, Best, Buck, Whiting, Paine, Widor, and Saint-Saëns. Accompanying continued.

FIFTH YEAR.

Bach's Trio Sonatas, Preludes, Fugues, Toccatas, Fantasias, Variations, Passacaglia, etc., Thiele's Concert Pieces, Best's "Arrangements," Grand Concert Pieces by the best masters.

Lessons as to the structure of the Organ, tuning, and repairing.

COURSE OF STUDY IN SOLO SINGING.

FIRST YEAR.

Physiology of the Voice. Rules for breathing, and their practical application to the formation of simple, pure tones, of uniform force. Study of the diatonic scale in slow tempo on the vowel *a*. Practical application of the rules for breathing to the study of blending the registers of the voice. Intonation. Study of the slow trill. Study of the diatonic scale on the Italian vowels *a* and *e*. Exercises.

SECOND YEAR.

Continued study of the trill. Study of the Italian vowels *i* and *u*. Solfeggio practice, as preparatory to pronunciation. Etudes for soprano. "36 Leçons faciles et graduées pour le Chant." Luigi Bordese (easy studies of short range). "24 Vocalises pour Mezzo-soprano ou Soprano," Marchesi. Etudes for Alto. Panofka, Op. 81. Nava's Studies for Alto, arranged by Teschner, Books I and II. Nava, Op. 23, Book I. "Vocalises pour Contralto," Marchesi.

THIRD YEAR.

Study of Italian melody. The Aria. Renewed study of the practical application of the rules of breathing, in equalizing the voice and increasing its compass. Study of the trill. Etudes for mezzo-soprano and soprano, selected from Bordogni. Etudes for Alto; Nava, Op. 12, Book III. Analysis of English vowels and diphthongs. Mode of treatment in singing English text. Select Italian and English Songs. Studies in Expression and Phrasing.

FOURTH YEAR.

The Aria continued. Recitative, Dramatic Accent, advanced study of Breathing as a source of expression.

For Soprano.—Lamperti's "Studies of Bravura," Books I and II. Bordogni's advanced Etudes in Bravura.

Continued study of the trill.

Alto. Continued study of Nava, Op. 23, Book III.

Selections from Operas.

Twelve Operatic Arias for Soprano;

Twelve Operatic Arias for Alto, arranged from Handel by Robert Franz.

Continued study of Accent and Phrasing. Select German Songs.

FIFTH YEAR.

The Aria continued.

Further study of Recitative, Dramatic Accent and Phrasing.

Continued study of Breathing as a source of expression. Oratorio. Opera. English, German, Italian and French Songs.

To this course will be added, from time to time, at the discretion of the teacher, the study of Duets, Trios and part-singing; also, recreations in the form of simple ballads and songs, selected according to the ability and progress of the pupils, so that they will not interfere with the regular and more severe prescribed study.

THEORETICAL TEXT-BOOKS USED IN THE STUDY OF HARMONY AND COMPOSITION:

Richter's Harmony (translations by Parker, Taylor.)

Richter's Counterpoint (translated by Taylor.)

Haupt's Counterpoint and Fugue (translated by Eddy.)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 11, 1878.

Concerts.

SANDERS THEATRE, CAMBRIDGE. The sixth and last subscription concert of the second season (Tuesday evening, April 23) was fully equal to the best. The Thomas Orchestra bore the whole burden of the following excellent and solid programme:

1. Overture to *Coriolanus*, in C minor, Op. 62, Beethoven
2. Duo Concertante for Violin and Violoncello, with Orchestra, in A major, Op. 33, Paine
Allegro non troppo, Adagio molto e cantabile, Allegro non troppo.
3. a. Prelude, Bach
b. Choral,
c. Organ Fugue in G minor,
Adapted for Orchestra by J. J. Abert.

1. Nocturne and Scherzo from the music to "A Midsummer-night's Dream," Op. 61, Mendelssohn
2. Symphony, No. 2, in B flat, Op. 38, Schumann

The Overture and the Symphony were given with a glorious fire, as well as with fine artistic discrimination and true force of contrast and expression. Both are works which one can never tire of hearing. The pieces from Mendelssohn's fairy music were exquisitely rendered, particularly the Scherzo.

Herr Abert's adaptations from Bach have several times been given by Mr. Thomas in the Boston Music Hall. The Choral, harmonized for brass instruments alone, is rich and noble, and in strong contrast to the gentle Prelude (No. 4, *Andante con moto*, in C sharp minor) from the "Well-tempered Clavier." But we thought the brass too overpowering in the orchestral transcription of the great G-minor Organ Fugue. All those instruments of course are in the Organ; there they are blent in just proportions; but we do not remember to have heard that Choral standing boldly out from the midst of the Fugue as given on the Organ. Be this as it may, the intrinsic power and wealth and growing grandeur of the composition, with all its voices so distinctly individualized by the orchestra, and worked up to an exciting climax, almost took the audience off their feet, and the call for a repetition was irresistible; old Bach won believers that time!

Professor Paine's new composition is elaborate, brilliant, richly scored, and abounding in bravura passages for the two instruments in the foreground. The combination of violin and cello solo against such brilliant orchestration hardly seemed a fortunate one; for, though both played very skillfully, the heavier instrument often struggled at disadvantage to keep up with all the rapid movements of its lighter and freer leader. Once, however, it had a fine chance, in the Adagio, to sing some melodious

and charming on its own account; that movement, with the beautiful transition into it from the Allegro, was particularly beautiful. The work was warmly applauded, and the whole concert gave great satisfaction.

Miss Winslow's second Pianoforte Recital, since her return from her earnest studies in Stuttgart, was given at Union Hall on Tuesday afternoon, April 23. Miss LILLIAN BAILEY sang, and the programme was of a very chaste and interesting character, as follows:—

- Sonata, D Minor, Op. 31.....Beethoven
Song, "Pur dicesti,".....Lotti
Prelude and Fugue, F Minor.....Bach
La Petite Valse.....Henselt
Gavotte.....Silas
Chants Polonais.....Chopin-Liszt
Romance—"Jeanne d'Arc au Bûcher,".....Liszt
Etude—"Si oiseau j'étais,".....Henselt
Polonaise, No. 3, Op. 26.....Chopin
Song—"My heart's in the Highlands,".....Franz
Nocturne, No. 2, Op. 15.....Chopin
Valse Caprices.....Schubert-Liszt

The charming young pianist more than confirmed the generally good impression which she made earlier in the season. If her self-possession were equal to her musical feeling and intelligence, her practised skill and her determination and enthusiasm, expressed in every feature of her fine face, we should regard her artistic career a sure one. As it is, we cannot doubt that the nervousness, which partially balked some of her efforts, will soon wear off. To her rendering of that "Tempest" Sonata of Beethoven we listened with no small satisfaction throughout. The romantic, picturesque first movement was played with fire and fine discrimination; the broad, rich Adagio was stately and imposing; and the graceful Rondo Allegretto had the right Ariel grace and airiness. The Bach Prelude and Fugue was evenly and clearly rendered. In the little Henselt Waltz she forgot herself, or her left hand "forgot its cunning;" and the almost angry pluck with which she recovered herself and plunged into the Gavotte by Silas added much to the life and interest of that quaint number. Henselt's "If I were a bird" was exquisitely played; and there was not much wanting in the interpretation of the Chopin and Liszt pieces.

The fresh young singer was well matched with the fresh young pianist. Both the old Italian Aria and the Scotch song by Franz were charmingly sung. In the Joan of Arc Romance by Liszt—lurid and painful as the subject is—there is fine scope for intense lyric declamation and rapt religious joy and triumph over *la belle France* saved; and in this she showed a power and reach of voice, and an impassioned accent hardly anticipated in one so young. Pity only that Liszt should spoil his song by that poor, cheap cadenza just before the end!

Miss Winslow repeated the principal numbers of her programme in a recent New England Conservatory Concert.

Miss FANNY KELLOGG'S CONCERT (Union Hall, Monday evening, April 29). In spite of the blinding lightning and the pouring rain, a fine audience enjoyed one of the very best concerts of the whole winter, both as regards programme and performance. Every one of the selections was of a high, pure character, all in keeping with each other, nor did anything intrude itself, even under privilege of an encore, which was not worthy of such company. The example is rare, and merits special commendation.

- Songs—*a.* "Du bist wie eine Blume,".....Schumann
b. "Wanderer's Song,".....Bullard.
Recitative and Air from "Judas Maccabæus"—
"From Mighty Kings,".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
a. Nocturne in C-minor, Op. 48,.....Chopin
b. Etude in E-flat major, Op. 10,.....Chopin
Mr. B. J. Lang.

- a.* Rastlose Liebe.....Franz
b. Geheimnis.....Schubert
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Spring Night.....Schumann
Dr. Bullard.
Air from "Acis and Galatea," "As when the
dove,".....Handel
Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Introduction and Allegro Scherzando from Con-
certo No. 2, Op. 22.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. B. J. Lang.
(Orchestral accompaniment on a second piano-
forte, played by Mr. G. W. Sumner.
Recitative and Air from "Roberto il Diavolo,"—
"In van' il fato,".....Meyerbeer
Miss Fanny Kellogg.

Mr. M. W. WHITNEY and Mr. J. F. WINCH had been announced to sing; but, owing to the illness of the former, Dr. BULLARD furnished a most acceptable substitute in the three beautiful songs by Schumann, and he never sang better. Miss Kellogg has developed wonderfully as an artistic singer during the past year. Her voice has gained in volume, in evenness, in sweetness and in *sostenuto*. She seems to be wholly drawn in the direction of sound and noble music, and bids fair to become, indeed she is already, one of its best interpreters among us. Such tasks as those two Handel Arias seldom find a singer better prepared to cope with them. The recitative from *Judas* was declaimed in a large and noble style, and the air "From mighty Kings" was brilliantly delivered. We have before spoken of her artistic and expressive singing of "As when the Dove." It was equally fine this time, sung, not as before with orchestra, but with the truly Handel piano accompaniment which Mr. DRESSEL had developed from the score. All the accompaniments were played by him in his inimitable way, so true to the composer and so helpful and uplifting to the singer. The two strongly contrasted songs by Franz and Schubert: Goethe's "Rastlose Liebe," and the exquisite "Geheimnis," told for their full worth and beauty. The Meyerbeer music—Isabella's fascinating melody in the beginning of the second act of *Robert*, with all its difficult and brilliant florid passages, was very effectively sung and perfectly accompanied so far as a pianoforte could do it. For an encore Miss Kellogg sang one of Taubert's charming Songs of Childhood: "The Farmer and the Pigeons," to the delight of the audience. Mr. LANG played the C-minor Nocturne by Chopin with his usual certainty and finish; the difficult Arpeggio Etude, in E flat, had hardly the airy grace and lightness which characterize the piece; but he had his revenge with interest in the brilliant *Scherzando* by Saint-Saëns, which we can scarce imagine anybody playing better.

Miss EMMA C. THURSBY. A complimentary concert was given by this charming singer in the Music Hall on Tuesday evening, April 30, in compliance with an invitation from the Governor and other prominent Boston gentlemen, with this programme:

1. Overture to Rosamunde.....Schubert
2. Aria.....Gounod
Mr. Fessenden.
3. In Questa Tomba.....Beethoven
Miss Anna Drasdl.
4. Larghetto and Allegro Vivace from F-minor
Concerto, Op. 21.....Chopin
Madame Madeline Schiller.
5. Aria—"Queen of the Night,"—Magic Flute,
Mozart
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
6. Andante, from the "Italian Symphony,"
Mendelssohn
7. Overture—"The Return from Abroad,"
Mendelssohn
8. "Oh! Mio Fernando,".....Donizetti
Miss Anna Drasdl.
9. Song—"Over the far blue hills, Marie,"
Mr. Fessenden.
10. Aria—"Pré aux Cleres,".....Hérold
Miss Emma C. Thursby.
11. March, Suite Op. 91.....Raff
Madame Madeline Schiller.
12. Duet—"Giorno d'Orrore"—Semiramide,
Rossini
Miss Thursby and Miss Drasdl.
13. March.....Orchestra.

Mr. FESSENDEN appeared in the place of Mr. Whitney, who was still confined by illness; and

the sweet-voiced, delicate and even Tenor's singing had its usual charm. Miss DRASDL exhibited her worst faults of style, and her harshest inequalities of voice in Beethoven's "In questa tomba;" but appeared to much better advantage in the hacknied "O mio Fernando" and in the duet from *Semiramide*. She also sang an English ballad for an encore with a great deal of expression.

Miss Thursby was hardly in her best voice, showing signs of fatigue; but her rendering of the Aria from the *Magic Flute*, both the tender opening: "Infelice," etc., and the high soaring Allegro bravura, was eminently finished, pure and satisfactory. And the Air from *Le Pré aux Cleres* was a most brilliant and refined piece of execution. Of course she was called upon for several encore pieces, and received throughout with very cordial enthusiasm.

Mme. SCHILLER looked ill, but showed herself the artist that she always is. The orchestra was very small, yet the *Rosamunde* Overture and the two Mendelssohn selections had fair treatment at its hands, under the conductorship of Mr. ZERRAHN. The piano accompaniments were well played by Mr. S. L. STUDLEY.

Mr. WM. H. SHERWOOD, who has now completed his last series of three concerts at Union Hall, continues to confirm and deepen the impression among musical people of his rare talent, his all-sufficient technique, his thoughtful and intelligent reading of all the important piano composers, old and new, and of a certain electric fire which he throws into each interpretation. In the third concert, his accomplished wife bore her share of the labors and the honors. Here are the two programmes:

Wednesday, 3 P.M., April 24.

- XII Etudes Symphoniques, Op. 13, Robert Schumann
Theme, Variations and Grand Finale.
Mr. Sherwood.
Tarantella—"Già la luna,".....Rossini
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
"Cujus Animam," from Rossini's "Stabat
Mater,".....Liszt
Miss Sadie R. Symonds.
a. Fantasie, C minor.....Bach
b. Etude, Op. 10, No. 11, E flat major.....Chopin
Mr. Arthur B. Whiting.
Scena and Prayer from "Der Freyschütz,"
Von Weber
Miss Lillian Bailey.
a. Songs without Words, No. 23, A minor, No.
1, E major.....Mendelssohn
b. Scherzo in B minor, Op. 24 (New).....Philip Rüfer
Song—"Auf dein Wohl trink' ich Marie,"
Rubinstein
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
a. "Auf den Bergen," Op. 19, No. 1.....Edv. Grieg
b. Etude, Op. 10, No. 5, (on the black keys),
Chopin
Miss Mary A. Todd.
Polonaise in E major.....Liszt
a. "Stimme der Liebe,".....Schubert
Songs—
b. "Frühlings Ankunft,".....Franz
Miss Lillian Bailey.
Barcarolle, G minor, Op. 123, (New),
Theodor Kullak.

Thursday Evening, May 2.

- Theme and Variations, Op. 15, for two pianos,
Alexis Holländer
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
a. Venetianisches Gondellied.....Mendelssohn
b. Rheinisches Volklied.....Mendelssohn
Mr. C. R. Adams.
Kamennol Ostrow, Op. 10, No. 22.....Rubinstein
Miss Grace D. Sherwood.
a. Waltz, Op. 64, No. 2.....Chopin
b. Romanzen, Op. 28, No. 2, and No. 1.....Schumann
Mr. Sherwood.
"Nobil Signor," from "Les Huguenots,"
Meyerbeer
Miss Adelaide Philipps.
a. Impromptu, Op. 36.....Chopin
b. Au bord d'une source.....Liszt
Mrs. Sherwood.
a. Valse Noble, No. 3.....C. F. Weitzmann
b. Rondo, from Sonata, Op. 24.....Weber
Mr. Sherwood.
"Das Herz am Rhein,".....Hoelzel
Mr. C. R. Adams.
a. Waltz, Op. 63, Cah. 9.....Rubinstein
b. Maehrchen, Op. 162, No. 4.....Raff
Mrs. Sherwood.
"O del mio dolce-ardor,".....Stradella
Miss Adelaide Philipps.
Les Préludes—Symphonic poem.....Liszt
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

A succession of accidents prevented our hearing but a portion of either of these concerts. But we managed to make sure of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*, and can speak in almost unqualified praise of Mr. Sherwood's rendering of that extremely difficult work, so full of meaning, power and beauty; the Variations were each and all set in their true light and characteristically expressed. Numbers 3, 4 and 8, were performed by pupils of Mr. Sherwood.

In the last concert we entered late,—just in time to hear Miss PHILLIPS sing the Page's Song: "Nobil Signor," which was a treat, so rich and true was her voice, and with such finished style and courtly ease of manner did she give it. The fine old serious Aria by Stradella, too, was sung with large and true expression. And while we speak of singing, we must not forget the manly, ringing quality of voice with which Mr. ADAMS threw his whole power into that patriotic German song, nor his perfect phrasing and enunciation. Mrs. SHERWOOD showed that she had lost nothing of the ease and grace of style that have always charmed in her piano-playing. Mr. Sherwood's performance of Weber's *Notte Perpetua* Rondo was something marvellous for the fluency and even perfection of its movement. The four-hand arrangement of Liszt's "Les Preludes," finely executed as it was, gave a more adequate idea than we had expected of a work whose charm lies so much in the instrumentation.

MISS LILLIAN BAILLY. The testimonial concert tendered to the favorite young Soprano by the Second Church Young People's Fraternity (Saturday evening, May 4), was altogether a success. Union Hall was crowded; Miss Bailey sang her best; "The Lord is a man of war" went grandly; Mr. HAYDEN contributed much to the evening's pleasure; and so did Mr. LANG, who repeated his welcome contributions to a concert above noticed. The programme was:

1. Jewel Song from "Faust,".....Gounod
Miss Bailey.
2. a. Nocturne in C minor, }.....Chopin
b. Etude in E-flat major, }
3. Aria from "Don Giovanni,"—"Dalla sua pace,".....Mozart
Mr. B. J. Lang.
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
4. Songs—{ a. For Somebody, }.....Frans
b. Ah, were I but a Little Bee }
5. Duet from "Israel in Egypt,"—"The Lord is a Man of War,".....Handel
Mr. J. F. Finch and Mr. M. W. Whitney.
6. Romance—"Jeanne d'Aro au Bueher,".....Liszt
Miss Bailey.
7. Romance—"Dormi pure,".....Scuderi
Mr. C. R. Hayden.
8. Introduction and Scherzo from G-minor concerto.....Saint-Saëns
Mr. B. J. Lang.
9. Duet—"Una Notte in Venezia,".....Arditi
Miss Bailey and Mr. Hayden.

Verdi's Requiem.

The Handel and Haydn Society are to be thanked and praised for giving us so fine an opportunity of hearing Sig. Verdi's most important work, the Requiem Mass which he composed for the anniversary of the death of his friend, the novelist and poet, Alessandro Manzoni;—a work which has filled all Italy with enthusiasm and has found many admirers in France, Germany and England. We have copied on another page a glowing Italian article written about it immediately after the first performance, at Milan, May 22, 1874; also from the *Advertiser* of a few days since a careful invoice of the contents of the work from the pen of an admirer, putting a pretty generous valuation upon each item of the list. This will save us many words. That the performance was of remarkable excellence; that the four solo singers were all equal to their trying task; that the great chorus had been thoroughly

drilled and were efficiently led by the energetic conductor, CARL ZEMBRAN; that the great Organ contributed of its might sufficiently and discreetly under the hands of Mr. LANG; and that the work really inspired both the singers and the larger portion of the audience with enthusiasm, there is no denying. Some even testify to listening all through with profound emotion. With some no doubt it was genuine; but there are many who confound mere wonder and surprise with deep emotion, who fancy their hearts stirred when they are only startled by some outward and sensational effect; and what so apt for this as a grand conjuring up of sounds and images of wrath and terror through all the modern means of instruments and voices? When the evidence is all in, at all events when the work shall have become in some degree familiar, the dissenting voices to this profound impression will be found to be not few.

For our part we listened with great interest. We found in this music much that was delicate and beautiful; much that was touching; passages here and there that breathed rest and peace, the proper sense of *Requiem*. But all these traits seemed fragmentary; they were too soon lost in things startling and noisy, with the constant aim to frighten the imagination. We found cheap and coarse effects in plenty; and these reproduced again and again until the effect grew feeble. We traced also those results of a profounder musical study, those careful marks of contrapuntal, fugal, polyphonic lore, of which Verdi is said to have availed himself of late (beginning with his Egyptian Opera *Aida*), and by the putting on of such armor his great native genius is supposed to have rendered itself all-powerful for all great work. We could perceive, too, where he had not disdained to borrow hints of effect from Meyerbeer and Wagner; so that, uniting in himself at last both German and Italian, he must needs be henceforth (in the eyes of his admirers) doubly powerful. But to our mind Verdi is Verdi still, and nobody else. His individuality, his genius, such as it was and is, remains. From *Aida* and from *Il Trovatore*, and even from this *Requiem* he looks out on us with the same eyes and habitual expression. He may have begun to score more carefully; he may make more use of fugue and counterpoint; he may have studied Berlioz on modern instrumentation; till he can produce a work more complex and less superficial in its structure technically; but the spirit is not changed; the genius is no more, no less; the inspiration comes from the same source, tends to the same ends, namely, overstrained intensity of passion, often carried to a frantic pitch, and physical, sensational surprises.

We cannot speak for Catholics, or for Italians, who are nominally at least all Catholics. We take it for granted, Verdi is a Catholic, as was his friend Manzoni; that the Requiem was composed for Italians and for Catholics, after the traditional text of the Church, and that the composer's effort was as far as possible to realize in music the mediæval literal belief in all the terrors of the judgment day as set forth in that powerful old Latin Hymn, the *Dies iræ*. Yet we must confess that to us here, in the light of the Nineteenth Century ideas, it does seem a strange way for an intellectual musician, a patriot of the young, free Italy, to pay honor to the memory of a gentle poet friend, by conjuring up over his grave all the terrors of the last trump and everlasting fires, with the frantic screams and prayers of frightened sinners. Is this the way to sing a loved soul to rest? Is this a *requiem* in any but a traditional, conventional, ecclesiastical sense? For peace and gentle prayer and benediction occupy the smallest space amid the terrors of this vast ap-

palling panorama; the *Dies iræ* claims almost the whole of it. But Verdi, as we said before, is Verdi; and it was hardly to be expected that the composer of the *Trovatore*, the pervading musical idea of which is whirling flame and burning at the stake,—"il rogo" being the image burnt upon the brain of his poor crazy gypsy mother and her minstrel son—could resist the temptation, armed now with such new means, to try his hand upon a vastly wider canvas in Miltonic flaming scenery a thousand times more lurid and appalling. Might not a truer and a sweeter service for the dead suggest itself in Goethe's Requiem for Mignon, in which Schumann's heart found a lovely subject for his lyre?

But taking the Manzoni Requiem as it is, framed upon the old Latin text, as sanctioned by the Church, and for which Jomelli, Mozart, Cherubini and other masters have furnished classical models, let us try to gather up a few scraps of the impressions made upon us as the seven numbers of the work unfolded.

1. We must acknowledge tenderness and beauty in the opening *Requiem*, which is like a murmured prayer for peace; and sweetly does it glide into the major at the words: *Et lux perpetua*, and return after *Te decet hymnus*. This is all very simple, and modestly expressed. The *Kyrie*, which follows, is not in the elaborate form of a set fugue (with double subject) like Mozart's, nor has it the beauty of that; yet with its imitations in the four solo voices, and four chorus parts, it is elaborate enough, and not without beauty, and a promise of still nobler things to come; only we cannot feel beauty or meaning in that dull, groping accompaniment with which it begins and which savors too much of his earlier operas. The first number, however, is one of the best parts of the work.

2. *Dies iræ*! Here everyone was startled by what, the more we think of it, appears to us a cheap and coarse effect. It is an attempt at quite too literal, realistic, palpable a picture of the "crack of doom." The world is on fire, the dead rising from their graves, the universal air filled with frantic shrieks and cries for mercy. With all his brass, his fierce chromatic scales, his scouring blasts of sound, half the voices descending in chromatics, while the sopranos and tenors hold out one high note, making altogether the extreme of discord, he does his best indeed to realize the supposed occasion; weak nerves may be frightened; all may be startled out of their dull complacency for a moment; they may call it grand and awful; but is it really sublime? Is its appeal to the spirit, or only to the senses? And when this pandemonium breaks loose again in the middle, and still again near the conclusion of the work, does it not seem more and more a false alarm? What sort of a "profound emotion" is this which can respond at all to such a bolsterous appeal? Mozart and Cherubini with much more quiet means, and without overstepping the modesty of Art, still making music, which in its nature is and must be beautiful, touch the inward spiritual springs of awe and guilty fear with a much surer hand. Not to speak of Mozart's great Requiem, in his *Don Giovanni*, where the statue enters in the last scene, there is music which seems to shake the foundations of the earth and of one's very soul, and yet it is all beautiful, pure music; that speaks to the soul, this to the senses and the nerves.

To usher in the *Tuba mirum* Verdi has indeed contrived a great effect; his four pairs of trumpets, some near, some at a distance, as if ringing from the four quarters of the world, are managed with much skill and are most exciting. It is not a new device however; you have heard it in *Lehngrais*, where the clans are mustered, only with a livelier strain; and Berlioz in this same part of his Requiem had employed not pairs of trumpets only, but cornets, trumpets, trombones, ophicleids, etc., in four separate or *hédraes* of brass, each numbering ten or more, and placed at the four corners of the choral mass, besides eight fagotti and three four horns stationed in the middle. The *Tuba mirum* here, however, is decidedly impressive; we hardly know whether to say as much of *Mors stupor*; it is certainly bizarre; but it introduced to us a noble voice in Herr BLUM, who knows how to use it. *Liber scriptus* is made a mezzo soprano solo of earnest character, intense dramatic accent, full of a warning and sincere expression, and well suited to Miss ADÉLAÏDE PHILLIPS, who sang it nobly and with feeling. This and other solos in this middle portion contain real beauty and originality, and it is only natural that much of the best music should lie so near the heart of the work. During the solo are heard faint whispers of the words *Dies iræ*, which lead into a strong pathetic chorus on the second subject of No. 1, which is more like human music than the lurid and sulphurous introduction.

—But here, right in the heart and best part of the matter we must pause, for there is no room left, and there is much left to say; there is nothing for it but to add reluctantly: *Schluss folgt*.

CHICAGO, APRIL 18. Here is the conclusion of our Correspondent's letter, for which we had no room in our last number. It is but one of many honest protests which have reached us against that silly and malicious paragraph of the pretended "interviewer" of Mme. Rivé-King.

Having long been more or less acquainted with Julia Rivé-King, I have found her one of the least disposed to speak of herself or her own playing at all. I have never heard her compare her own playing with that of another in any way. As for that nonsense about the touch, it is too absurd. Then too so far from not studying by note, she never plays a piece in a recital (or more commonly a series of recitals) without taking it up and studying it all over as carefully as if it were entirely new to her, looking carefully after every mark and accent. And as for her preferences I have over and over again heard her declare that nothing would suit her better than to play Beethoven, Chopin, and Schumann, to the complete exclusion of the entire school of sensational music, in spite of the immense success she always makes with that kind. Such a paragraph is grossly unjust, especially when you consider that all over the West, in small places where no other piano recitals have ever been given, she has played such programmes as this, for instance, which was sent me from Winona, Minn., by my excellent friend Prof. Merriam, the leading piano teacher in that region. (Miss Whinnery did the vocal parts.)

1. Sonata Appassionata.....Beethoven
(The whole of it.)
2. "O had I Jubal's Lyre,".....Handel
3. a. Romance in F sharp,.....Schumann
b. Allegro from Op. 26, }
c. Spring Flowers, }
4. "Swiss Song,".....Eckert
5. a. Impromptu C sharp minor, }
b. Berceuse, Op. 57, }.....Chopin
c. Rondeau in E flat, }
6. Valse Allemagne.....Rubinstein
7. "I must sing,".....Taubert
8. "Morning Journals,".....Strauss-Tausig
9. "She Wandered down the Mountain Side,".....Clay
10. Spring Song.....Mendelssohn
- Secret Love.....Jensen
- Rhapsody Hongroise, No. 2.....Liszt

Now if any artist has played a sounder programme than that this winter I have not seen it noticed in the musical papers; and whether played for better or worse, it was thoroughly enjoyed by a large audience in a little town in Minnesota, some four or five hundred miles north-west of this. I think therefore it is due to the encouragement of art that a pianist, who can and does do continually this kind of work, should not be made ridiculous by such evidently malicious misrepresentations as those of the anonymous writer of that paragraph.

Per contra, Mme. King has been solicited by a number of advanced players, to receive pupils this summer. And she has decided to do so to a limited extent, directing her efforts to communicating correct readings of important works, and to the traditions of effective concert-playing, in which, of course, she is a very high authority. I understand that it is her intention to classify the pupils into classes of six or eight, and give lessons of perhaps two hours to the whole class, all of whom should be able to play the work discussed. Each one plays when called on, and the entire reading of the work is thoroughly considered. In such a way I think a student might obtain a more mature and rounded conception of a piece than in private lessons. Less extremely advanced pupils will be taken on pieces within their grasp, while their technical deficiencies will be attended to by other teachers who will be associated with Mme. King. I think there is really a need for this kind of instruction. I have, for instance, in my own class pupils able to manage technically, (and with an artistic conception more than creditable) such pieces as the *Sonata Appassionata*, and in fact pretty much the whole range of standard concert pieces. Such pupils need to hear artists play. This they cannot do even in large cities except at rare intervals. If it be asked: Why give them so important tasks? I reply: they come to school already somewhat advanced. Frequently with a very good foundation. They stay there three, four, and even five years, and work hard. Why shouldn't they play well? And how can they learn music except by studying pieces that are music? This conundrum is hereby given up by

DER FREYSCHUETZ.

"WEAK MIDDLE TONES" AGAIN. We have received the following from Mme. Brinkerhoff, the distinguished Oratorio and Concert singer, and vocal teacher in New York, in answer to the article by a Chicago teacher, which we copied in our last from the *Tribune* of that city:—

MR. EDITOR:—Reading an article in your Journal on

"Weak Middle Tones" has made me feel it almost a duty to contradict such fallacy. I have taught singing for over twenty years; my pupils are scattered all over the United States; indeed, Russia, England, France, Germany, and Italy, have some pupils of mine. I defy any one to name a pupil who has weak middle tones in soprano voices—or the 4th space, E register, in contralto voices—unless where loss of method, produced by forgetfulness after long illness, has brought it about.

The equality of the voice is simply consequent upon right production of, right direction of, and right quantity of breath in delivery; and this can be understood in one lesson, as well as sixty. The time required beyond that is only for breaking up bad habits of imperfect enunciation and defective breathing.

CLARA M. BRINKERHOFF.

—303 East 18th Street, N. Y.

So far as we can see, the difference simply amounts to this: the Chicago teacher finds weak middle tones a common weakness in Soprano voices; the New York teacher declares that said weakness cannot be charged upon the singers she has taught. We print both statements, letting each pass for what it is worth. It is not for us to judge or mediate between the rival methods of leading singing teachers, no two of whom have we ever found to agree about this great mystery of "method." To us the main thing seems to be good singing.

ORGAN MUSIC IN PHILADELPHIA. Mr. S. T. Strang, one of the most promising young organists of the "Quaker City," has given during the past six months, six Organ Recitals at Grace (P. E.) Church, with the following programmes:—

I. October 20, 1877.

Morceau De Concert.....Gullmant
Canon, F sharp, Op. 39.....Merkel
Fugue E flat, (St. Ann's).....Bach
Festal March.....Calkin
Andante Sostenuto.....Batiste
Fantasia Et Fuga, A minor.....Merkel

II. November 24, 1877.

Grand Fantasia and Fugue in G minor.....Bach
Offertoire, Op. 23.....Batiste
Hymn (from 57th Psalm).....Merkel
Miss K. Chandler.
Sonata, E minor.....Ritter
Allegro risoluto—Andante—Allegro con fuoco.
Evening Song.....Rubinstein
Miss K. Chandler.
Pilgrim's Chorus. (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Arranged by Liszt.
Home, Sweet Home.....Buck
Grand Solemn March.....Smart

III. December 22, 1877.

Toccata, in F.....Bach
Weihnachtspastorale.....Merkel
(Christmas Pastorale.)
Aufenthalt.....Schubert
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Wedding March.....Buck
Offertoire, F minor.....Batiste
Why?.....Cowen
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Andante.....S. S. Wesley
Finale.....Lemmens

IV. January 26, 1878.

Prelude and Fugue, G minor.....Bach
Andante, Op. 100, No. 2.....Merkel
Master Wm. C. Young.
(Pupil of Mr. Strang.)
Rendi L'Serenio al cielo.....Handel
Miss M. Sattes.
Sonata, G minor.....Merkel
Maestoso—Adagio—Allegro Assai—Fuga.
Adagio, Op. 256, No. 1.....Volckmar
My heart ever faithful.....Bach
Miss M. Sattes.
Marche Celebre.....Lachner
Arranged by Lux.
Theme and Variations, in A-flat.....Thiele
Mr. S. T. Strang.

V. February 23, 1878.

Prelude and Fugue, B minor.....Bach
Rhapsodie, D major, No. 2.....Camille Saint-Saëns
(On Breton Melodies.)
Prayer. (Tannhäuser).....Wagner
Miss M. Sattes.
Sonata in A major, No. 3.....Mendelssohn
Con moto Maestoso.—Andante Tranquillo.
Communion, E minor.....Batiste
O Sanctissima.....Lux
Recitative and Aria. (Rinaldo).....Handel
Miss Sattes.
Grand Chorus, Op. 18.....Gullmant

VI. March 30, 1878.

Prelude and Fugue, A minor.....J. S. Bach
Ave Maria. (Transcribed by Liszt).....Arcadelt
[Sixteenth Century.]
a. "Although my eyes in tears." (St. Matthew
Passion Music.).....Bach
b. "Never will my heart forsake thee,".....Bach
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Sonata in D minor, No. 1.....Gullmant
Introduction, Allegro—Pastorale—Finale.
Lullaby.....Alexander
Miss K. H. Chandler.
Wedding March.....Buck
Siciliano.....Hopkins
Finale, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme," Op.
100, No. 4.....Merkel

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Service of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

by S. N. Penfield.

Eleven pieces compose the set, of which we

now notice:—
Venite. (Chant form). Ab. 3. E to E. 25
Gloria Patri. (Easy Anthem). Ab. 2. E
to F. 25
Venite. (Anthem Form). Eb. 4. d to g. 50
Te Deum Laudamus. Eb. 4. E to a. 1.00
Jubilato Deo. Ab. 4. c to a. 60
Cantate Domino. Ab. 4. E to a. 1.00
Conductors of Episcopal and other choirs will
do well to examine.

Davy Jones. E minor. b to E. Molloy. 30

"There lives an old man at the bottom of the sea,

So I've heard tell:—

And Davy Jones is the name of he."

Capital sea song.

The Herring and the Oyster. (Verliebte

Häring.) Bb. 3. d to F. Schäffer. 85

Sad fate of an 'erring fish.

Three good Ships came sailing in. G. 4. b

to E. Giles. 40

"And all the winds to the shore did blow,

And all the sails were as white as snow,"

Beautiful words by Alice Cary, to well elabora-

ted music.

The Hidalgo. (Der Hidalgo.) D. 4. d to a.

Schumann. 40

"With songs and hearts I'm playing,

Thou' ready for the fight."

A truly "wayward" song, with surprises and

startling effects.

Spanish Evening Hymn. Duet. Ab. 4. E

to g. Wright. 80

"Ave Maria,

Now let prayer and music."

The "Ave Maria" words are by Mrs. Hemans,

and the music fits well to the sentiment.

Instrumental.

Three Morceaux de Salon. By L. Streabbog.

each 30

No. 1. Priere du Matin. Melodie. F. 2.

" 2. Echoes des Montagnes. Tyrolienne.

F. 2.

" 3. Souvenirs du Bal. Valse. C. 2.

Three pretty pieces, by one who has the rare

talent of making easy, and yet good music.

Babes in the Wood Waltzes. 3. Fernald. 50

These babes are named "Gainsboro' Hat,"

"Grease with Cash," "Happy Little Kids," "Two

bad Men," "Man in the Moon," "Johnny Mor-

gan," and "You get more like your Dad." A

very Musical family!

Babillarde. Caprice. C. 3. Raff. 40

A capital "study" as well as pretty piece. Be-

long to the set called "Les Harmonieuses."

Aria from Orchestral Suite in D. Bach. D.

6. Whitney. 40

The difficulty lies in the Pedal part. Other-

wise, it is not especially hard to play.

Dance of the Bayaderes. (Bajaderentanz 1.)

Bb. 4. Two Hands. Rubenstein. 50

Four Hands. 60

Arranged with Rubenstein's exquisite tact, so

that in its light flowing melody, one can almost

see the graceful evolutions of the dancers.

Old Folks at Home. Variations. G. 3.

Warren. 50

Easy and neat variations to a well known air.

Modjeska Waltzes. (With Portrait.) 3.

Fernald. 50

Three good new waltzes and finale, with a

characteristic portrait.

BOOKS.

JOHNSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THOROUGH BASE.

An Instruction Book in the Art of Playing

Church or Glee Music, and all other kinds

that are printed in Four or More Parts, on

the Organ or Pianoforte. By A. N. John-

son. Price \$1.25.

This is at once the most simple and most thor-

ough instruction book extant for learning to

play chords. A very large proportion of all who

play four-part music on Church or Reed Organs,

or on the Piano, play but two or three parts, and

do not understand chords. All these will be

greatly benefited by a study of this easy and

thorough New Method, which may be learned

with or without a master.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key
of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 968.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 4.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Hymn.

Amid the unbroken night that everywhere
Compassed me round,
Yet softly seemed to fold me, and was filled
With pleasant sound,
A cry for light went up to Thee, my God.
And Thou hast sent
A flash that like a flaming, two-edged sword,
'The darkness rent,
And pierced my up-turned eyes with such great pang
Of agony,
Hot tears, that made me doubly blind, rushed forth
Unceasingly.
And yet it is Thy blessed light, my God,
For all its sting!
And evermore, dear Lord, my quivering lips,
Thy praises sing!

—S. STERN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Poets and Composers of Music.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

Some persons think it strange that musicians, devoted to a profession so harmonious and elevating, should so often disagree among themselves. But a musician's life, like harmony itself, must have its discords as well as its concords,—its clouds and sunshine. It is a stranger fact, that poetry and music should be so intimately related, and yet the relation be so generally misunderstood. And it is also very remarkable that for many centuries they have been quarrelling with each other, despite what Shakespeare says:

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother."

Instead of this affectionate concord of feeling, we too often see the one striving for supremacy over the other. Or we find them living married together when they are utterly unsuited to each other. It is not to be wondered then, that they should be continually divulging their incompatibility of temperament.

There is no doubt, setting aside the theory of the "music of the spheres," that music owes much of its existence to poetry; its rhythmic character was developed from verse. Since the Christian era, music has been growing independent of poetry; to-day the former almost threatens to overwhelm the latter. One of the leading principles of Wagner's so-called Art reform, is to return to poetry the greater part of its ancient prestige. But it is a subject for separate argument whether he will not make his own ideas clash, by giving so much prominence to the orchestra as a means of expression.

Despite Wagner's accusations, it has been proved that Mozart was very careful and particular in the selection of his librettos, frequently dictating, suggesting, and altering the text with his own hand. Oftentimes he had quarrels with authors who would not write or alter their works as he commended. Mozart's artistic instinct felt that the poetry should be the inspiration of the music. He well knew the value of good poetry, although poets say that musicians despise poetry, and musicians affirm that poets do not appreciate the value of music.

One advantage that poetry has over music is in its power to describe to our imagination particular passions, while music can only represent the general, or complex emotions. Therefore poetry is more

distinct in its appeal to our taste and intellect; but this does not prove that it is of a higher order and value than music. Perhaps it is in its very indefiniteness that the particular beauty of music lies. Words can express to us the simple emotions of envy, jealousy, regret, and a thousand other feelings; music cannot do this, but it is powerful in delineating the grand and complex emotions of joy, grief and other such general passions. Both music and poetry are valuable and inseparable when well married together, because each have their distinct powers which should blend one with the other for unity of effect.

The music of a vocal composition should be inspired by the words. It should not be written as some persons who call themselves artists write it—before the words have been thought of. That style of composition, though, might do very well for some of the degenerate "poetry" written now-a-days; the music would then correspond with the quality of the words. Poets should obey all the technical rules of verse, and their poems should be mechanically perfect if they wish them to be worthy of music-setting without alteration by the hand of the musician. Poets as a rule dread to have their verse altered. But, if these verses are written for music, why are they not written technically correct to preclude the possibility of alteration? The musician, even in his most fantastic flights of fancy, must not flagrantly break any of the rules of harmony and composition. So should the poet, then, always conform to the rules of versification—rules which have formed themselves, as poetry has developed itself, out of the very nature of things.

Not only should the verse contain the proper number of feet, and the proper number of syllables in each foot, and the correct rhythmic accent on each syllable, but each stanza of verses should contain modulations, the expression of which it is the duty of music to make clear, and each stanza must do its own particular duty towards making up the lyrical unity of the whole poem. How annoying it is to the true musician when he comes across a good lyric poem, to find all sorts of lameness in the rhythm of the verse; perhaps the first three lines are tottering uncertainly between iambic and trochaic feet, and the last line of the stanza perhaps jumps directly into dactylic or anapestic feet. What a jumble of accent, and want of accent, the musician finds in the poem, yet he knows that its unity is lyrical, and suited to music; but if he goes to correct the false versification to suit it to music, he generally makes a botch of it, or, if he succeeds fairly, there comes a wail of indignation from the poet because of the destruction of his beautiful stanzas. It may seem strange that a poem so mechanically incorrect should have merit for music-setting, but it is sometimes so, because the musician may be struck with the good idea for a lyric poem, and may notice how weak is the attempt of the poet to put this idea into verse. The subject is perhaps eminently lyric in character, and capable of being successfully versified.

People may say what they like about setting mechanically incorrect stanzas to music without altering them. We should then introduce a very wild and crazy rhythm into music, until indeed it would cease altogether to be such. We should break the primitive dance-form (*Tanz-form*) and destroy all

rhythmic beauty. Chaucer's verse, though musical to the ears of those who flourished a few centuries ago, strikes our ears as unmusical, because we notice that it is almost always lame of a foot. We find only nine syllables in a verse when our modern ear tells us that there should be ten, as in our iambic, pentameter, or heroic verse. Yet we like to read Chaucer on account of his quaint suavity of style, and also because he was a literary king in his day, because he was perfection as perfection went in the times in which he lived and wrought.

It is a remarkable fact that, with the exception of Mr. Longfellow and perhaps Mr. Whittier, few of our American poets have written many lyrics suitable for music-setting. It would seem to be a special branch of the art. Mr. G. P. Morris has written one or two poems, which, in my opinion, are perfect models of what lyrics for music-setting should be. Several of Mr. Longfellow's poems have been very successfully married to verse, and are too well known to need enumeration here.

First-class German songs are the result of good poetry, healthy in sentiment and clear in expression, joined to music equally meritorious, and therefore exactly suited to the words. The words in this case inspired the creation of the music, and the music in its turn enhanced and exhibited, through divers lights and shadows, the native beauty of the words. What poems are more worthy of the most elevated conceptions of the musician than those of Heine and Goethe? Very often a musician, by the happy setting of a poem, brings it before the eyes of the world, and it lives immortally; when otherwise, without the help of the musician's art, it might have perhaps died in all its beauty unknown and unsung. So that I think the merit for the greater power of the two must be given to the musician and not to the poet. We often hear of a poem becoming famous because it was set to music which almost entirely gave it fame, but we seldom, if ever, hear of a vocal composition becoming celebrated because of the distinct beauty of the words. The truth is that all of the celebrated songs owe their fame wholly to the beauty of the music. But it must not be forgotten that the words may have inspired the composer to create the music, if the latter was conceived and tangibly brought into existence in a natural way.

The first duty of a musician when he wishes to marry to music a poem which he thinks is suited in every way for such a union, is to learn the poem by heart. And if he appreciates the sentiment of the verse, the music will grow of its own accord. No forcing must be called into requisition. When words indicate a mournful mood, so should the music; a joyous delight, so must the music ascend to higher and clearer notes of joy. But all this must be felt by the musician; it cannot come at call.

Many who call themselves musicians show very bad taste in the choice of words for music. This is indicative of a very low grade of musicianship. When the true musician reads a lyric poem, he hears not alone the melody of rhythm and rhyme, but his exquisite taste will conjure up real music which will sing to his mind as he meanders through the verse. After all, poetry is only an excitant of the imagination, which is the form of æsthetic delight we derive from it. It is necessary for the successful setting of words to music that the musician

should be an elocutionist, that he may be better able to interpret the poem in all its lights and shades. In truth, the musician should be an elocutionist in the language of words as well as in that of music. The failure of many vocal compositions is caused either by the bad selection of the words, or, if the poem is good, by the imperfection on the part of the musician in the interpretation of the words. The popular-song business of to-day calls forth a quality of doggerel from the poetasters and imitation music from imitation musicians, which fills the true artist with disgust. These song-writers write a half-dozen "tunes" and keep them for the first half-dozen "poems" which present themselves by accident; then they join tunes and music together, providing that the syllables fit the notes. That is all. What do such mechanics know about Art? Echo answers naught.

It may be justly urged that a musician should write his music strictly after the sentiment expressed in each of the different stanzas of a song. For instance, in a poem of three stanzas of eight lines each, if the expression of the lines call for it, as they often do, he should not make the music which serves for the first stanza, also do duty for the second and third, inasmuch as they may be quite different in expressive character. This is very true. The first stanza may be expressive of joy, and the second or third may be mournful or otherwise entirely different from the first. Good musicians sometimes set these stanzas as their expression demands. But, on the other hand, many true musicians grasp the general sentiment of the poem and write music for the first stanza which also suits the second and third stanzas. And by means of a few measures introductory and finale, they further interpret the meaning of the words or, in short, interpret the general expression of the poem. This is the universally adopted method of song-writing; but perhaps it thus concedes more to the exigencies of space in publication than it follows the dictates of pure and unthwarted Art. It is easy enough for a composer to write different strains to each of three stanzas of four lines in each stanza; but when all this needs to be doubled, the number of music plates and the quantity of music paper demanded for the publishing, and the doubtful sale of such a protracted composition after it was issued, would make it a matter of uncertain speculation on the part of the publisher. Yet, it must, moreover, be remembered that it is not every poem which calls for this diversity in music-setting. It must also be borne in mind that music can express only complex or general emotions, while words paint to us the simple emotion in detail. So that unless the stanzas of a poem differ widely in their emotional character, it would not seem imperative in Art that each should be set to a different strain of music.

National Musical Education.

BY H. H. STATHAM.

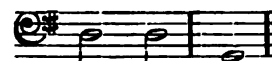
(From the London Musical Times.)

The trio of worthies who played such a merciless practical joke on Malvolio—Sir Andrew Aguecheek, Sir Toby Belch, and the nameless "Clown"—were certainly not, even for the times in which they lived, very erudite or refined people. But it appears from the story that they could do what very few English people in the best society can do now, among those at least who are not specially and professedly "musical people"—they could sing a part-song without accompaniment, and that not as a set task, but as an after-dinner relaxation and enjoyment. Indeed it was the want of appreciation of their music on the part of the respectable steward which gave rise to the unhappy

breach between him and them. We might be doubtful about the musical powers of the two knights, perhaps, if we did not know from other parts of the play that the Clown, who was no fool except professionally, was possessed of eminent musical gifts, since in another scene he is specially summoned to sing the Duke's favorite song, as the only person who could do it justice. It is not likely, therefore, that he would have joined with the "gentlemen" in a part-song unless they had been able to do their part with commendable ability; and, indeed, he makes a point of defending the performance to Malvolio as correct musically, if not morally: "We did keep time, sir, in our catches." We are not of course without other and more direct historical evidence of the prevalence of part-singing as a branch of home music in the Elizabethan period; but this musical revelry in Sir Toby's quarters is a specially strong instance, because it was a case of after-dinner, or after-supper, singing, and it seems that even under such circumstances artistic conditions were observed.

With all the performances of modern music on a grand scale in England, all the undoubted love of the art and the still greater amount of talk about it, we do not find now that knowledge of music and habitual practice of it which would be indicated by the fact of a general ability to join in harmonized vocal compositions, of even a simple character, as a matter of social recreation. It may be said that pianoforte-playing and solo-singing have taken the place of this kind of music, and that the pianoforte pieces and songs heard at average social gatherings are for the most part music of more artistic form, or at all events of more poetic and imaginative feeling, than the part-songs with "burdens" which our ancestors sung. There may be two sides even to that latter part of the comparison; but what is to the point at present is that the moderate ability in playing and singing found among average English ladies and gentlemen in the present day does not in itself presuppose any real scholarly knowledge of the art of music. Those of us who pay any attention to such matters know very well that the lady who plays a piece fairly generally does not know what key it is in, and that any mistakes which she may make are usually not those of accident or want of manipulative power, but of sheer ignorance of musical form or utter insensibility to style. We know that the gentleman with a good voice who sings a song with considerable effect has probably learned it mainly from getting the melody played along with him on the piano till his ear has caught it, and we possibly find him out by his suddenly making a mistake in an interval or in the form of a phrase, in such a way as to prove that he has no perception of the tonal relation of the sounds which form the melody: so that the mere amount of playing and singing which goes on is not much test of musical knowledge. If we compare the kind of performance in the present day which comes nearest to that of our "Twelfth-Night" trio, the after-dinner singing on convivial occasions, we find the depths of musical inability among modern Englishmen laid bare before us. On State occasions, indeed, we are wise enough not to attempt what we cannot do. Sir Toby Belch and his two companions could have sung "Non nobis Domine" themselves, if they had been disposed for anything so serious: we engage certain trustworthy professional gentlemen to sing it for us, and to put in the more or less appropriate singing between the toasts. Considerations of conventional dignity and reserve would perhaps, in modern times, stand in the way of singing by the guests, in any case, at a gathering of a ceremonial description. But when, on occasions of less ceremonious conviviality, singing by the guests is introduced, then we become conscious what the engagement of the professional singers at a more formal entertainment delivers us from. When the chairman "calls on Mr. —" for a song," we know that we may expect to hear

the words half recited in a kind of irregular sing-song, embodying a vague suggestion of the outlines of a melody. Or if by good luck the gentleman called upon is able to sing the melody truly, we at all events know that when the chairman suggests that the guests will join in the chorus, he merely means that the company will all shout simultaneously something as near the supposed melody as they are able to get, each at the pitch which happens to suit his own voice. One or two will perhaps please themselves with the notion that they are "singing the bass" by following the melody till the last three notes, when they will diverge to a—



that simple formula of dropping from the fifth to the key-note at the close being the average Englishman's ruling idea about the "bass." If we go to a church where the congregation endeavors to join in the singing, the result is pretty much the same. Our friend with the bass is always to be met with there, but even he is in a minority; and the probability is that a worshipper behind us, possessed of a deep voice, is singing the melody of the tune two octaves lower than it was written, and of course beneath the real bass as sung by the choir. Hymn-books are now provided giving the music as well as the words; but the ability and even the wish to make use of these in realizing harmonized singing seems to be still wanted, and the few who possess it find themselves in too small a minority to diverge from the universal practice. A lady with a contralto voice told the writer one day, how she had attempted to put the hymn-book with music to its proper use by singing the part in the harmony suited to her own voice; "but," she said, "I found my children, who used to join in the hymns, looked up at me in a puzzled manner and stopped singing, and my neighbors in the congregation looked round at me with a disapproving expression, as if they thought I was doing something wrong; so I had to give it up again." It would have been, perhaps, a better course if the lady in such a case, instead of "giving in," had endeavored to teach her children, or get them taught, sufficient about part-singing and reading music to understand the *rationale* of the matter. But it perhaps is hardly surprising that what is almost ignored in public education in this country should not fare better in private.

It is, in fact, the want of any proper system of musical education in our schools which is probably the most serious obstacle to music taking the place among English people which, though in a far more primitive stage of the art, it obviously did at one time take. There is the fact, of which we can have no doubt from the evidence that remains to us, that 800 years ago music was a part of the usual training and education of English boys and girls, and that it was almost a matter of course that any one of good education, if he had a voice and a power of singing, was able to bear a part with others in harmonized singing, both with the spirit and the understanding. It is not only *not* a matter of course now that any should have the slightest degree of musical education, but it is also a significant fact that many of those who have some musical accomplishments, and who are habitually asked to sing and play by their friends, have acquired these accomplishments in a kind of left-handed manner, and with no real and solid basis of knowledge as a groundwork on which to exhibit their natural ability. But the establishment of a generally satisfactory standard of musical knowledge is really almost a matter of more importance than the training of specially gifted persons for the profession of music. These latter are almost always led by exceptional ability and strong predilection to turn to music as the work of their life, and such persons are pretty sure to get education somewhere; and it is even an open question, upon which doctors of consid-

erable eminence have differed, whether academical training really has any very beneficial or developing influence on musical genius, and whether the connection with this or that educational establishment has not in most cases shed lustre upon the establishment itself, rather than upon the genius who would have been successful equally without it. There is, however, another side to this question, to which we may devote a word or two just now. But of the importance of a general, good, and systematic education in music, as the means of developing the average of musical ability and the power of finding intellectual enjoyment in the art, and of rendering the English once more, in real truth, a musical people, there can be no doubt; and it is here that reform is most urgently needed.

Now it can hardly be said that in the great impulse which has been given of late years to systematic primary education under Government sanction the subject of music has been intentionally overlooked. The Government has so far shown a wish to recognize the importance of musical training in elementary schools as to institute a special little endowment to schools of so much per head per annum for every child who can afford evidence of having been taught music. The grant is a very little one in each case—it might be said absurdly little—being only a shilling per child; but, in the aggregate, the money thus expended amounts to nearly £100,000 per annum. That, when we take it *en masse*, is a good deal of money to spend, though nothing that should for a moment be grudged if the desired result were attained by it. But it is a very great deal of money to throw away, and it is getting absolutely and completely thrown away. We might even go further, and say that it is used so as to produce positive evil. For the capitation grant is obtained in this way: The Government Inspector for the district in which a school is situated hears certain children sing some songs, and, if he is satisfied, the grant is given. The Inspector will in all probability not be in any sense a musical man. It is a curious fact that the upper class of schoolmasters and persons officially connected with education very seldom are musical, in this country at least. It is ten to one that he does not really know the least whether the children sing in tune or not; and therefore, even if they were taught on a good system, he would be no judge of the results. But the fact is that the children are not taught music at all; they are simply made to repeat certain melodies after the teacher, with or without the help of an instrument, until they can more or less sing them, much as a parrot can imitate musical sounds which are made in its hearing. Now we call this method worse than useless, because it not only does no good itself, but it stops the way against real learning of music. It does not enable the pupil to take a single step alone; the learning of ninety-nine melodies by ear does nothing towards enabling the pupil to read the hundredth, or to know anything about the relation of musical sounds, even in the most elementary manner; but it creates and fosters a mistaken idea that something has been learned, for which a certain credit is given which is utterly undeserved by either teacher or pupil. The so-called teacher may know little more about the matter than the pupils; at any rate it is of no consequence in one sense whether he does or not, since he can earn the shillings for his school without any real musical knowledge.

As a matter of fact, however, it would seem from Mr. Hullah's reports of his examinations of some forty training establishments for teachers in England, Wales, and Scotland, that there is, even at present, a very fair amount of musical knowledge, and probably ability to communicate that knowledge to others, among those who become masters and mistresses in our elementary schools. It was in 1872 that Mr. Hullah was appointed to the important and rather arduous post of musical examiner

of the students of the training colleges, and he testifies that since even that recent period the advance has been very great. In his report for 1876 he says: "Of every student who, prior to 1872, left a training college in which he had remained two years, it may be said that he left it possessed of some musical skill and science, in many instances, as I know, of very considerable. A very large number of acting teachers not educated in training colleges were, as I have also reason to know, fair musicians before they entered their profession, and a still larger number have become such since they have done so." He therefore concludes that there is a considerable proportion of masters and mistresses of schools receiving Government grants who would be quite competent to teach children to sing from note. But this amount of musical accomplishment, Mr. Hullah complains, has not really been brought to bear on the elementary schools. We quote again from his report for 1876:—

Every class of the community has directly or indirectly profited by the impulse given to musical instruction by my Lords in 1840—41., except that particular class which it was hoped and believed would profit most largely from it. Indeed, what has been latterly done for music in schools has rather impeded than furthered its improvement. The "songs" for the last few years required of scholars are not merely worthless as means of musical culture, but they take up time that might be given to the real study of the subject, and thus, so I have been repeatedly told by schoolmasters whom I know to be competent to teach, prevent their turning their knowledge to account in teaching their pupils, not half-a-dozen songs, but—*music*.

Music is the single subject in which our future school-teachers are prepared at a considerable expenditure of time and money, the results of the teaching of which are neither ascertained with any precision nor recorded.

In elementary schools, perhaps in all schools, teaching and examination act and re-act upon each other. As that which is not taught cannot be examined in, so that which it is known will not be examined in, is not likely to be taught.

And thus it comes to pass that the children are bored with being taught music in a way that cannot enable them to turn it to any good account subsequently in giving pleasure either to themselves or others. No one, perhaps, is more in a position to appreciate the result than the unfortunate organist of a country church, who is assured that the boys who form his trebles and altos are taught music in school, and finds that this only means that they can pick up a new chant after it has been drummed over to them a dozen times—the trebles can, that is to say: the altos (if any of the boys are promoted to singing alto) probably never get their part, because they are dependent on hearing it from the instrument. The remedy for this state of things is, as Mr. Hullah suggests, that the children should be examined, not in singing, but in music. For this purpose he would advise, we believe, that persons competent to examine them in music should be placed at the disposal of the School Inspectors. He suggests that there are men to be found in every district who would be able to perform this duty efficiently in regard to an elementary school, without going to the expense in fees which the appointment of a professional musician of a high class to each district would entail. In the neighborhood of a cathedral town, for example, there is sure to be found some member of the cathedral choir whose services could be secured for such a task; and he assumes that there would be no real difficulty in finding persons similarly qualified in other districts, whose assistance could be secured without any unreasonable or exorbitant demand on public money. That this would be found so we have very little doubt, and that this would be the best immediate way of meeting the case, and ensuring that real musical instruction, instead of mere parrot-teaching, should be a necessary condition of a school receiving the capitation grant for music; and we wish to join to the repeated representations of Mr. Hullah to his official chiefs our own strong recommendation that some such steps should be taken without any delay, as the best means of immediately securing the adequate musical inspection of elementary schools.

We say, however, advisedly, the best way of "immediately" securing this. For does not the very suggestion, and the fact that it should be necessary, lead to the reflection how very much better it would be if the Government Inspector himself were competent to examine the children musically, and what a really extraordinary oversight it is that, music being one of the subjects to be examined in, the possession of some knowledge of it on the part

of the Government Inspector should not be a necessary condition of qualification for the office? This consideration naturally brings us to the next step in the subject!—the necessity of musical education in schools of a higher grade, and which are frequented by pupils in a different class of life from those who occupy the elementary schools under Government inspection. Why is it to be the case that music is to be looked upon as a kind of exceptional thing, which an "educated man" is not supposed to know anything about necessarily? The common supposition, that only a comparatively few persons have any aptitude for knowing or understanding anything about it, is only the natural consequence of the fact that hardly any systematic attempt is made to teach them. The idea is probably an entire delusion. If some education in the elements of music were made as regular a part of education as English Composition and Latin Grammar, there is no reason to suppose that there would be any greater proportion of dunces in the Musical Class than in the others. Those who learned music might not all grow up with "voices," or with the ability to sing or play, but they would at least have a groundwork of knowledge which would enable them to form a sound judgment on the subject; to listen to music with the understanding as well as with the spirit; and to have some logical basis of opinion which would probably do much to put an end to those absurd flights of fashion for this or that novelty in music which are usually supported by persons of general, but not of musical education. But even the very fact of the ability to do something practically with music—the possession of what is called "ear"—is very much more a matter of education than is commonly supposed; and many who imagine they have no ear, and that they "cannot tell one tune from another," would have found themselves with quite an average ability in this respect if their attention had been directed in childhood to the scientific basis of music, the relations of tones, and the elements of musical form (if such a thing is now any longer to be permitted to exist!) With the teaching of music as a necessary element of education in our schools would naturally come its introduction as a specific part of university study; leaving, of course, untouched the present university rewards for exceptional attainments in music, but making the possession of a certain degree of general knowledge of the art a recognized portion of a liberal education. *There is no possible reason why this should not be done*, except the fact that it never has been, and the natural result that a knowledge of music is therefore supposed to be the privilege of a few, simply because the many have never had the encouragement or the opportunity to obtain it. We must aim at getting rid of this view of music as an exceptional thing—recognize it as a great language, with its classic literature, as important to our intellectual completeness as Greek or French, and a knowledge of which may be just as well acquired by any one who will take the trouble. Then, and not till then, we shall be really a musical nation; we shall no longer see music regarded with a jealous eye by schoolmasters as an infringement on the claims of languages and mathematics; and we shall not be obliged to contemplate the necessity of engaging supplementary assistants to examine into the music of primary schools because our highly educated gentleman, the Government Inspector, is so utterly unacquainted with the rudiments of the art that his judgment on the matter is worth nothing.

Such a general recognition of music as an integral part of a liberal education seems the most important reform that could be aimed at in musical education in this country, for the lift in the taste and knowledge of the public at large would be sure to have its influence on the standard of professional education, directly or indirectly. In regard to this last and highly important subject of facilities for professional or high-class musical education, it may be said that we are most probably in a fair way to put an end to the reproach that was till lately to be made against us of having no national *Conservatoire*. It is true that the condition of things in this respect is at present rather that of promise than of results; we can hardly judge yet what the National Training-School for Music will really turn out. But we have at least the commencement of an educational institution for music which possesses three most important qualifications: it provides free education, a matter the more important since (for what reason one can hardly understand) exceptional ability for music is much more often found among the poorer than among the richer classes of English society; it makes natural

ability in music a condition of entrance; and it provides an obligatory course of study, though perhaps hardly so full or so precisely defined as might be desired; and it may perhaps be considered, in accordance with some of the evidence given before the Society of Arts' Committee in 1866, that thorough efficiency in the working of such an institution is best secured by the appointment of a principal who would be able and desirous to concentrate his whole attention upon it, rather than of one whose reputation and occupations would hardly allow him to do this. There seems, however, every reason to believe that the instruction of the scholars in the general curriculum and in their various special branches is very well provided for and very systematically carried on, and that we may look with hope to the future results of the establishment at Kensington. The demand for admission is very large, it appears—far beyond what the existing endowments of the school will meet; and this is a point that may well be brought before those who have the means and the wish to do something to promote the improvement of musical education. Among those who take an interest in music, in London alone, there is wealth enough to provide at once for a large addition to the number of endowed scholarships, and such an employment of a certain amount of capital would be an exceedingly efficacious method of giving a practical turn to that enthusiastic interest in music which has become so prevalent of late years in English society.

"Alma L'Incantatrice."

Respecting the recent failure of Baron Von Flotow's opera at the Théâtre Italien, the *Athenæum* critic writes:—

Baron Von Flotow, the popular composer of "Stradella," "Marta," "L'Ombra," etc., met with a reverse at the Paris Théâtre Italien (Salle Ventadour) on the 9th inst., at the first representation of his four-act opera, "Alma L'Incantatrice," which was most coldly received. As, however, M. Escudier, the impresario, is strongly of opinion that full justice was not done to the production on the opening night, he has resolved to commence his campaign on the 1st of May at the Théâtre Lyrique, with the French libretto written by the late H. de Saint-Georges, the Italian adaptation of which is by M. de Lauzières. Some notice, therefore, of "The Enchantress" is necessary, especially as the opera is included in the Royal Italian Opera prospectus for this season. Camoëns has suggested the subject of two lyric dramas, the first of which, entitled "L'Esclave de Camoëns," was a one-act operetta brought out in 1843 (Dec. 1st) at the Paris Opéra Comique (Salle Favart), the book by M. de Saint-Georges, the music by Baron Frederic von Flotow, at that time only known as an amateur. This operetta induced Scribe to write the libretto of the "Africaine" for Meyerbeer in 1845, but the composer disliked the treatment, which was afterwards modified by the French author; still, owing to the difficulty of finding a prima donna who would consent to blacken her face, the "Africaine" was not produced until after Meyerbeer's death at the Grand Opera-house in 1866. Herr von Flotow liked, however, the story of Griselda, the slave who saves the life of her master, Camoëns; so he turned to account his operetta by converting it some years afterwards into a three-act opera, entitled "Indra," for Vienna, and the Austrian amateurs were delighted with it. When the baron arrived in Paris a short time since it was with the intention of bringing out a new opera of which only two acts had been completed, but as M. Escudier pressed him for some immediate work, the materials of the "Griselda" ("L'Esclave de Camoëns") of 1843 in Paris, and the "Indra" of Vienna in 1858, were combined in "Alma L'Incantatrice," with additional airs extorted by the leading artists in the Italian opera cast. The main plot has undergone no variation: it is still the Indian slave who is the guardian angel of the soldier bard, who sings in the streets of Lisbon to get their daily bread, who fascinates the King of Portugal, and thereby saves Camoëns—who stabs the monarch, not knowing, through jealousy—from transportation for life, poetically termed exile. To these three characters are added a Zingarella, mistress of a posada. Into the details of the four acts it is unnecessary to enter, for the tale speaks for itself; certainly more might have been made of the unhappy history of the author of the Lusiad. The character of Alma belongs to the same class as Esmeralda and Maritana, and it is obvious that such a

part, independently of the vocal efficiency called for by the composer, requires histrionic gifts of no ordinary order, and so, in a less degree, ought the Camoëns to be a tenor of the Mario class. Now in these two poetic parts were the Paris representatives equal to the task? The Alma of Mlle. Albani, hard as she worked, was cold and conventional; it lacked the grace and charm which, it may be assumed, an enchantress ought to possess who tries to induce a king to pardon a would-be assassin. Still more inefficient was the portrayal of Camoëns by the tenor, Signor Novelli, although the excuse of a cold was pleaded for him, which, however, if it affected his voice, could not compromise his acting. The Zingarella of Mlle. Sanz, the contralto, was animated, but M. Verger, the French baritone-bass, displayed little dramatic point, although he sang well. That the audience of the Salle Ventadour was frigid and indifferent arose, consequently, from the fact that there was no provocation to ordinary excitement, much less a sensation, and so the fluent and melodious strains of the musician were comparatively unheeded, until the trio of the Cigarette, for contralto, tenor, and bass, in the second act, a worthy pendant of the two famed quartets in "L'Ombra," and in "Marta," roused the hearers: this was indeed the number of the score which was a success, next to which in favor came a showy air in the third act, developing the high notes of Mlle. Albani, which was re-demanded. A duet in this act, if it had been sung with impassioned feeling, would have been a striking finale. There is another fine dramatic situation musically treated with fervor, namely, that in which the starving poet hears his own verses sung in the streets of Lisbon and he is moved, exalted, and inspired with courage. The pathetic prayer of Alma when asking pardon for Camoëns, forming a part of the finale of the opera, is another remarkable composition. Whether "Alma" will take a position in the repertoire must depend on the reception given to it when it is less hurriedly mounted, and the cast is stronger than at the Théâtre Italien. Mlle. Moisset will have the title-part at the Lyrique next month. If the French prima donna has the creative faculty, and is not a mere machine, she may secure success for the opera, but she ought to be sustained by a competent tenor. The orchestration of Baron von Flotow is admirable, and the *mise-en-scène* is brilliant, although exception was taken to the toilettes of the two ladies, as being too rich for a street-singer and for the wife of an innkeeper.

Handel's "L'Allegro," etc., as edited by Franz

L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, ed Il Moderato. Oratorische Composition von Georg Friedrich Händel, mit ausgeführtem Accompanement bearbeitet von Robert Franz. Partitur. [Leipzig, Leuckart.]

Those who speak of England as a Handel-loving country are not far wrong. We do love Handel in a measure denied to any other composer. Yet it is astonishing, considering the number of the master's great works, how few of them are known. Even from his Oratorios a large group might be taken as almost entirely new to the English public. Can we say that "Esther" is sought but strange, notwithstanding an occasional performance? or "Deborah"? or "Athaliah"? or "Bersabee"? or "Joseph"? or "Hercules"? or "Alexander Balus"? Why is this? An answer to the question would necessarily include a variety of considerations, with only one among which we are now concerned, and that one refers to the need generally admitted of adapting Handel's thin score to the modern orchestra. We entirely waive the argument whether or not any circumstances can justify interference with the work of a dead master. Those who maintain the negative have heavy odds against them, and it has come now to be regarded as a matter of course that Handel's instrumentation should be brought up level with the times. We have known this done in several cases recently. When "Jephtha" was revived by Mr. Barnby, additional accompaniments were written for it by Mr. Sullivan; and when "Esther" and "Susanna" were produced at the Alexandra Palace by Mr. Weist Hill, a similar task was entrusted to Mr. Halberstadt. But it is not every concert-giver who can afford to pay a competent musician to do such delicate work, nor can a competent musician be easily found to undertake it. This, we doubt not, is one of the reasons why so many of Handel's Oratorios, Cantatas, etc., are neglected. It is supposed that they would have no chance without modern orchestral effects, and where provision has not been made for those

effects the works are permitted to remain unknown. Herein, we sincerely believe, lies an explanation of the scant regard bestowed upon the grand compositions now under notice. "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso," though wanting the interest of a story, if not of an "argument," is undoubtedly one of Handel's finest inspirations, and shows, perhaps, more conclusively than any other, the scope of his genius as a master of expression. It passes through the whole gamut of human feeling, and sketches with a master hand the characteristics of every emotion. For mirth it gives us: "Haste thee, nymph;" for light-heartedness, "Come, and trip it as you go;" for pensiveness, "Join with thee calm peace and quiet;" for religious feeling, "There let the pealing organ blow;" and so on till example crowds upon example in embarrassing number. We find it hard to believe that such a work is rejected *per se*, and we earnestly wish to make the fact conspicuous, that as far as the want of additional accompaniments presents an obstacle to revival, the obstacle exists no longer. Nor, indeed, has it existed for seven years. It was in September, 1871, that Robert Franz completed the task of adapting the accompaniments of "L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso" to a modern orchestra. Not everything done in Germany, however, becomes quickly known in England, and, to the best of our belief, Franz's version of the work has never had a hearing this side of the North Sea. Surely to call attention to the fact will be enough.

We need not take much pains to vindicate Franz's position as a writer of additional accompaniments. He has done much in that way, and so rarely made a mistake, that it is easy to believe him specially gifted for the work. Special gifts, or, at any rate, common qualities developed in a special degree, are necessary to it. High technical skill is of course demanded, but, in addition, there must be a perfect acquaintance and sympathy with the method of the original composer, and a complete subordination of self. The temptation is to do what the restorer thinks best, rather than what a study of the original shows the composer would have done had he possessed modern resources. And this is a temptation particularly hard to resist. Many have yielded to it, as the frequenters of Exeter Hall well know. Even Mozart is amongst their number; the offense in his case, however, being condoned by the result of genius. On the other hand Robert Franz is a model of good judgment in unison with self-restraint. His accompaniments, in small details as in general character, reflect the style and method of the original work to an extent that makes us marvel. Looking, for example, upon the score before us, it is hard to disabuse the mind of a notion that the whole work is by the same hand. And yet Franz does not hesitate frequently to add matter of his own, as when he takes the opening unison phrase and builds upon it an independent theme. In almost every case, however, the wedding of old and new is so neatly done, and the new so closely resembles the old, that even a cultured stranger might accept the result, apart of course from the instruments employed, as pure Handel. Than this we know no higher success in the premises. But Franz is to be further commended for the moderation with which he has used the resources at his command. It sometimes happens that writers of additional accompaniments fall into the error of supposing that because certain instruments are in modern orchestras they must necessarily be employed. The result is often incongruous color, and almost always the overloading of the original matter. Herr Franz makes no such mistake. In the work before us the fullest orchestra is made up thus: two trumpets, two horns, drums, two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two bassoons, and strings. From first to last the trombones have not a note, and even the trumpets are sparingly employed apart from the instances in which Handel introduced them himself. To put the matter briefly and with emphasis, we cannot imagine a result more in consonance with the character of the original. While preserving to Handel his individuality, even in details, Franz has contrived to modernize his orchestra, and now there only remains to reap the benefit. Will not some one or other of our societies or artistic concert-givers take up "L'Allegro" as we here have it, and show the public how great a masterpiece they have hitherto been content to know only by detached fragments?

Third Biennial Festival at Cincinnati.

ALL IN READINESS.

(Special Dispatch to the Chicago Tribune.)

CINCINNATI, May 18.—The great festival which will commence to-morrow in Cincinnati has perhaps the most complete conditions of success of any musical occasion of the kind that this country has ever known. They are: First, one of the largest and most elegant music-halls in the world; second, the largest organ in the United States, and one of the five great organs in the world; third, the entire Theodore Thomas Orchestra, re-inforced to the unusual number of 108 pieces from his Philharmonic Orchestra; fourth, a superb chorus of about 700 voices from Cincinnati, Dayton, Hamilton, and Urbana, carefully picked from the choruses which have sung at previous festivals; fifth, a superb array of vocal soloists, including Mme. Pappenheim, Mrs. E. Aline Osgood, Miss Annie Louise Cary, Miss Emma Cranoh, Miss Louise Rollwagen, Messrs. Charles R.

Adams, Christian Fritsch, G. Tagliapietra, M. W. Whitney, Franz Remmert, and George E. Whiting, of Boston, organist; last, but not least, Theodore Thomas, director, and his trusty lieutenant, Otto Singer, leader of the Cincinnati Harmonic Society, assistant.

THE MUSIC-HALL.

The Music-Hall owes its existence to Reuben R. Springer, a wealthy and retired merchant of the city, who, immediately at the close of the Festival of 1875, suggested its erection and made it possible by a donation of \$200,000, which, with a like amount subscribed by other citizens, has been expended upon it. The Hall is situated on Elm street, opposite Washington Park, upon the site of the old Exposition Building. The facade is a specimen of artistic work, rare and beautiful. The front is built of pressed brick and freestone, and shows in how many ways pressed brick, with its bright color, may be mingled with the soft, gray freestone to please the eye. The approach to the Hall is paved with freestone, and broad stone steps must be ascended to the entrance. The Hall is entered in front by nine doors, each of which measures eleven feet four inches in the clear. The aggregate space in the front of the Hall, for ingress and egress, is 102 feet. Nearly a hundred persons could march abreast through these doors. The nine broad doors open into a spacious vestibule, 112 by 47 feet. Over the vestibule is a corridor the same width, running across the entire front of the building, on the same floor as the dress circle of the main hall.

DEXTER HALL is immediately over this large corridor. Its floor corresponds to the floor of the balcony in the main hall, and is exactly the size of the vestibule, 112 by forty-seven feet. Dexter Hall is named for Julius Dexter, who has taken a great interest in the enterprise from the first, and is to be rented for public meetings, concerts, and balls, being provided with suites of rooms, large and handsomely finished.

There is a corridor eighteen feet wide on each side of the Music-Hall, running its whole length, with broad stone steps at each end. These stairways are entirely of iron and stone, and are fire-proof. The corridors, which extend around two sides and across the front of the building, are lined from the floor up about three and a half feet with Portland cement, which, by the action of the atmosphere, becomes as hard and smooth as marble. The moldings are made of the same material. The main hall or auditorium is the grand feature of the building. It is 192 feet long and 112 feet wide. Every inch of the walls and ceiling is lined with tulip-wood, finished in oil. This wooden lining is not placed flat against the solid brick walls, but stands out a few inches, and acts on the principle of a violin. The main floor alone contains 3,000 chairs. Including balcony and dress-circle, the main hall contains 4,428 chairs. This doesn't include the seating capacity of the stage, which is quite as large as an ordinary sized hall—112 feet wide and 71 feet deep. The chairs are of white maple, cushioned with leather, with the seat to turn up like an opera-chair. The floors of the main hall and the corridors are of wood, made double, with three layers of heavy brown paper between them, which serves to deaden all sound arising from persons moving about the hall. There are 500 gas-burners in the main hall, thirteen immense chandeliers, and in the whole building there are 750 burners. The floor declines four and a half feet from the entrance at the front of the auditorium to the stage, but the stage is on the same plane as the threshold at the front of the main hall. The distance from the floor to the ceiling is eighty feet, but the hall is so well proportioned that it seems but little more than half that distance. No public building could have better arrangements for escape in case of fire-alarms or panics from any cause. The hall is on the ground floor, and has fifteen broadways distributed along the front, the sides, and the rear, through which a crowd could escape. The water supply is from the Eden Park reservoir, and in each corner of the building there is a water-pipe running from the basement to the top of the hall, with every convenience for the attachment of hose on every floor. The building can be flooded with water in ten minutes.

THE ORGAN.

The organ is the largest in this country, and has been erected at a cost of \$35,000. It fills a recess in the west

end of the hall, and projects fifteen feet upon the stage. Its front has a width of fifty feet. The towers are nine feet six inches in width, and the central portion containing the large panels, the key-board, and the expanse of twenty-five pipes, is eighteen feet wide. The side portions surrounding the thirty-two feet open diapason register, the largest pipes of which are exposed, are seven feet in width. The distance from the floor to the frieze above the first series of Gothic panels is twenty-five feet. The wood used is cherry, which has a warm color, and is nicely adapted to carving. The tendency in the carving of the panels, with the exception of the larger ones above the key-board and between the towers, has been realistic, while the borders have all been made of conventionalized forms. To some of the panels a monumental significance has been given. Those in the arches above and beside the keyboard are symbolical of the masters in music. The first on the left bears the name of Mozart; its design is the American ivy. The next celebrates Bach with laurel leaves; to Handel is given the hawthorn; Beethoven follows with oak foliage and a fragment of the melody of the choral movement in the Ninth Symphony on a scroll, and the pure-minded Mendelssohn is typified by the lily. The oblong panel to the left shows the trumpet-flower and birds, and is the gift of Mrs. Mary Shillito; that to the right, with the passion-flower and birds for a design, is the gift of the Misses Clara and Florence Fletcher. The three designs in squares directly above the manuals represent "Morning" by a flight of birds upward through the rays of the sun, "Noon" by a bevy of butterflies fluttering about a wild sunflower, and "Night" by descending swallows, and a crescent moon. Mrs. Dr. Williams donated the first, Mrs. Judge Force carved the second, and Mr. William H. Fry the third, as well as the large panels and the frieze, with honeysuckle design above. The Bach panel was donated by Mrs. J. B. Thresher, of Dayton; the Handel panel by Mrs. S. A. Winslow, and the Beethoven panel by Mrs. Marshall, the Mozart panel by Mrs. Anthony Hinkle, and the Mendelssohn panel by Mrs. L. M. Dayton,—the latter was carved by Miss Laura Fry.

So much for the exterior, and now a few comprehensive remarks on the interior contents. Its four manuals and pedal contain eighty-one sounding stops, including the carillons, fourteen mechanical registers (couplers), twelve pedal movements, and 6,337 pipes, appropriated as follows:

	Stops.	Pipes.
Great organ.....	32	2,282
Swell organ.....	19	1,708
Choir organ.....	17	1,281
Solo organ.....	6	368
Pedal organ.....	16	600

It has 763 pipes more than the great organ in the Boston Music Hall. Pneumatic levers (exhaust) are applied to the four manuals independently, and also to the pedals and to the register action throughout. There are five bellows, fed by five hydraulic motors placed in the cellar. The organ has the crescendo pedal, which is a great feature of the Boston organ. It is an appliance operated by the foot of the player, by which all the stops of the organ can gradually be drawn, and *vice versa*. The pipes range in size from a wooden monster, thirty-two feet long, twenty-six inches wide, and twenty-two inches deep, to a tiny metal whistle only three-fourths of an inch in length. The sound of the first is an octave below the lowest note of the grand pianoforte, and of the second, two octaves above the highest note of the piano. All the larger metal flue pipes are of the best zinc; the others are a composition of tin and lead, varying in accordance with the requirements of tone, but in no case less than one-third tin.

THE MUSICAL FORCES.

We have already enumerated the soloists. The chorus is divided as follows, the division including only the Cincinnati singers: Sopranos, 158; altoes, 146; tenors, 100; basses, 163; total, 574. To these must be added about 150 more from neighboring towns. The orchestra is composed as follows: First violins, 16, H. Brandt, principal; second violins, 16, H. Grupe, principal; violas, 12, C. Hemmann, principal; double basses, 11, C. Uthoff, principal; harps, 2; piccolo flute, 1; flutes, 3; oboes, 3; English horn, 1; clarinets, 4; bass clarinet, 1; bassoons, 4; horns, 3; cornets, 3; trumpets, 2; bass trumpet, 1; tenor trombones, 3; bass trombone, 1; tuba, 1; tympani, 2; total, 107. A more completely equipped orchestra has never before appeared in a festival in this country.

The principal streets are in a blaze of color. The dull, smoky gray of the stone-fronts is enlivened with festoons of evergreens, flowers, flags, and streamers of gayly-colored bunting. Emblematic designs are also strung across the streets, and portraits of the composers are suspended everywhere, the beer-halls being particularly classical. Mr. Springer is the pictorial hero of the day, and he finds himself in good company. His portrait, in every conceivable form, invariably forms a centre-piece, flanked by the old and modern masters. The public buildings, hotels, and principal business houses are very elegantly decorated. The *Gazette* has dressed itself up in gay attire, likewise the *Commercial*, but the *Enquirer* is in a kind of half-mourning because

it was not allowed to sing, and is still lamenting the lost Eurydice.

The crowd of strangers already here is immense, and the hotels are crowded. Where the great crowds yet to come are to be put is a mystery. They are pouring in by railroad and river packets almost hourly. In many cases the sleeping-cars have been chartered for hotel purposes. As there is scarcely a ticket left, it is probable many will be disappointed unless they are able to find standing-room. The full rehearsal to-day is an improvement upon its predecessors, but, if there be any weak spots in the performance, the popular enthusiasm, the new hall, the big organ, and the general musical craze will cover them up, notwithstanding a very bitter feeling among many of the local musicians, that they are not included in the orchestra, which threatens to make lively work after the Festival is over. The general public does not trouble itself about it; but is disposed to enjoy a grand gala week. To-night the streets are densely crowded, and there are many illuminations, and all Cincinnati is wrapped in flags and dressed in all the colors of the rainbow.

FIRST DAY, MAY 14.

(From the Same.)

The first day of the festival closes upon a decided popular success, and although from a musical standpoint the popular appreciation has been put to a severe test, the enthusiasm has not been confined to the hall. The whole city is in a musical whirl, *agitato et accelerando*. For any one to question any detail of the festival would be heresy. Strangers have poured in all day, until the hotels swarm with them, and they will be packed away to-night like sardines. The entire city out to the hills is decorated, and the main streets are superbly dressed with the gay colors of bunting, evergreens, and flowers, presenting a peculiarly picturesque appearance, and relieving the sombre smoky fronts in a very lively way. Many of the prominent musicians in the country are here, and Chicago is liberally represented. The result is that music is the one theme of talk on the street-corners, in the innumerable beer-halls, and in the hotel-corridors. Even the hotel-waiters are inclined to wrangle with each other over the respective merits of the classics and the music of the future, and if one wished to raise a mob in the city, he might do so by a public expression of doubt as to the aesthetic qualities of the hall or the musical virtue of the big organ. The atmosphere is so highly charged with music that a spark might set it off. The whole city is given up to it, and everything else is abandoned. Next week it may return to pork and whiskey, but this week it will fiddle and sing. As the programme for the concert this evening was a long one,—the three numbers, Gluck's "Alceste," Singer's Cantata, and the "Eroica Symphony," requiring about an hour each,—the performance was set for 7 o'clock, but long before that time the multitude commenced streaming in through the imposing vestibule. This vestibule is one of the charms of the hall, not only for its great size, but for the good taste which characterizes it in embellishment and design.

As you step into the Hall the first view is somewhat disappointing—not in its proportions, which are noble and grand, or in its outlines, which are broad and majestic, but in its color, which is the natural tint of the wood, and which meets your eye at every turn, unrelieved by even an indication of any other color. It is so neutral and sombre as to be monotonous. The organ does not afford much relief. The elegant carvings are lost in the distance, and one-third of the case is buried behind the chorus-chairs, so that, with its straight, square front, without any of those majestic projections and colossal figures that characterize the Boston organ, it looks squatly, and loses the credit of the immense proportions and massive dignity that really belong to it.

OPENING EXERCISES.

(From a Despatch in the Philadelphia Bulletin.)

The audience began to gather at 6.30 o'clock and within an hour the vast building was filled, every seat and all the aisles being occupied. There were not less than 6,000 persons in the hall when Mr. Thomas raised his baton for the overture to Gluck's "Alceste," which introduced the programme. The choral numbers of this opera soon demonstrated the wonderful power and precision of the chorus. The body of singers numbers 700, and though smaller than the choruses of the two preceding festivals, it has been so judiciously organized and so thoroughly drilled under the indefatigable labors of Otto Singer that it is in every respect an improvement upon its predecessors. It is doubtful if a more perfect chorus of trained singers was ever collected in America. It is a matter of considerable pride that this splendid organization is composed almost wholly of American singers, the Germans, who are regarded as the musical class in this city, not having recovered sufficiently from their tendency to cliques to participate. Mme Pappenheim, as Alceste, was lacking in dramatic force in the early part of the work, but toward the close she showed more animation and sang with wonderful clearness and power. The other soloists were Miss Emma Cranch, Miss Heckle, Messrs. Whitney, Adams, Remmert, Fritsch and Tagliapietra.

At the close of the "Alceste," the performance of which awakened great enthusiasm, the ceremonies of

the dedication of the hall took place. Mr. Julius Dexter, chairman of the Building Committee, delivered the keys to the Musical Festival Association in an appropriate speech, the substance of which was that the great Music Hall so long waited for was finished, was paid for and was safe. Joseph Longworth, in behalf of the Festival Association, replied in a speech which surprised his own friends. He is a private citizen of wealth and great generosity, but has seldom been heard in public. His address to-night was an effort worthy of an orator. He paid a high compliment to the liberality of the venerable citizen who, by his lavish gifts, had made the Music Hall possible, and declared that it would be a more enduring monument to his memory than could have been built in marble. The reference to Mr. Springer produced outbursts of applause, and at the conclusion of the speech there were loud calls for Mr. Springer. As he was led upon the stage there was a scene of indescribable enthusiasm. The whole audience rose to its feet, handkerchiefs were waved, the air was filled with cheers, a shower of bouquets descended from the ladies in the chorus upon the head of the venerable patron of music, the orchestra partook of the spirit of the occasion, and the noise of hundreds of instruments was added to the shouts of the people. At length, when the tumult had subsided, Mr. Springer made a short speech; but his voice was not sufficient to make himself heard beyond the immediate circle of those around him. He is nearly eighty years old.

The next number was a festival ode, written by Otto Singer, conductor of the chorus. It was of the *Liess* school of music, and baring some crudeness in instrumentation, and the inferior character of the words, was very successful. It afforded an occasion of testing the capacity of the great organ. Besides the organ accompaniment to the principal choruses, one whole movement was devoted to the organ alone. The instrument was played by George E. Whiting, of Boston, and astonished everyone with its wonderful power and richness and variety of effect. The concluding number of the concert was the "Eroica" symphony of Beethoven. This gave a field for the display of the capacity of the orchestra of 105 pieces, which Mr. Thomas holds to be the finest organization of the kind ever got together in the United States. The concert closed shortly before midnight, having lasted nearly five hours.

[To be Continued.]

THE Wagner Trilogy has lately been performed in Leipzig; and thus writes Mr. J. F. Himmelsbach about it in the *Bulletin* of Philadelphia:

The first evening, from 6½ o'clock till 9½, was given to the Vorspiel, *Das Rheingold*, and the other from 6½ to 11½, to the first part, *Die Walküre*. *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung* are promised for next fall. The impressions the undersigned took away with him after the above performances are not easily described; most positively they were not of a favorable kind, for he never heard an opera with more discontent and disgust. Nothing more wearisome and monotonous can be conceived than to see continually but two persons moving on the stage, revelling for hours in musical metaphysics; to hear and see more than two persons at the same time is a relief only granted in the last act of *Die Walküre*. But the orchestra, led by Sucher, and all the other artists, notably Schelper, as Alberich, and Wotan and Frau Sucher, as Sieglinde, have so distinguished themselves in their thankless and overwhelmingly difficult task, that none hesitate proudly to name them as the peers of their famous rivals in the same parts at Bayreuth. In every detail, excepting the invisible orchestra, the model representations at that place were adhered to, though not always very happily; for instance, the sounding of the Sword-motif by three trumpeters, instead of the ordinary stage signal at the beginning of the performance and of every act, seemed out of place and unnecessary here, while there it was very effective and had a meaning, high and lonesomely as the theatre was situated. Prominent musicians from all over Germany were present; of these, Liszt, accompanied by his daughter, Frau Cosima Wagner, the wife of the composer, was most conspicuous.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, MAY 25, 1878.

Verdi's Requiem.

(Concluded from Page 231.)

We resume our hasty review where it was cut short, in the middle of the principal number of the work, the *Dies iræ*, and with the repetition of the remark that here in this middle portion, at the heart of the whole, lies much of the finest music, particularly in the parts for solo voices.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus is a Trio, beginning with the Mezzo Soprano (Miss PHILLIPS), and joined first by Tenor (O. R. ADAMS) and then by Soprano (Mme. PAPPEHEIM). It is a beautiful Adagio, with an expressive bassoon figure underlying the accompaniment, and leads into a tremendous fortissimo of all the basses on the *Rex tremendæ*, amid suppressed ejaculations of the Tenors in three parts; then melodious entreaties: *Salva me*, a short phrase from each of the quartet in turn; and then the whole chorus joins. The melodious phrase acquires new beauty with a change of key, and the whole is worked up with great skill and powerful effect, especially where, beginning with the basses, voices climb over voices to the solo Soprano in the last phrase of *Salva me*.

Next comes the *Recordare*, opening gently and sweetly enough with the Mezzo Soprano (let us say Alto "for short") and joined by the Soprano in a provokingly half pleasing, half too artificial Duet, which seems contrived chiefly for the display of the two voices, and smacks very much of the identical old operatic Verdi. An ingenious trifle by the side of Mozart's *Recordare*. It was finely sung, especially by Mme. Pappenheim.

The *Ingenio* and *Qui Mariam absolvisti* offered the great opportunity for Mr. Adams, who improved it nobly, his intelligent phrasing, perfect enunciation, and ringing high tenes in the soaring passages making a marked sensation. There is great stir in the accompaniment all through, with plenty of aerial and subterranean tremolos at the mention of the sheep and the goats, (the former suggesting a pastoral reed motive), while between the tremulous extremes the other instruments rush up and down the scale in triplets. There is solemnity and grandeur in the Basso solo: *Confutatis maledictis*, grandly sung by Herr BRUM; only here again we might complain of cheap effects of rushing chromatic scales in the basses, with ear-piercing piccolo, at "*Annus acerbis addictis*"; but of course the composer of the *Trovatore* must needs revel here. We can almost forgive it for the momentary relief of that modulation into a sweet passage: "*Voca me cum benedictis*." The last notes of "*Oro supplex*" are lost in a fresh outburst of the sulphurous, terrific "*Dies iræ*," which, however, is not carried through, but dies away (that dying more impressive, inwardly, than all the uproar), to make place for the "*Lachrymosa*," which one can hardly help comparing, though we know it is not fair, with that wonderfully beautiful, affecting chorus by Mozart. Verdi treats it as quartet with chorus, in his own essentially dramatic way, very elaborately, drawing upon all his resources of melodic invention, imitation, interweaving of parts, subtle modulation and strange harmonic contrasts. The Soprano, having sung through its sad melody alone, which the Bass echoes, confines itself for some time to spasmodic sycopated sobs, but again takes the lead, as the piece grows more and more intense and complicated, subsiding into "*Dona eis requiem*!"—There are certainly many beautiful and touching passages in this, and in all the middle portions of the work; but they are fragmentary and disturbed too often by sensational effects.

3. Here ends the old Latin hymn of the day of Judgment with its terrors, and its frantic cries and prayers for mercy. The Offertory gives us pause. It is for the quartet of soli, and begins quietly and gracefully: "*Domine Jesu*." At the thought of "*signifer sanctus Michael*," the violins, both melody and harmony, are faintly heard from airy heights so that you involuntarily look for Lohengrin and his Swan; but we think Verdi had used such effects before Wagner. The "*Quam olim Abraham*" seemed to us dry (and so is even Mozart's), and cruelly in-

genious in its restless modulation; the "*Hostias*," with its serious, sweetly echoed theme, flattered us that we were done with Abraham, but he came back again, and the Quartet ended with "*Libera animas*."

4. The "*Sanctus*," here made to include the "*Hosanna*" and the "*Benedictus*," is treated in a singular manner. It is all one swift and stirring Fugue for double chorus; and, ingeniously and clearly as the fugue is wrought, it has not the solemnity, the sublimity which we commonly associate with that text. It is of one theme, one texture, part and parcel with the *Hosanna* which follows, where a jubilant and stirring fugue is more in place. But still again, without pause, same theme, same swift fugue movement, the "*Benedictus*" joins the whirling clamor, subsiding gently at the end and giving way to "*Pleni sunt caeli*" and "*Hosanna*," this time in long, tranquil, choral notes, (amplified from the latter half of the fugue subject), although the heavy sea is still kept boiling and roaring in the orchestra, and chromatic scales (*fff*) rush up and down in several octaves to increase the turmoil. Now the *Benedictus* is commonly made the text for a gentle, lovely movement by itself; in nearly all the Masses it is so, and it seems wronged by being whirled away in a tempestuous *Hosanna* fugue.

But what of this Fugue *quoad* Fugue? It shows that Verdi has been studying this form of composition? Yes. That he has learned to work in it and wear its chains with some degree of ease? Yes. And here is a *bond fide* polyphonic, contrapuntal work,—in short, a fugue? Yes. And is not this enough? After writing *Trovatore* and *Eranis* all one's life, was it not enough to say: Go to now! let us show that we too can write fugues if we think it worth our while? Have we not done it, and is not our musician-ship now unimpeachable even by the ancient standard, the criterion of all the Bachs and Handels? Yes, yes, cry in full chorus the large class of music-lovers of to-day, who don't believe in fugues, who think it all a clever art of cool, mathematical calculation, a fitting together of innumerable pieces in a Chinese puzzle. These cannot see but that the whole problem is solved here by a single master stroke. Look at the notes. Here it is all *comme il faut*; the subject is distinct, incisive, positive; the answers and the imitations come in all right, and they come thick and fast; fragments of the theme are nipped off and made to do duty here and there to vary and to eke out the harmonious confusion; and all the while an independent figure in the accompaniment runs merrily along beside the carriage. What lack we yet? What ceremony else?

Nay, not so fast, good friends! What of the charm, the beauty, the expression of this double chorus fugue? There is skill in it; there is life and stir in it; to the singers there may be excitement in singing it, the voices chasing each other round in spiral play. But, for our part, we must protest that to our ears it sounded dry, mechanical and hard. You, unbelievers in the form, were by your theory bound to find it so. So here at least we probably agree. And now we have reached the point to which we were coming. A true Fugue is not a thing of form alone. There is a fugue spirit, as well as a fugue form. The great fuguists not only lived and freely moved and had their musical being in the essential *spirit* of the fugue (whether the strict form or freer polyphony) and breathed it as their native atmosphere, used it as a native language for their poetic inspirations; but they wrote fugues which one can feel and love, fugues which not only please the understanding but go to the heart. In Bach's fugues there is consummate beauty, there is sentiment, expression. They are as

much inspired as melody itself. If their general expression is impersonal and not dramatic, yet there are great varieties of mood, sentiment, and feeling in them, and still more of poetic genius and fancy. We might give no end of illustrations, but there is no room here. If an appreciative person will take the eight and forty preludes and fugues of the *Well-tempered Clavichord* and try to characterize each one of them in writing as to expression, sentiment, etc., he will perhaps be surprised at what he will find. We scarcely think that any one will learn to love and cherish this so boasted fugue of Verdi; that it will ever haunt the mind as a dear part of life. Time will show. We admit beauty and religious feeling in the choral conclusion,—that is, in the voice parts; the accompaniment might do for *Ernani* or *Aida*.

5. *Agnus Dei*. This is one of the most admired, and we may say most original pieces in the work. The melody, first sung in octaves by two sopranos unaccompanied, has a sort of local coloring, almost as much as those Egyptian tunes in *Aida*. It is calm, sad, seemingly simple and yet very studied, quaint and singular. It is four times repeated: first by chorus with simple accompaniment, all in unison; then in the minor, by the two sopranos again, with some instrumental embellishment; the third time, with three flutes twining a light polyphonic wreath about it (a hint from Bach perhaps?); and finally, very softly, in full chorus harmonized, the two upper parts, however, still holding to the melody. There is a certain fascination in all this, and it could be only Verdi's. Whether the charm will keep its freshness time must show.

6. "*Lux aeterna*" is a trio for Alto, Tenor and Bass, beginning with murmured monologue of the Alto, in no settled key, amid a mysterious tremolo of strings, high and low, which lends a certain sacrificial tone to it, as at the moment of the elevation of the host, with swinging censors, clouds of incense, etc., occasional notes of the bass drum or chords of brass deepening the sense of awe and strangeness. Much of what the three voices sing is made out of phrases from the preceding *Agnus Dei* melody, which lends a greater unity. There is much ear-tickling arpeggio and tremolo of high strings and flutes in the concluding portion.

7. "*Libera me*," etc. An ingenious contrivance for effect both at the beginning and the end, is the monotonous chanting of some sentences, first by the Soprano, then by chorus harmonized. The declamatory Soprano solo which follows ("*Dum veneris judicare, . . . tremens factus sum*," etc.) is intensely dramatic, expressing utmost individual terror; the voice dies down to *pp* and *ppp*, and finally (*sic*) to *pppppp* (a full pod of peas)! And here once more bursts out the horrid din and fury of the flaming *Dies ira* chorus, and once more dies away, and "*Requiem*" is softly breathed again as in the introduction of the Mass. Then a long Fugue, for single chorus, on "*Libera me*," drier and harder even than that in the *Sanctus*. It was wisely omitted,—all but the summing up, or *stretto* at the end. The petition is repeated in fragments, in various forms, finally the monotonous chant again, and so the Mass dies out.

That it is "a great work" in the Verdi way, we do not question; but that it is so in the highest, or a very high sense, we cannot feel. It is Verdi with all his limitations, all his idiosyncrasy, and more than he has ever shown before of his great peculiar power, his unique and decided talent,—creative genius we can hardly say. Even at his best we often feel that there is more of will than of spontaneous inspiration in it. It lacks, after all, the depth, the sincerity, the repose, the inwardness of great religious music. Its passionate intensity, even in view

of these tremendous terrors, is not religious. The dramatic is not inconsistent with the religious element; but here is too much that is theatrical, melodramatic and sensational. Religious feeling rises superior to terrors and subdues them; self is forgotten, sympathy and love resolve its discords; every danger, every fear is spiritualized, and physical pains not brought too vividly before the imagination; so it is in all the Passion music of Bach; and in every Symphony of Beethoven, if there be struggle, always Joy prevails. In the *Requiem* of Mozart, Cherubini, and others, it is the *Requiem* and not the *Quantus tremor* portion that is most dwelt upon and fondly treated. But the author of *Trovatore* is more at home in the sensational suggestions of the *Dies ira*. That he has been more in earnest, more careful, better fortified with contrapuntal arts and studies in this work than ever before, must be cheerfully admitted.

We heartily thank the Handel and Haydn Society for bringing it out, and join in the hope that they will at some time give us another hearing.

Madame Madeline Schiller's Farewell Recitals

This admirable artist has within a few years become so identified with what is best in musical Art in Boston, and has won so much respect and sympathy and friendship here, that it is hard to think of any farewell. We had looked upon her as a precious and assured possession, an inalienable part of what our little Art world here has had to pride itself upon. But the calls of duty upon her have been so exacting and her sense of duty so unsparing, that, besides the intense strain of faculty that goes into the performances of a pianist equal to all the highest tasks, she has submitted herself to the exhausting labor of incessant teaching, until her health has greatly suffered. She now feels it necessary to go back to her English home, and henceforth follow music purely as an Art. How much we shall miss her here was more than ever realized by the many who were present at these two Farewell Recitals given by her in Horticultural Hall on the afternoons of May 8 and 14. The audience was large on both occasions, the last completely filled the hall. The programmes, as to her own part, were mostly made up of the same compositions which she played in her three concerts early in the winter. Then she had Miss CHRYN for a singer; this time it was Miss LILLIAN BAILEY. Here are the programmes:

May 8.		
Suite, Op. 91.....	Joachim Raff	
Fantasia e Fuga.....	Giga con variazioni.	
Cavatina.....	Marcia.....	
Song, "The Loreley,".....	Liist	
Sonata, C Major, Op. 2, No. 3.....	Beethoven	
Etudes de Concert:		
a, G major.....	Seeling	
b, Ricordanza.....	Liist	
c, Il Tremolo.....	Gottschalk	
Songs:		
a, "Das Zigeunerliedchen,".....	Schubert	
b, "Im Freien,".....		
Nocturne, G major, Op. 37.....	Chopin	
Bolero, Op. 19.....		

May 14.		
Prelude—Minuet and Fugue, (From Suite, Op. 73).....	Joachim Raff	
"Kreisleriana," Op. 15, No. 2.....	Schumann	
Song, "Il mio ben,".....	Paisiello	
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3.....	Beethoven	
Song, Neue Liebe.....	Mendelssohn	
Grand Polonaise, E major.....	Liist	
Songs:		
a, "Am Ufer des Flusses des Manzanares,".....	Jensen	
b, "Und wüsstens die Blumen,".....	Frans	
Serenade, and Allegro Gioioso.....	Mendelssohn	

All Mme. Schiller's vigor and delicacy of touch, her certainty of grasp and finished, brilliant execution, and the refinement of her playing were exhibited in her rendering of these very varied and exacting programmes. Perhaps in nothing did she illustrate her own power, as well as the meaning of the composer, more fully than in that long and difficult Suite, Op. 91, by Raff, which is in many

respects the most interesting piano work of Raff's that we have had here, although we cannot say that it grows upon us on further acquaintance. After this, the most brilliant and satisfactory of her renderings, were the Polonaise by Liszt, the Bolero by Chopin, the early Beethoven Sonata in C, and perhaps best of all the "*Allegro Gioioso*" of Mendelssohn, in which she was well accompanied on a second piano by her pupil Miss BILLINGS, and which was played very nearly to perfection. We could not quite reconcile ourselves to her peculiar conception of the "*Kreisleriana*," hearing that lovely opening theme, so flowing and legato, played with the notes set so apart. And we must question also certain tempi and variations of tempo in the Op. 31 of Beethoven, particularly the very slow time given to the Minuet.

But we did not begin to write with the intention of criticizing. Rather be it our pleasant but sad task to allude again to so much that is rare and beautiful in the performance and the spirit of the artist, who through her Art was bidding us farewell. Rather let us say, not without hope, *Auf Wiedersehen!* Mme. Schiller is to sail probably in June.

Miss Bailey's lovely voice and her expressive singing were in harmony with such a concert. Her selections were fine, and all beautifully sung. The Aria by Paisiello, with its florid accompaniment nicely played by Mme. DISTRICH-STRONG, a true accession to our list of professional accompanists, was something novel in these days and very enjoyable.

Two subjects of rare interest and importance were furnished us in the last concerts of the Apollo and the Cecilia Clubs: Mendelssohn's "*Antigone*," complete, with orchestra, and excellent reading of the connecting dialogue by Prof. Churchill; and Handel's lovely Pastoral Cantata "*Acis and Galatea*." They will keep for fuller notice.

BALTIMORE, MAY 20.—The Peabody Symphony Concerts have probably never before been given under such inauspicious circumstances as were those of last Winter. Owing to some misunderstanding, the cost of the new annex to the Institute building exceeded by a considerable sum the amount originally calculated on, and in addition to this, the unprofitable securities in which a large part of the Peabody fund is invested, gave but little hope that a fair appropriation for the musical department would be made. Owing to the efforts of a number of our leading musical people, however, a satisfactory *share* arrangement was finally completed with the orchestra for eight symphony concerts, beginning December fifteenth and ending March sixteenth, and so, after much anxiety, fear and worry on the part of all concerned, we had our concerts anyway. It is true the management was somewhat embarrassed, financially, at the time, but it is difficult to find an excuse for such embarrassment in the face of the new marble annex, erected at an enormous expense for the library, while the musical department remains neglected.

The concerts were all well attended, several of them a little too well for individual comfort, and when the profits were divided last month, the orchestra did not come out at the small end of the horn. Among the soloists appearing during the season, were Miss Lizzie Beltzhoover, a promising young pianist, Madame Falk-Auerbach, Miss Henrietta Beebe, Miss Antonia Henne, Mr. Sidney Lanier and Mr. Frans Remmert.

Asger Hamerik, the director, is as popular as ever. He is still possessed of some of his old excitability on the stand, but then we cannot expect every director to be as calm and dignified as Thomas or Damrosch, and whatever he may still lack in this particular, he makes up for in his compositions.

A notable event of the season was the complimentary Symphony Concert given to Mr. Sidney Lanier by the Peabody orchestra, Madame Falk-Auerbach and Miss Elisa Baraldi, at which Mr. Lanier played on the flute, Emil Hartmann's G minor Violin Concerto (op. 19), entirely from memory, showing most careful and thorough study.

Preparations are being completed for the Musical Festival to take place 28th and 29th inst. The orchestra will number sixty-four pieces, and the chorus over two hundred voices. The programme will be as follows:

For Tuesday Night, May 28.—Beethoven's Seventh Symphony, "*In questa Tomba*" by Mr. Remmert, Chorus, "*Calm of the Sea*," "*Leonore*" Overture (No. 3), G major Concerto by Madame Falk-Auerbach, songs by Mr. Remmert, and the "*Hallelujah*" Chorus from "*Christ on the Mount of Olives*."

For Wednesday Night, May 29.—Niels Gade's C minor Symphony, Scene and Air from Tannhäuser by Mr. Remmert, Wagner's "*Siegfried Idyl*," March and Chorus from Tannhäuser, Hamerik's "*Jewish Trilogy*," and Beethoven's Choral Fantasia.

Beside the two evening performances, there will also be an afternoon Concert given on Monday, June 3, at which all the orchestral and choral selections will be played, the soloists taking part only in the evening performances. The president of the festival is Mr. Frank Frick, one of our leading merchants, a veritable enthusiast in musical matters, and at the same time an excellent manager. The affair promises to be a most decided success, both musically and financially. MUSIKUS.

Verdi's Requiem.—Pro and Con.

(From the Evening Gazette.)

The performance of Verdi's Requiem by the Handel and Haydn Society, at Music Hall, on Sunday night, excited a remarkable enthusiasm in the large audience that listened to it. There was a general expression of regret that it could not be heard again this season. Whatever position may be accorded it by those whose judgments are swayed by considerations of what is called "classical" music, there can be no question of its claim to be entitled a great work. We cannot call to mind a living musician capable of producing a composition of such vivid power, of such profound impressiveness, of such uplifting intensity. There are, doubtless, many who can work more thoroughly within the limits of an earlier school; who can more faithfully paraphrase old ideas, and reflect the distinctive musical fashions of a past age; but we know of none who can produce a work so original and so strikingly satisfying. That it is not wrought in the methods of Bach and Handel is nothing to its discredit. It is none the less serious in spirit, is no less religious in feeling, on that account. Fault has been found with it because it has a strong dramatic color; but if the composer has attempted to make the music echo the sentiment of the language, and to stir his hearers as the words should stir them, who shall say that he has done wrong? If there is a greater warmth and a deeper passionate intensity here than is to be found in standard music of this class we have had from the German masters, the nationality of the composer must be his justification. That he should have written as an Italian, and not as a German, was but natural, and his music is to be judged from his own standpoint, and not from the standpoint of those who have set up Bach as an arbitrary model for imitation. Its independence of thought and of treatment is one of its most attractive qualities. Its dramatic color at once charms and impresses. Martinets in criticism may clamor for greater calm and phlegmatic repose, may hold up quiet polyphonic intricacies and learned counterpoint as the indispensable characteristics of sacred music; but a musician of Verdi's calibre need not feel obliged to follow them. There is no natural law forbidding music for the church to borrow effects from music for the stage; and it is better that Verdi should have produced such a strong, original and impressive work as his Requiem undoubtedly is, than a weak and dry imitation of composers who wrote according to the spirit of an entirely different age from our own. Many requiems and oratorios have been written since the days of the great masters; but how few of them have lived! It is because they have followed their models too closely, and have done nothing but paraphrase what has been said before. It is impossible for one composer to write with another composer's individuality. He may work in his school, but, if he have genius, he cannot tie himself down as a mere imitator. Bach has said all it is possible to say, according to his mode of thought. So with Handel, so with Mozart, so with Beethoven. Gifted composers of the second class have followed in the wake of these stupendous geniuses, and tried to work after their fashion; but they are only heard for a moment, and their work falls into obscurity, overshadowed by the originals they have so industriously copied. Therefore when a composer boldly relies upon himself, prefers to mark his work with his own individuality, rather than with that of another, he is to be judged according to the purpose he had in view, and according to the success he has achieved within the limits he set himself, and not by the work of another. Criticized purely as music with a legitimate aim, and with results legitimately achieved, Verdi's Requiem is entitled to the profoundest admiration. It is a masterpiece abounding in beauties of the most pronounced description. It is absurd to charge it as a fault against Verdi that he is as much himself here as in any of his operas. Why should he not be? That he has a characteristic style which he cannot shake off is no more a failing in him than it was in Mozart; and this Requiem is so immense an advance on anything he has done before, is so much greater in its kind than anything a living composer has as yet given us, is so unmistakably a work upon which the imprint of genius is everywhere ineffaceably stamped, that we are too thankful to receive it to find it necessary to reproach the composer with the fact that he is himself. Moreover, this Requiem impressed itself upon us as profoundly religious in feeling, as elevated and pure in sentiment, and as deeply stirring in its way as any similar composition with which we are acquainted. And, above all, it is a satisfying work, which we believe will wear well, and will out-live detraction, especially such detraction as that which sneers at it because it is not what it was never intended it should be.

(From the Courier.)

• • • • And now, concerning the real gist of the Requiem. That it is purely religious music can surely not be said; that it does give the most intense dramatic expression to purely religious emotions will just as surely be claimed by the composer's admiring countrymen. Here the great question of nationality comes in. If Italians say honestly—and there is no reason to doubt their honesty—that this Requiem appeals to them, I will not say as ecclesiastical, or purely devotional music, but

as a true, dramatic expression of religious emotions, and of the feelings that are aroused in their breasts by a contemplation of the joys of eternal salvation and the terrors of the last judgment, there is nothing more to be said on the subject. The work was written by an Italian for Italians. Even considering the music as such, apart from all religious quality, there exist, no doubt, those who will pursue a very similar line of argument in reply to any objections that may be made on purely musical grounds. It may be said that persons educated in a different school, or even that those who have no Italian blood in their veins, are incapable of judging Italian music adequately. If this is true, it were useless to perform Italian music out of Italy. But surely no one will venture to say that Signor Verdi would care to have the sphere of his work confined within the limits of the Italian frontier. A composition which can bear criticism solely from the aesthetic point of view of a single nationality cannot lay claim to any surpassing merit. No, in speaking of Verdi's Requiem, we must take it, not as merely Italian music, but as music. Looking at the Requiem in this way, its most striking quality must be called its brilliancy and effectiveness; next to this its most salient characteristic is its audacity. The composer has shrunk from using no possible means of effect. And let it be said at once that the effectiveness of the work seems wholly spontaneous; never dragged in by the hair, or forced. Such an overwhelming outburst of unbridled intensity as the *Dies ira*, for instance, has rarely been heard. To those who are satisfied with looking for sheer physical excitement in music, the Requiem must seem a masterpiece. But some of us cannot persuade ourselves to find the end of art here, and beyond this—with the exception of some few passages of real beauty and sentiment—the Requiem hardly goes. A great deal is said about musical form, often in the vaguest possible way, and probably with no very distinct idea of what is meant by the term. About "form" nothing need be said here; Verdi has, as I have already said, shown himself so at home in the forms he has chosen that his use of them calls for scarcely any technical criticism. But what does call for criticism is the prevailing superficiality, want of genuine power, one is almost tempted to say the triviality of much of the music. If such music is indeed capable of touching the heart and inspiring profound awe in some persons, then can some hearts be touched by very strange means. The *Dies ira* is brilliant, irresistibly exciting, if you will, but grand and terrible it is not; the famous big-drum with its braces slackened, actually makes one laugh! All the brilliancy of the trumpets in the *Tuba mirum*, and the poetic idea of their sounding blasts from different parts of the orchestra and from behind the stage, cannot cover up the weakness of the themes they play nor the triviality of the harmony which supports them. No amount of learning nor ease in handling counterpoint can infuse nobility and dignity into the *Quam olim*. Who can listen to the *Quantus tremor* with trembling or with any other feeling except a possible regret that it reminds one so much of the *Anelli Chorus*? Throughout the work one too continually finds poetic intention taking the place of musical vitality; the intention is, for the most part fine, but it is rarely carried out with convincing power. In the *Offertory*, for instance, the idea of having the opening phrases, *Libera animas* and so forth, sung by the three lower voices of the quartet, and the soprano come in alone on the sentence: *sed signifer sanctus Michael representet eas in lucem* and so forth is a fine one; but the musical working out of the idea is not strong. And after all the talk about Verdi's learning and contrapuntal skill, what does it really amount to? The question should not be: "Can Verdi write a good fugued double chorus?" but it should be, "Can Verdi invent a theme which from its own nature is fitted for fugued treatment?" It is not a question of technical skill but of creative power; and it is just the creative power which seems weak in the Requiem, not the technical skill in handling musical material. In spite of its less strikingly apparent frivolity of style, Verdi's Requiem—considered as pure music—cannot justly be said to show so high a degree of genuine creative genius as Rossini's *Stabat Mater*. There is not a number in it which can compare with the older composer's *Quando corpus*. Upon the whole, the genius which is shown in the Requiem is not of a very high nor very fine quality. As in most of his other works, so also here, Verdi has shown himself to be lacking in true depth of sentiment, and the intensity of his passion does not atone for its superficiality. W. F. APTHORP.

HATS AND ENCORES. At the Cincinnati Festival, which takes place next week, two very sensible regulations will be enforced; The first will forbid ladies to wear their hats during the performances. This will secure an uninterrupted view of the stage. As ladies' hats are now constructed, a man of average height cannot see over them. As the rule is universal in its application, no one can complain. It will serve the public convenience and comfort, and, though some ladies may grieve over the prospect that they cannot display their new head-gear, they have the compensation of knowing that they will look prettier without their high hats than with them. Esthetically, the effect of a woman's head is spoiled by the structure erected on the top of her piled-up hair; even if it were not so, she should be willing to sacrifice something for the common good,—especially as the sterner sex make no objection to removing their head-coverings. A lady sitting behind a gentleman with a stove-pipe hat on can have some faint idea of the sufferings of a gentleman sitting behind a lady with a hat of the period, towering above its substratum of twists, coils, and frizzes. The second regulation forbids any encores. It is almost an equivalent for the expense of the trip to Cincinnati to attend seven concerts from which the encore fiend is peremptorily banished. Had such a regulation not been enforced, it might have been possible that some of the insane encores might have demanded a repetition of the Ninth Symphony or the Grand Mass.—Chicago Tribune.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
L A T E S T M U S I C,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

The following four are classed as "Songs" sung in public by Mademoiselle Marie Rose, and are of course, well chosen and effective. The illustrated title is beautiful.

Absence. (L'Absence). G. 4. d to F.

Beethoven. 50

"Toward thee my thought is ever reaching."

"Vers toi, s'élançait ma pensée."

Speak again, Love! (Pur dicesti). Parle encore. E. 5. E to F. Lotti. A. D. 1700. 50

"Pur dicesti, O bocca, bocca bella."

"Speak again, love, I fain would hear."

"Parle encore, je veux entendre."

Brightly the Sunlight. Serenade Valse. E. 5. E to a. Metra. 50

"Thus sung a gay Andalusian."

"Ainsi parlait, dans la montagne."

First Day of Happiness. (The Sprites). Bb. 5. b to g. Auber. 50

"Ah! the Sprites are there!"

"Ah! les Djins sont là."

It will be seen that the subjects are unusually well chosen, and all are somewhat out of the beaten track of concert songs.

Agnus Dei. Behold the Lamb. G. 3. E to E. Wright. 30

Words from the Hymn, and the music makes an effective solo for church service.

My Faith looks up to Thee. Ab. 3. G to a. Wright. 30

Agnus Dei, qui tollis Peccata mundi.

This like the other "Agnus Dei" by the same author, has Latin and English words. A good high soprano solo, and not long enough to be tedious.

You get more like your Dad every Day. C. 2. E to E. Walker. 30

Comic. From "Babes in the Wood."

Instrumental.

Tarantelle. Eb minor 6. Schumann. 50

As Eb minor has a Six Flat signature, and a tarantelle is a rapid, harum-scarum piece, it is evident the player has something to do. Capital practice.

Bells of Corneville. Waltzes. 3. Pratt. 35

Pretty waltzes from the new opera.

Favorite Authors. Choice melodies simplified by H. Maylath.

No. 4. Marche de Nuit. (Gottschalk). F. 75

No. 8. Grand Polka de Concert. (Gottschalk). F. 4. 75

No. 9. La Rave. (Wallace). G. 4. 1.00

The above pieces, with the others of the set, are, in the original form, too difficult for average players, and Mr. Maylath has done well in arranging them so that a larger number may enjoy them.

Whims. (Grillen). Db. 4. Schumann. 35

The direction "Mit Humor" or "With Humour" indicates a "talking" character to the music, which accordingly, all the way through, seems to be endeavoring to say something. The result is, a very expressive piece, which seems like a fragment of a symphony.

My Happiest Day in Berlin. Waltz. 3. Gung'l. 50

What made Gung'l so happy, no one can tell. Perhaps it was the fine success of this bright composition, and the consequent receipt of abundant Rix-Dollars.

II Trovatore. Fantasia Brillante. Eb. 5. S. Smith. 1.00

As the Trovatore has a prevalent air of sadness, Smith's brilliancy has the effect of enlivening and changing the character, making quite a new thing of familiar airs.

BOOKS.

JOHNSON'S NEW METHOD FOR THOROUGH BASE.

An Instruction Book in the Art of Playing Church or Glee Music, and all other kinds that are printed in Four or More Parts, on the Organ or Pianoforte. By A. N. Johnson. Price \$1.25.

This is at once the most simple and most thorough instruction book extant for learning to play chords. A very large proportion of all who play four-part music on Church or Reed Organs, or on the Piano, play but two or three parts, and do not understand chords. All these will be greatly benefited by a study of this easy and thorough New Method, which may be learned with or without a master.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C. Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 969.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1878.

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

O Veil thy Radiant Face.

"No good that comes to us in after years can ever in any measure compensate us for the loss of that early enthusiasm which is the most precious possession of youth."

Old French writer.

O veil thy radiant face, glad morning-star,
In shadowy, tearful night!
And fold your wings, soft winds, who from afar
Brought balmy, sweet delight;
And, joyous birds, who singing soared so high,
Grow dumb, and droop and die,
As all the blossoms hang their delicate head,—
For he, for he is dead;
He with the sunny eyes and golden hair,
Who was akin to you and all things fair,
Himself,—O lent me for too brief a space!—
Of infinite beauty, tenderness and grace!

What name to call him by, I cannot say,
But this alone I know,
It is the fervor of my youthful day,
Spring's living warmth and glow,
That in my sight here, blinded and grown dim,
Lies cold and still in him,—
Him who made beautiful earth, sea and air,
The wide world everywhere!
Whose lips were melody, beneath whose feet
Sprang flowers and babbling brooklets clear and sweet,
With whose dear life so close-knit was my heart,
Dying, he left me but its saddest part!

They tell me as the weary seasons pass,
There will be born to me
Another child for comfort.—But alas!
I know that he shall be
A grave, sad man, with thoughtful, pallid brow,
Who looks beyond the now,
Searching the future's dim, uncertain skies
With sombre, joyless eyes,
That long life's darkest mysteries have read,—
Who walks with silent lips and bended head,
Whom no sweet flower attends, or warbling bird,
That blooms unseen by him and sings unheard.

O how could he, think you, in thousand years,
Make my poor heart forget
Him who is gone!—dry up the ceaseless tears
Wherewith my cheeks are wet
For him with sunny eyes and golden hair,
Sweeter than all things fair,
In infinite beauty, tenderness and grace!
O veil thy radiant face
Proud morning star!—How far thy beams are shed,
Thou shalt not find him who is dead, is dead,
Canst never to the darkened earth restore
The light gone out, that gladdens it no more!

S. STERN.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

On the Use of Difficult Pieces in Piano Teaching.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

By difficult pieces I mean such of the Beethoven works as the *Pathétique*, *Moonlight*, and *Appassionata* Sonatas; such Schumann works as the *Phantasie-Stücke*, Op. 12, the *Faschings-*

schwank aus Wien, Op. 26, the *Humoreske* and *Davidbündler*; such Chopin works as the *Scherzos*, *Polonaises* in E flat and A flat, *Ballade* in G minor, and the *Études*; and such brilliant things of Liszt as the *Rigoletto*, *Faust*, *Tannhäuser* March, 2nd, 8th, 12th and 14th *Rhapsodies*, and his Concerto in E flat; the Tausig paraphrase of Weber's *Invitation*, and so on. These I name merely at random, in order to give an idea of how wide a field I would cover by the term difficult. Even here, it will be seen, I have drawn a line considerably below the highest; else I might have named Beethoven's Sonatas, Op. 109 and 111, and the fourth and fifth Concertos; Schumann's *Études Symphoniques*, and *Concertos*; Chopin's E minor *Concerto*, the Variations on *La ci darem la mano*, and the Liszt *Prophète*, *Don Juan*, and his more recent works, as e. g., the transcription of Wagner's *Faust Overture*, etc. All of these for one reason or another ask of the player considerably more than even the very important works named in my first selection. Yet the first list is much farther than ordinary piano-teaching goes. There are even Conservatories where they do not feel warranted in assigning any of these pieces for lessons. One, indeed, might be excepted, Beethoven's *Sonata Pathétique*; but even this they give under a misapprehension, and in a reading so mild and colorless as to deprive it at once of its difficulty and inspiration. The programmes and catalogues of these schools dwell largely on Haydn, Mozart, a little Schubert, Dussek, Pleyel, Clementi, Moscheles, Heller, Hiller, and especially Mendelssohn—good writers all of them and well worth knowing, but perhaps hardly worth the space they fill relatively to certain others.

On the other hand, one finds in the country pupils hardly able to play Cramer's studies well, and entirely unformed in the modern technics of the piano, passing directly from such insignificant and unexacting works as Gottschalk's *Last Hope* and Wollenhaupt's *Whispering Winds* to the interpretation of a large Chopin *Polonaise*, a great Sonata of Beethoven, or a concert-piece of Liszt. Every reputable teacher knows what it is to overhaul the work of a pupil having such a history. An important piece is selected from the formidable catalogue, and played. And how played! There is no technique; no sonerity of touch; no *legato*, no phrasing; no interpretation. Merely a scrambling through as by great tribulation. And then there is a pretty kettle of fish for the teacher! Everything must be done over again; the touch formed, a *legato* established, phrasing begun, and a technic built up. Sometimes it takes three months to lay the foundations of a true *legato*.

The pupil taught in the orthodox way I first described plays correctly, to be sure. But commonly with by far too little power; too little snap. It is old-fashioned and (if I may say so) old-maidish.

Between these two extremes lie a few facts not taken into account by either of them. The chief one is: that an increasing number of people play great works for the pianoforte, and play them well. There must, therefore, be a way of doing it. And the way must be practicable, that is, must not take too much time.

At the basis of the misapplication of difficult pieces in the second case referred to above, lies ignorance; ignorance of the technique of the piano, as well as of the real scope and demands of the great works so misused. At the basis of the ordinary orthodox course lies (as I believe) a misconception of the ideal of growth. Representative teachers of this class have advanced to me over and over again the idea that a pupil's growth ought to be gradual and orderly. That every step forward ought to be perfectly easy and natural, so as to be taken without strain. In this way, say they, the mind at length arrives at maturity. Important works will then be played with an evenness and repose not otherwise to be reached.

This argument suggests three answers (or three forms of the same answer). In the first place the pupils who pursue this course very seldom live to reach the end. And when they do, they are commonly so fagged out as to be worth but little for examples. In the second place, I do not know of anything that grows regularly and straight-forward. Everything that lives has its times of advance, and its times of holding on and solidifying what has been acquired. Trees do most of their growing in two or three months of the year. The body of man generally reaches maturity long before his soul. Children have years in which they grow very little; then all of a sudden they shoot up to full height. I knew of a girl who grew three inches in height in three weeks. Had she continued at this rate from the age of sixteen to twenty-five, her height would have been regarded as disproportionate. I saw a parrot climbing a ladder; reaching up with her beak she seized the round above her and held until she had grasped it with her claws. There she hung head downwards. Then ensued a vigorous wiggling and twisting to bring herself into a more normal position on the top of the round. Once there she rested for a moment, plumed her feathers, and took a look about her, as if to say: "so far up, anyhow!" And it seems to me people get on in the world in a manner not so dissimilar.

Besides this, I find that all the great players used to play at difficult pieces when young. Moscheles relates that he played Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique" when he was only six years old. Of course he made "hash" of it. But then this one instance indicates his general ambition to undertake important pieces. We find Liszt arriving at the acme of piano-playing at the age of twenty, which he certainly never would have been allowed to do by one of these orderly professors. Mme. Rivé-King is said to

have played Thalberg's "Don Juan" at the age of eight! and Liszt's "Don Juan" at the age of eleven.

It is also true, and weighs on the other side, that all these people, when old, disapprove of their own precocity. They are the fathers and mothers who have "seen the evil" of it. But then! All ambitious youngsters to the end of time will have to find out this evil for themselves.

A talented pupil is like a young giant. Nothing but tossing around heavy dumb-bells, anvils and other solid substances will content him. It is only when he becomes more mature, that the young Hercules can be inspired to use his strength for the good of men in cleaning Augean stables and killing Nemean lions.

Then, too, let us consider the history of artists as connected with pieces they play well. For instance, one of the best pieces of a certain pianist, is the Chopin E-minor Concerto. This great work the pianist has known by heart for perhaps ten years, or so. It was taken up and studied with a teacher; it was lain aside after being mastered. It was then after some months or a year taken up under another teacher, and thoroughly studied. All the passages, the phrasing, the interpretation are built up complete from the foundation. It rests again. After a year or two it comes up once more. Meanwhile the player's ideal has advanced, and now it receives a far higher polish than before. Then it is played in public for a few times. Again it rests. Again it is taken up and studied. In this way this work has been reconstructed for eight or ten times. Probably it may go through a similar process a half dozen times in the future. A similar history attaches to every really difficult piece in her repertoire. Now the point I make here is that the *first* time through was just as important as any.

Pupils work well only under the inspiration of a healthy mechanical difficulty in the piece to be studied, and real genius in its æsthetic contents. In other words, they work well only when *interested*; interested to master a difficulty which only work will master, and interested in a musical delight they receive as they go along. It is impossible to keep the playing bright and musical unless much of the practice is done on things that afford musical enjoyment to the pupil practicing them. Early this year I put a lot of well-advanced pupils into Tausig's selection from Clementi's Gradus. For a while it went swimmingly. They did about ten studies admirably; then all of a sudden the interest flagged, and I had to change the dose. Like Sam Weller in the alphabet they all at once discovered that it wasn't worth while to go through so much to get so little. Doctors know how medicines run out with a patient, and you have to change.

In a certain sense no piece ought to be given before an adequate technical foundation has been laid for it. In a certain other sense, every piece is its own best preparation. That is to say, every great piece (by a real genius) affords to the unaccustomed interviewer certain peculiarities, mechanical, mental and artistic. The hands have to do new things, the mind has to unravel new passages, and the soul has to habituate itself to a breeze from a new quar-

ter of the musical heavens. And all these require acclimation. You have to get used to it. The Beethoven technic is one thing. It rests on Bach. Whoever can play Bach's *Clavier* can play Beethoven, over to at least Op. 57. What Bach will not do for the pupil, Clementi will. Clementi represents the advance in virtuosity between Bach and Beethoven. But after Bach and Clementi have done all that they can to form a Beethoven technique, there remains very much indeed of Beethoven himself, which one learns nowhere else. And much more that one finds blind until one looks at it through the spectacles of Schumann and Chopin. And so there are the Schumann and the Chopin technics, each peculiar. New habits, new mind-work, new soul-experiences. And the artist must get used to all of them. This is the reason why one cannot play Beethoven by way of Haydn and Mozart alone. Beethoven was a prophet as well as a historian. To play Schumann one may very well study Wagner. Wagnerism is Schumannism with the *reductio ad absurdum* applied to it. And Liszt is Chopin "run into the ground." And where he touches the earth we seize him most easily.

It seems to me, therefore, that a discreet use of difficult pieces is allowable and desirable.

Any use of difficult pieces is discreet if these three points consent: In the first place the pupil must *like it* and *enjoy it*; this settles the mental and spiritual side of it. Second, the difficulties must not be impossibilities for the individual pupil. And third, (and this is the critical point) the *legato must be preserved*. The imperfect observance of the *legato*, is of the *greatest harm*. The *legato* is the foundation of all good playing. No practice does positive harm to the technique if done *legato*. This, of course, includes good phrasing.

A piece may be extremely useful study although the pupil may at the time be unable to fully master it.

Let it be remembered that few pianists acquire additional execution after they are twenty years old. On investigating their history it will be found nine times out of ten that they played their most difficult pieces by the time they were from sixteen to eighteen years of age; certainly before they were twenty. After that they improve the *manner* of playing. The phrasing becomes more refined; the interpretation more mature and satisfying; perhaps the technique becomes more even and fine. But by degrees, and more and more as they get older, they lose their taste for mere bravura, and find their real pleasure in bringing smaller works to a finer finish. Then, too, I find that as they become celebrated, their reputation becomes more and more a burden, and leads them to drop all pieces except such as they are sure of.

Again as it regards their method of judging of compositions, I find this difference between young pupils and older ones. The bright pupils, those musically susceptible, are at first attracted by the spirit and imagination shown in a piece, much more than by the elegant style of it. When they get older they learn to prize the elegant style, and in some cases come to prefer manner to matter. In general, however, I regard a very acute sensibility to mere elegance of style as rather an unfavorable sign

in a young pupil. Indeed I am inclined to think that the imagination is more vivid in youth, and the youngsters get a nearer approach to the vision of the poet than most of us elder ones do. As Wordsworth says:

(Intimations of Immortality, V.)

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;

The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day."

The action of the imagination in youth is repeatedly referred to by this poet, and always with profound insight and beauty. For instance (Excursion, Bk. I., line 250, or thereabouts):

"Oh then what soul was his, when, on the tops
Of the high mountains, he beheld the sun
Rise up, and bathe the world in light! He look'd—
Ocean and earth, the solid frame of earth
And ocean's liquid mass beneath him lay
In gladness and deep joy. The clouds were touch'd,
And in their silent faces did he read
Unutterable love. Sound needed none,
Nor any voice of joy; his spirit drank
The spectacle; sensation, soul, and form
All melted into him; they swallowed up
His animal being; in them did he live,
And by them did he live; they were his life.
In such access of mind, in such high hour
Of visitation from the living God,
Thought was not; in enjoyment it expired!"

It is the privilege of the wise teacher to so order the steps of the gifted pupil that each day's onward march may be illumined with rays of immortal light.

A Remedy for Brass Instruments

The sum of human agony caused by the early efforts of players upon stringed, or upon reed and brass instruments is incalculable, and it is noticeable that wherever musical amateurs abound the Universalist faith makes no progress, and the Calvinistic doctrine that a place of future torment is a mortal necessity finds multitudes of believers. Many learned commentators have discussed the nature of the insanity under which King Saul frequently suffered, but it is odd that no one has perceived that it was due to the youthful David's persistent practice upon the harp. We know that on one occasion, while David was playing an air, which doubtless closely resembled "Silver Threads Among the Gold," Saul remarking, "S'help me Father Abraham, this is too much," flung a javelin at the musician and drove him away. Doubtless the king was hasty, but let us remember his extreme provocation. As for David, not content with having already killed the leading Philistine giant, he went and played the harp to that unhappy nation, with the view of demoralizing the people so that he could make an easy conquest of them on coming to the Israelitish throne.

While the javelin is probably a specific for all suffering due to accordions, violins, cornets and flutes, it is not a remedy which is available at the present day. The most successful mode of treatment which has been devised is that which was recently tried, with admirable results, in the case of a young man residing in a Twenty-second street boarding house, who was addicted to the French horn; and it is due to the medical profession that the history of the case should be briefly given.

The young man in question occupied the second story front hall bedroom. He was apparently a quiet and well-meaning person, but under a smooth

and spotless shirt bosom he concealed a heart heedless of human suffering. It would not have made much difference where he concealed his heart, for it would have been quite as callous had he kept it under his waistband or inside of his boot. That he preferred to learn the French horn rather than any other and more common instrument of torture, does not palliate his offence; for, although the horn lacks the ear-piercing shrillness of the cornet, its tone has a wonderfully penetrating power, and is to the last degree depressing to the spirits.

The man who begins to play a wind-instrument employs the most of his time in what may be called "sighting shots." For example, when this particular young man desired to sound B flat, it would take him a long while before he could get his elevation and his wind-gauge regulated. He would hit three or four notes above B flat, and three or four notes below it, a score of times before he would finally make a bull's eye. Even when, after long effort, he succeeded in hitting the desired note, the sound produced would be what is technically and derisively called a "blaas," or, in other words, an uncertain, toneless, and most unmusical sound. It is needless to speak of the effect which this sort of thing had on his fellow-boarders. At the end of two weeks public indignation had grown to that extent that it was seriously proposed to melt the horn and to pour the metal down the throat of the player, as a warning that unless he promptly reformed, he would be dealt with severely. It was then that a homoeopathic physician residing in the house called a meeting of the aggrieved boarders in order to propose what he believed would prove a radical cure.

After describing with great clearness the painful symptoms which prolonged practice upon the horn develop in the unfortunate and unwilling listeners, and unfolding at much length Hahnemann's theory of cure, he asserted that in order to successfully combat the effects of horn-playing, the use of other instruments which produce analogous symptoms was clearly indicated. Hence, he proposed that each boarder should provide himself with a cornet, a violin, an accordion, a flute, or a drum, and administer these remedies whenever any symptoms of the French horn were manifested. Few of the boarders believed in homoeopathy, but they were in that state of mind in which men clutch at any nostrum which promises relief. They therefore resolved to follow the doctor's prescription, and immediately laid in a full supply of the indicated instruments.

The next evening at seven o'clock the familiar gasp of the horn was heard. Instantly it was followed by the screech of the violin, the spasmodic choking of the cornet, the drone of the accordion, the wail of the flute, and the fierce uproar of the drum. In two minutes a crowd was collected in the street, under the impression that a large orchestra was rehearsing Wagner's "Meistersinger," and the young man with the French horn was lying on the floor of his room in strong convulsions.

The cure was complete. Early the next morning the French horn player was removed to a lunatic asylum, where he still remains. He is quiet and harmless, but he believes that he is a remnant of the wall of Jericho, which fell down under the assault of the Hebrew trumpets, and constantly insists that Congress should make an appropriation to repair him and mount him with barbettes guns.—*New York Times.*

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, MAY 13.—I intended to have spoken, in my last, more in detail of Mr. Eddy's fiftieth programme, and especially of the principal number on it, the Reubke Sonata. This work seems to me the most imaginative of any I have heard for the organ. It uses the organ as an orchestra, not in an illegitimate way for the production of light effects, but in a true and loyal way for the production of genuine though new organ effects. It is to be sure a programme piece, and therein not fully intelligible according to the composer's idea without the programme in hand; and this is its weakness and the inherent weakness of all programme music. But I think it is plainly to be felt that the composer had there something more than common on his mind, and, whether fully understood or not, the work leaves upon the hearer's mind the impression of having a great deal in it.

Another fine organ has been added to our local stock.

It is the one in the Third Presbyterian Church. It has three manuals, about forty stops, and is well voiced, well-balanced, and of a delightful smoothness of action and promptness of speech. It is from the works of Johnson & Son, and is the thirty-first of their erection in Chicago, many of which are of equal or greater size. The church is a large one of over two thousand sittings, and I do not think I ever heard the Thiele Variations in A flat to so good advantage as under Mr. Eddy's fingers at the exhibition of this organ. They came out very clear and produced a grand effect. The contrast between the effect of the pieces played on this occasion (pieces extremely familiar to the player) and the numbers in Mr. Eddy's fifty-fourth organ recital, raises the question whether, after all, music is to be advanced in public appreciation by a constant succession of unfamiliar pieces, the large majority of them necessarily of a low order of genius; and all so imperfectly interpreted as pieces invariably are when the player is able to rehearse them but a few times and then only to remove the more obvious technical imperfections. Such readings lack the concentration to make them effective and convincing, and more and more make me doubt the validity of such a series of recitals. Of course this is only my own private doubt, and I am open to conviction. All this, of course, relates to the fundamental artistic idea, and is in no way a reflection on the ability of the organist, of which I hold the same opinion as herein often expressed.

Mr. Wolfsohn has been giving a few more of his historical recitals before the tepid remains of the Beethoven Society. Last Saturday was the eleventh. It was from Schumann. The programme was:

1. Novellen, Op. 21, in F No. 1, and D No. 2.
2. Ballade—"Poor Peter," Mrs. Jewett.
3. Fantasia-stücke, Op. 12, Bk. 1, Des Abends—Aufschwung—Warum—Grillen.
4. Evening Music. No. 13 of "Varied Leaves."
5. Songs—"Heaven has shed a tear," "Lovest thou for love," "O Sunshine," Mrs. Jewett.
6. Fantasia in C, Op. 17.

I do not think I ever heard Mr. Wolfsohn to so good advantage as on this occasion. He played with great refinement and truly poetic feeling. One could dissent somewhat from his reading of "Grillen," for instance, and in a few other places, but as a whole the playing was delightful, and brought one face to face with the composer. The songs also were exceptionally well rendered, and in the last one, "O Sunshine," Mrs. Jewett made a decided hit. Such a recital as this is a real boon to all music-lovers.

The choral societies, the Beethoven, Apollo, Choral Union, and Chicago Orchestra (with chorus obligato) have closed their season's work. The list has been long, but not insignificant. And the standard of performance has been low. Except the Apollo singing in Goldbeck's "Three Fishers" there has not been a really fine choral performance here this winter, so far as I can learn. This opinion is not of my own make so completely as those I usually send you, for a large part of the choral performances have taken place on Thursday evenings when I am generally out of town. But the common consent of criticism is to the effect above stated. Apparently all the societies need to "brace up."

Perhaps I may be permitted to state that Mr. W. S. B. Mathews gave a concert in Evanston last week, at which Mrs. Jewett, Mr. C. A. Knorr and Mr. McWade sang and five of his piano pupils appeared much more than creditably in Chopin's Polonaise in A flat, Saint-Saëns Duo Variations on a Theme of Beethoven's (for two pianos), Liszt's Second Rhapsody, Tausig's "Invitation to the Dance," the first movement of Beethoven's Third Concerto (with Reinecke's cadenza), accompanied by second piano, and Liszt's (Gounod's) "Faust." All of these things, except the duo and the accompaniments, were played without notes, and with good effect, by school-girls. I mention this fact because it serves to illustrate the great progress in musical cultivation in the West. Of course it ought to be known that all these girls play a good deal of classical music. One of them had occasion to appear in a church concert a fortnight ago, and made her own selection, and prepared it and played it without reporting to her teacher. She gained an imperative encore; the piece was the Theme, three variations, and the finale of Schumann's *Etudes Symphoniques*.

The musical season is nearly over. Mr. Liebling expects to play another recital, June 6th, with a better programme than before. He will give the Bach-Liszt Fantasia and Fugue in G minor, a Schumann number, Beethoven's "Moonlight" Sonata, a Chopin selection, and Liszt's Wedding March transcription.

A series of Strakosch-Cary-Kellogg Concerts will be given here presently, in which Miss Cary will appear

four times in an Aria from "Don Carlos," and Miss Kellogg four times in the Polonaise from "Mignon" and other novelties.

And that reminds me that my friend, Mr. Geo. B. Armstrong of the *Inter-Ocean* has been "catching it" in the *Music Trade Review*; and I beg to state, that although I sometimes dissent from that gentleman's critical judgment, the case is by no means so bad as there stated; and above all things every one who knows Mr. Armstrong gives him credit for the best motives and perfect sincerity. Indeed the charge of "unworthy motives" so often made against critics, is in my opinion almost always groundless. I do not think money will influence a critical opinion in any newspaper in this city. Indeed in some cases it seems to me sometimes as if the critic "stood up so straight that he leaned over backwards;" and it turns out a positive disadvantage to the singer or player to be a friend of the critic. Of course a dollar a line will print anything in certain parts of the paper. But ten dollars a line would not insert a puff in the critical columns of the *Tribune*, *Times*, or *Inter-Ocean*.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

NEWPORT, R. I., MAY 8.—The Newport Choral Society, under Mr. J. B. Sharland's able conductorship, gave their third concert, the second this season, in the Opera House on Thursday evening, May 2, with the following programme:—

Scenes from Orpheus.....Gluck, (A.D., 1760.)
Orpheus—Mrs. Flora E. Barry.

Part-Song—"Phœbus,".....Joseph Barnby
Aria and Chorus from "Eli,".....Costa
The Evening Prayer of Samuel,
Mrs. Flora E. Barry.
(An Angel.) The Lord is thy keeper!
Chorus of Angels,
Female Voices.

Part-Song—"When hands meet,".....Ciro Pinsuti
Part-Song—"Calm sea and happy voyage,"
Op. 112.....Beethoven.

The Society were assisted by an artist well known in Boston, Mrs. Flora E. Barry, who took the part of Orpheus, and who gave a fine rendering of the Aria from "Eli."

The programme, though excellent in itself, was, I think from conversation with several of those who listened to its rendering, not so generally pleasing as the one of January 31. The Orpheus music, very beautiful as it is throughout, is yet a little monotonous, and on that account did not please as well as would something with more variety. Nevertheless it was true, genuine music of the best class, and could not fail to have an elevating influence on the taste of the community.

I should add that the selections from Orpheus were nearly the same as those given in Boston by Theodore Thomas.

The whole programme was given with Piano accompaniment simply; in the Orpheus, a large part, the purely instrumental portions entirely so, in a four-hand arrangement; while the Beethoven "Calm Sea and Happy Voyage," was given complete in a four-hand arrangement made for the occasion by one of the members of the Society.

Mr. J. H. Mason of Providence, who has previously distinguished himself in Mr. Bonner's concerts in that city, kindly assisted in the four-hand accompaniments.

As one of the accompanists, criticism on the concert from me is hardly becoming. There were, however, mistakes on the part of both chorus and accompanists, some from inexperience, some from inattention, and on the part of the accompanists from want of sufficient time for preparation.

One accident occasioned a slight pause in a Recitative of Orpheus,—the dropping unnoticed from the piano of one of the sheets of the accompaniment. But as a whole, the performance did credit to the Society, which with longer practice, greater experience, and perhaps a little more care on all sides, will be able to continue to do good service in the cause of the best music in Newport. A. G. L.

BALTIMORE, MAY 27.—Our Musical Festival opened to-day with two public rehearsals, at which the whole programme written you in my last was taken through, the solos, as at first intended, not being left out, so that, to all intents and purposes, the two rehearsals, were really two concerts. Mr. Franz Remmert, sang in his massive way, an Air from Handel's "Samson": "In questa tomba," and a Scene and Romanza from *Tannhäuser*; and Mrs. Falk-Auerbach played, in her inimitable style, the G-major Piano Concerto of Beethoven, and her part in the Choral Fantasia, both from memory. When she interprets Beethoven, she is in her element. The orchestra played with much spirit and precision the Seventh Symphony with its beautiful *Allegretto*.

to, and Gade's C-minor Symphony with the sprightly *Scherzo*, the Mendelssohnian sequences in which always recall forcibly the Wedding March of Gade's great patron.

There were some little flaws about the chorus that did not altogether please your correspondent, but they were only small matters, and one must not lose sight of the fact that this is our first attempt. The next time we shall do much better, for we know now that we possess all the necessary material for a good chorus of about three hundred voices, and a fine orchestra of sixty-five pieces. All we need as far as the chorus is concerned, is systematic training. All the singing this afternoon was done in a clear voice and confident manner, especially in the "Hallelujah" and "Tannhäuser" choruses, and, judging from the success of both to-day's performances, there is every reason to believe that the concerts of to-morrow and Wednesday evenings will pass off in glorious style.

The first public performance of Mr. Hamerik's "Jewish Trilogy" in its revised form, at the second rehearsal this afternoon, called forth the greatest enthusiasm on the part of audience, chorus and orchestra, and it is really a delightful work. It was composed in Paris, in 1888, for Mrs. Hester Rothschild of London, and has for its foundation an old Jewish melody, which is made the theme for the second movement.

The three movements are entitled *Overture, Dolorosa*, and *Sinfonia Trionfale*, the first two of which are extremely beautiful. Exquisite melody is supported by masterly instrumentation, and the whole is clear and comprehensible. Indeed, all who know Mr. Hamerik and his works will acknowledge his superiority as a lyric composer, whatever his short-comings may be in other directions. He can't help writing melody;—he is lyric by nature.

As revised, the Trilogy has suffered no change in fundamental idea. Each movement has been somewhat lengthened and the instrumentation much improved, thus giving the composition the necessary fullness and force which the original lacked. The harp is applied acceptably in this as in most of his other compositions.

But you will want to know something more about the orchestra and chorus. The Festival Orchestra is made up as follows:—first violins 12, second 10, violas 9, 'celli 8, contra bassi 6, flutes 3, oboes 2, clarinets 2, fagotti 2, French horns 4, trumpets 3, trombones 3, tuba, bass drum, tympani and harp. Total, sixty-eight. The chorus consists of: Soprano eighty, Alto fifty-two, Tenor sixty-four, Bass seventy-two. Total, 268.

The affair is not, you will observe, quite as grand as the Cincinnati Festival. We haven't an Orchestra of 106 pieces, nor a chorus of 750 voices, nor a hall accommodating 6000 persons, nor poetry from Louisville. But we are having a quiet, cozy little Musical Festival, just to show what material we possess, and what we may accomplish if we persist. Although at the present moment it is impossible to ascertain what the receipts will amount to, so much is certain, the expenses will be fully covered. Almost every seat for the four performances had been reserved on Monday of last week, when the sale of reserved seats was stopped. Musically speaking it is a decided success, and it will pay expenses. What more may we expect for a beginning?

MUSIKUS.

Third Biennial Festival at Cincinnati.

(Concluded from Page 238.)

SECOND DAY, MAY 15.

There were two performances. In the afternoon a miscellaneous programme, as follows:

Overture—Tannhäuser.....	Wagner
Aria—"O don fatale," Don Carlos.....	Verdi
Miss Annie Louise Cary.	
March Tempo, Symphony, Lenore.....	Raff
Aria—"From Boyhood Trained," Oberon.....	Weber
Mr. Charles Adams.	
Symphonic Poem—Danse Macabre.....	Saint-Saëns
Aria—Robert le Diable.....	Meyerbeer
Mme. Eugenie Pappenheim.	
Overture—"Midsummer Night's Dream,"	
Mendelssohn	
Largo—Adapted by J. Helmesberger.....	Handel
For Violins, Violas, Harp, Organ, and Violin Obligato, by	
Theodore Thomas.	
Song—The Palms.....	Faure
Sig. G. Tagliapietra.	
Duo—"Quis est Homo?"—"Stabat Mater,".....	Rossini
Mme. Pappenheim and Miss Cary.	
Träumerei.....	Schumann
Overture—William Tell.....	Rossini

The Cincinnati *Gazette* of the next day said of the matinée:

It was designed most unqualifiedly and singly to please. Its character, nothing in common with what

we call a musical festival; it was a popular concert in which old favorites were rehearsed by solo singers and the orchestra, to the keen enjoyment of the audience. It had a sensational feature which was pleasant rather than startlingly artistic—"startlingly artistic!" that is startling.—Mr. Thomas' violin solo in the arrangement of the Largo by Handel. Nobody expected him to rival the great masters of the violin whom we have heard, but perhaps nobody in the hall knew how much skill he possesses. He produced a splendid body of tone and stirred up the audience to much applause.

Madame Pappenheim sang her best in the hackneyed aria from Meyerbeer's "Robert," and succeeded in galvanizing it into new life, though almost any other selection would have been preferable. She suffered by comparison with Miss Cary in the duo from Rossini's "Stabat Mater." Mr. Adams sang his aria from "Oberon" finely, and Sig. Tagliapietra harvested bravos and long-continued applause by his enthusiastic singing of "Les Rameaux."

The Chicago *Tribune*, same date, says:

Every seat and every inch of standing-room for this afternoon and evening was taken yesterday. The programme for the matinée was made up of old war-horses that have pranced about the concert-rooms for many a season. If the Singer Ode was caviar to the multitude last evening, there could be no complaint this afternoon. Mr. Thomas offset the rigidity of one programme with the elasticity of another, and it was elastic enough to stretch over all grades of popular musical development. The "Tannhäuser" Overture, the "March Tempo" from the "Lenore Symphony," Saint-Saëns' ghastly and infernal "Danse Macabre," the "Midsummer Night's Dream" Overture, a Handel Largo, the too-sweet-for-anything "Träumerei," and the "William Tell" Overture were taken down from the shelves and dusted, and made to do their customary duty of delighting the crowd with "linked sweetness long drawn out."

HANDEL'S "MESSIAH"—the one Oratorio of the Festival—was given in the evening, with Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, Mr. Fritsch and Mr. Whitney in the solos. The local critics are unbounded in their praises of this performance, and write as if they thought that Handel's masterpiece never received so perfect an interpretation in this world before. They even try to vindicate the extraordinarily rapid tempi at which Mr. Thomas took many of the movements as "modern improvements" upon the old hum-drum traditional way. Nor were these the only "improvements." The *Gazette*, for example, says of the chorus: "For unto us a Child is born":

In this the pretty effect which was made at the Union Festival of 1876 was retained. The fugue part was sung by the chorus very softly, so as to bring it into sharp contrast with the *forte* shouts of "Wonderful! Counselor! The Everlasting Father! the Prince of Peace," with which the new born Messiah is greeted. The effect may or may not be familiar in other cities of the country, but authority is found for it in a tradition which teaches that the fugue preceding the appellations was written by Handel for a quartet of voices only, the chorus being reserved until the emphatic words were reached.

This, we beg leave to remark, is entirely a mistake. In Handel's original autograph score, as any one may see by looking into the fac-simile published a few years ago by the London Sacred Harmonic Society, Handel has distinctly written "tutti" at the entrance of each part in the opening fugue chorus: "For unto us," etc. The effect must have been not only "pretty," but even childish, "startlingly (un-)artistic." Judging from all that we have read about the performance, and heard through appreciative and fair-minded persons who were present, we feel safe in copying what follows from the special correspondent ("E. H. C.") of our Boston *Evening Transcript*:

Again last night, as before, a false start was made, and Mr. Thomas had to drop his baton and retire from his stand for a quarter of an hour, till the disturbers—prominent among whom, astonishing to say to those who have observed the discipline of the Handel and Haydn, were late comers among the chorus, struggling down to their places—were quieted. Hence the Overture which leads with so significant a connection to the recitative, "Comfort ye my people," was separated by a long interval, to which we are not accustomed. Mr. Adams, in delivering this opening recitative with that reverential dignity, nobility and justness of style, which his early training ineradicably implanted in his oratorio manner, set the performance upon a high plane for the start. But this impressive out-giving of the great ut-

terances of the prophet was not responded to by the people with that elevated repose and strength in the chorus, "And the glory of the Lord," that should have been its natural effect. It seemed for a few moments as though orchestra and chorus were following and insisting upon different conceptions of the work in hand. Yawing [sic] apart to a perilous extent as they proceeded, the two bodies were gradually brought together at last by a mutual compromise on tempo and by much loud rapping by the conductor. This was repeated in the choruses, "And he shall purify" and "O Thou that tellest," with the exception that here appeared to be going on a scramble in the same direction, the choristers and instrumentalists vying with each other in exaggerating the allegro and abandoning all dignity. To be done at once with the strictures to be made on what turned out to be, on the whole, a grandly successful and impressive performance of the "Messiah," it must be recorded that the tempi—which, though attributed here to Mr. Thomas, may have been adopted before his rehearsals, for he seemed generally to hold the chorus back—in many cases did great violence to what may very properly be called the sacred traditions of the interpretation of Handel's masterpiece. The *New York Tribune's* critic, defending these innovations, holds that "too much respect is paid to traditions" that "retard the flow of some of Handel's airs and choruses till they lose half their vitality," and "it will never do to let festival music drag." But it may be questioned if more speed can add anything to the vitality of Handel's religious raptures, and it is just possible that the true vitality of this music lies deeper than Mr. Thomas—or whoever is responsible—has hoped for it, if this be his notion of the means of heightening its power. Certain it is that not only did he jeopard, in two of the early numbers, the unitedness of the chorus, but in the closing choruses, by taking the larghetto at allegretto speed, turned the grand climacteric of the oratorio into painfully undignified and unworthy excitement—"festival," to be sure, even "gay and festive," and something approaching to a regular lark. It is clear enough that if such are the consequences of Cincinnati's defiance of the old, ever-respected traditions, the traditions are to be prized for saving the oratorio; for it could not long hold the place it does with such merely physical excitement and effect, followed, as all such is, by the reaction of exhaustion and weariness. Good authorities have maintained that the tempi taken by the Handel and Haydn Society in this work are liable to be capricious and in some cases too fast. But the errors of last night, especially in the direction of speed, were glaring in comparison.

But the superb quality of the material in the festival chorus covered a multitude of such sins. Their training must have been faithful and skilful, but the trainer had evidently picked voices to deal with. In reading and attack there seemed to be neither hesitation nor wavering. All, moreover, seemed to sing with full voice and from the love and joy of it—for no piano passages were required of them [except one]. The result was a body of tone exceedingly buoyant, fresh and exhilarating, with the several parts distinctly marked, not alone at their entrances, but with perfect clearness throughout, revealing, emphasizing and maintaining the polyphonic construction as it is rarely to be enjoyed. The sopranos are relatively in less force and power than the Handel and Haydn—perhaps not to the injury of the whole; but the tenors and basses are particularly remarkable, and the altos have an unusual power, and produce a peculiar and thrilling effect. The percentage of real singers in the chorus is plainly very large. The degree of development reached by this festival body which has not yet been even organized into a unit, is truly gratifying, and speaks volumes for the prevalence of sound musical taste and culture in this Western community. The list of the five hundred chorists does not show more than a sprinkling of German names, and the chorus hence must be only fairly and genuinely representative of the musical amateurship of Cincinnati.

A feature of special interest in the performance last evening was the first appearance of Mrs. E. A. Osgood, who, with Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Whitney, completed a "team" of Boston vocalists who have won eminence on both sides of the Atlantic. Mrs. Osgood's charming manner and beautiful voice are well-known to Bostonians, but her experience in London has added to her style many finishing graces. Most noticeable among these are certain slight and indescribable but vivid dramatic touches, which captious criticism might complain of as "tricks" and "airs," but of which the severest purist must acknowledge the effect in the heightening of the sentiment of the words sung. In every air she delighted the multitude, and in "I know that my Redeemer liveth" so earnestly and delicately conveyed the deep rapture of faith as to carry away the audience in an excitement second only to that which greeted Mr. Whitney's successful dive for a low D in "The trumpet shall sound," when the house fairly roared at him. Mrs. Osgood seemed in the first part to have forgotten the vast spaces she had to fill, but in the second part expanded her voice in greater freedom, and besides bringing her audience into spiritual sympathy, filled their ears to satisfaction. Miss Annie Cary is evidently a greater favorite, if possible, here than in Boston, and of course well earned the plaudits following her powerful rendering of the contralto solos.

THIRD DAY, MAY 16.

THURSDAY AFTERNOON.

Unfinished Symphony.....Schubert
Allegro moderato. Andante con moto.

Aria—"In diesen heil'gen Hallen," Magic Flute, Mozart
Mr. M. W. Whitney.
Aria—"Penelope weaving a garment,"—Odysseus, Bruch
Miss Emma Cranch.
Aria—"Cujus Animam,"—Stabat Mater....Rossini
Mr. Christian Fritsch.
Capriccio, Op. 4.....Graedener
Aria—"Repose in Peace,"—Fridolin.....Randegger
Mrs. E. Aline Osgood.

Selections from Lohengrin.....Wagner
Vorpiel.—Lohengrin's Disclosure and Departure.
Charles Adams.
Invitation to the Dance.....Weber
(Adapted for Orchestra by Hector Berlioz.)
Recitative—"Awake Saturnia," "Semele," Handel
Aria—"Hence, hence away,"
Miss Annie Louise Cary.
Minuet.....Bocherini
Song—"The Valley,".....Gounod
Sig. G. Tagliapietra.
Sextet—"Lucia,".....Donizetti
Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cranch,
Messrs. Adams, Fritsch, Tagliapietra, and Whitney.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Chorus—"Wach Auf," 3d Act.—Die Meistersinger, Wagner
Overture—"Coriolanus,".....Beethoven
Orchestra.
Götterdämmerung.....Wagner
Siegfried's Death.—Finale.
"Brünnhilde," Mme. Pappenheim.

Symphony, No. 9.—D minor, Op. 125.....Beethoven
With final chorus to Schiller's ode, "Hymn of Joy."
Orchestra, Solo, Quartet, and Chorus.

FIRST PART.

Allegro ma non troppo un poco maestoso.
Scherzo, molto vivace.
Adagio molto e cantabile.

SECOND PART.

Recitative, Solos, Quartet, and Chorus.
Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, Mr. Remmert.

The only report of these two concerts which we happen to have at hand is that of the *Chicago Tribune's* Correspondent, who has little to say about the Matinée, except that the weather was bad; that the only novelties to Cincinnati were Schubert's Unfinished Symphony and Grädner's Capriccio; and that Miss Cary so aroused the audience with her singing of Handel's "Awake, Saturnia!" that she received three recalls and almost another. But in what follows of the evening concert we presume we have an average specimen of the sort of enthusiasm which prevailed in Cincinnati and its sister cities of the West after this climax of the Festival:

The hall was densely crowded, though the rain was falling. The programme opened with the brief chorus from the third act of the "Meistersinger," which the singers gave superbly, the glorious sopranos specially distinguishing themselves. The "Coriolanus" overture of Beethoven followed, and was played with consummate finish. These two numbers led up to the real triumph of the evening, the selections from the "Götterdämmerung," the last division of Wagner's trilogy, which was given at Baireuth. The selections included the funeral march over Siegfried's death, and then, after a few bars of connection, the great aria of Brünnhilde in the scene where she gives herself to death. It would be simply absurd to attempt any detailed description of the colossal orchestration or of the wonderful dramatic intensity of the aria. It is only possible to record probably the greatest triumph Mr. Thomas and his incomparable band have ever achieved. The real character of that triumph is best appreciated after the declaration of Mr. Hassard, the critic of the New York *Tribune*, who was present at the Baireuth Festival, that the band this evening played it even better than Wagner's own orchestra. The vocal part was taken by Mme. Pappenheim, who rose to the full height of her fine dramatic power, and sang the trying and fearfully exacting aria with great dignity of manner and intensity of feeling. If any one had doubted her vocal ability or her high position as an artist, this evening's performance must have removed it. The very magnitude of the work impresses one with its grandeur, and it fairly took the audience by storm. It was a popular audience, and it is the popular fashion to deify Wagner, but here he was at the very climax of his power, and he conquered. The house resounded with applause and cheers, and the prima-donna was three times recalled to receive the reward of enthusiasm she so richly deserved. It was a great success for her, a proud achievement for the or-

chestra, but, even beyond prima donna and orchestra, the laurels belong to Theodore Thomas, who made it possible and led it to success. That success was the richest reward for his work he can ask for. The composer himself would not have hesitated to place the laurels where they belong.

The concert closed with the Ninth Symphony. It has been given before in former festivals, but not with such thrilling effect, as it was produced with smaller orchestra and chorus. On that occasion, with the exception of the Wagner music, it is in reality the first time that this glorious band has had an opportunity to assert itself in all its power and with sympathetic surroundings. The effect of the Third Symphony, on Tuesday evening, was irretrievably injured by the restless crowds passing out, and, since that time, it has been mainly devoted to accompaniments. To-night it has had a noble opportunity to make itself felt. The masterly performance of the symphony, so perfect in every detail and so consummate and harmonious in the ensemble, ought to be a sufficient answer to the carping local fault-finders, who have been grumbling because Cincinnati musicians have not been employed. The great conductor has molded this organization into a sympathetic and symmetrical whole that follows with absolute precision, and grasps and develops every shade of his interpretation with unvarying fidelity. It is a band without a flaw, just such a band as should attack the last of the great Beethoven symphonies. It is little wonder that this festival has been such a success with such a foundation to build upon. It is little wonder that these singers have sung so well with such a band to sustain and such a conductor to guide them. His influence over the chorus has been as magnetic and all-persuading as over the band. Since the performance of "The Messiah" I have learned that the chorus had but one rehearsal with the orchestra, and even then did not finish the work, and that the rehearsal was very crude and unsatisfactory. That they should catch his ideas almost instantaneously, and follow him through his rapid tempos so implicitly, and at the same time emphasize their work with such power and spirit, is simply wonderful.

The chorus responded nobly to the orchestra, and the quartet—Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Remmert—was very strong and effective. The chorus closed the jubilant strains of the ode amid hearty applause, and thus closed the finest concert which has ever been given [!!!] in this country. Cincinnati may be proud at the successful climax of her festival.

In previous dispatches, I have sent you my impressions of the effect of the organ-case. An exhibition of the organ this morning by Mr. Whiting affords an opportunity for a few words as to its quality as an instrument. In point of registers, it is one of the largest in the world, containing, as it does, four manuals, a pedal of thirty notes, eighty-one speaking-stops, and 6,237 pipes. The mechanical appliances are numerous and complete. When one considers the large number of pipes which this organ contains, he is led to expect great power and contrasts, but in this respect the effect is very disappointing. The full organ is comparatively weak and thin, owing to a lack of diapasons in the great and pedal organs, and in this particular the organ cannot be considered well-balanced. The pedal organ is indistinct and practically remote from the manuals, in consequence of which there is a lack of solidity and unity. On the other hand, many of the individual stops are well-voiced, and the solo effects are beautiful. The tuba mirabilis is a wonderful specimen of the powerful reeds. The vox humana, cornopaeon, vox angelica, and other reeds are throughout characteristic, and the voicing of many of the flute stops is highly artistic. I do not doubt that a discriminative organist can produce a great variety of pleasing effects, and render it exceedingly attractive. At any rate, the people of Cincinnati are to be congratulated on possessing so great an organ.

Fourth Day.—Concluding Concerts.

(From the Same.)

CINCINNATI, MAY 17.—The matinee attendance this afternoon was immense, over 6,000 people being present. Each succeeding matinee programme has gained in strength. The first was very light, and mainly composed of numbers with which the public is entirely familiar. The second was "popular," but introduced several new numbers, while the third was crowded with "strong music." The orchestra had the Abert transcription of the Bach prelude, choral, and fugue, the overture to Goldmark's "Sakuntala," the weird "Ride of the Walkures," and Schumann's "Manfred" music. Mme. Pappenheim had for her solo *Dinorah's* great aria in "Fidelio," the "Abscheulicher." Mr. Remmert sang the monologue and "Cobbler's Song" from the "Meistersinger," the splendid quartet from the same being taken by Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cranch, (substitute for Miss Rollwagen, who is sick), Messrs. Adams, Fritsch, and Remmert. Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, and Mr. Whitney all met with enthusiastic receptions. The matinee closed with the scene and quintet from Verdi's "Masked Ball," by Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Messrs. Adams, Tagliapietra, and Whitney, which were sung with a refreshing dash. The great event of the matinee was Mrs. Osgood's magnificent singing of Liszt's "Loreley Song," which nearly set some of the musicians crazy.

The evening performance was attended by a vast audience probably numbering nearly 7,000. It opened with the "Great Mass," which Liszt wrote for the Cathedral at Gran, Mr. Singer having the baton. Whatever may be thought of the music, it is simply wonderful that

this great chorus should have sung it, not only so gloriously, but with such apparent ease as not to give their conductor any concern. The entrances, tempos, and transitions are appalling, and yet the chorus almost went alone. The soloists, Mme. Pappenheim, Miss Cranch, Mr. Fritsch and Mr. Whitney, acquitted themselves admirably, and Fritsch gave us some of the best singing he has done this week. The festival closed with that picturesque example of programme-music, Berlioz's "Dramatic Symphony," constructed upon Shakespeare's tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet." The work opens with the orchestral contentions between the Montagues and Capulets, leading to the choral introduction of *Romeo*, and the story of his love, told in a contralto solo, followed by a choral recitation and chorus in sympathy with the passion of the ill-fated lovers. Two strophes for contralto follow, removed from the legitimate progress of the play, and precede a tenor solo, in which the bantering *Mercutio* makes his appearance. This is succeeded by the bewitching *Queen Mab* scherzetto, the tenor solo of which tells the story of the Fairy Queen. The next chorus is in startling contrast, bringing out forebodings of death, and concludes the first part. The second part is entitled: "Romeo Alone; Sadness; Concert and Ball; Grand Feast at the Palace of the Capulets." The music and dancing in the house of the Capulets, the instrumentation of which depicts a wild revel, is followed by the balcony scene for orchestra only, and that exquisite *Queen Mab* scherzo, which Mr. Thomas gave in Chicago last summer. Then follows a profoundly solemn funeral march, interrupted now and then by wails from the chorus. The sixth number is *Romeo* at the tomb of the Capulets, for orchestra only, the scene being divided into six episodes, describing the delicious agony and death of the two lovers. To this scene Berlioz has prefixed a characteristic note. He says: "The public has no imagination. Therefore, pieces which are addressed solely to the imagination have no public. The following is an instrumental scene, and I think it should be omitted whenever this symphony is given before an audience not having a taste for poetry." Mr. Thomas followed Berlioz's suggestions, and after a short pause, took up the finale. It would seem that he looks upon an audience here in the same prosaic light that Berlioz regarded the Parisians. The finale is given to the chorus throughout, and the scene is laid in the cemetery, the episodes including the quarrel between the Montagues and Capulets, and their reconciliation effected by the interposition of *Friar Lawrence*. It would be impossible, in the limits of a dispatch, to give any idea of this great tone-poem, with its lovely lights and shades, and its intensely poetical and passionate episodes. It is something to be heard, not to be written about. At its close, Mr. Thomas thanked the chorus, and the gentlemen gave him three ringing cheers.

The great festival is over. The work of long months of patient labor is concluded in four days, but the harvest is not yet. The good seeds sown at this festival will bear fruit long hence in giving a stimulus to musical progress all over the country. The immediate result is only this,—that Cincinnati has had the most important and successful festival ever given in America. Now, what will Chicago do?

A Material View of the Cincinnati Festival.

The material results of this Festival are quite as remarkable as the musical, and some of the figures contain a very broad hint for Chicago and other cities. The average cost of each player in the orchestra was \$80 and his expenses to and from and at Cincinnati. Mr. THOMAS was paid \$5,000; Mme. PAPPENHEIM, \$1,200; Miss CARY, Mrs. OSGOOD, and Mr. WHITNEY, \$1,000 each, and their expenses; the other artists, who had little to do, receiving smaller sums. The gross receipts of the Festival were \$67,000; the expenditures, \$40,000; leaving the handsome balance of \$27,000 in the hands of the Association. Every seat in the great hall was sold before the Festival commenced, 4,200 in number, and nearly 2,000 stood up at every concert, and great crowds listened outside the building.

The impulse given to business during the week was very great, and many thousands of dollars were left in the city by the great crowds who came from abroad. The hotel capacity was insufficient to accommodate the strangers, although people were packed together like sardines, and the parlors and ordinaries were filled with coats. The rail-roads and river-packets were crowded. The street-cars were over-loaded. The stores were crowded. Thousands of people flocked to the great beer-halls on the ridge of the hills. The Loan Exhibition was continually crowded, likewise every other place of entertainment in the city. For a whole week one object seemed to animate every one,—to hear music and to spend money, and at the end of the week Cincinnati was much richer than at the beginning.

Now that the Festival is over, Cincinnati finds herself in possession of the largest and finest hall in the country, which has no debt attached to it, and is exempt from taxation. It contains not only the large hall, with its organ, adapting it to musical festivals, but a smaller hall also, which is suited for lectures and chamber concerts, and numerous ante-rooms, committee-rooms, a magnificent rotunda, 115 by 75 feet, and immense corridors on either side of the building, where thousands of people can promenade comfortably. Such a building as this, so superbly appointed in every particular and so

perfectly adapted to the requisites of large gatherings, will be likely to make Cincinnati the locality of all important political, religious, scientific, and social conventions. There is not a city in the country that can offer such an inducement. If its hotels were as well kept as those of other large cities, it would be almost useless for any other place to compete with her.

This hall has grown directly out of the munificence of one man, Mr. SPRINGER, who has built his monument while living, and has made himself happy by seeing thousands of other people happy and honoring him not only with the reverence due to age, but with a hearty gratitude that made itself felt in every possible way during the week. One of the most gratifying sights in the great hall was to see this old gentleman, who had given \$150,000 towards its erection, \$10,000 towards the organ, and \$500 in premiums to the ladies who carved its panels, walk in regularly to every one of the seven concerts and, occupying the seat he had paid for, enjoy the music and the happiness of others.—*Chicago Tribune.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 8, 1878.

The Cecilia.—"Acis and Galatea."

It was a happy thought which led this fine Club of mixed voices to make themselves and their friends acquainted with Handel's graceful and delightful pastoral cantata: *Acis and Galatea*. It was originally called a "masque," or "serenata," or "pastoral opera," and was composed by Handel at Cannons, probably in 1720, and performed there probably in 1721. So that it was a creation of his fresh and youthful period; and it is thoroughly genial and spontaneous, at the same time that it is a masterwork in contrapuntal art. The words, quaint and pleasing, are by Gay, with additions by Pope, Hughes and Dryden. Handel had already composed in Italy, in 1708-9, an entirely different work on the same subject: "*Acis, Galatea, e Polifemo*," of which it may well be imagined (for Handel was a great borrower from himself) that some of the better portions survive in the later and completer work.

The plot, derived from Ovid, tells of the mutual love of Acis, a young Sicilian shepherd, and Galatea, a sea nymph; and how their happiness is cruelly destroyed by the Cyclops, Polyphemus, who also conceives a passion for the nymph, and, being treated with disdain by her, in his jealousy and rage crushes Acis with a rock; and how she, inconsolable, and unable to restore him to life, changes him into a fountain. This is the poetic subject-matter of the beautiful Arias, Duets and Choruses, which the Cecilia, under the direction of Mr. B. J. LANG, sang for our delight at Tremont Temple, on the evenings of May 17 and 22 (third concert of the Club's second season).

Miss LILLIAN BAILEY made a charming Galatea. Dr. S. W. LANGMAID sang the part of Acis in his most refined, expressive manner; and Mr. JOHN F. WINON had just the rich, grand voice and style for "the monster Polypheme." There is a fourth character of less importance, Damon (Tenor), a moralizing friend and Mentor to Acis, whose music was omitted, as was also the first Aria of Acis: "Where shall I seek the charming fair." With these slight exceptions the Serenata was given as a whole for the first time in Boston, though several single Arias have figured ere now in our concert rooms.

And yet not as a whole in one important sense. It was not whole, nor could it be so, in the matter of accompaniment. Of the original orchestral score, as is the case with most of Handel's works, only the slightest sketch exists. This is not so grave a defect with the choruses, for there of course the harmony completes itself in Handel's masterly polyphonic movement of the voices. But the Arias for the most part shiver in the cold, without background, atmosphere, accompaniment,—for the printed score gives them nothing but one or two violin parts with a figured *basso continuo*. When Handel presided over a performance he had his own way of filling out the sketch. Unfortunately Mozart's in-

strumentation of *Acis* (made at the instigation of Baron van Swieten, in 1788, just before he did the same service for the *Messiah*, the *Ode to St. Cecilia*, and for *Alexander's Feast*), of which the autograph is in the Imperial Library at Berlin, has never been published. It was put on the stage at Drury Lane by Macready, Feb. 5, 1843, but with what accompaniment we are not informed. We are told that a manuscript score with completed accompaniments by Mendelssohn exists in England, which was used by Mr. Barnby (we think) in a performance several years ago. What a pity that neither Mendelssohn nor Mozart were here available! Or, what would have been better still, that Robert Franz has not put his hand to the task! And again what a pity, since it had to be sung with pianoforte alone, that no adequate pianoforte arrangement yet exists! As it was, it had to be given with such meagre piano accompaniment as is put beneath the sketchy score in the edition of the *Händel-Gesellschaft*. If Franz could only have developed a satisfactory accompaniment, at least for the Arias, out of the hints given in the score; or if our own Mr. Dresel would only undertake to do for all the Arias what he so admirably did for the one lately sung by Miss Fanny Kellogg ("As when the dove,") we might, if we should ever again listen to this work, find it doubly charming. As it is, well as the present accompaniment was played by Mr. Lang, with his able assistant, Mr. FOOTE, many of the Arias must have seemed thin, long-spun and full of repetition to many of the audience. But would we rather not have had it at all? Would we rather wait, denying ourselves all acquaintance with this charming characteristic work of genius, until (too late for most of us perhaps!) the true accompaniment may come? By no means, say we. It was a rare treat as it was, and two audiences came away upon the whole delighted, their minds enriched with ever fresh flowers of musical fancy which will haunt them a long while.

And now for a brief note of the charmingly varied contents of the genial work.

1. There is an Overture of considerable length, all in one *Presto* movement, which reins in and becomes *Adagio* in the last four measures with oboe solo. It is in 4-4 *Alla Breve* measure, running mostly in sportive sixteenths of Handelian cut, at times two Oboes having it all to themselves in warbling thirds. Well played as it was with four hands, it could not but sound thin and colorless; yet the idea was clearly outlined and enjoyable.

2. The opening chorus: "O the pleasure of the plains! Happy nymphs and happy swains," in five-part harmony, with a merry rippling figure echoed and imitated through all the parts, is a most lively, sunny picture of the happy, social shepherd life. It is difficult to sing with perfect clearness and precision; but it was sung almost so, and with spirit and good light and shade; and so sung, its happy mood is irresistible. Before the repeat a single Soprano voice leads in a more pensive episode: "For us the zephyr blows," etc., and then you are whirled away again to "Dance and sport the hours away, Harmless, merry, free and gay." This fixes the scene, the atmosphere and ground color of the whole.

3-4. Galatea, in a bit of Recitative, also admires the plains, the zephyrs, etc., but thinks them all "too faint to cool her love." And then she sings her sweetly sad and bird-like Aria: "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," which is graceful, ornate and florid in the accompaniment. It is *Andante*, in 9-16; but the second part is (in 3-8): "Cease your song and take your flight, Bring back my Acis," etc. Miss Bailey sang it tenderly and smoothly, and it pleased very much, but not so much as it would have done with flutes and other instruments.

5. Tenor solo for Acis: "Where shall I seek the charming fair?" Omitted.

6-7. Rec.: "Stay, shepherd, stay," and Air:

"Shepherd, what art thou pursuing?" for Damon (Tenor). Omitted.

8-9. Acis: "Lo! here, my love," and Air: "Love in her eyes sits playing," in 12-8 Siciliano measure, full of a lover's manly ardor, its melody characteristically contrasted with that of Galatea, and altogether a well chosen strain for Dr. Langmaid.

10-11. Then comes one of the two most exquisite songs for Galatea: "As when the dove laments her love," which we had heard recently before, with more accompaniment. It was sung very sweetly this time.

12-13. Now we have the happy pair together in a breathless *Presto* Duet, (12-8): "Happy, happy, happy we," which is repeatedly boisterously in full four-part chorus; and so ends Part I. at the climax of merriment and bliss.

14. (Part II.) With the opening chorus: "Wretched lovers!" a change comes o'er the happy spirit of the dream! This five-part chorus is altogether a remarkable composition, worthy of the giant Handel. It is wonderfully ingenious, wonderfully impressive and descriptive, introducing a new and a portentous character, and even mingles humor with a sense of awe and terror. (So does Mozart, in his very different way, where he invites the Statue to supper). At first it is a solemn warning of the decree of Fate: "No joy shall last." This is all in Canon, in slow four-four measure, in richly, deftly interwoven, most expressive counterpoint. Soon comes in a new theme, in quick syllabic notes, echoed from one part to another: "Behold, the monster Polypheme!"—the very flurry and excitement of a sudden fear, while all the time in one part or another, or in two parts, keeps on the solemn first theme: "Wretched lovers." Of course, too, the accompaniment, with its active basses, increases the excitement. At length it becomes altogether graphic in all the parts: a pause, followed by a new motive which imitates the "ample strides he takes;" and then a ponderous, rolling figure, prolonged to the end in the basses, telling how "The mountain nods, the forest shakes, the waves run frightened," while from all quarters rings: "Hark! Hark! how the thund'ring giant roars!"

15. Now for the furious outpouring of a Cyclopean love: "I rage, I melt, I burn!" Who but another sort of giant, Handel, could express it worthily? How quaint the words!

The feeble god has stab'd me to the heart.
Thou trusty pine!
Prop of my godlike steps, I lay thee by!
Bring me a hundred reeds of decent growth,
To make a pipe for my capacious mouth;
In soft enchanting accents let me breathe
Sweet Galatea's beauty, and my love.

16. After such a Recitative what could be more in character, or more charmingly original and characteristic than his love song: "O ruddier than the cherry!" which Santley used to sing so finely; but Mr. Winch's voice had just the ring for it, while all its exacting phrases and passages were executed to a charm.

17-19. The monster makes love to the nymph and is disdainfully repulsed; then he sings an Aria: "Cease to beauty to be suing," and Damon sings, counselling gentler methods: "Would you gain the tender creature," etc. But all this could well be spared and was omitted.

20-21. Then Acis (Rec.): "His hideous love provokes my rage," followed by the heroic Air: "Love sounds the alarm," sung with spirit and effect by Dr. Langmaid.

22. Tenor Air: "Consider, fond Shepherd, how fleeting's the pleasure," etc. Counsellor Damon is o'er-liberal with his advice, and would have proved quite a bore had he not been omitted; he thinks no more of love, than we of him and his prudential maxims.

24. A beautiful Trio: "The flocks shall leave the mountains,"—one of the most admirable and most interesting numbers in the work. *Acis* begins: "The flocks shall leave the mountains, etc., . . . ere I forsake my love," in a fond and quiet melody, which *Galatea* answers in the fifth; and while the two keep on in the same innocent, contented strain, in canon, with beautiful accompaniment, suddenly bursts in the jealous giant: "Torture! fury! rage! I cannot, cannot bear," etc. His exclamations fall like thunder-bolts, yet do not ruffle the placid, smooth stream of the lovers' melody. Lost in each other they sing sweetly on, until, reaching the climax of his fury, he hurls the piece of rock, his great voice going with it in an intensely graphic phrase: "Fly, fly, thou massy ruin, fly! Presumptuous *Acis*, die!" And, with a grand downward rush of the orchestra in unison, it is all over with the poor swain.

25-26. *Acis*, expiring, calls for help. Then a chorus of lamentation: "Mourn, all ye Muses, . . . *Acis* is no more!" This is a solemn, grand *Adagio*, in F minor, 3-4 measure, in Handel's greatest style, worthy of a place (with other words) in *Israel in Egypt*. The harmony is sublime, rising and falling like waves in mid-ocean, and dying away at last in soft reiterations of "no more!"

27. Preluded by an oboe solo, *Galatea* sings: "Must I my *Acis* still bemoan, inglorious, crush'd beneath that stone?" And while her voice holds out a long note on that word "stone," the Chorus, four-part, takes up a cheerful and encouraging strain: "Cease, *Galatea*, cease to grieve," with which her sad soliloquy keeps on in contrast, the chorus ending with the suggestion that she change him into a fountain.

29-30. A sweet, poetical solution of the difficulty! Nor could anything in music of instruments and voices be much sweeter or more soothing than the Air of *Galatea*:

"Heart, thou seat of soft delight,
Be thou now a fountain bright;
Purple be no more thy blood,
Glide thou like a crystal flood.
Rock, thy hollow womb disclose;
The bubbling fountain, lo! it flows.
Thro' the plains he joys to rove,
Murm'ring still his gentle love."

In a most limpid, gentle, rippling phrase, the voice, and the instruments in thirds, describe the motion and the murmur of the stream. It is a lovely melody, and we could not ask to hear it sung more exquisitely than it was sung by Miss Bailey. The final Chorus: "*Galatea*, dry thy tears," pursues the same rippling, murmuring phrase, the voices answering, blending, till the peaceful current seems to absorb and carry with itself all others.

If our tame description is not too highly colored, then it is clear enough that in *Acis and Galatea* we have one of the most beautiful creations of Handel's genius; a work inspired in a pure poetic sense. Every chorus is a masterpiece, and paints a situation. Every Air is full of grace and beauty, and at the same time characteristic in a truly dramatic sense, embodying a distinct personality. And there is a never-halting progress, a complete and rounded unity in the work as a whole. If there were any who thought some of the Arias too long and too old-fashioned, we feel sure that when they shall have a chance to hear them relieved and lifted into fuller light by fit accompaniment, they will admire them all. Meanwhile we are thankful for these two first hearings.

The Second Part of the programme, each time, presented (1) that richly elaborated specimen of old English Glee writing: "When winds breathe soft," by Samuel Webbe, which is full of contrasts, and is contrapuntally written like the old Madri-

gala. (3) "The Nixie," by Rubinstein, a part-song for female voices, with Contralto solo (finely sung by Miss Ira Wixson); the composition is romantic; the harmony somewhat too highly sweetened, with too much straining for original effects. (8) A more modern part-song: "Awake! the flowers unfold," by Leslie, bright, natural, and pleasing,—so much so that it had to be repeated. All these were capitally well sung.

APOLLO CLUB. The Concert of May 7, in the Tremont Temple, was entirely devoted to the performance of a single work,—but that perhaps the noblest work existing for a chorus of male voices: Mendelssohn's music to the "Antigone" of Sophocles. His music to the "Oedipus" is the only composition to be brought into comparison with it; but that is more in dialogue and smaller pieces, having one great double chorus, while the "Antigone" has many, so that the latter, for mere concert performance at least, is the most satisfactory. And it is the first of Mendelssohn's creations of this kind, and the freshest. It was conceived in a high moment of his genius, and executed while the mood possessed him. From beginning to end, in every part, it is vital with true inspiration. There is not a dull passage. The great double choruses, such as the opening one: "Orb of Helios," and the one in praise of Bacchus: "Fair Semele's high-born son;" and that calm and thoughtful single chorus: "Wonders in Nature we see and scan," are simply the finest choruses which the Apollo, with all its experience, has ever found to sing;—the Bacchus chorus certainly the grandest, the most uplifting, ever written for male voices.

But all the shorter choral pieces are exciting, and of the same fine, heroic temper. And many of them are profoundly sad and touching. Indeed they are all in keeping with the tragedy itself, the connecting dialogue of which was admirably read by Prof. CHURCHILL of Andover, who performed the same service last year when the Club gave *Antigone* for the first time, but with piano accompaniment only.

This time it was made complete by bringing in the full Orchestra, which added vastly to the inspiring grandeur of the work, and to the clear comprehension of it. The orchestra had been well drilled by Mr. LANG, and did justice to the very interesting impressive Overture and to the rich accompaniments of the choruses and the melodramatic passages, where the reading or recitation, is timed to the musical rhythm, which is marked by a few fit chords and short descriptive phrases. The instrumentation throughout is singularly beautiful and chaste, and with the voices frequently sublime. The rich and manly voices of the Club, some seventy in number, perfectly well balanced, and trained to remarkable precision, were admirably suited for such music, and the performance was almost without a flaw. It was the crowning achievement of the Club. Would there were more such music for them!

MUSIC AT HARVARD. The Report of the Committee to visit the Academical Department in 1876-1877 contains the following under the head of Music:

The number of students of Music was thirty-one, the same as last year. Of these, fourteen completed Course I. (Harmony); six, Course II. (Counterpoint); one, Course III. (Canon, Fugue, etc.); and ten, Course IV. (History of Music.)

The students seem in earnest, and the whole department appears to be working satisfactorily.

In Courses I. and II., which the Sub-Committee consider to be the more important, as laying the foundation of musical study, and useful also to those who do not intend to make Music their profession or a serious pursuit, the answers to the questions show a fair and in some cases a marked degree of proficiency, and the harmonies and counterpoints are, in general, correct and flowing. On the whole, they consider the results in these courses more encouraging than ever. The text-books used are those of Richter, whose theories seem to the Sub-Committee to be sometimes rather far-fetched and abstruse; and they think that the essentials might be presented in a simpler and, therefore, more attractive form, though they are not disposed to lay much weight on this objection.

The Course on the History of Music is commended, with the reservation that too large a portion of the time seems to be given to matters of antiquarian research rather than of present interest. At least half of the hours given to what was done before Bach and Handel would have been, in their judgment, better spent upon what has been done since.

Professor Paine's recitals have been continued with interest and profit, which would have been still greater if a better instrument and a larger hall could have been provided for them.

The vocal and instrumental concerts given this year with great success in the Sanders Theatre, under the direction of Professor Paine, were an important step in the direct encouragement of Music in the University. They seem to the Committee as properly a part of the regular exercises of the College as lectures on Modern Literature; and they would gladly see them supplemented by lectures on the musical forms and styles and the composers represented in the programmes.

More from Baltimore.

We are having a lively time here among our musical critics. They are all at logger-heads with each other by reason of their extreme differences of opinion as to the Musical Festival. One denounces the whole affair most virulently, as an egregious musical failure, condemning all connected with it, from the management, down to the florist who decorated the stage. So anxious was he to find fault that at the closing concert on Wednesday evening, he overlooked the substitution by Mr. Remmert of "On Mamre's fertile plain" from "Joshua" for "While I have eyes he wants no light" from "Samson," and spread himself most beautifully on the rendering of the last-named song. Another is sorely disappointed because his suggestions about the arrangement of chorus and orchestra were not adopted, and stigmatizes the Festival as a failure *in toto*, because the second violins were put behind the first, and the alto voices in the chorus placed behind the reeds. Still another, though evidently desirous to judge impartially, destroys what force there is in his remarks by the frequent and indiscriminate insertion of "*mise-en-scène*" and one or two other pet foreign expressions.

Of all the articles written on the Festival, there was but one that could be read with any amount of enjoyment, and that spoke only of the beauties of the compositions without criticising the efforts of either chorus or orchestra, and this for obvious reasons, the critic being himself a member of the orchestra.

The frascible gentlemen afore-mentioned having now demoralized to their heart's content the finest musical entertainment that ever took place in this city, and, instead of pointing out to us in a judicious manner the shortcomings in this our first attempt, and having to all intents and purposes sought to discourage further efforts towards musical development, are now expending their remaining spleen on each other. Each critic is criticising the criticisms of the other critic, and I can assure you, the matter is assuming quite a critical aspect, although there has as yet been no reference made to pistols and coffee.

There is one fact of which these gentlemen should be reminded. When it was found necessary last Winter to carry on the Peabody Concerts under a *share* system, the orchestra taking the main risk and therefore dividing the net proceeds, it was very properly decided that no complimentary tickets were to be issued, a representative of each paper, however, being admitted.

The concerts took place, but not a single line appeared in any one of the papers until, near the close of the season, our leading morning papers came out with violent articles on the last two concerts. They hadn't received any "complimentaries" for their friends!

A great deal that the critics have said about our director is unfortunately but too true, and if he will accept a little wholesome advice it will be to the mutual advantage of himself and the musical community.

But, however this may be, the interest awakened by these controversies will certainly prove beneficial. Baltimore has never, "in the recollection of the oldest inhabitant" seen so much musical discussion as during the past week, and if the Festival had had no other result than, by calling forth these discussions, to create an extensive interest in our musical resources and stimulate us to renewed efforts for future musical improvement as it has done, it would have amply repaid for all the trouble and expense incurred. It has given rise to a more general and popular craving for a higher order of music; it will assist in filling our Peabody Concerts next season, and this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

—Baltimore, June 3, 1878.

MUSIKUS.

London.—The Month's Music.

We are now in the full tide of the summer musical season. Easter has passed; the great *prime donne* have all arrived at the opera; most of the operatic *débütants* and *débütantes* have been tested; benefit concerts, both in public halls and in private drawing-rooms, flood the diary of the musical critic, and the various serial, orchestral, and chamber concerts of the season have commenced. The winter serial concerts, which are yearly making greater and greater inroads into the summer, have ceased; the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall ended before Easter, and the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace ceased last Saturday. So far the prognostications of a dull season have been verified. No new work of importance, no new instrumentalist or vocalist likely to take the town by storm, has appeared, and the season seems likely to be brief and profitless, commencing late and finishing early.

In past seasons some pianist or other of unusual powers and of special celebrity has afforded inter-

est to both the fashionable and the musical worlds. One season it was Dr. Von Bülow, another it was Frau Essipoff, another M. Rubinstein, and so on. This year the great pianists seem to have deserted us, and none have yet arrived to take their place. M. Planté, who made his first appearance (if we may except a charity concert given last year at the French Embassy) before a London public at the Old Philharmonic Society's concert on May 1st, is an average player, but serious liberties which he took with Mendelssohn's Concerto in D minor have been generally condemned. M. de Beriot, a son of Malibran and De Beriot, made his *début* here at the Musical Union concert of May 7th, and gave a great deal of satisfaction. Fräulein Mehlig gave with Señor Sarasate a recital at St. James's Hall just before Easter, and played the Sonata Appassionata of Beethoven, besides other pieces. Fräulein Therese Hennes, a young pianist, who showed promise a year ago, has returned, and at her recitals at Steinway Hall displayed still further promise. Mr. Boscovitz has continued his recitals at Steinway Hall with a special view of showing the merits of the Steinway piano—a task for which certainly no one is better adapted. Lastly, Mr. Charles Hallé has recommenced his summer recitals at St. James's Hall.

These recitals of Mr. Charles Hallé are now, however, practically chamber music concerts. Concerted music for piano and strings is to be found in each programme, and Mr. Hallé is weekly assisted by Frau Nerman Néruda, Herren Ries, Straus, and F. Néruda. Several novelties have been promised, and these "recitals" seem likely to once more merit the name which has been aptly bestowed upon them, of "The Popular Concerts of the Summer Season." Mr. Shedlock's chamber concerts at the Victoria Hall, Bayswater, have closed, and the success they have obtained warrants the assumption that a fresh series will be commenced in the autumn. Mr. Shedlock's idea is indeed an exceedingly good one. He gives the best music in a neighborhood which has long been without it, he asks reasonable prices of admission, and the first part of each programme is devoted to the works of a single great composer, while in the second part Bayswater amateurs are accorded a hearing of the best chamber works of the new and old repertoires. Such a scheme deserves to succeed. The Musical Union concerts commenced May 7th, when M. Marsick, who has led quartets in concerts in Paris, held the first violin. M. Marsick, who is a player of ability, led Beethoven's Ninth Quartet and Haydn's Quartet in D, Op. 9, besides playing some violin solos. It is said Mr. Ella will be compelled to give up his concerts after the present season. It is to be hoped this will not be the case, as Mr. Ella has done much good in bringing previously unknown foreign artists to London. Next year, too, he may have the assistance of M. Rubinstein. MM. Ludwig and Daubert gave the last concert of their present series at the Royal Academy Rooms on May 9th, when Schubert's Quintet in A, Op. 114, and Beethoven's posthumous Quartet in A minor, Op. 180, were *inter alia* performed. These quartet concerts by clever orchestral players have unhappily been far too rare this season.

In orchestral music Madame Viard Louis was, at her concert of April 30th, enabled to retain the services of M. Massenet, who introduced a new orchestral suite, founded on scenes from Shakespeare. In the 'Tempest' music M. Massenet was found fertile in orchestral resources, if barren in ideas. The 'Macbeth' music was dramatic but noisy, while the gem of the suite was the 'Desdemona's Dream,' a little morsel in the purely French style of "linked sweetness long drawn out." The famous band under Mr. Weist Hill gave a performance of the Italian Symphony such as amateurs have rarely heard. The present series of concerts will, it is estimated, result in a loss of nearly £2,000. But Madame Viard Louis, not to be beaten, is thinking of a fresh series for next year, for which Sir Michael Costa and M. Gounod have already promised original orchestral works. The first concert of the New Philharmonic Society was given on May 4th, with a programme which was wholly unsuspicious of novelty. Señor Sarasate (a violinist who has, especially in music of the romantic school, already made an English reputation) played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, and the band played the Symphony in C of Schubert, the conductors being Dr. Wyld and Herr Ganz. At the Old Philharmonic Concert of May 1st the band played the C minor Symphony of Beethoven, and the 'Jupiter' Symphony of Mozart. M. Planté we have already referred to; Señor Sara-

sate played the suite Op. 180 of Raff; but Fräulein Riego, who sang, did not please. At the last concert of the Albert Hall Amateur Orchestral Society, on May 1st, there was a familiar programme, including the C minor Symphony No. 3 of Spohr, conducted by Mr. George Mount. At the Crystal Palace Saturday Concert of April 20th a new orchestral piece, 'In Memoriam,' by Herr Reinecke, of Leipzig, was played; but the work was brief, and though a fine piece of orchestral writing, and despite the fact that a melody which Bach has used in the cherales of his "Passions-musiken" is very happily introduced, it was deemed more scholarly than fertile in ideas. Señor Sarasate played the Beethoven Concerto at this concert, and on April 27th, Madame Arabella Goddard played Sterndale Bennett's C minor Concerto. On May 4th Herr Hendrik Westberg, a tenor from Stockholm, made his *début*, and M. Massenet conducted the entr'acte, ballet music, and March from his opera 'Le Roi de Lahore.' These concerts came to an end May 11th, when the Mendelssohn Concerto was played by Señor Sarasate, and the 9th (choral) Symphony of Beethoven was performed; but a special concert will be given on May 18th for the benefit of Mr. Manns, one of the best and most hard-working of conductors. At the Alexandra Palace the summer musical season was inaugurated May 11th, with a miscellaneous programme.

In choral concerts, the Sacred Harmonic Society had their annual Easter performance of the 'Messiah,' and are now preparing for Rossini's 'Moses in Egypt.' Mr. Henry Leslie's choir gave a concert of English glees and part and other songs, May 9th. This choir will be the sole representative of British vocal art at the Paris Exhibition. The Bach Choir performed, April 29th, the 'Magnificat' of Bach, which was done at the recent Leeds Festival, also three movements from the 'Missa Papae Marcelli' of Palestrina, the 'Neujahrlied' of Schumann, and the 'Walpurgis-nacht' music of Mendelssohn. At their last concert, May 11th, the choir repeated Bach's great Mass in B minor, under the direction of M. Otto Goldschmidt.

OPERA. Very little space need be wasted in review of the performances at the Italian opera-houses. Indeed, opera altogether seems to be in a bad way. The results of the Carl Rosa season are well known. Mr. Gye has had one of the most unprofitable early seasons on record, and Mr. Mapleson, although he has been the most successful of the party, has not by any means amassed a fortune.

At Covent Garden the season has so far been a struggle against fate. Mdlla. Zaré Thalberg has tried a new part, Elvira in 'Ernani,' without being able to eradicate our recollections of Madame Patti. Mdlla. Albani re-appeared April 30th, but Elisabetta is as yet the solitary specimen of the young Canadian's really great parts. Mdlla. Bertelli proved to be Fräulein Steiner, otherwise Mdlla. Pietri of Mr. Mapleson's provincial troupe; but the young lady has made no great impression. Mdlla. Sarda, a soprano from Malta, has yet nearly everything to learn, while M. Jamet, a new baritone, has passed his prime. However, Madame Patti was brought in thus early in the season, making her *entrée*, May 9th, in 'L'Etoile du Nord'; and 'Paul et Virginie' is in rehearsal for Mdlla. Albani. The general performances may be summed up in a sentence; to put it mildly, they have, as a rule, not been good.

At Her Majesty's Theatre, Miss Minnie Hauk, with a fine voice and a demonstrative style, has made an impression as Violetta, Rosina, and Margherita. Mdlla. Tremelli, a new contralto, with one of the richest voices ever heard, but as yet no great vocalist, has pleased much as the goatherd in 'Dinorah' and as Siebel. M. Thierry, as Don Bartolo, proved himself a buffo of no very great merit. Mdlla. Marimon has sustained her reputation as a vocalist of the first order of merit, particularly in 'Dinorah,' in which the *mise-en-scène* (with real water) was magnificent. At the performance of 'Les Huguenots,' on May 9, there were several *débuts*. Miss Mary Cummings, a pupil of Madame Sainton, sang the two songs of Urbano as only a true artist can sing them, but as yet she is wholly innocent of stage business. Signor Dondi, a new basso, was the Marcel; and Mdlla. Mathilde Wilde, as Valentine, could not efface our recollection of Titiens. Moreover, on May 11, Madame Gerster-Gardini made her *entrée* as Amina; and 'Carmen' is said to be in rehearsal for Miss Minnie Hauk. — *London Music Trades Review*, May 15.

Special Notices.

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Te Deum. Ab. 4.	1.00
Deus Miseratorem. Ab. 4.	40

These are five of ten very acceptable anthems, which are skillfully prepared, and will give variety to the beautiful service.

The Bells of Cornville.

This is the true name of the bright new opera, which is known in some quarters as "The Chimes of Normandy." The favorite songs are: "They say that Jeanne," "I may be Princess," "On Billows Rocking," "To me no stranger," "By his Side," "Aye, aye, aye!" "Normandy Pippins," "That Night," and the "Legend of the Bells." All of which are published by Ditson & Co.

Jesus, Lover of my Soul. Trio. F. 4. *Milliken*. 35

The melody is founded on Gottschalk's "Berceuse," and the effect must be very fine, if sung by well proportioned Soprano, Tenor and Bass voices.

The King's Highway. D major and minor. 3. c to F. *40*

This very popular song is preferred by many in the two keys above mentioned, and is therefore re-published in this form. One of the best songs out.

The Lost Chord. Ab. E to a. *Sullivan*. 40

"It flooded the crimson twilight
Like the close of an angel's psalm."
Very beautiful thought, and finely clothed in music. Also published in the key of F.

Good Bye, lovely Lou! D. 2. d to E. *Read*. 30

One of John Read's Comic songs. Quite pretty.

Every Inch a Sailor. G. 3. d to F. *Read*. 30

Jolly sailor song.

Seeking. D minor. 3. d to F. *Diehl*. 40

"The golden sun is sinking low,
And gilding every distant hill."
In style of pathetic German songs.

Eyes so Blue. Bb. 3. d to F. *Pinsuti*. 40

"Sunny smile, sunny smile,
Yours is more than mortal vile."
A fine glorification of golden hair and blue eyes.

Only Waiting. Alto Song and Chorus. F. 3. b to C. *Packard*.

"Only waiting till the shadows."
The ever beautiful hymn to fine music.

On the Banks of the Manzanares. (Am. Ufer des Flusses.) D. 4. d to F. *Jensen*. 30

The pretty washerwoman has never been celebrated in song. But here is a glowing tribute.

Give a Cheer to Stanley. Or, Stanley the Brave. (With Portrait.) Bb. 3. *Pratt*. 40

A tribute to the undaunted traveller, with portrait.

King Christmas. C. 3. g to D. *Hutton*. 35

Jolly old song. Learn it and save it up for Christmas.

Instrumental.

Les Harmoniennes. Three Pieces, by *Joachim Raff*.

No. 1. Fleurette. C. 3. *30*

"2. Echo. (Souvenir de Suisse,) G. 4. *35*

"3. Ballade. Caprice. *40*

The Fleurette is a pleasing Song without words, and the Swiss Echo song has uncommonly beautiful echoes.

Salem Assemblies Waltzes. 3. *Missud*. 35

A set of very cheerful waltzes, well fitted to keep time to the light steps of the Salem ladies.

Silver Forest Echo Polka. Eb. 3. *Williams*. 30

Here the silver leaves twinkle to a most merry air. Try it.

Selection of Airs from "Chimes of Normandy." 3. *Cramer*. 1.00

A better name for what is often called "Pot-pouri," and includes quite a number of the bright airs of the new favorite opera.

Polka Mazurka, from "Chimes of Normandy." C. 3. *Natif*. 40

Nicely arranged from "motifs" of the opera.

Exaltation. (Aufschwung.) Op. 12. F minor. 5. *Schumann*. 40

One of Schumann's "Concert Gems," a set containing eleven pieces, all of moderate length and bearing the impress of the master's skill.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 970.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1878.

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The Poet Goethe.

A HERETOFORE UNPUBLISHED POEM.

The history of the following poem by Goethe is given in the *Deutsche Rundschau*, in which it has just been published for the first time from the poet's manuscript. In 1838 the script was given to Emil du Bois-Reymond, the well-known physiologist, by Professor Alfred Nicolovius, a grandson of Goethe's favorite sister, Cornelia. Du Bois-Reymond supposed that the verses were, of course, to be found in the "Westöstliche Divan," and so never looked for them there. He happened to quote them in the laboratory one day in the presence of his assistant, Dr. Boll, who was a lover of Goethe, and who did not recognize them. Dr. Boll failed to find them in any edition of Goethe's works, and when they were shown to the great authority on the poet, the Geheim-Ober-Regierungsrath, Herr G. von Loeper, he pronounced them to be unpublished. The hand-writing is indubitably that of the poet. Several months ago they were sent to the Marchese Anselmo Guerrieri-Gonzaga, the Italian translator of "Faust" and "Hermann und Dorothea," who rendered them into Italian for the February number of *Faschella*. In the New York *World* the following English translation from the German text appears:

EBLIS.

A PARABLE OF GOETHE.

When meet the thoughtful and clear of sight,
Then only true wisdom is brought to light.
Of old was given by Sheba's Queen
A test of the delicate sense I mean;

When unto Solomon, the King,
She brought a golden offering:
A vase high carved, with fish and bird
And beast; with ornaments unheard,
Undreamed of, cunning; on either hand
Jachim and Boaz set to stand.

If a clumsy varlet careless touch
The wondrous vase, an instant smutch
Mars that tracery fine and high:
'Tis restored in a flash. But the joy of the eye
And the rapture of beauty are gone for aye!

Then spake the King: 'Tis even so!
Alas! that a foul and loutish blow
Can lay our loftiest treasures low!
The Spirits of Evil, man that hate,
No perfect thing can tolerate.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Notes on "Acis and Galatea."

Handel's fame rests so largely on his Oratorios that we are perhaps too ready to think of him in connection with sacred music only. We are apt to forget that he was the composer of numerous operas, of which only a few airs survive in performance (although the scores of some twenty of the operas have recently been published), and that he was known to his contemporaries as a most versatile genius; as a writer of every kind of music from a hornpipe to the Hallelujah Chorus, as manager of an opera-house during thirty years, and as one of the most skilful players of his time upon the harpsichord and organ.

The charming Serenata of "Acis and Galatea," lately heard in Boston at two of the Cecilia concerts, introduces the great master to us in one of his lighter moods. This work is a most interesting one from various points of view. Aside from the charm of the music itself, and from its interest as a somewhat earlier composition of Handel's than we often hear, it affords a good example of the way the compo-

ser worked. "Acis and Galatea" passed through many intermediate stages before it reached its present form. The history of the Italian "Aci" of 1708, and of the English "Acis" of 1720, of their union in 1732, and of the final separation of the English work from the very different Italian one in 1739 is a curious study.

The plot follows closely the old Latin fable. The scene is laid in a valley of Sicily through which runs a stream that still bears the name of Acis. Shut in by mountains, upon whose green slopes their flocks found pasturage, the people lived simply and peacefully, the blue Italian sky above them and the warm sunlight bringing them life and light. The sudden breaking out of a storm in this happy valley, the thunder reverberating among the mountains like the roar of a giant; the flocks and shepherds seeking shelter from the tornado as it swept along, uprooting trees and hurling huge rocks down the mountain-sides; the fierce rain-storm, almost inundating the plain and changing the little stream that flowed through it into a foaming river, rushing to the sea;—such may have been the foundation of the following story.

The sea-nymph, Galatea, had two lovers: Acis, a shepherd, son of the god Faunus and of the nymph Simæthis, and the monster Polyphemus, the largest and mightiest of the Cyclopes. Naturally enough she preferred the handsome shepherd to a one-eyed giant who lived on human flesh, and of course the Cyclops grew jealous of his favored rival. He one day spied the happy pair at the foot of Mount Etna, and in his fury flung a huge rock down upon them. Galatea escaped to the sea, but Acis was crushed by the blow, whereupon the nymph turned her lover into a stream, thus making him immortal.

When Handel was in Naples, about the year 1708, he wrote the Serenata of "Aci, Galatea e Polifemo." In this early Italian work everything takes place between the three personages; there is neither any division of acts, nor chorus, nor even an overture; at least according to the present state of the MS. It is, indeed, more of a cantata for three voices with an orchestra than a serenata; at any rate, it is not an opera, as Mr. Bennett calls it in his preface to the English "Acis" published by the Handel Society. But whatever may be the title, this composition, written by the author when only twenty-three years old, and still un-edited, is far from meriting oblivion. According to Mr. Lacy's analysis, the introduction between Aci (soprano) and Galatea (contralto), "Sorge il di," is full of grace, and its accompaniment is of exquisite delicacy. "Se m'am, o caro," which Handel introduced into *Pastor Fido*, and which Burney calls "extremely plaintive and elegant," has a very original accompaniment of two violoncellos and a double-bass. The air of Aci "Che non può la gelosia," is profound

in expression; and his death-song, "Verso già l'alma," is full of discordant harmonies and of the greatest ability. The air "Qui l'angel di pianta in pianta," is a charming little Sicilienne, with a hautboy *obbligato* from one end to the other, sometimes giving an echo to the voice, and sometimes forming a duet with it, and always with infinite grace. Polifemo (basso) has a love-song: "Non sempre, no, crudele," entirely different from the celebrated "O ruddier than the cherry," of the English "Acis," but which is certainly a not less happy piece of barbarity. Whoever sang the part of Polifemo had certainly the most extraordinary voice for which music has ever been composed.* One of his airs contains a skip of two octaves and a fifth!†

The English "Acis," a much better known work, was composed about the year 1720,‡ for the amusement of the guests of the "magnificent" Duke of Chandos. This nobleman had been paymaster-general of Queen Anne's army and had amassed an immense fortune. About the year 1712, he built the famous country-seat of Cannons, near the village of Edgeware, about nine miles from London. Here he "lived in splendor till his death, in 1744." Among the other attractions of this place, was a chapel, furnished like the churches of Italy, where music was performed by a fine choir and orchestra. Thither the "grand duke" went, "with true Christian humility" attended by a hundred Swiss guards, and thither came the fashionable world of London, "to pray to God with his grace." Dr. Pepusch was the chapel-master until 1718, when Handel came back from Hanover and was invited to Cannons. He remained there until 1721, directing the music in the chapel and composing, among other things, the famous "Chandos" anthems, the oratorio of "Esther," and the serenata of "Acis and Galatea."§

The pretty poem for this English serenata is by Gay, assisted by the other literary frequenters of the mansion. Here may be found some verses by Pope: "Not showers to larks," and a strophe by Hughes: "Would you gain the tender creature?" nor did they hesitate to take "Help, Galatea, help!" from Dryden's translation of the thirteenth book of Ovid's "Metamorphoses."¶

After its first performance, "Acis" was laid aside and probably forgotten by Handel; but Walsh, the famous music-printer, soon published selections from it in his set of "Favorite Songs by Celebrated Composers." These selections, at first sold separately, were united in one collection in 1723, under the title, "Acis and Galatea, a serenata, composed by Mr. Handel." With the exception of the overture and

* See Schoelcher's "Life of Handel" pp. 43-4.

† Given in Chrysander's "G. F. Handel." Vol. I. p. 243.

‡ Chrysander. Vol. I. pp. 479-87.

§ See Schoelcher. pp. 69-70.

¶ Schoelcher. pp. 80-1.

choruses, this collection contains nearly the whole of the work.

The first public performance of "Acis" took place in 1781, at the Theatre Royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields, but it was given in such an incomplete manner that this representation must have been a very unsatisfactory one. There was no chorus whatever, the gaps caused by its omission being filled by a part called Coridon; introduced for the purpose. The music for this personage was pieced together from Handel's choruses and other sources.

In May 1782, however, the entire serenata was given, just as it had been executed at Cannons, the only change being the division of the music into three acts. This performance, which was so well managed as to provoke curiosity, was conducted by an upholsterer named Arne,* and took place in the Haymarket Theatre, directly opposite Handel's opera-house. The part of Galatea was assigned to Miss Arne, afterwards known as Mrs. Theophilus Cibber, one of the most famous singers of that day.

These performances had been undertaken without Handel's aid. On the 5th of June, 1782, the following announcement appeared in the "Daily Journal":

"In the King's Theater, in the Haymarket, the present Saturday, being the 10th of June, will be performed a serenata, called "Acis and Galatea," formerly composed by Mr. Handel, and now revised by him, with several additions, and to be performed by a great number of the best voices and instruments. There will be no action on the stage, but the scene will represent, in a picturesque manner, a rural prospect, with rocks, groves, fountains and grottoes, among which will be disposed a chorus of nymphs and shepherds; the habits and every other decoration suited to the subject."†

This "Acis" was a curious mixture, for Handel, in order to attract the public, added a good part of the Italian composition to the English one and wrote three new choruses, two in Italian, and one, ("Smiling Venus, Queen of Love,") in English. The work thus assumed quite imposing dimensions. It was divided into three parts, and there were nine soloists, of whom seven were Italian and two English. Such a performance would be strange indeed now-a-days, but it was hardly a novelty then, operas being often sung partly in Italian and partly in English.

"Acis" was performed in this manner four times during the season of 1781-82, and four times the following December. Handel often gave it after this, making changes in it for every performance, as was his custom. In 1789, however, he appears to have gone back to the English "Acis" as it had been produced at Cannons. The only change the composition received was its division into two parts and the addition of the chorus "Happy We," whereas the Acis of 1720 had consisted of only one part, the duet between Acis and Galatea being immediately followed by the chorus, "Wretched lovers."‡

In this connection, an extract from Mr. John Hullah's lectures on the Transition Period of

Musical History, may prove interesting. He says:

"Whether from pressure of time, or from a very natural unwillingness that so much good material and careful workmanship should be wasted, Handel often fell back, later in life, on the productions of his earlier years. And this, in two ways. (1) He took the 'subjects' of former compositions, and treated them in a new way, developing them more fully, decorating them, and augmenting their interest by the addition of others; and (2) a much more simple procedure, he took his older compositions bodily, and adapted them to new situations and to new words, often of a very different character. In one instance which 'Acis and Galatea' presents of adaptation of old materials, Handel has achieved a feat analogous to what builders call 'under-pinning.' He has not furbished up an old fabric with a new facade, nor has he rebuilt one out of old materials. But he has left an entire and elaborate structure as it was, and given it a new foundation. To drop metaphor, he has added to a contrapuntal movement on two subjects a third subject, which, from its surpassing dignity, situation, and treatment, seems not to have been added to them, but, as it were, to have taken them on to it. I cannot call to mind another instance of a similar proceeding. Every one will know the chorus, 'Wretched Lovers,' and the wailing, prophetic strain with which it opens, and will remember the stirring second subject on the words, 'Behold the monster Polypheme,' and the counter subject, so different in character, on a fragment of the same phrase. In a set of thirteen 'Chamber Duets,' which Handel is said to have written during his stay in Hanover after his first visit to England, i.e., in the year 1711, there is a movement which is made up of the second and third subjects of the chorus, but without the first. As an example of one of Handel's earlier productions, of which he evidently thought well, and which illustrates one of his modes of working* it is most interesting."†

The origin of the chorus, "Happy We" is not yet ascertained. Handel first wrote a longer chorus,‡ which he afterwards worked over and placed in its present position at the end of the first part. A national song of Wales (The Rising Sun) has been thought to have furnished the ground-work for this chorus; but this song has not been proved to be equally old with Handel's composition, which, moreover, has, in general, an Italian stamp and is remarkably like a certain aria by Scarlatti.§

Since Handel's death, "Acis" has been by no means forgotten. It has even been performed upon the stage with action and scenery. Under the management of Macready, it had a long run. In 1788 the orchestral score was arranged by Mozart. He added nothing of his own, however, being content to carry out Handel's suggestions.]

At the recent concerts of the Cecilia, the English "Acis" of 1789 was given, with some

* See "The Transition Period of Musical History," by John Hullah. pp. 275, 277-86.

† To be found in No. 13, of the "Chamber Duets," at the words "Dag! amori flagellata."

‡ See Appendix to edition of "Acis" published by the Handel Gesellschaft.

§ See Chrysander. Vol. II. p. 269, foot-note.

|| Chrysander. Vol. I. p. 485.

omissions. The part of Damon was left out entirely, also an air assigned to Acis, "Where shall I seek the charming fair?" some passages of recitative between Polyphemus and Galatea, and the air for Polyphemus, "Cease to beauty to be suing."

Let us hope that, after this, we may often have the opportunity of hearing this delightful work as delightfully rendered as it was on May 22nd, 1878.

M. P. W.

How Haydn Composed his First Opera.*

The immortal composer, Joseph Haydn, was born on the 31st March, 1732, at Rohrau, in Lower Austria. He was the eldest of twenty children, his father being a wheelwright, named Mathias, who had learned in his wanderings about the country when a journeyman to play the harp a little, and was fond of exercising that talent in his leisure hours after he had set up for himself at Rohrau. His wife, Annamire (Anna Maria), generally accompanied the melodies with her pleasing voice, while little Sepperl (as Joseph is expressed in the dialect of those parts) used to sit near them scraping away with a stick upon his arm, as though he was playing the violin. One day, Herr Johann Frank, Headmaster of the school at Hainburg, a place not far off, came over on a visit, and the Haydn family got up for his benefit one of their domestic concerts. "The devil!" observed the visitor, after listening a while, "how is it that Sepperl, who is only five, keeps time so well?"—"It comes of itself; we never taught him."—"The young rascal has a natural taste for music, and, if you will let me take him with me to Hainburg, I will educate him, and in time make a priest of him."—The father and mother joyfully accepted the offer, and Joseph Haydn went off with the head-master to Hainburg, where he received instruction in reading and writing, religious subjects, singing, and in playing almost every instrument, even including the kettle-drum. When only in his eighth year, he had become a musical virtuoso, celebrated far and near. He often subsequently remarked, when a great composer: "I am indebted to cousin Frank, now in his grave, for having made me do so many different things, though I received more kicks than ha'pence in the process!" At the expiration of three years, Reutter, Court-Chapelmaster of Vienna, visited the small town, to obtain singing-boys for St. Stephen's church. "The phenomenal Joseph" (*Wunder-Sepperl*), as he was then called, was especially recommended. The Chapelmaster sent for the boy, and, having tested his powers, was utterly astonished at the sweetness of his voice and his correct execution. He accepted him, and the boy soon afterwards left Hainburg to enter as a pupil at the Chapel-house of St. Stephen's, Vienna, where he remained till his sixteenth year. His voice then broke, and he was dismissed in consequence. He took a wretched garret in the building known as Michael's House. In this garret he scarcely found protection from the rain, far less from the cold. He studied industriously, gave music lessons and earned a few seventeen kreuzer-pieces, "*gassatim*" (as the fact of giving serenades at night is called in musical phraseology.†) Though this was only a scanty means of subsistence, he did not lose his good spirits. One evening, as, tired out with hard study, he was about retiring to rest, he heard some one in the street calling him by name. Though undressed, he put his head out of the window, and asked: "What is it?"—"Why, come down as soon as you can; we have got a good job of a serenade, look sharp!"—"A serenade?" cried Haydn, "Not for a million!"—"Each of us will receive a florin and thirty kreuzers."—"Wait a bit, I'll be with you in no time!" replied Haydn. With these words, he hastily slipped on his clothes, and darted down stairs to earn the "florin and thirty kreuzers." It was lucky for him that he did so.‡

The serenade was in honor of a popular Viennese beauty, wife of the celebrated comic actor Bernardon—or properly: Kurz—who was manager of the

* From the *Signale*. Translated in the *London Musical World*.

† "*Gassatim*" is a comic mongrel word, coined from the German "*Gasse*, a street, lane," and the Latin termination "*atim*," found in "*servatim*," etc. It signifies: "about the streets."—J. V. B.

‡ According to authentic tradition, this anecdote emanated from Father Haydn himself.

* Father of Dr. Arne, the composer.

† Schoeleher. p. 136.

‡ See Chrysander. Vol. II. pp. 262-69.

Kärntner-Theater. Curious heads were looking on all sides out of the windows; the *jeunesse d'or* of the capital, who had gathered to the spot, lounged up and down, listening to the strange, but exceeding clever composition, which the nocturnal musicians were performing. They applauded and frequently cried: "*Brava la bella Diretrice!*" Suddenly the husband of the "most perfect goddess of love," rushed into the street. "Who is the confounded fellow who composed this serenade?" he asked the musicians!—"I am," answered a delicate, seedy youth about nineteen.—"Don't try to impose on me, my youthful friend; that is the composition of some great master, with whom I am unfortunately not familiar. You do not mean to say you could write anything so good and sterling?"—"I feel flattered that you like my composition, for I, and no one else, composed it. I compose sonatas, which I sell to my pupils; besides waltzes, minuets, and serenades, which, like the one to day, I execute with my friends."—"You are a deuce of a fellow to write so beautifully at your age."—"Well, one must begin at some time or other."—"That's a good joke! Who are you?"—"I am Sepperl Haydn of Rohrau."—"I must have an opera from you. Come up with me."

Haydn followed the Manager, was introduced to the latter's handsome wife, made a magnificent supper, and was presented with some shining ducats, together with the libretto of *Der kinkende Teufel*, (*The Devil on two Sticks*). He went every day to Kurz's and played the scenes he had set. Kurz was pleased with them all save one—that in which the storm at sea was to be portrayed. With a roll of paper in one hand, he paced hurriedly up and down the room, passing his other hand despairingly every instant through his hair. Haydn, seated at the piano, was perspiring with desperate inspiration, his fingers the while wandering restlessly over the keys. "That won't do, Sepperl!" cried Kurz. "Good gracious! have you never heard a storm roaring? It will be utterly impossible to bring out the opera—confound the storm at sea!"—"I cannot hit on it; the devil may describe it, for I can't," exclaimed Haydn, dashing in despair impetuously over the keyboard with both hands.—"Reschacher! You've got it!" cried Kurz, with the greatest delight. "Did not I say: You'll hit on it? Play it again.—There; don't you hear how the storm sweeps over the waters?" Then, falling on Haydn's neck, he kissed him again and again, saying: "Haydn, you are a great master, whom no one can surpass, and you will make for yourself a glorious name."

This, Haydn's first opera, was brought out with immense success in 1751, and produced the composer 24 gold pieces.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.
A National Church Music.

BY W. J. PATTEN.

Possibly the above heading may look a little startling to people of democratic views; but, thoroughly believing that it is one of the inevitables, I earnestly invite a careful investigation of the subject before coming to a decision. We are a church-going, singing nation. In all departments of education, science, and enterprise, we have "system," and in all phases of worship, excepting the song, we recognize a form and a standard, below which no effort will be tolerated. Why then is this prominent and powerful feature of our religious service left almost entirely to the ambition of a few composers and compilers, or to the caprice of publishers?

Before me lies a volume which, according to the preface, was prepared for the advancement of congregational singing; and yet of its hundreds of tunes more than one half are worthless, and two thirds of the remainder are so common-place and aimless, that the people have no appetite for them. In the largest cities and in their most popular churches, some good collections of tunes are used; but even here their "goodness" depends mainly upon a fine organ and a brilliant and well-trained choir; while in the great mass of cities and towns throughout the land, the hymn-books in use are filled with unmusical, worthless tunes, interspersed, of course, with the old "standards." The conse-

quence is, that the singing is confined to about a score of such tunes as Dennis, Marlow, Greenville, St. Thomas, Coronation, Old Hundred, etc.; so that people have become possessed of the idea that there is but one set of tunes for the past, present, and future, and they draw them over and over, year in and year out, with a mechanical submission, which is at once edifying and exasperating.

Now that these old tunes are good and noble, no one will deny; but because they are good are we to be forever satisfied with them? Shall we admit verbally, as we do practically, that when Dr. Mason died, all talent and ambition to compose noble tunes died with him? I do not deny that some grand tunes have been written since then, but how many, and what of it? (I am aware that this attack upon the traditions of the fathers, will stir up a certain kind of indignation; but so much the better, if it only serves to shatter the sentimental apathy in to which we, as a singing nation, have fallen.)

Many years ago men of fair musical education and ability composed tunes to meet the times. Such names as Stanley, Read, Edson, Billings, Holden, Randall, Williams, Malan, Webb, Kingsley, Mason, etc., etc., have become a part of musical history, because the men knew that good tunes would increase religious feeling and perpetuate the composer's name, while the song, dance, glee, and other popular productions would perish as quickly as they came. Grasping this idea they made such tunes as the education and taste of those days inspired: and are these early productions to suffice for all time? Did these men, living and writing at the very dawn, as it were, of congregational singing, exhaust the resources of the scale, and reach the limit of inspiration?

Congregational singing, as an established part of public worship, is becoming more and more decidedly an institution in this country; whether it is the best way or not, the fact remains, and if composers do not wish to be left behind in the race, they must move with the mass. The demand for good congregational tunes is larger and more discriminating to-day than ever before, and it is folly to think of relying always upon the few old tunes that have out-lived their contemporaries, and worse than folly to plod heedlessly on and think nothing about it. The composers of to-day must take up their pens and make new tunes for our worship. We are living in an age which will become grandly historical for its brilliant musical attainments, and advantages. The oratorio, the opera, the cantata, the symphony are produced [?] and performed in our cities amid a ripe and healthy appreciation and enthusiasm, while the music (?) in our churches is fairly mouldy! Where are the men of genius who can compose a grand symphony, that they will not give the worshipping congregation a few good enduring tunes? Where are the men of talent who can produce song after song of noble character and beautiful melody, that they will not make tunes for millions who are fairly hungry for them, and thus contribute their part to the music which forms the ground tier of all musical feeling? We must have a National Church Music, established and moulded by the men of to-day,—a nucleus upon and around which our descendants may enlarge. When the great revivalists of the West began to call together the people, and the old moss-grown barriers around their hearts began to give way, the sleeping power of song sprang to life within them, and began to clamor for expression. Then, upon the understanding of these great leaders, dawned the crushing necessity of having new music. The little collections of Gospel hymns and songs were hastily prepared to meet this immediate want, and, while they possessed no such sterling qualities as do the grand

old tunes which were thrown aside, their newness and freshness touched every heart. It is the people's thirst for new tunes, rather than the real merit of the compositions, which has caused their tones to spread like wild-fire throughout the land. I mean no reflection upon the Gospel songs. They are good and beautiful and have carried joy and peace to many weary hearts; but they are not enduring, for already the people are looking for something else, and this is what we must be thinking of. What an opportunity to confer upon the nation a priceless blessing.

When I think of the hundreds of talented composers who have had experience in this phase of musical progress, and who know the style of tunes which the people love, and when I think what a grand and beautiful collection of lofty tunes could be compiled from the creations of these men, my heart is thrilled with emotion, and goes up in prayer to God that men may rouse themselves and joyfully spring to the holy task! There are many ways in which this end may be brought about, and the best one will ultimately be selected. I would like to make these few comments upon the matter.

First, the result sought, while its pursuance may render some profit to the publishers, is for public good, hence clergymen and laymen, singers and players, publishers and dealers alike should join hands in its behalf. Second, no individual interests or ambitions should be consulted. Third, as a National Music is our aim, while we have to employ hymns in compiling, no discrimination in matters of creed, or form can be entertained; as, having established the work, ecclesiastical bodies may effect such alterations of text as pleases them. Tunes may be collected by men of judgment, in the various centres of the country, when the subject has been thoroughly ventilated, and compositions solicited from experienced writers.

These tunes should be made solely for congregational use, and while they adhere to the true dignity demanded in the premises, they should reflect the taste and emotion of the people represented by the composer. Tunes written in Maine might not become at once popular in Georgia, but such a natural interchange of thought and feeling will naturally lead to a blending of taste and style; and, continuing upon the path which is thus opened, our successors will be enabled to complete and beautify a truly National School of Church Music, which shall be as powerful both in the scope of religion and of music, as was the National Opera of Italy. When the number of tunes contributed is deemed sufficiently large, a commission of competent judges may examine and cull them, and compile Vol. I. A book issued under such auspices would meet with an unprecedented sale, and its influence upon the sacred music of the day cannot be over-estimated. In the natural course of events, Vol II. would be issued in the same way, and the stimulus thus given to the cause of Sacred Song would bear in its train many blessings not now foreseen.

Having thus opened the subject, I appeal to all to take up the cry and send it along until such a fire shall be kindled as shall revolutionize the downward spirit of the times. I appeal to those whose pens are inspired to write sacred poetry,—to those who can fittingly wed the beautiful lines to music, whose grand waves shall roll thro' all time,—to the ministers whose success and happiness depend so largely upon the singing of their congregations;—and to publishers, to offer whatever of encouragement they can, to a movement which is so pure in its design, so high in its aim, and together we will make the "Music of the Future" a reality in all the sanctuaries of our native land.

—Bangor, Me., June 10th, 1878.

Rossini's "Moses in Egypt," given in London as an Oratorio.

(From the "Daily Telegraph," May 27.)

The Sacred Harmonic Society is an eminently respectable and conservative institution. It has long passed its youth, and outgrown friskiness. It acts up to the old copybook maxim, "Do nothing rashly," and above all does it guard against running off the beaten track in chase of any gaudy butterfly that may chance to flutter into view. As says Dr. Johnson—

"Cautious age suspects the flattering form,
And only credits what experience tells."

This is the rule, but times of exception come both to individuals and institutions. We all remember how the sage and venerable President of the Pickwick Club behaved at Dingley Dell under the stimulus of agreeable surroundings—how he tired out no end of partners in the country dance, and on the ice obeyed Sam Weller's injunction "to keep the pot a bilin'" with youthful agility. So it is sometimes with associated bodies of men. Have we not known a Tory Government outstrip opponents who are nothing if not innovators, and promote household suffrage? Similarly, here is the Sacred Harmonic Society, pledged by its traditions to the grave solidity of Handel, and only now and then condescending to the airy devotion of an Italian *Sabat Mater*, making a foray into the region of opera, capturing a prize, dressing it up, and presenting it as an oratorio. Marvellous, this, to tell, and people have looked upon it with the dubious expression which suggests thoughts they are too polite to utter—thoughts as to the possible expediency of a commission in lunacy. But, though it may be strange for the Sacred Harmonic Society thus to act, the act itself is by no means unexampled. It was no uncommon thing in the days when Lent was marked at our lyric theatres by oratorio performances, for operas founded on sacred, or quasi-sacred themes, to be given in oratorio form. The very work presented in Exeter Hall on Friday evening—or, rather, the original version of it—was produced as an oratorio in 1822, and a year later Rossini's fifth opera, *Ciro in Babilonia*, was heard under like conditions. It would be wrong, therefore, for those who disapprove of the Sacred Harmonic Society's latest achievement to visit it with the censure due to that which is not only bad, but unexampled in its badness. The Society has only repeated the act of 1822, and gone back more than half a century for an example. But, in a single respect, at least, it has not come fully up to precedent. The oratorio managers of 1822 frankly stated that the works performed were not what they seemed. They avowed to all the world that *Mosè* and *Ciro in Babilonia* were operas, transferred, with certain modifications, to the concert platform, and oratorios only in regard to the nature of the subject and the conditions of the performance. The Sacred Harmonic Society has acted differently—so much so that it is within the bounds of possibility for musical historians, at some period, when nineteenth-century civilization is as remote as that of the Greeks now, to believe that there really existed an oratorio composer called Rossini. The directors officially style the work "an oratorio," and in the score published by them not the remotest indication that it ever was an opera can be found. Waiving altogether the question, which even a master so exacting as Wagner has admitted, whether it is right to present a work of art under conditions never contemplated by its author, we may still doubt if the suppression of its original character be fair. But we go further, and say that it is not fair. Questionless, the directors had reasons which appeared to them sufficient. We do not, however, desire to know them, for Art, like mathematics, has its axioms, needless of proof, and incapable of being explained away. Can it be said, on the other hand, that the hiding of Rossini's opera under the cloak of oratorio is in any measure condoned by results? To some extent this can be said. Our public, barred from the opera by its subject, and by the warning example of previous failure, now know with what sort of music Rossini illustrated a series of stupendous Biblical events, and what, in 1818 and 1827, Italy and France respectively could accept as very serious lyric drama. This is something—but it is more—the directors, perhaps, think it very much more—to hear Rossinian melodies in Exeter Hall, and to have them rapturously applauded by an audience trained to the solemnities of oratorio proper. Will the movement stop here? Or may we antici-

pate *Ciro in Babilonia* with, perhaps, Verdi's *Nebuchadnezzar* to follow?

But let us turn to the opera, which we may not ignore, though the Society does so. In 1818, when Rossini was at the height of his popularity with the Neapolitans, he prepared, conjointly with a librettist named Totola, a work on the subject of *Moses in Egypt*. The master's treatment of his theme showed so marked an advance towards nobility of sentiment and grandeur of design that the opera has been styled the first example of the "second manner" afterwards illustrated by *Zelmira* and *Seniramide*. Thus distinguished it met with great success at the San Carlo, and was only endangered by some absurd arrangements for representing the passage of the Red Sea, at which the audience, stimulated by a trivial march, were irreverent enough to laugh. Mention of this fact will, no doubt, recall to many minds the story that tells how, in order to avert the danger, Rossini added the grand prayer, "Dall' tuo stellato;" writing it one morning, in a few minutes, while the poet waited by his bedside. The anecdote is sometimes discredited, but we fail to see on what grounds. In it there is nothing at all improbable. Moreover, it is circumstantially told by Stendhal, who wrote only five years later, and who avers that one of his friends was present in Rossini's chamber at the time. But, however this may be, the Prayer saved the opera, and made the audience wild with delight at a point where they had before felt nothing except a sense of the ridiculous. In 1826 Rossini was at the head of the Académie Royale de Musique of Paris, where, previous to composing his masterpiece, *Guillaume Tell*, he tried the effect of adapting some of his old Italian operas to the French stage. *Maometto II*, was so treated and became known as *Le Siège de Corinthe*. A year later the master took his *Mosè* in hand for a similar purpose, producing it as *Mosè en Egypte*, after having made considerable alterations and additions. Rossini was like Handel in the freedom with which he treated his own music, and did not scruple to transfer to his French opera two choruses from *Armida* and some of the ballet airs from *Ciro in Babilonia*. But he also wrote some entirely new numbers, including much of the first act, the grand finale to Act 3, and the soprano air with chorus in Act 4. Thus enlarged and improved the opera made, at the outset, a great success. But it labored under the disadvantage of wanting dramatic interest, and we are told that when it had once wearied the public, "it was in vain that the directors reduced its dimensions. It became smaller and smaller, until it at last disappeared." This seems to have been always the fate of the opera. When the original Italian version was brought out at the King's Theatre in 1822 as *Pietro l'Eremita*—the year of its performance as an oratorio—the subscribers were delighted, and we are assured that "one of the most distinguished supporters of the theatre, after protesting to the manager that he deserved well of the country, offered to propose him at White's." But the furor soon subsided, and *Pietro l'Eremita* disappeared from the bill. The same thing happened at Covent Garden in 1850, when the French version was played in Italian under the name of *Zora*, with Mme. Castellan and Signor Tamberlik in the cast, Mr. (now Sir Michael) Costa conducting. Everything was lavished upon the opera that money and skill could bring, but *Zora* became no more than a "nine day's wonder," and though Mr. Gye has once or twice of late threatened its re-production, the fulfilment of his threat is by no means likely. It will be said that in so far as these results arise from the undramatic character of the work, they have no bearing upon its production as an oratorio. The remark is just, and those who approve the step taken by the Sacred Harmonic Society are entitled to the full advantage derivable from it, as, also, from the fact that an eminent Parisian critic, M. Scudo, writing *apropos* to the revival of *Mosè* in Paris twenty-six years ago, said, with emphasis, that the opera has "all the characteristics of a veritable oratorio." Some of us may differ from M. Scudo, and do so with all the confidence of those who know better than he could know what the characteristics of a veritable oratorio are. No one wishes to deny that there are grand pages in *Mosè*. The music of the Lawgiver, for example, is full of dignity throughout, and rises in the invocation, *Almeno, immenso, incomprendibile Dio*, even to sublimity. Of the famous Prayer—a genuine inspiration—it is unnecessary to speak, while the finale to the third act has, undoubtedly, the advantage of immense *verve*, as well as extreme noisiness. Admitting the sentiment of the pretty duets as a characteristic of true oratorio, there is,

also, much to be said for them, but against this what a mass of triviality ranges itself?—triviality of the worst kind, because out of place, even regarded as part of a lyric drama. The marvel was, on Friday, when strains befitting a comic opera rang through Exeter Hall in association with religious words, that the very stones of that evangelical edifice did not cry out. But the stones were silent. Not so the audience, who applauded with all the fervor of theatre-shunning people in the act of enjoying one of Mr. and Mrs. German Reed's entertainments. The performance is to be repeated in June, and no wonder, for the society has "prospected" a new field of operations destined, we sincerely trust, to prove, if it needs must be worked, a source of wealth.

The English text of Rossini's "oratorio" has been prepared by Mr. Arthur Matthison. * * * * * By whom the arrangement of the music has been done we are not told, but it indicates, in one respect at least, a skilful hand. The cream of the opera is here past question, and if it be said that the representation in C major of the great Prayer, by way of finale, is a liberty savoring of licence, the case is one in which, if ever, the end sanctifies the means. The original ending—like the entire fourth act—presents an anti-climax, whereas the Prayer rounds off the work grandly. Not having Rossini's full score before us, we cannot say how far the arranger of the Exeter Hall version has been faithful or unfaithful to it. Our impression is that he has added with a liberal hand in the direction of increased sonority. Regarding the performance, we must speak highly. It was not faultless, but it was wonderfully free from faults, looking at the novelty of the music and its character, so unfamiliar to the mass of those concerned. Both band and chorus had been well trained by Sir Michael Costa, the success of whose labors deserves frank acknowledgment and recommendation, nor were the principal vocalists, to speak generally, wanting in competence. Mme. Lemmens Sherrington devoted all her skill and energy to the part of Anais, the Hebrew maiden by Pharaoh's son, Amenophis. She was best heard in the expressive duets which are so conspicuous throughout the work, but especially in that for Anais and her mother, Zillah, "In Israel's camp alone I weep," which the experienced soprano gave with real feeling. Miss Anna Williams, Miss Julia Elton, Mr. E. Lloyd, Mr. Cummings, Mr. W. Wells, Mr. Hilton, Mr. Bridson, and Herr Henschel also took part, with more or less success, the honors falling to Mr. Lloyd, who, as the Egyptian Prince, sang splendidly and excited real enthusiasm by the fine quality and power of his high notes. Herr Henschel was also particularly successful as Moses. His English pronunciation continues imperfect, and could not be otherwise than a serious drawback, but in his conception of the character and its dramatic expression he left nothing to desire. The *ensembles* were often highly impressive, and it will be conceded on all hands that the hearty applause which followed the conclusion of the performance justly recognized the merit of an achievement that will increase the fame of the society.

Mario Testimonial Fund.

(From the London Times, June 1.)

The fact that Mario (Conte di Candia), who, from a simple amateur, with a voice of superlative beauty as his chief credential, reached, by slow and sure steps, the highest eminence in his profession, has been for some time in reduced circumstances is well known among frequenters of the opera and amateurs in general. It was not, therefore, surprising that a committee should be formed some time ago to meet the exigencies of the case, and to raise a fund with the object of enabling the great lyric comedian to pass the remainder of his life in comparative ease. He who charmed so many for over three decades merited more than ordinary sympathy on the part of those he had delighted with his uncommon gifts and talents. The artistic career of Mario may be briefly sketched. Born at Genoa in 1812, of an ancient and honorable family, his father having been Governor at Nice, he took early to singing as a recreation, and speedily became the idol of the "salons." At the age of 24 he went to Paris, where, after many solicitations from the management of the Grand Opera (then in the Rue Lepelletier), he accepted the proposals offered to him, and in November, 1838, made his *début* as the hero of Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, a character originally sustained (in 1831) by the ill-fated Adolphe Nourrit. As an actor, Mario was then, of

course, a mere novice; but the charm of his voice, as well as his prepossessing demeanor, exercised an influence which led to an engagement at the Opera Italian, a much more favorable arena for the exhibition of his natural endowments. In 1839 he was invited to London, and made his first appearance, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as Gennaro, in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Here the general opinion differed in no way from that which had been pronounced in Paris. "*Vox at preterea nihil*" was the universal cry. Many amateurs foresaw a bright future in store for the young Sardinian, and, while admitting that with him the "*vis motriz*," the moving power, was the exquisite organ with which Nature had endowed him, detected signs of intelligence unnoticed by less curious observers. How the judgment of this minority proved in the end to be the true one, those who have followed the career of Mario since he first appeared among us need scarcely be told. At Her Majesty's Theatre he achieved success after success, and progress was marked in every fresh character he essayed. From Gennaro he went to Ernesto, gaining a popularity for the famous serenade, "*Com' è gentil*," which has never been wanting to it since. The first indelible impression created upon connoisseurs was in the *Barbieri* of Rossini, when the Almaviva of Mario was at once proclaimed "*hors ligne*," not only because of the extraordinary ease and fluency with which he executed Rossini's florid and always melodious passages—as, for example, in the serenade, "*Ecco ridente*," and the duet with Figaro, "*All' idea di qual metallo*"—but because of his acting in the *finale* to the first act. Here, in the feigned drunkenness of the Count, he proved that in such a situation he could be a gentleman, without indulging in tricks, or, as the Italians express it, "*lazzi*," to which in any circumstances no gentleman would condescend. We afterwards had his inimitable Nemorino (*L'Elisir d'Amore*), followed successively by Elvino (*La Sonnambula*), Arturo (*I Puritani*), Carlo (*Linda di Chamouni*), Percy (*Anna Bolena*), with the "*Vivi tu*" which Rubini, Mario's immediate predecessor, was first to put in vogue, Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), etc. Mario's career at Covent Garden, since the time when the Royal Italian Opera was set up in opposition to Mr. Lumley and Her Majesty's Theatre, does not require to be dwelt upon at length, being generally familiar to our readers. Besides appearing on various occasions in the parts already enumerated, with the addition of some few others needless to specify, he quickly threw himself into the sphere of absolute "grand opera," becoming the most valiant champion of Meyerbeer. His Raoul de Nangis in the *Huguenots*, first with Viardot Garcia (1848), subsequently with Giulia Grisi, and his John of Leyden in the *Prophète*, also first with M^{me}. Viardot (1849), are still vividly remembered. In fact, from a mere histrionic tyro, Mario had become one of the greatest actors, if not the very greatest actor, on the lyric stage. His Jacopo Foscari, in Verdi's now half-forgotten opera, his Duke of Mantua in *Rigoletto*, Manrico in the *Traviata*, Alfredo in the *Traviata*, Eliazar in the *Juive* of Halévy; his Faust, pronounced, with good reason, "*the Faust of Fausts*;" his Ricardo in the *Ballo in Maschera*, Romeo in Gounod's *Romeo e Giulietta*, and, last not least (other characters being unavoidably passed over), his Fernando in the *Favorita* of Donizetti, one and all made their mark. Fernando was the character in which, now nearly seven years since, Mario took his long farewell of the English public. Such a "*farewell*," it may be justly said, was without precedent. The parts in which he had already appeared during this final series of performances were Almaviva, Faust, Raoul, Riccardo, Lionello (*Martha*), and Manrico. No character, however, could have been more wisely selected for such an occasion than that of the hero and devoted lover of the *Favorita*; and when it was stated that in taking leave of Mario, "*the leave-taking was in honor of one long considered and upheld as the greatest, most versatile, and in all respects thoroughly accomplished lyric artist of our day*," the simple truth was uttered, without one word of exaggeration.

That Mario should now be in want of that which he himself always gave too liberally to others is sad to know. It is, nevertheless, the fact; and that fact requires no apology or explanation of what has been done in his behalf. The names of the gentlemen who act as committee—Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, Mr. J. Woodford (one of our most distinguished amateurs), and Mr. Arthur Chappell—are sufficient guarantees that this appeal to the English public has been made on purely legitimate grounds. That, while further donations

for the fund are still to be received by the committee, something in the shape of a concert should be regarded as a likely expedient to enrich it was natural. The much underrated professors of music are always readiest to come forward with their aid when a fellow artist stands in need. That M^{me}. Christine Nilsson should be foremost in the good work, for which she has expressly travelled from the Continent, will astonish no one bearing in mind what the gifted and distinguished Swedish songstress—a "*Nachtigall*," if there ever was one—has done of recent years for several of our most estimable charities; and this being her only appearance in London for the present season gave additional weight to her invaluable co-operation. How M^{me}. Nilsson was received may be imagined. She was in magnificent voice, as was proved at once by her admirable delivery of the "*Air des bijoux*," from *Faust*, and later in the concert by the slow movement, "*Glorio d'orroro*," from the grand duet in Rossini's *Semiramide*—her companion being no less an artist than M^{me}. Trebelli, whose absence from the Italian Opera up to the present moment has been much regretted, but who is happily once more a member of Mr. Mapleson's company. Mr. Sims Reeves, too, was to have taken part in the concert, but was incapacitated through indisposition from doing so. The excuse made for him, however, was a substantial one, as the letter read from the platform by Mr. Arthur Chappell will show,—

"My Dear —,—When I give my services I am always most anxious to appear, but on this occasion I felt doubly so, and cannot find words to express how disappointed I am to be unfortunately prevented. Mario was always so good a comrade. He cannot unfortunately work longer. I can, and therefore forward you a cheque for 100 guineas, most sincerely hoping that a large sum may be collected, so as to enable him at least to live in comfort.

Yours, etc., J. SIMS REEVES."

Madame Trebelli rendered another service by singing the tenor part with Madame Nilsson in the duet, "*Ah morir potessi*," from Verdi's but lately revived *Brani*. She also gave the quaint "*Chanson Espagnole*" from the late George Bizet's much-expectated opera, *Carmen*, and when called back to the platform substituted "*Si vous croyez*," an air from Offenbach's *Fortunio*, in its stead; but perhaps the most finished effort of the popular contralto was the "*Tu che accendi*," with its perennial cabaletta, "*Di tanti palpiti*," from Rossini's *Tancrède*, the work from which the fame of the "*Swan of Pesaro*" may be dated. Mr. Santley, besides joining Miss Annie Butterworth and Signor Foll, in the tetract, "*O nune benefico*," from *La Gazza Ladra*, introduced the old English ballad, "*The Vicar of Bray*," and in response to a well-merited encore gave "*The leather bottle*"—both with genuine humor. Signor Foll's solo was the very popular "*Bedouin love-song*" of Signor Pissuti, in which he was accompanied by the composer. A *débütante*, M^{lle}. de Clairvaux, also appeared at this concert, and in the melodious air "*Caro nome*," from Verdi's *Rigoletto*, made a favorable impression. This young lady possesses a pure *soprano* voice of extensive range and of very agreeable quality. It is not a strong voice, but it is one that may acquire strength and volume with the aid of adequate study and experience. In her singing M^{lle}. de Clairvaux displays two considerable merits; she sings invariably in tune and phrases perfectly, so that any one who may accompany her on the pianoforte has no difficulty in following. True, in Sir Julius Benedict she enjoyed the co-operation of an accompanist with few equals; but her own merits were not less apparent. She evidently understood the unhappy Gilda's soliloquy thoroughly and gave full expression to its meaning. At the end M^{lle}. de Clairvaux was called back to the orchestra—a sufficient proof that the audience had been gratified with her performance. That M^{me}. Nilsson at the conclusion should introduce some of her favorite Swedish melodies was to be expected. The selections she made were "*Fjorton'ar*," "*Mandom mod ock morska men*," and "*Kom du lilla flicka*" (in obedience to an encore). The first and third of these have been already sung more than once by M^{me}. Nilsson; the third is also well known through the singing of Jenny Lind in years past. All three are full of charm and freshness. So, too, was the singing of M^{me}. Nilsson, who has rarely exhibited more *verve* and spirit, rarely imparted to the national melodies of her country more characteristic significance. It was a delightful climax to what was altogether a delightful entertainment. Most of the duties at the pianoforte were undertaken by Sir Julius Benedict, who accompanied all M^{me}. Nilsson's performances, and whose graceful ballad, "*Rock me to sleep*," sung by Miss Butterworth,

was a feature in the programme. Among the audience, one of the most crowded and brilliant ever assembled in St. James's Hall, were the Princess of Wales and Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. The gross receipts of the concert amounted to £1,150, exclusive of the one hundred guineas contributed by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Handel's "Jubilate."

Jubilate. Von Georg Friedrich Händel, bearbeitet von Robert Franz. [Halle: Heinrich Karmrodt.]

Last month we directed the special attention of our readers to the general fact that many of Handel's finest compositions remain unfamiliar, either because the original thin score has not been filled up, or because the filling-up is not generally known. We also asked attention to the particular case of "*L'Allegro ed Il Penseroso*," and pointed out that Herr Franz's thoughtful and judicious accompaniments to that noble work, being generally available, remove the only obstacle to its taking a proper place in our Festival and other programmes. Let us now do the same good office for the Utrecht "*Jubilate*," which Herr Franz, ten years ago, took into his careful hands, and, with the peculiar instinct that belongs to him, fitted for modern use. We doubt if more than a very small proportion of those who really love Handel, and claim to rank as connoisseurs of his works, know much about the Utrecht "*Jubilate*." All the same, however, it is one of the old master's grandest pages. When Handel was chosen by Queen Anne (against precedent, he being a foreigner) to write music in celebration of the peace of 1713, he had only been in England a little while on his second visit; he was in the full vigor of early manhood, and it was necessary for him to make the fullest possible use of an opportunity so distinguished. That he should give his Royal Patronesses of the best appeared to him a matter of urgent policy as well as of duty, and in the "*Te Deum*" and "*Jubilate*" we have the master's greatest powers exemplified—an exemplification rewarded by a life-pension of £300. Handel appears to have himself thought well of the work, inasmuch as he took it with him down to Oxford, along with "*Athalia*," when he visited that city for the Public Act, or, as we should now call it, the Commemoration, of 1733. Music at this festivity was something new, and, many worthy people thought, something not good. Master of Arts Hearne, for example, wrote in his diary, "*The players might as well be allowed to come and act*;" and called Handel and his "*foreign fiddlers*" a "*lowsy crew*," which was neither polite nor refined of Master Hearne, but rather of a piece with a vulgar ballad-opera of the period wherein mention is made of "*that cursed Handel*, with his confounded oratorios." However, the "*Jubilate*" was performed, and "*Athalia*" also, to the profit of the master and the satisfaction of music lovers. We do not wonder that the Utrecht music made a "*hit*." Its mingled softness and grandeur, simplicity and science, are remarkable, even for Handel, and we have abundant reason for regret if in any degree the shifting current of taste has left it—the "*Jubilate*" especially—high and dry on the sands.

Franz has treated the work with all his admitted skill. Leaving the composer's own score, as far as it has come down to us, intact, he has added parts for additional instruments with wonderful feeling for the style and character of the original. Especially interesting is the chorus, "*Oh, be joyful*," with its parts for horns, flutes, oboes, clarionets, and bassoons; and not less so the beautiful duet, "*Be ye sure that the Lord He is God*," throughout which a judicious use of the wind instruments gives color and variety alike charming. But we need not discuss details. Franz is now acknowledged as the prince of musical "*restorers*," and our duty is done when we have called attention to the work upon which his skill has been lavished.—*London Musical Times*.

MUSIC AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION. The following is a list of the foreign musical entertainments to be given at the Exhibition: England—Mr. Leslie, leading the English choirs, and the French orchestra, specially conducted by Mr. Sullivan, will give three grand concerts of English music, on the 17th, 19th and 20th of July. The Prince of Wales will be present at the last. United States—Gilmore's orchestra, of New York, will give an American concert on the 4th of July, the anniversary of Independence. Sweden and Norway—The students of Upsal and of Christiana have arranged for two grand vocal concerts to be held in the Salle des Fêtes. A programme of Swedish classical music will be executed in one of the smaller rooms. Italy—Five concerts will be given by the orchestra of La Scala, of Milan, three by that of the Apollo Theatre, of Rome, and three of classical music, which are to be organized by the Academy of Music of Palermo. Spain—The Madrid Concert Society, composed of 100 performers, will give three concerts in the second week of July. The Quartett Society of the same city will provide three entertainments of classical music. Hungary—Two orchestras will be

heard at the Trocadéro, one comprising sixteen musicians and the other rather smaller. Moreover, the bagpipes will play every day in the Hungarian Oarda in the Champ de Mars. Belgium—Nearly all the Orpheon societies of Belgium will come to Paris, either to sing separately or to compete in the international festivals. Denmark—The French official orchestra will give, on behalf of this kingdom, a concert consisting of Danish music, and more especially of the works of Gade. Holland—Several Philharmonic and other societies will visit Paris to take part in the international contests.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JUNE 22, 1878.

The Cincinnati Festival.

That the people of Cincinnati were justly elated with the success of their great Musical Festival, no one doubts. Whether the artistic or the educational significance of that success be as great as seems to have been generally imagined, is fairly an open question. If the value of a musical festival is to be measured by its outward magnitude alone, or by that together with the successful execution of its programme, the smooth working of its multifarious immense machinery, and by the enormous crowds of listeners attracted by it, and delighted as well by the vast and sumptuous hall so generously provided for their accommodation as by the music itself, then it must pass for the most important musical event of its kind which this country has yet realized. We say of its kind, the festival kind; for the advent of a single American Handel, or Beethoven, or any really great creative musical genius, would be an event of far more consequence, though the newspapers might not find it out till he were dead and buried. Now as to the magnitude, the great scale of the undertaking, it stands admitted that Cincinnati had by far the largest and best appointed Music Hall in the whole land; in some respects, at least, the largest Organ; while the average audience throughout the four days outnumbered by some thousands any audiences that have been assembled in the spirit and the name of Music as an Art; for we count out the "Jubilee" monstrosities as foreign to the comparison, presuming that the authors of the Cincinnati festival were not ambitious to have their work measured by that sort of standard; nor is that the standard by which we measure musical progress here in Boston. The financial success, too, was wonderful; the mere possession of so much money for any future worthy enterprise in music, is something which may be counted of great importance, according as it may be wisely used.

Taking it for granted, then, that this was in truth a grand and noble festival, and on a larger scale than any yet known in our country; that the chorus was as large and possibly more effective than our Boston Handel and Haydn Chorus at its best; that the Thomas Orchestra was the largest and the best which even he has ever yet had under his control; that the solo singers formed a notable array; and that the execution of the various compositions was upon the whole as good as all the local critics and the correspondents represented, does all this weigh enough to shift the centre of musical life and culture in this country to the Queen City of Ohio? Does this justify the claim, so freely made, that Cincinnati henceforth takes rank as the Musical City of the Union? Great halls, great crowds, great festivals do not establish the musical character of a city. The most musical town in Europe, Leipzig, has all its great Symphony Concerts in a hall not large enough to seat a thousand people, and all its Oratorio and Passion music in a gloomy old church of but moderate dimensions. What gives Leipzig its musical character is the fact; (1) that Bach and Mendelssohn and so many mas-

ters lived and worked there, whose traditions and whose spirit haunt the place; (2) that more of the best and noblest music in all forms is heard there year in and year out oftener than anywhere else; (3) its Conservatorium, and (4) that the whole population thoroughly believes in music as one of the prime interests of life. In short, it is a great centre of musical culture. It takes years to bring that about; no Festival can do it, no worked up mighty demonstration. If this city of Boston has hitherto enjoyed some reputation for musical pre-eminence in a vast unmusical country, it has not been chiefly in consequence of its great musical festivals; far more has it been owing to the efforts made here in behalf of musical education, both in schools and concerts of good standard music, Symphonies, Oratorios, Chamber music, etc., etc., for some forty years past. It is because the love of what is best in music has become so deeply seated, not of course in all, nor even in the majority, but in enough minds to give a tone to the community. Has any Western city had the like experience? We, too, have had our great festivals, under the lead of our old Handel and Haydn Society, at home in Oratorio for half a century and more. But these festivals were rather the result than the beginning and prime movers in our culture; they developed spontaneously and by an innate necessity out of the interest in music fed from a thousand quiet springs for years before so bold an enterprise was thought of. In other words, our festivals have grown out of our own local musical culture and institutions; the Cincinnati festivals were implanted from without; the seed was brought by Thomas and his Orchestra; perhaps it will continue to spring up and bear fruit of its own accord hereafter; and we hope it will, and that the fruit will yet acquire its own original and native flavor.

So much of Cincinnati in the rôle of musical "head-centre." Now let us look at the Festival as such. Attention has been repeatedly called to the surpassing richness of its programme; and the programme (the quality and quantity of the music presented) is in truth the first test of the artistic importance of such an occasion. Our Handel and Haydn Society (each of whose Oratorio performances for many years might have been made the nucleus of a festival) had one great festival of a whole week on its fiftieth anniversary in 1865, with a chorus of 700 voices and an orchestra of 100 instruments. Then were performed four Oratorios ("Creation," "Israel in Egypt," "Elijah" and the "Messiah"); four grand Symphonies ("Eroica" and No. 7 by Beethoven, the great Schubert in C, and the "Scotch" by Mendelssohn); the list of Overtures included the *Coriolan* and *Leonora*, No. 3, of Beethoven, *Euryanthe*, Weber, *Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Ruy Blas*, Mendelssohn, *Tell*, *Tannhäuser*, *Rienzi*, Bennett's *Naiades*, etc., besides solos and concerted pieces. That was too much of a good thing perhaps,—the natural ambition of a first experiment.

To offset this the Cincinnati programme (wisely limited to four days) offered one Oratorio, the most familiar one, if also the best, the *Messiah*, and, in lieu of other monumental choral works of this sort, the Graner Mass by Liszt (which some might find edifying, but most hearers not) and, for the inaugural piece on the first evening, scenes from Gluck's *Alceste*, which would have been admirable in any of the following concerts, but were wholly unfit for a triumphal, stately prelude to the whole (such as Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," or Handel's "Te Deum," etc., etc., might have been), and a "Festival Ode" by Otto Singer, composed in the "Lisztian School;" for the rest some few scenes from Wagner's operas, etc. The Symphonies were the *Eroica*, the Unfinished one by Schubert, the Ninth

(with Chorus) by Beethoven, and the "Romeo and Juliet" Symphony by Berlioz. For Overtures there were the "Tannhäuser," "Midsummer Night's Dream," "Tell," "Lohengrin" (Introd.), *Coriolan*, *Sakuntala* (Goldmark), Schumann's "Manfred," to which add Abert's adaptation of Prelude, etc., from Bach, and various smaller instrumental extracts. We think the first Boston festival holds its own beside this even in the instrumental pieces, while in great choral works it is far the richest, unless novelty be made the criterion; but from all that we can learn of the impression made by Liszt's Mass and Mr. Singer's Ode, we think a single standard Oratorio would have been of far more account.

But think of the order and construction of that opening programme: 1. the tragic opera, *Alceste*, lasting an hour; 2. dedication exercises, speeches, etc., another hour; 3. the painful Singer Ode, nearly a third hour; and finally, (nothing could be better in itself, but in that place sure to be beyond endurance with the thousands wearied out already), the Heroic Symphony! Thomas has put our patience to like trials here in Boston.

We may go still further and show that every one of the Handel and Haydn Festivals has presented a richer amount of the best sort of musical matter, than was heard last month at Cincinnati. For example:

First Triennial Festival, May 1868.—Chorus of 747 voices, Orchestra of 100. Oratorios: *Messiah*, *Creation*, *Samson*, and *St. Paul*. Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and 98th Psalm. Nicolai's Overture and Choral: "Ein feste Burg," was the opening piece. Choral Symphony of Beethoven, Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Do., Symphony in G, Haydn, and the great Schubert in C, and the "Unfinished" one. Overtures: *Leonore*, No. 2, Mendelssohn's *Moorstrilla*, etc., *Tannhäuser*, *Freyshütz*, *Jessonda*, etc. Miss Alida Topp played two Concertos: Schumann in A minor, and Liszt in E flat. Carl Rosa played a Violin Concerto by Spohr. The solo singers were Mme. Parepa Rosa, Adelaide Philipps, Miss Houston, Mrs. Cary (Barry), Messrs. Geo. Simpson, James Whitney, J. F. Winch, H. Wilde, J. F. Rudolphsen and M. W. Whitney. Organist, B. J. Lang; Conductor, Carl Zerrahn.

Second Triennial, 1871. "Hymn of Praise" and Nicolai Choral Overture again. *Elijah*, *Israel in Egypt*, *Messiah*, Bach's *Matthew Passion* (about one half of it), first time in America. Symphonies: Haydn in G (No. 13); Schubert in C, and the Unfinished one; Fifth and Ninth (Choral), Beethoven Overtures: *Leonore*, No. 3; *Geneseeva*, Schumann; Gade's *Ossian*; *Sakuntala*, Goldmark; *Tannhäuser*. Liszt's "Les Preludes." Concertos: Beethoven in E flat (Miss Mehlig), Schumann in A minor (Miss Krebe), Chopin in F minor (Mehlig). The solo singers were: Mme. Rudersdorff and Mr. Cummings (tenor), from London; Mrs. Houston West, Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Annie Cary, Antoinette Sterling, and Messrs. W. J. and J. F. Winch, M. W. Whitney and Rudolphsen. The afternoon miscellaneous programmes offered numerous important solos for these artists.

Third Triennial, 1874. Chorus of 600; Thomas Orchestra, increased to 85. Conductors, Zerrahn and Thomas. Organist, Lang. Principal Vocalists: Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Nelson Varley from London; Miss Annie Cary, Mr. M. W. Whitney, Mrs. Smith, Mrs. West, Miss Philipps; Messrs. Geo. R. Osgood, W. J. Winch, and J. F. Rudolphsen. Oratorios: *Judas Maccabæus*; "Spring" from Haydn's *Seasons*; Mendelssohn's unfinished "Christus;" Bach's *Matthew Passion* (a fuller selection); J. K. Paine's "St. Peter" (new); *Messiah*. Shorter Choral works: "Hear my Prayer," Mendelssohn; 46th Psalm, Dudley Buck. Symphonies: Schubert, "Unfinished;" Ninth of Beethoven (with Chorus);

Schumann in B flat; Raff's "Leonore;" Liszt's "Tasso."—Overtures: *Brynnhilde*; "Midsummer Night's;" Vorspiel to "Meistersinger," Wagner; *Jessonda*; *Iphigenia*, Gluck; *Coriolan*, Beethoven; "Faust," Wagner; "Magic Flute," Mozart; *Genoveva*, Schumann. All this, besides shorter miscellanies and a Concert on the great Organ by Mr. Lang, with pieces from Bach, Schumann, Mendelssohn, etc.

The Fourth Triennial, 1877, was too recent to require notice. We only name the principal vocalists: Soprani, Miss Clara Louise Kellogg and Miss Thureby; Contraltos, Miss Annie Cary, and Mathilde Phillippes; Tenors, Chas. R. Adams and Wm. J. Winch; Bass, M. W. Whitney and J. F. Wlach.

—These things are not to be forgotten. Are all these treasures of memory all at once cancelled by the Cincinnati Festival, with its splendid hall and all its glories? We heartily congratulate our younger sister city on this proud success, and trust that, when this intoxication of new wine shall have cooled off, she will settle down into a steady and substantial progress, wherein good music shall become part of the daily life and atmosphere, and musical culture and enjoyment in a quiet way be thought of more account than demonstrations on an unprecedented scale of magnitude. There, as already here, the experience of a few years will teach that the true desideratum for a musical city is a number of moderately large music halls, seating from one to two thousand people, rather than a hall that will hold five or ten thousand.

BOYLSTON CLUB. The fourth and last Concert of the fifth season (Wednesday evening, June 5) was a remarkably good one and drew the usual appreciative invited crowd to the Boston Music Hall. The programme was as follows:

1. The Ninety-fifth Psalm.....Mendelssohn
2. Night Song in the Forest.....Schubert
Male chorus, with accompaniment of four horns.
3. { a. Welcome.....Rheinberger
b. May Song.....Franz
Mixed Chorus.
4. Song of the Summer Birds.....Rubinstein
Female Chorus.
5. Two Folk Songs:
a. "Forsaken".....From the Carinthian
Male Chorus.
b. "Have you my Darling Seen?".....Osgood
Mixed Chorus.
6. "The Dreamy Lake".....Schumann
Male Chorus.
7. "Spring".....Bargiel
Female Chorus.
8. "A May Night".....Abt
Male Chorus.
9. "How sweet the moonlight sleeps".....Lestie
Mixed Chorus.
10. Morning Song.....Raff
Mixed Chorus.

We have never found the 95th Psalm so interesting as several other works of Mendelssohn of the same kind. It has a certain uniform level and monotony of grandeur; and the additional chorus (composed some time after the main work) is hardly up to that level. Yet as a whole the Psalm has nobility of character, and shows solid, sure musicianship of course. The choruses were grandly sung by a large, well-balanced choir of carefully chosen voices. The solos, too, were in good hands: Mrs. GARRA McKEOWN, Soprano, assisted by Miss HUNT in the Duet: "In his hands," and Mr. JORDAN, the first impression of whose pure and sympathetic tenor voice and conscientious style was quite agreeable.

But it was in the shorter pieces of the second part that Mr. Osgood's Chorus, whether mixed or single, appeared to the most brilliant advantage. That "Night Song in the Forest" by Schubert is the richest addition to the limited repertoire for male voices that we have heard for many a day. It is a piece of considerable length and fully conveys the feeling of the words; one could listen to it with unflagging interest were it twice as long. The four horns freshen it up delightfully and give it a rich

tinge of romance; their mellow tones, for the most part *pianissimo*, as if from the distance, are never silent. They were in perfect tune and delicately, beautifully played; and the singing corresponded. Another salient feature was the exquisitely bright and lifesome rendering of the perfect little "May Song" by Franz. The sad, homely melody of the Carinthian song, "Forsaken," proved as fascinating as before, and had to be repeated; and Mr. Osgood's "Have you my darling seen?" was charmingly melodious and refined in harmony, only we felt that it was urged to almost too high a climax near the end. The pieces sung by female voices only were very captivating. Mr. Osgood's voice in the solos of "A May Night" by Abt, was greeted with an enthusiasm not easily sated. Mr. PRZESNICKA's piano-forte accompaniment was excellent, and Mr. SUMNER lent effective support on the great Organ in the Mendelssohn Psalm.

CHICAGO, JUNE 11. I find I was premature in performing my requiem over the season of the vocal societies, for the Beethoven Society came to the front last week with the best concert they have given this year, the principal number of it being Max Bruch's "Odysseus," with orchestral accompaniment. The chorus singing was generally regarded as better than they have given before this season, and this concert will go far to rehabilitate them in public estimation. One thing, at least, can be truthfully said for the society; it has introduced nearly all the important new works that have been heard here.

The Apollo society, with an associate chorus of ladies, comes to the front with an extra concert this week.

Last week Mr. Emil Liebling gave a recital of which the *Tribune* speaks in the following complimentary terms:

Mr. Liebling's programme was admirably arranged. Commencing with the Prelude and Fugue of Mendelssohn, Op. 35, No. 1, it gave us in successive order, the C-sharp minor ("Moonlight") sonata of Beethoven; a delightful number of Brahms, the "Kamennol, Ostrow, No. 23," hitherto unfamiliar; the Kullak scherzo, op. 125, with some grand octave work in it; the Chopin Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2, and Scherzo, op. 39; closing with Liszt's "Twelfth Rhapsody," which was in its proper place, and for an encore to one of his numbers, a delightful little morceau of Grieg's, who, by the way, is not played nearly as often as he should be. There has rarely been a more enjoyable piano recital given in this city, or one more liberally attended by those capable of appreciating piano music, and this, in itself, was an eloquent tribute to Mr. Liebling as a musician. Mr. Liebling cannot be said to have pressed himself upon the public. He has come before it at long intervals, but at each appearance he has had something to say, and he has said it so well that he has always been welcome. He is one of the few pianists who at each appearance shows that he has advanced since the one before, which speaks strongly for his close work as a student. It is not rash to assert that with his clear, bright perceptions, his finish of technique, and the remarkable refinement that characterizes his general interpretation, he will reach a high position among the few really great players of this country. The vocal assistance by Mr. McWade and Miss White was in keeping with the general spirit of the recital. The latter sang two Schumann songs, rarely heard,—"Es treibt mich hin" and "Mit Myrthen und Rosen,"—Gottschalk's song, "O loving heart, trust on," and, for an encore to the latter, Molloy's quaint ballad, "The Clang of the Wooden Shoon."

On Friday evening Mme. De Roode-Rice gave a pupil's concert at Hershey Hall, with a programme of decided excellence. Mme. Rice is one of the best half dozen piano teachers here.

The best thing about the musical aspect of this city is the remarkable and healthy increase in the smaller musical activities of a genuine character. Of course I do not mean by this church concerts, for these are of a "shoddy" character well understood. I refer to concerts of chamber music, lectures on musical literature and history, etc. Now, for instance, last Wednesday afternoon Mr. Frederic Grant Gleason (one of the directors of the Hershey School) gave a lecture on Musical History, illustrated by important selections. At the same hour Mr. Fred. W. Root gave a lecture on "Vocal Method" in Miss Fannie Root's music studio, which was attended by forty or fifty interested listeners. Mr. Root holds some views of his own on this subject, but he has been very successful in attracting and retaining the better class of vocal pupils; which is natural enough, as he is a conscientious and hard-working student.

Then on Saturday morning, Mr. Hattstedt delivered a lecture on the History of Music at the Musical College with illustrations from the works of Handel, Bach, and Gluck, among them being the Bach *Oracone* played by Mr. A. Rosenbecker, the violin-teacher there. This gentleman is a sound musician and was one of Theodore Thomas's violins for seven years (I believe). He plays in a firm, effective, and very satisfactory manner. He is

at present the first violin of the Liesegang Quartet. And this reminds me that arrangements have been made in pursuance of which the Liesegang Quartet will give a series of concerts of chamber music next season under the auspices of the Musical College, and therein, it seems to me, an important advance is made, as this arrangement will secure a much larger audience than their previous performances have enjoyed. Both these creditable departures of the College have no doubt been stimulated by the previous efforts of the Hershey Music School, which was the first institution here to make any considerable provision of music to be heard. The College has always shown considerable enterprise, especially in affording an orchestral accompaniment to the Concertos they bring out in their annual concerts. I am of the opinion, however, that more real influence is to be exerted in improving the public taste for music of a high order, by means of good singing of especially Schubert and Schumann songs (in understandable English) and by really superior piano recitals, than in any other way just at present. Next to this comes the string quartet; and then other chamber music.

Piano recitals are educative, because, in the first place, the selections are more likely to be of a high order and consistent with each other and with Art; and, second, because the public begins to comprehend piano-playing; and, third, because there are better piano-players to be had than there are artists in other lines of music.

Besides, there is another very important element. A public performance of music in order to be of educative force needs to be an *interpretation*. This it will not be except in the hands of a real artist; and not then unless he understands and is familiar with his piece. Nor even then will it convince the audience unless performed with repose and complete concentration. And this will not be unless the piece is played by heart. When the player's mind is occupied with reading the notes, just so much is taken away from the playing. I was conversing with one of the best public readers in America lately, and I found that the same fact exists in elocution. The highest and best things cannot be done except one is master of the text, and addresses himself directly to the audience.

I have been studying this question of public performance without notes, both in my own teaching and as I have listened to the playing of others, and it seems to me that, on the organ especially, where there are so many distractions, the effect would be very much improved and the pieces become much more intelligible if the player could first learn them himself. I have several times heard fugues and other pieces played without notes, and there was a clearness and a perfect co-ordination of the parts that I have looked for in vain in the most distinguished virtuoso performances. If organ or piano music is ever to become interesting to the average man, it will be made so by players who will play such pieces as they have liked well enough to learn. And it seems to me that performances from notes should be called *Readings* rather than *Recitals*.

Speaking of educational doings reminds me that Mme. Rivé-King (who by the way is a musician as well as a pianist) has lately edited Chopin's great variations on "La ci darem la mano" (Op. 9), omitting the parts impossible for piano solo, and providing alternate simplifications of the more difficult passages, in such a way as to bring the piece within reach as a concert solo. She has also put together a prelude of Habermeyer's and Gullman's organ fugue in D major (the subject of which is so curiously like a phrase in Weber's "Perpetual Motion") the latter being transcribed in an immensely effective manner. An elegant and sparkling salon waltz of her own, and an edition of Liszt's Second Rhapsody most carefully prepared for teaching, are also among her recent productions. All of which goes to her credit with

DEB FREYCHUETZ.

Foreign Notes.

(From London Musical Times, June 1.)

Herr F. Hiller's new choral work, "Rebecca," is shortly to be performed at Stuttgart.

Herr Wilhelm, the eminent violinist, has again been seriously ill during his visit to Italy, but is now on the way to recovery. The great artist is stated to have entered into an engagement for a concert-tour in North America extending over seven months, and commencing in autumn next, for which he will receive the sum of £10,000.

Mdme. Pauline Luoca, whose name now but rarely appears before the public, has recently created great enthusiasm at the Imperial Opera at Vienna in her impersonation of the rôle of Donna Anna in "Don Giovanni."

On the occasion of M. Faure's benefit performance at the Imperial Opera at Vienna, the Orchestra played a new *Gavotte* by Signor Ardit, which was unanimously re-demanded by the auditors. Both M. Faure and Madame Nilsson have left the Austrian capital, neither of these artists intending, it is said, to accept any operatic engagement for the present. The performances of Opera in German at the Imperial establishment in question commenced on the 4th ult., with Gluck's "Armida."

The second Mozart Festival is to be held at Salzburg about the middle of next month, under the conductorship, as last year, of Herr Dessoff. The orchestra will consist of members of the Imperial Opera at Vienna, as well as of musicians from various German music institutions.

Herr von Wolzogen, the zealous commentator on the works of Herr Wagner, has a new work in the press, wherein he examines, from a philological point of view, "the diction of Richard Wagner's poetry."

A new choral and orchestral work entitled "Barbarossa's Erwachen," was performed for the first time last month at Darmstadt with great success. The author, both of poetry and music, is Herr C. A. Mangold, and the work is said to be one of exceptional merit.

A Requiem for orchestra, organ, chorus, and soli, by M. Saint-Saëns, was performed for the first time at the church of Saint-Sulpice, in Paris, on the 22nd ult., in memory of the composer's late intimate friend, M. Libon. A great many musical artists assembled on the occasion.

M. Adolphe Jullien has just completed a series of interesting articles in the *Revue et Gazette Musicale*, entitled "Raconte et la Musique," in which he traces the influence exercised by the works of the great French dramatic poet upon musical composers, among them upon Grétry, Gluck, Graun, Rameau, Boieldieu, and Mendelssohn.

Franz Liszt is shortly expected in Paris to form part of the International Jury in the musical section of the Exhibition, as representative of Hungary.

The remains of Rossini will shortly be transferred to Florence, and placed in the Church of Santa Croce, where the dust of Michael Angelo, Dante, Alfieri, Machiavelli, Galileo, and Cherubini already repose.

We subjoin the programmes of Concerts recently given at some of the leading institutions abroad:—

Paris.—Société Nationale de Musique (April 27): Melancholia, orchestral work (S. Roussseau); Air from "Bathylle" (Salomé); Symphonie gothique (Godard); Piano-forte Concerto, No. 1 (Saint-Saëns). Société Nationale (May 7): Overture, "Beatrice" (Bernard); "La Forêt enchantée," Légende-Symphonie (D'Indy); Concerto for hautboy (Madame de Grandval); Lamento, Fantaisie Orchestrale (Chabrier); Sérénade for violin (Lalo). Société des Compositeurs de Musique (May 23): String-quartet (Dancas); Madrigal for five voices (H. Cohen); Sonata for two pianofortes (Pfeiffer); "Magueuonne," Scène Lyrique (Lauress); Quintet for flute, hautboy, clarinet, cornet, and bassoon (Taffanel).

Leipzig.—Chorgesangverein (April 11): "Pilgrimage of the Rose" (Schumann); Choral Fantasia (Beethoven). Thomas-Choir (April 14): "Last Judgment" (Spohr).

Berlin.—Singakademie (April 19): "Der Tod Jesu" Oratorio (Graun). Sternscher-Verein (April 20): "St. Matthew Passion Music" (Bach). Bille Concert (April 20): March C minor (Schubert-Liszt); Symphony B flat major (Beethoven); Funeral March (Chopin), etc. Bille Concert (April 24): Rhapsody No. 3 (Liszt); Feuerzauber from Walküre (Wagner); Symphony "In the Forest" (Raff). Soirée of the Tonkünstler-Verein (May 11): Sonata for pianoforte and violin (Brahmüller); Romance for flute (Saint-Saëns); Nocturne for violin (Field); Tarantelle for flute and clarinet (Saint-Saëns).

Miss THURSBY IN LONDON. Our sweet singer is winning the laurels which her last instructor, Mme. Rudersdorff, predicted for her. Here is *Figaro's* report (May 29) of her first appearance before the old London Philharmonic Society:

THE *début* at the last Old Philharmonic concert of the young American soprano, Miss Emma Thurstby, excited a good deal of interest, thanks to the fame which had preceded her from the New World. Miss Thurstby, it is well known, is a vocalist of purely American blood and culture, she has elected to eschew the glittering enticements of the operatic stage, and in oratorio generally, and in the music of Mozart and Handel in particular, she had earned for herself high renown in the United States. Mr. Maurice Strakosch had, it is known, engaged her for a European tour, at a salary which seemed extravagant even to English notions, so extravagant, indeed, that the impresario was compelled to seek a cancellation of his contract. Miss Thurstby, however, resolved to cross the Atlantic on her own account, to obtain that European endorsement of her merits which our American cousins invariably decry, but which they almost as invariably accept. Miss Thurstby is, in truth, one of the best vocalists we have had from the United States. She has a fine soprano voice, rich in quality, especially in its middle register, upper notes which are brilliant, if a trifle hard, and an easy, cultivated style, which shows careful training as well as strong artistic instincts. Miss Thurstby selected for her *voix* Mozart's "Mia speranza adorata," and a version, with Italian words, of "Jours de mon enfance," from the "Pré aux Clercs." The lady, it is said, proposes to make but a brief sojourn in London, a fact which will be regretted. Signor Papini played Spohr's "Dramatic" concerto, but his talents are better suited to chamber than to orchestral music. The orchestra played the Symphony in C, of Schubert, and the "Nafades," "Leonora," and

"Oberon" overtures, and Madame Patey sang the "Agnus Dei," from Bach's Mass in B minor, and "Creation Hymn" ("Die ehre Gottes aus der Natur," one of the six lieder composed to poetry by Gellert in 1803, and dedicated by Beethoven to Count von Browne.

The *Times* (May 26) says:—

There is no doubt that the lady has really a splendid soprano voice, with a remarkable upward extension under the most complete control. She has evidently studied carefully, and her method does great credit to her preceptors. In the aria "Mia speranza adorata," which Mozart wrote for his sickle Aloysia Weber (Madame Lange), and in Herold's "Dell'età mia primiera" (*Pré aux Clercs*) Miss Thurstby secured an emphatic success, and was greeted with every mark of approval.

The *Academy* (May 25) expresses its opinion as follows:—

THE special feature of the sixth Philharmonic Concert, given on Wednesday evening at St. James's Hall, was the first appearance in Europe of the American singer, Miss Emma C. Thurstby. Readers of American musical papers will not need to be informed that Miss Thurstby has been for some time one of the established favorites of our cousins across the Atlantic; and the success achieved here during the last few years by two other American vocalists—Mlle. Albani and Mrs. Os-good—naturally caused Miss Thurstby's appearance to be awaited with interest. It may be said at once that the lady more than satisfied all reasonable expectations. She has a high soprano voice, of considerable power and sympathetic quality, extending to the E flat in alt.; she sings with genuine feeling, and with an unaffected style, which at once commended her to all lovers of pure music. She chose for her *début* Mozart's concert-aria "Mia speranza adorata" and the well-known "Jours de mon enfance," from Herold's *Pré aux Clercs*. Her success was unmistakable, and we gladly welcome in her a valuable addition to the ranks of our soprano singers. Madame Patey sang at the same concert the "Agnus Dei" from Bach's Mass in B minor.

The *Standard* says:—

The result of her *début* goes far to prove the soundness of our American cousins' judgment, the lady not only possessing a pure and rich voice of remarkable range, but singing with the facility of a practised artist. In Mozart's song, "Mia speranza adorata" Miss Thurstby's command of the upper octave was ably displayed, the music appearing to have no difficulties for her whatever, and the notes in alt being taken with as faultless precision as those in the middle register. The scene, all amateurs are aware, was written for an exceptionally high voice, and Miss Thurstby not only possesses the requisite means, but also the necessary intelligence to do it complete justice. In the song from Herold's opera, "Jours de mon enfance," the young American lady secured a second triumph, and altogether it is evident that in this *artiste* we have a valuable addition to our list of concert singers.

And here we have the same opinion in the *Telegraph*:

The vocal part of the programme was made unusually interesting by the appearance of an American soprano, Miss Emma C. Thurstby, who occupies a high position in her own country, and has now come, for the first time, to seek distinction under the more trying conditions exacted by the fiercer rivalry of Europe. Miss Thurstby, we believe, has received instruction from that excellent artist and accomplished teacher, Madame Rudersdorff. It is not, then, surprising that she exhibits the evidence of true culture, or that, as a singer, she presents a genuine claim to favor. The young lady has a high soprano voice of rare purity and sweetness. Her intonation is without fault, and her feeling for the music she sings is combined with a power of unaffected expression that at once enlists the sympathy of her hearers. Miss Thurstby's songs were Mozart's recitative, "Mia speranza adorata!" with rondo, "Ah! non sai," and the air, "Jour de mon enfance," from "Le Pré aux Clercs." Of these the first suited her better than the second, and the audience, who recalled the young stranger twice, seemed disposed to hear it again. Miss Thurstby's *début* was a real success. The directors of the Philharmonic Society, by their secretary, wrote to her on the 25th of May as follows: "The directors desire to return you their sincere thanks for the pleasure you gave them and the subscribers to the society at their last concert by your charming, sympathetic singing. They hope the success you had will in some measure compensate you for the trial of a first appearance in a new country. They ask you to kindly accept an engagement to sing again on the 12th of June, when you will be the only vocalist." Miss Thurstby was also engaged to sing on the 8th of June in the "Messiah" with the Royal Society of Musicians; on the 18th of June at Henry Leslie's last concert; on the 22d at the Crystal Palace, with Santley, Reeves and others; and on the 27th—"Commemoration Day"—at Oxford in "Fridolin."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
L A T E S T M U S I C,
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Love is like a Bird. Illustrated Title. (L' amour est un oiseau). F. 4. d to F. Bize. 50
"A true Bohemian child is he."
"L'amour est un enfant de Bohemia."
One of Madame Maria Roze's beautiful selections.
- Serenade. F. 3. c to F. Marston. 30
"The laden wind at thy lattice sighs
To find thee slumbering."
One of fifty fine English songs. The names of the others are on the title, and the set is called "The Amphion."
- In Absence. Bass or Baritone Song. Db. 35
4. a to E. Kimball. 35
"Soothe her sweetly, Night!"
Rich harmony, and deeply expressive words and music.
- Good Night. Db. 4. d to d. Reed. 30
"And the night, in accent light
Calls to rest,—to rest."
A most "restful" song, with melody and accompaniment in good accord.
- Bright Angels, open the Door. Song and Chorus. Ab. 2. E to E. Reden. 30
"The blessed and the holy
In that bright home of glory."
One of the "Heaven" songs. Composed for I. D. Sankey.
- Away we'd fly. (Ti raperei). F. 4. c to E. Toetti. 50
"Oh! se tu fossi mecco."
"Oh! if thou wert with me, love."
Madame Maria Roze sings it. Rich music.
- Baby mine. D. 2. b to F. Booth. 30
"Oh! I long to see his face
In his old accustomed place."
Perfectly sweet lullaby.
- An empty Pocket is the worst of Crimes. Eb. 3. b to E. Bishop. 40
"Presumptuous Poverty's quite appalling!
Knock him over! Kick him for falling."
Decidedly sarcastic, but a fine song.

Instrumental.

- Frank and Free. Grand Military March. Bb. 3. Steinhagen. 35
The title aptly describes the free and rich movement of the march, which cannot fail to please.
- Sweet Bye and Bye. Opus 1994. Ab. 4. Grobe. 60
Still another nice arrangement of a universal favorite, which may please in "1994" as it does to-day.
- Echoes of Home. Popular Melodies arranged and fingered for the Pianoforte by W. Smallwood, each 40
No. 1. The Wishing Cap. F. 2.
"4. O, Fair Dove. F. 2.
Quite easy and pretty instructive piece, of which the length makes it just the thing for the first "long piece" of beginners.
- Petite Gavotte. E minor. 3. Draper. 30
Very neatly and classically constructed, so as to make it an "elegant recreation."
- March from the Opera Fatinitza. G. 3. Suppl. 35
A sort of March-Rondo of very agreeable quality, and has a somewhat novel arrangement.
- Evening Whispers. Reverie. F. 5. Clouston. 50
A very beautiful "poem without words" suggested by a stanza by Longfellow.
- Radiouse. Grand Valse de Concert. B. 6. Gottschalk. 75
The same for 4 hands. 1.50
This is Gottschalk's Waltz, arranged by May-lath, with the intention of making it somewhat easier than the original. The 4 hand arrangement may be marked 5 for difficulty.
- Joyful Strains. Medley Quadrille. 3. Schacht. 40.
Has an agreeable *mélange* of popular airs.
- Whispers from Erin. F. 4. Rockstro. 75
The "whisperings" are about "Oft in the Still Night," and "The Young May Morn," which are managed so as to produce a brilliant and graceful piece.
- Jolly Youth. Galop. Eb. Sudds. 50
Unites grace with brilliancy in a special degree.
- Humoresque. Op. 10. G. 3. Tchaikovsky. 35
The idea that "humor" can be expressed without the use of words is a queer one; but the quaint arrangement of this piece seems to unite wit and beauty.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 971.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1878.

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Characteristics of Beethoven's Music.

[From the concluding portion of Mr. GEORGE GROVE'S thorough and admirable article "Beethoven," in Part II. of his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1878).]

Beethoven's music has been divided by Herr von Lenz* into three styles, and the division has evidently some justice in it, or it would not have been so widely accepted as it is even by those who differ about its details. That the division is not chronological is evident from the fact that M. Lenz includes the 2nd Symphony (op. 36), written in 1802, in the first period, while he places the Sonatas op. 26 and 27, which were completed a year earlier, and the 3 Sonatas op. 31, which were written in company with the 2nd Symphony, in the second period. As far as the Sonatas are concerned he ends the first period with op. 22.

But we may go further than that. The first movement of the Solo Sonata in E flat (op. 7) and the Finale of the Quartet in F, op. 18, No. 1, contain examples of the episodes which form one of Beethoven's main characteristics, such as even the first movement of the *Eroica* can hardly surpass for independence and originality. The Scherzo of Symphony No. 1 and the Scherzo and Finale of Symphony No. 2 contain passages which would be found original and characteristic if met with in the compositions of many years later. Some will find it hard to place the Quartet in F minor, which Mendelssohn thought the most *Beethovenish* of all Beethoven's works, in anything but the third style; while the overture in C, op. 124, written in 1822, might be classed with the works of an earlier period. And yet on the whole the division is just, as an expression of the fact that Beethoven was always in progress; and that, to an extent greater than any other musician, his style matured and altered as he grew in life. He began, as it was natural and inevitable he should, with the best style of his day—the style of Mozart and Haydn; with melodies and passages that might be almost mistaken for theirs, with compositions apparently moulded in intention on them. And yet even during this Mozartian epoch we meet with works or single movements which are not Mozart, which Mozart perhaps could not have written, and which very fully reveal the future Beethoven. Such are the first two movements of the Sonata in A (op. 2), the Sonatas in E flat (op. 7) and D (op. 10, No. 8) and B flat (op. 22), the Scherzos of the 1st and 2nd Symphonies already mentioned, and the Coda of the Finale to the 2nd Symphony. From this youthful period he passes by the 3 Sonatas op. 31—which we have seen him speaking of as a change in his style—by the *Kreutzer* Sonata (March, 1803), by the Pianoforte Concerto in C minor,† and by the *Eroica* (1804), to his mature period, a time of extraordinary greatness, full of individuality, character, and humor, but still more full of power and mastery and pregnant strong sense.

This splendid and truly astonishing period contains the opera of *Leonora-Fidelio*, with its 4 overtures: the Mass in C; six Symphonies, from the *Eroica* to the No. 8 inclusive; the overture to *Coriolan*; the *Egmont* music; the Pianoforte Concertos in G and E flat; the Violin Concerto; the *Rassoumofsky* Quartets, and those in E flat and F minor; the 3 later

P. F. Trios; the *Liederkreis*; and last not least, a dozen Sonatas for Piano solo, of which the chiefs are the D minor and the 'Appassionata,' though the others are closely akin and hardly inferior.

From this period of extraordinary force and mastery—though abounding also in beauty and sentiment—he passes by a second transition to his third and final style. This transition is perhaps more obvious than the former. The difference between the 9th Symphony and its predecessors—not only in dimensions and in the use of the chorus, but in elevation and sentiment, and in total impression produced—is unmistakable. The five Pianoforte Sonatas, op. 101 to 111, are perfectly distinct from any of the earlier ones, not only in individuality—for all Beethoven's works are distinct—but in a certain wistful yearning, a sort of sense of the invisible and vision of the infinite, mingled with their power. The last Quartets, op. 127 to op. 135, have the same characteristics as the Sonatas; but they are also longer, full of changes of time, less observant than before of the traditional forms of expression, less careful to make obvious the links of connection, and still more full of intense personality and of a wild unimprisoned spirit. All the sentiment and earnestness of Schumann, all the grace and individuality of Schubert, are there; with an intensity, breadth, and completeness, which those masters might perhaps have attained if they had bestowed the time and pains on their work which Beethoven did. In this period he passes from being the greatest musician to be a great teacher, and in a manner which no one ever did before and possibly no one will ever do again, conveys lessons which by their intense suggestiveness have almost the force of moral teaching. The cause of this is not far to seek. As we have seen in the preceding portion of this sketch the year 1814 was the culminating period of Beethoven's prosperity. He had produced his latest and then greatest works under such favorable circumstances as no musician had before enjoyed. He had been fêted and caressed by emperors and empresses, and others of the greatest of this world's great; he had for the first time in his life been able to put by money, and feel at all independent of daily labor. Immediately on this came an equally great and sudden reverse—and that not a material reverse so much as a blow to his spirit, and a series of misfortunes to mind and heart such as left all his former sufferings far behind. His brother's death; the charge of the nephew; the collision with the widow and with his other relatives and friends; the lawsuits; the attempts to form a home of his own, and the domestic worries and wretchedness consequent thereon; the last stages of his deafness; the appearance of chronic bad health; the actual want of money—all these things, which lasted for many years, formed a Valley of the Shadow of Death, such as few men have been called to traverse, and which must inevitably have exercised a great influence on a nature so sensitive and in some respects so morbid. That this fiery trial did not injure his power of production is evident from the list of the great works which form the third period—from op. 101 inclusive. That it altered the tone and color of his utterance is equally evident from the works themselves. 'He passes,' as Mr. Dannreuther has finely* said, 'beyond the horizon of a mere singer and poet, and touches upon the domain of the seer and the prophet; where, in unison with all genuine mystics and ethical teachers, he delivers a mes-

sage of religious love and resignation, identification with the sufferings of all living creatures, deprecation of self, negation of personality, release from the world.'

Beyond the individual and peculiar character which distinguishes his works and makes them Beethovenish, as Haydn's are Haydnish and Mozart's Mozartish, though in a greater degree because of the stronger character of the man—there are definite peculiarities in Beethoven's way of working which should be specified as far as possible. That he was no wild radical, altering for the mere pleasure of alteration, or in the mere search for originality, is evident from the length of time during which he abstained from publishing or even composing works of pretension, and from the likeness which his early works possess to those of his predecessors. He began naturally with the forms which were in use in his days, and his alteration of them grew very gradually with the necessities of his expression. The form of the sonata is 'the transparent veil through which Beethoven seems to have looked at all* music.' And the good points of that form he retained to the last—the 'trinet symmetry of exposition, illustration, and repetition,' which that admirable method allowed and enforced—but he permitted himself a much greater liberty than his predecessors had done in the relationship of the keys of the different movements and parts of movements, and in the proportion of the clauses and sections with which he built them up. In other words, he was less bound by the forms and musical rules, and more swayed by the thought which he had to express, and the directions which that thought took in his mind.

1. The range of keys within which the composers of sonatas and symphonies before Beethoven confined themselves was very narrow. Taking the first movement as an example of the practice, the first theme was of course given out in the tonic, and this, if major, was almost invariably answered in due course by a second theme in the 'dominant' or fifth above; for instance, if the sonata was in C the second subject would be in G, if in D it would be in A. If the movement were in minor, the answer was in the relative major—C minor would be answered by E flat, A minor by C natural, and so on. This is the case 19 times out of 20 in the sonatas and symphonies of Haydn and Mozart. A similar restriction governed the key of the second movement. It was usually in the 'sub-dominant' or fifth below—in F if the key of the piece were C, in B flat if the key were F, and so on. If the piece were in a minor key the second movement was in the third below. A little more latitude was allowed here than in the former case; the subdominant now and then became the dominant, or, very rarely, the 'mediant' or third above; and the relative major was occasionally exchanged for the tonic major.

Beethoven, as already remarked, adopted very different relations in respect of the change of key from one movement to another. Out of 81 works in sonata form he makes the transition to the dominant only 8 times; to the subdominant 19 times; to the mediant or 3rd above 4 times; and to the submediant or 3rd below 30 times. From tonic major to tonic minor he changes 12, and from minor to major 8 times. His favorite change was evidently to the submediant or third below—that is to say, to a key less closely related to the tonic and more remote than the usual key. He makes it

* Beethoven et ses trois Styles. Petersburg, 1852.

† Sonata, op. 10, No. 1; melody in working out of 1st movement of Septet; Adagio of op. 31, No. 1; Quintet op. 16.

‡ In the Finale of this work we almost surprise the change of style in the act of being made.

* Macmillan's Magazine, July, 1876.

* Ibid.

† Ibid.

in his first work (Op. 1, No. 2). In his B flat trio (op. 97) he has it twice, and in his Variations on an original theme (op. 34), each of the first five variations is a third below the preceding.

In the relation of his first and second subjects he is more orthodox. Out of 26 of the Pianoforte Sonatas the usual change to the dominant occurs 18 times, to the mediant 3, and to the submediant 5.

2. Another of his innovations had respect to the connection of the different subjects or clauses. His predecessors were in the habit rather of separating their clauses than of connecting them; and this they did by conventional passages of entirely different character from the melodious themes themselves, stuffed in between the themes like so much hay or paper for mere packing. Any symphony of Mozart or Haydn will give examples of this, which Wagner* compares to the 'rattling of the dishes at a royal feast.' Mozart also has a way of drawing up and presenting arms before the appearance of the second subject, which tends to cut the movement up into very definite portions. Of these tiresome and provoking intermediate periods Beethoven got rid by the use of phrases which are either parts of the main theme or closely related to it; and he thus gives his movements a unity and consistency as if it were an organic growth, and not a piece of work cunningly put together by art or man's device. How he effects this, and the very tentative and gradual way in which he does it, may be seen in Symphonies 1 and 2 and the Eroica, in which last all trace of the old plan has almost entirely disappeared.

3. The first movement of the Eroica supplies instances of other innovations on the established forms. Not only in the 'exposition' (before the double bar) are other themes brought in besides the two main subjects, but in the 'illustration,' or, to use the more common term, the 'working out,' there is an unanticipated explosion which, to say the least, is entirely without precedent, followed by an entirely fresh episode as important as anything that has occurred before, and that again by a new feature (the staccato bass) which, while it accompanies and reinforces the main subject, adds materially to the interest of the music. Again, in the 'repetition' we have not only a great departure from regular rule in the keys which the music goes through, but we have a coda of no less than 140 bars long, proclaiming itself by its opening as an independent member of the movement, and though made almost entirely out of previous material, yet quite differently expressed from anything before, and full of fresh meaning. Now none of these alterations and additions to the usual forms were made by Beethoven for their own sake. They were made because he had something to say on his subject which the rules did not give him time and space to say, and which he could not leave unsaid. His work is a poem in which the thoughts and emotions are the first things, and the forms of expression second and subordinate. Still, even in his innovations, how careful he is to keep as near the rules as possible! His chief episodes occur in the working out, where a certain licence was always lawful; and codas were recognized, and had been, as in Mozart's 'Jupiter,' turned to noble account. The same characteristics are found in the ninth Symphony as in the third, only, the mood of mind being entirely different, the mode of expression is different too, but the principle of the perfect subordination of the expression to the thought, while adhering as closely to the 'form' as was consistent with perfect expression, is the same. One or two pieces of his second period may however be named, in which both thought and mode of expression are so entirely different from anything before them, that they stand quite by themselves. Such movements as the opening Adagio of the Sonata in C sharp mi-

nor, or the Con moto of the Pianoforte Concerto in G—in which Schumann used to see a picture of Orpheus taming brute-nature—have no prototypes; they are pure creations, founded on nothing previous, but absolutely new in style, idea, and form.

In the later quartets it must be admitted that he wandered further away from the old paths; the thought there seems everything and the form almost nothing. And this fact, as much as the obscurity and individuality of the thoughts themselves and their apparent want of connexion until they have become familiar, is perhaps the cause that these noble works are so difficult to understand. The forms, depend upon it, were founded in reason and nature. They grew through long periods to be what Haydn fixed them at; and as long as the thoughts of composers did not burst their limits they were perfect. Beethoven came, and he first enlarged and modified them, adhering however to their fundamental principle of recurrence and recapitulation, till in the end, withdrawn more and more into himself by his deafness, he wrote down what he felt, often without thinking of the exigencies of those who were to hear him. This however only applies to the later Quartets. The ninth Symphony and the last Pianoforte Sonatas are as strictly in form, and as coherent and intelligible, as could be desired.

4. A striking instance of this loyalty is found in Beethoven's treatment of the 'Introduction.' This—a movement in slow time, preceding the first *Allegro*—forms part of the original design of the overture by Lully, and is found in nine out of ten of Handel's overtures. Haydn often has one in his symphonies, usually 8 to 12 bars long, occasionally as much as 30. Mozart has prefixed similar prefaces to some of his works, such as the Symphony in E flat, the Quintet for Piano and Wind instruments, and the famous Quartet in C, dedicated to Haydn. Beethoven, besides placing one before his Quintet for Piano and Wind (op. 16), which, as already remarked, is like a challenge to Mozart, has one to the Sonata Pathétique and to the first Symphony. In the last of these cases it is 12 bars long. In the 2nd Symphony it expands to 33 bars long, and increases largely in development. But even this is a mere preface when compared with the noble and impressive movements which usher in the *Allegros* of the 4th and 7th Symphonies—long and independent movements, the latter no less than 80 bars in length, full of important and independent ideas, and of the grand effect.

In all the instances mentioned—the Succession of Keys, the Episodes, the Coda, the Introduction—Beethoven's modifications seem to have sprung from the fact of his regarding his music less as a piece of technical performance than his predecessors had perhaps done, and more as the expression of the ideas with which his mind was charged. The ideas were too wide and too various to be contained in the usual limits, and therefore the limits had to be enlarged. He regards first what he has to say—his thought—and how he shall convey and enforce and reiterate that thought, so as to express it to his hearer exactly as he thinks it, without being careful to find an old formula in which to couch it. Even consecutive fifths were no hindrance to him—they gave the exact sound in which he wished to convey his idea of the moment; and therefore he used them as naturally, as a speaker might employ at a particular juncture, with the best effect, an expression usually quite inadmissible. No doubt other musicians had used similar liberties; but not to the same extent, because no one before had been gifted with so independent and original a nature. But in Beethoven the fact was connected with the peculiar position he had taken in society, and with the new ideas which the general movement of freedom at the end of the eighteenth century, and the French Revolution in particular, had forced even into such strongholds as the Austrian courts. People

who were the servants of archbishops and princes, and moved about with the rest of the establishment in the train of their master, who wore powder and pigtail and red-heeled shoes, and were forced to wait in ante rooms, and regulate their conduct strictly by etiquette, and habitually keep down their passions under decorous rules and forms, could not give their thoughts and emotions the free and natural vent which they would have had without the perpetual curb of such restraints and the habits they must have engendered. But Beethoven, like Mirabeau, had 'swallowed the formulas' of the day; he had thrown over etiquette, and, *roturier* as he was, lived on absolute equality with the best aristocracy of Vienna. What he felt he said, both in society and in his music, and the result is before us. The great difference is, as we have already remarked, that whereas in his ordinary intercourse he was extremely abrupt and careless of effect, in his music he was exactly the reverse; painstaking, laborious, and never satisfied till he had conveyed his ideas in unmistakable language.

[To be Continued.]

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Growth of Musical Ideas.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

It is generally supposed that the ideas contained in a musical composition present themselves suddenly, and combine to form a complete whole in the brain of the composer, and that this inspiration, as it is called, occupies but a very brief period of time for its formation. In fact, some persons go so far as to affirm that the musical composition suddenly presents itself in a complete form to the brain of the composer, and that almost as suddenly the composer dashes on to paper the photograph of the music with which he has so hastily become inspired. The truth is, that the composition in a complete form may be quick to impress the composer by its presence, and its ideas may want to crowd on to paper quicker than his hand can write them down, but, imperceptibly, the various ideas of the composition have existed in his brain for a very long time.

The incomplete, abstract ideas have taken a long time to merge themselves into a complete, concrete form. The scientific law of continuity must have been observed. The incubation of the composition was unknown, because unfelt, by the composer; nor, until a short time previous to its birth, was he aware of its existence in an abstract form, in his brain. As with the bee, the sweets which he had drawn from many flowers had imperceptibly formed themselves into a luscious honey. Without perceiving it, a measure from this composer and another from that composer had impressed itself upon his mind and hinted, very slightly, of greater beauties yet to have birth in his own brain. He dipped into the subtle harmonies of grand and sublime compositions, and anon he tastes of the pleasing sweetness of delicate and beautiful music. His æsthetic sense was pleased and invigorated, and his solid intellectual organization was gratified by comparing these compositions to his own standard of perfection.

Originality, being interpreted, means, not newness of ideas, but originality in the combination of ideas. A well-developed sense of the general fitness of beautiful things, or, in other words, the possession of the æsthetic instinct, would seem to be the first requisite of the composer of music, or of the creator of works in any branch of art. How far above the mere mechanical knowledge of the execution of a composer's work, reigns his native taste! Indeed, originality is embodied in pure taste, because, like the latter attribute, it consists of the new and fit selection of ideas. Then, it is in the mind's

* *Music of the Future*, translated by Dannreuther, 1873; p. 44.

garden that ideas grow, from seed which has been desultorily planted and forgotten, until it springs up through the soil, and at length blossoms into complete and luxurious flowers.

Culture disciplines the mind and thereby strengthens our faculties, but it does not give us new ideas, it simply cultivates the soil in which our new ideas are to grow. Culture comes from without; but our ideas, or faculty of combining ideas, being inherent in us and developed by cultivation, must come from within ourselves. The success of the culture, then, depends very much upon the native fertility of the soil. Then, too, minds vary in their receptivity of culture. Six months study will improve some musicians as much as two years will others. Here we see that the man who gets so much good out of six months study must have a very fertile brain, because, to again use the land metaphor, it takes a proportionately small amount of cultivation to make his soil bear fruit.

Although every composer of acknowledged merit has strong individuality, yet much of it must have been inspired by the study of the compositions of other composers; indeed, the hearing of great compositions has awakened the latent ideas in many a young composer's mind. The sublimity of Beethoven's works fanned into a blaze the spark of genius which was born with Richard Wagner. Up among the *gamins* in the gallery did the little Italian peasant boy, Verdi, become inspired to emulate in composition the melodious operatic strains, which awoke his own birth-right of music. If a man were born with the gift of music in his soul, and placed on a desert island far from the sounds or knowledge of music, it is doubtful if his gift would be in the least developed unless he were brought in contact with music and musical minds. It would be necessary for his gift to become awakened and then inspired by other musical minds before he could assert his own genius, or, in other words, before he would show any individuality in the combination of musical ideas.

Although it is a subject capable of deep and protracted study, musicians, especially composers of music, should have at least a moderate knowledge of mental philosophy. Locke in his work on "The Human Understanding" tells us that to work the mind properly, one must understand its working. Could there be a more palpable truth? He who is well versed in the construction and action of a steam engine will have no difficulty in running it to the best advantage. One should study not only his own mind, but the minds of other men. The mind is an instrument which one must learn how to use.

The development of themes, or *motifs*, in musical composition gives but a faint idea of the slow and subtle growth of ideas in the human mind. The lyric theme in music illustrates the æsthetic ideas of the mind, and the thematic motif or figure when worked up in a composition tells us of the solid logical and intellectual sense. The lyric form partakes of a charming indefinite character, whilst the thematic form bespeaks the orderly mechanical development of a musical idea. One balances the other. Without some assertion of the intellect in music, its luscious sweetness would cloy and become positively tiresome. We soon tire of the society of a beautiful woman, when we discover that she has little or no brains. The human stomach would soon rebel were it to be filled with grapes and peaches to the exclusion of solid meat food. The æsthetic sense is akin to both fruit in food and the lyric element in melody, whilst the intellectual organization is related to solid nourishment and to the thematic in melody.

Every inspiration has been thoroughly earned by

hard work of the mind. First, the composer would feel a dim, far-off feeling of something which he would like to write upon paper; then this feeling passed away from his mind, and for the time being it was altogether forgotten. Next, it appeared to him in a more definite and condensed shape, and with a more potent and pleasing attraction in its sentiment than it showed at first. Gradually a sense of the completeness and attractiveness of his set of ideas was forced upon him, then the spark which had for a long time past been smouldering in the hidden recesses of his mind, burst into a glorious blaze. The moment of so-called inspiration had arrived; the composition was complete, and was written down bright and glowing from the furnace of the mind.

Can anyone on earth enjoy a greater blessing than that of a fertile and well-cultivated intellectual garden, in which there grow ideas both beautiful and sublime to feed the hungry minds of men?

Music Teachers.

AN ARMY OF RECRUITS FOR A CROWDED PROFESSION.

(From the Boston Sunday Herald.)

* * * * In the popular novel the unfortunate female character—member of a family whose fortunes have been ruined, and which is forced by cruel and relentless poverty to the alternative of useful labor or starvation—always remembers that she has had a remarkably fine musical education, the true value of which she never before appreciated, but which she now clearly sees must have been bestowed upon her that she might be qualified to support herself by music teaching. Consequently she loftily declines the disinterested offer of marriage, and marches off grandly into the domain of absolute independence and finds 100 pupils at once, who, apparently, came into the world for no other purpose than to assist in her destiny at this crisis. In actual life the occurrence is not, perhaps, quite so common, but the idea is general enough to justify its use by the novelist, and, in daily experience, finds frequent illustration. Thousands of youngsters—chiefly, it must be said, of the gentler sex—are to-day hammering at a piano, whose principal ideas, as connected with what they are pleased to call "practice," have no other application than that they are "fitting themselves to teach," should they ever desire to do so. (The term "gentler" is here used in its general, and not a musical sense, as the sex is in no way gentle when a piano is the subject of treatment.) "If worse comes to worst, I can teach music, you know," covers all that seems necessary in the preparatory education of a multitude of girls in this country, and perhaps in every civilized land.

Nor have we the slightest intention of recording here that the idea thus expressed is founded upon a mistaken view of life and its experiences, or that, in the true state of affairs, and the future working out of careers, these young people are likely to be disappointed. The truth of the matter seems to be that society, in its practices and employments, justifies just such expectations as these, and does really in daily life draw largely upon sources thus established for its supplies of knowledge and its educational processes as well. Every community in New England to-day has in it representatives of the class to which we have called attention, and the great body of musical educators in our midst at the present time is indeed fearfully and wonderfully made up. Emphatically it is true of a vast number of them that they are eminently calculated to teach young persons to "use words they don't know the meaning of," an acquisition of which the latter class are often disposed to be sufficiently proud. But it should be said that parents not themselves versed in musical knowledge must perforce be governed in their choice of a teacher by such considerations as they can understand, or, at least, they naturally will be so governed; and, since wise counsels cannot always be readily found, and always more or less of prejudice enters into the matter, the decision is in favor, too frequently, of the charlatan or the ignorant pretender to ability as a teacher. In music, too, it is easy to deceive by an appearance of brilliant results, and thus clap-net often wins the

field where sound sense and thorough principle are defrauded of a foothold.

MUSIC TEACHING AS A BUSINESS.

In reality, however, this writing is intended to consider briefly the business of music teaching, rather than its requirements or the qualifications of those who engage in it. The school-girl is met on the street with her little compact roll just that size which suggests music sheets, on her way to the conservatory or the teacher's house, for the periodical lesson. Every train of cars which comes in or goes out of the city by day, and perhaps it will be safe to say by night also, bears among its passengers a large number armed with the same suggestive roll. From house to house, making short stops, and always in a hurry, the music teacher makes his rounds, or in his rooms, hour after hour, receives an endless, revolving body of callers, each individual arriving at stated intervals, as the wheel goes round in what Mantilini would call "one damned horrid grind," and the monotonous thrumming on the tortured instrument never ceases. The idea occasionally obtrudes itself that the music-teacher must be making a great deal of money; that he or she is a hard-worked member of society, but that the compensation is above the average in cases of unremitting toil. It may be true. In times past it almost invariably was true, but not so certainly now.

For, as has been more than hinted, the present practice in such matters is for any one, has he or she only the merest smattering of knowledge, to engage in teaching if so disposed, and to receive such remuneration as the state of the market, the credulity of the employers, or the conscience of the teacher will allow. The "hard times" have developed an amazing number of these imparters of knowledge, and an employment which was only taken up at first as a recreation, or pursued in obedience to authority, or perchance purely as an amusement, has, by the vicissitudes of daily life, become a "profession," and the main dependence for the necessities of existence has come to rest upon exertions in imparting its principles to others. Of course, under these circumstances, the fields are thoroughly gleaned, and those who cannot reap the thickest grain content themselves with what they may.

COMPARISONS.

As a rule thoroughly good teachers, or perhaps teachers of wide and acknowledged reputation, have no difficulty in obtaining all the employment they desire in their business, and at prices which only obtain where quality of instruction is the main point considered by those paying them. The usual "term" or "course" of lessons consists of twenty, and the top ruling rate here at present for such a course is \$80, or \$4 for each lesson for every individual. A lesson implies an hour's continuous teaching to every learner, that is, outside the conservatories. For organ, piano, or voice, these terms hold, and are not considered exorbitant when such teachers as many well known in this city are concerned. Usually, at this price, the teacher is visited, and without leaving his rooms—fitted up for the purpose—receives his pupils in turn, and applies himself constantly. There are many who excel in musical performance, who might, if they chose so to do, win and hold high place in stage-presentations, who nevertheless prefer to win reward by teaching, and who are held in perhaps higher esteem as teachers than they would be as performers. Others both teach and perform. Organists, of sufficient quality to receive independent salaries, almost invariably couple teaching with their engagements, and many of them get many times as much for their lessons as for their practical efforts.

But let no one suppose that the accomplished performer must of necessity and as a matter of course be also a teacher of great merit. Without doubt hundreds of performers have thus made capital of their reputation, and won large returns; but these were not fairly earned, and often no good has resulted to pupils thus deluded. On the other hand, many excellent teachers have no skill, even no ability as public performers, and are never heard of in that capacity.

THE SCALE OF PRICES.

Having named the highest popular prices—there are exceptionally higher rates, to be sure—one may now descend through the scale almost without limit, if any price at all is included in the reckoning. Competition has made the field a hotly contested one by those who have no special reputation or who

have entered it to "take the chances." Men and women—the latter largely in excess—old and young, all classes of musicians, of few or many acquirements, work the ground together, since the object has finally become to win as much money from it as possible. And so it may be possible now to receive an amount of instruction for \$5 such as would once have been thought "dog cheap" at \$50, leaving out, of course, all considerations of quality. The truth is there are many teachers abroad who will give instruction at any price they can secure, their necessities are so great; and in some instances it may be that they are as valuable as many of greater pretensions, only one cannot be in a position to know this. In the great majority of cases such adventurers must be left alone, as the only safe course.

In the conservatories the prices are about \$25 for the course of twenty lessons, which at first sight seems more advantageous terms; but instruction is usually given in classes of four, and individual lessons are of fifteen minutes duration each. There are other advantages in connection with conservatory education, as conducted in this city, for instance; but they do not come within the scope of this writing, which is only to illustrate the business quality of music teaching.

It may be taken for granted then that a music teacher's services may be obtained at almost any price which an employer may feel he can afford, nor is the quality of service entirely dependent upon the price paid. The only safe course is to employ those whom conscientious, educated musicians, of undoubted judgment and good knowledge, practically and otherwise, in the matter, will be willing to recommend. Any teacher of real ability can procure such recommendation, and without it should not be employed with any decided expectations of good results being realized. At the present time there are hundreds of teachers who are not making money, who really have no right to expect to make money at the business at all. The field is large, but it is fully occupied, and we could not conscientiously advise the oldest daughter in the family to whom have come reverses, to take up music-teaching with any strong anticipations of success.

Hungarian Music.

(Paris Correspondence Boston Journal.)

It is drawing near to 6 o'clock, and the crowds which came early in the day are dispersing, faint and weary, and are quarrelling for carriages with which to get cityward to dinner. At this time every day the Tsiganes begin a concert which lasts until nearly every one has gone, although it delays many a person who fancied that he was in haste. The little band of musicians, in its quaint garments, with its weird gestures, its odd instruments, and its extraordinary effects, would win the attention of the coarsest laborer; it is not extraordinary, therefore, that it arrests, as by enchantment, the thousands of cultured folk who enter the Exhibition's gates daily.

Near this corner is the Czarda or Hungarian inn, where the Tsiganes play in the morning, while waiters in jack boots and braided short jackets serve you Magyar dishes in Magyar sauce. An editor of the *Figaro*, who dined there the other day, insists that all the courses, even the dessert, were seasoned with red pepper, but the *Figaro* man is mayhap a son of Belial. We know that it is a pleasant place to dine, and, if you choose, we will leave the bourgeois alone on his bench and climb to the balcony, whither the echoes of the music will readily follow us. It is told that Munkacz, the great Hungarian painter, who has been living in Paris for many years, and whose reputation is world-wide, came to breakfast with a party of friends in the Czarda a few days since. While he was in gayest mood, there suddenly stole out from the instruments of the gypsy band one of those ineffably tender, pathetic refrains, followed by wild and pleading cries of passion and despair, such as only the gypsies can produce, and such as are heard only in Hungary. Munkacz has not been in his native land for years; but at the first sound of this air, which doubtless recalled to him his native village, the trees under which he played when a boy, the old farm-house in which he was born,—the tears came into his eyes; he threw down his knife and fork,—dashed away to the lower story of the Czarda, and remained there some time to conceal his emotion. When he returned no one rallied him, for every one knew the reason of his departure, and all were under the spell of the music.

It is an episodic dinner in which we are engaged, for we may truly say that tears are served with our soup

that Bacchanalian music, the maddest of all mad Strauss waltzes chained in an inextricable manner to a gipsy bird, accompanies the fish; and that with the dish of Porkolt, bathed in fiery sauces, which closes the modest meal, we have an andante that baffles description. But it is at the desserts that the great sensation occurs. The lingers are all at once electrified by the cry of "Remenyi! Remenyi!"

Now Remenyi is positively the greatest violinist I have ever seen. He has Ole Bull's intense spirituality, and he has added to it something which does not belong to the North—the voluptuous rhythm and melody born of Southern moonlights and the perfumes of rich blossoms. I have seen Remenyi in parlors and adored his talent, but never have I seen him appear to such advantage as on this evening, when he stands before the Czarda in the open air, and, in response to hundreds of solicitations, begins to play on a violin handed up to him from the dusky musicians. Remenyi has the face of a priest; there is nothing secular in his aspect; he seems apart from the world; a certain austerity in his manner contradicts the sensuous poetry in his nature. He was born a musician; no culture could ever have improved or in any sense reformed his temperament. Poet and artist, expression is for him an absolute necessity. In his presence the crowd, which has been rather noisily applauding the Tsiganes, becomes tranquil and hushed. There is a sentiment of reverence in the stillness. While the waiter serves us dessert, and murmurs something which we must not listen to concerning the seductive charms of such wines as the Chateau d'Aluvigay, the Dioszegi Bakar, and old-old Tokay, Remenyi mounts a chair and begins. At first he plays only a simple melody over and over, until people, puzzled, look at each other and murmur. But that repetition is for the purpose of fixing the melody in our minds. Now, with lightning rapidity, he has darted into a series of infinite variations, through all of which we still hear the refrain returning with matchless precision. Then he pours forth a long current of appealing cries, of inarticulate moans of the spirit; of the thousand things which the soul thinks, but cannot utter for itself. And at last he finishes with a mad dance, in which it requires but little fancy to convince us that we hear the clatter of the tamborine, the wall of the guzla, the clink of spurs as cavaliers dance on the hard-baked floors of rustic cabins with pretty maidens. Loud is the applause. Remenyi bows and begins anew. The Tsiganes, who have accompanied him on the previous composition, now look puzzled, smile, and shake their heads. Remenyi is improvising. And what glorious improvisation it is! It is the very climax of passionate expression of the charm and beauty of existence, a wild nature reveling in the mere enjoyment of life. Even the gypsies are inspired by Remenyi's inspiration; one by one they join in the music, and so gradually form an undertone to the master's interpretation. He plays on and on, regardless of time, space, people, everything and anything in the world, until at last the inspired moments have passed, and he finishes the noble composition with a little madrigal, the measure of which causes the Gipsy faces to light up with the warmth of recognition of a familiar air. Then Remenyi steps down from his chair, returns the violin from which he has extracted such magic to its owner, and is off to another section of the gardens, to escape the observation of his admirers.

With Remenyi to aid them these Gipsies are simply astounding; without him they are in the highest sense remarkable. We learn that they are hereafter to play before the Viennese restaurant at eventide, and that they will beguile the morning moments of the frequenters of the Czarda. There are sixteen of these musicians, and when they parade the grounds, clad in their white coats embroidered with most extravagant braid, they eclipse all other sensations. Fashionable society quarrels for the first chance to hear them, and they have even played before the Rothschilds and the Princess of Sagan.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

How it Struck A. W. T.

TRIESTE, June 9, 1878.

I had occasion to visit Vienna last month, and while there a friend took me to a performance of Wagner's "Walküre."

It is put upon the stage very magnificently, but still I think the scenic effects and "diablerie" in Weber's "Oberon" and "Der Freyschütz" finer. But what words can convey any adequate idea of the intolerable tediousness of those three hours of slow recitative—of long speeches and declamations to accompaniment—never relieved by even an arioso, or anything like a chorus until near the end! The ear becomes so weary of and dead to the mere orchestral effects, continued without a break or pause, except between the acts, and each act lasting about an hour—that even the "Walkürenritt," which is a very effective piece of programme music in a concert, falls dead—at least it did upon me and most of those with whom I have spoken.

Having never read the interminable discussions of these last Wagnerian productions, I did not even know the substance of the story of the "Walküre," and interpreted the action of the first part thus:

Siegmond, escaping from enemies, takes refuge

with Hunding, who grants him protection for the night, and retires, leaving his daughter (I supposed her to be) with his guest. They incontinentally fall in love with each other, and the act closes with her throwing herself upon his breast, etc. This love business is conducted in such a manner, that, although I have had some case-hardening experience in theatrical scenes of the sort, I had here to blush for any modest women in the house.

In the pause my friend informed me, that this supposed daughter is Hunding's wife and Siegmund's own sister! To express the utter loathing and abhorrence, with which I sat out the rest of this infamous abomination, is beyond my feeble command of language. Beethoven said that he had an antipathy to such texts as "Don Juan" and the "Marriage of Figaro"—but what are they to this? And yet there are those, who pretend that Beethoven was but the John Baptist to the Musical Messiah, Wagner!

To my expressions of disgust, my friend said:

"But the old legend is so."

Ah, indeed!

The wild imagination of the Orient has given to literature those shocking creatures of fancy, the ghouls; those dishumanized men and women, who meet in graveyards at midnight and rob new made graves for their horrid feasts. None but a sort of moral and mental ghoul could drag from the charnel-house of mediæval letters such a subject, gloat over it for years, and exhaust the powers God has given him, to endue it with all the fascinations of scenery and music. Happily those powers are too limited to enable him to avoid the overpowering tediousness, which must forever prevent this apotheosis of ingratitude, carnal lust, adultery and incest, from becoming in any sense popular.

P. S.—Since my return I have found in an article by J. C. Lobe—one of the most interesting of German writers on musical matters of the last thirty-five years—the following:

"As in 'Lohengrin' the bridal-chamber, in 'Tristan and Isolde' the garden-scene, so in the 'Nibelungen,' there are scenes which shock the moral sense. For instance:

Siegmond * embraces Sieglinde—both *knowing* that they are brother and sister.

"Sieglinde in the very insanity of passion:

Art thou Siegmund
Whom I see here—
Sieglinde am I
Who longed for thee;
Thy own, own Sister
Thou wonnest at once with the sword.

Siegmond:

Bride and Sister
Art thou to brother—
And so the Wälsung race shall live!"

The stage direction is: "He clasps her with raging fire to his breast. The curtain falls rapidly."

[Pretty poor poetry is this—but my translation is as poetic to the full as the original.]

"No," says Lobe, "he who writes such scenes for our times cannot possibly be called the regenerator (or rather ennobler, if we had such a word—*Veredler*) of the Drama."

The article—republished in a volume entitled, "*Consonanzen and Dissonanzen*," Leipzig, 1869—concludes with a page or two of remarks equally caustic, truthful and well-merited, upon the absurd trash, that Wagner prints as *poetry*—God save the mark!

I see the Handel and Haydn Society—God bless it!—has been giving Verdi's Requiem. (I don't

* Who has just drawn a sort of magic sword from the trunk of a huge oak.

mean particularly, God bless it for *that*.) Years ago it gave Mozart's, and now it should give Cherubini's. Indeed, why not give the three in successive concerts? Verdi's the most Italian and operatic—Mozart's the most pathetic, touching, and beautiful, Cherubini's by all odds the grandest and most sublime.

A. W. T.

Opera in London.

ROYAL ITALIAN. The *Africaine* of Meyerbeer, his swan's song, as far as dramatic music is concerned, upon which during a lengthened artistic career he was principally engaged, was represented for the first time this season yesterday evening, for the *début* of a singer hitherto unknown to London audiences. The lady who on the present occasion assumed the part of Selika, the loving, devoted, and self-sacrificing African Queen—first "created" in Paris by Mme. Sars, and first in London, at Covent Garden, by Mme. Pauline Lucca—is a Mdle. Mantilla, to judge by her performance no novice on the lyric boards. She is gifted with a voice of considerable compass, apparently somewhat worn in the upper notes, but capable in each department of the register, and at easy command of its possessor. In addition to this Mdle. Mantilla sings with force and inviolable intelligence, both in a vocal and dramatic sense, entering thoroughly into the spirit of the character. The very late hour at which the opera came to an end precludes us from entering upon details, even in general terms, about the merits of her performance; but we may point to the great duet with Vasco di Gama, where the wily Portuguese explorer, forgetful of his love for Inez, swears devotion to his once slave, now, by force of circumstances, Queen, (worthy pendant to the famous duet between the lovers in the *Huguenots*), and to the final soliloquy, under the branches of the Macanilla, when, at the departure of Vasco in his ship, she yields to the fatal influence and expires, as worthy special notice. Both of these were touching, expressive, and artistically good, well meriting the applause and call before the curtain that followed. Signor Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, is in every respect an admirable representative of Vasco di Gama; Signor Grassani is the earnest and emphatic Nelusco with whom we have for years been familiar; and a better Inez than Mdme. Smorochi could scarcely be desired. The remaining parts were competently sustained, and the performance for the most part, including orchestra and chorus, under the direction of Signor Vianesi, was striking and effective. The famous union prelude to the last act was superbly played, and, as of old, encircled with enthusiasm. Mdle. Mantilla's next appearance was to be as Amelia, in *Un Ballo in Maschera*.—*Times*, June 4.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE. The reproduction of *Robert le Diable*, through which, in 1831, Meyerbeer obtained his first brilliant success at the Paris Grand Opera (then styled "Académie Royale de Musique") afforded Miss Minnie Hauk a new opportunity of exhibiting the versatility of her talent. Alice, the devoted foster-sister, who reveals to Robert his mother's last wishes, standing to the last between him and perdition, acting, in fact, as the spirit of good against the spirit of evil, represented in the person of the tempter, Bertram, is a character well-suited to the natural gifts and artistic acquirements of Miss Hauk, who had already shown herself, in *Violetta* and *Marguerite*, possessed not only of the qualities essential to a singer, but also of those essential to an actress, the union of which entitles her—and this in no ordinary sense—to the denomination of "lyric comedian." That the music which Meyerbeer has put into the lips of his most ingenuous and charming heroine is sympathetic to the young American, besides being thoroughly suited to her vocal means, was speedily shown in her appealingly earnest delivery of the air, "Vanne disse, al figlio" ("Va!" dit elle)—according to the original, in which Alice confides to her foster-brother his mother's dying bequest. The surprise and terror of the Norman maiden at first seeing Bertram was powerfully simulated, and the dramatic instinct of Miss Hauk at once revealed itself in the most natural manner. The great scene of the Cross afforded her still more favorable opportunities of demonstrating how closely and with what intelligence she had studied the part. The tuneful soliloquy, "Nel lasciar la Normandia" ("Quand je quittais la Normandie")—in spontaneous freshness of melody never surpassed by its composer—was sung with a charm of voice and genuine simplicity that left absolutely nothing to desire. The interview with Bertram, however, was the point which justified the highest opinions of Miss Hauk's ability to represent the character. Her rush to the Cross for protection at the memories of Bertram, and her exclamation, "E meco il Ciel!" when Alice has clasped the sacred emblem, produced a deep and legitimate impression, and obtained the loudest applause of the evening. Her exertions in the last act, where, by tendering to

Robert the document in his mother's handwriting, Alice strengthens his irresolution, until the fatal hour has tolled which saves him from the machinations of Bertram, confirmed a success calculated to raise Miss Hauk another step in public favor. Her associates were Signor Fancelli, who played Robert last year, and whose voice enables him to master, with apparent ease, music (as amateurs need hardly be told) of more than common difficulty; Signor Dondi, who, if his voice possessed greater sonority in the lower tones, would be a still more efficient Bertram, a character of which, inapplicable as it is, he seems to comprehend the mysterious significance; Signor Rinaldini, Raimbault—a part once played by Mario, when Tamberlik, in his prime, took that of Robert (halcyon days!); and Mdle. Alwina Valleria, who gave the Princess Isabella's first air, "In vano il fatto" ("En vain j'espère") with remarkable facility, and whose "Roberto, oh! tu che adoro," if she made less stress upon her higher notes, would be well-nigh irreproachable. Meyerbeer's opera is put upon the stage in the most complete manner, the scene of the Resuscitation of the Nuns being quite as effective as before, Mdle. Malwina Cavalazzi creating a lively impression as Elena, quondam-Abbess of the ruined convent of St. Rosalie, both by graceful pantomime and admirable dancing. The execution generally of Meyerbeer's opera, under the practised and energetic direction of Sir Michael Costa, was just what might have been expected from such a conductor and such an orchestra as he has the good fortune to preside over.

Mdme. Etelka Gerster, by her impersonation of the heroine in Gounod's *Faust*, has legitimately added one more to her successes at Her Majesty's Theatre. What is especially to be commended in Mr. Mapleson's Hungarian *prima donna*, who has already gained such marked approval, is the individuality imparted to each character she undertakes. Imitating no contemporary, Mdme. Gerster thinks for herself, which alone is an attraction to those who believe that an essential requirement for every artist aiming at a position apart from the ordinary rank is originality of conception. Regarded from this point of view, Mdme. Gerster's *Marguerite* deserves serious consideration. The music does not afford her so many occasions for the free display of certain exceptional endowments with which she has been justly credited—few such, indeed, as are vouchsafed to her in the *Sonnambula*, the *Puritani*, and *Lucia*; but it enables her to exhibit other merits, to which attention has been more than once directed. The beauty of the higher notes in the register of her voice and her facile command of them form by no means Mdme. Gerster's exclusive claim to admiration. As was remarked a twelvemonth since, she can use the medium tones in such a manner as to compel her hearers to feel of what quality they are actually made, and to what excellent use they may be put. That Mdme. Gerster gave the "Jewel Song" with fluency and brilliant effect may be taken for granted; but not less deserving of praise was her delivery of the two melodious *cantabile* passages in the subsequent love duet with *Faust*, to which she imparted an expression too genuine to be feigned. Enough that her successive assumptions continually show progress—the evidence of assiduous study, without which no aspiring artist can ever reach the highest place. Mr. Mapleson's fine-voiced contralto, Mdle. Tremelli (Siebel), Mdme. Lablache (Martha), Signor Campanini (*Faust*), Signors Del Puente and Rota (Valentine and Mephistopheles), completed the cast of the *dramatis personæ* at the first performance.

The other operas during the week were *Il Barbiere*, with Miss Minnie Hauk as Rosina—substituted for *Ruy Blas* in consequence of the indisposition of Mdle. Caroline Salla; the *Sonnambula*, with Mdme. Gerster and Signor Campanini; and the *Huguenots*, for the first appearance of that popular favorite Mdme. Trebelli, who as Urbano, the page, received the cordial and unanimous greeting to which her artistic merits fully entitle her, and was unanimously encored in her first air. Mdle. Salla, happily recovered from her indisposition, was the Valentine of the evening, and justified all the praises awarded to her impersonation of that arduous character last year. Meanwhile Georges Bizet's *Carmen*, with Miss Hauk as the heroine, is anxiously expected.—*Ibid.*

DARMSTADT. The oratorio of *Barbarossa's Erwachen* (*The Awakening of Barbarossa*), by C. A. Mangold, was recently performed, with a satisfactory result, under the direction of the composer.

ERFURT. At the approaching Musical Festival of the General Musical Union of Germany, the programme will include among other things: *Te Deum* (Kiel); "De Profundis" (Raff); 18th Psalm and "Hungaria" (Liszt); Fragments from *Faust* (Lenau); Overture to *Narris* (Erdmannsdörfer); Flautoforte Concerto (Bronart); and *Phæton*, (Saint-Saëns).

The Spinnet.*

The spinet, though now so decried, and declared by J. J. Rousseau to be both dull and sharp, is an instrument which for three centuries was the delight of the musical world. The piano, invented by Bartolommeo Cristoforo, of Padua, could not dethrone it till after a considerable time and important improvements. So many years of service deserve some slight consideration. We may, therefore, perhaps, be allowed to give a few exact details, of which people know little or nothing respecting the origin of the instrument, its invention, and its etymology; we shall, so to speak, be paying it the last marks of respect. No modern work mentions the name of the inventor; as for its etymology, all the dictionaries and class-books agree:—

"Ce nom lui a été donné à cause de ses petites pointes de plumes qui tirent le son des cordes, et qui ressemblent à des épines."—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*.

"Parce que des pointes des plumes de corbeau en forme d'épines servent à pincer les cordes."—*Dictionnaire de Littérature*.

A DUOBUS *diace omnes!* The author of this explanation, so generally received, and, we must admit, so seemingly correct, is Julius Caesar Scaliger. In his *Poetics*, published at Lyons, in 1581, he says (lib. I., cap. LXIII.): "Additæ deinde plectris corvinarum pennarum cuspides; ex æreis filis expressiorum eliciunt harmoniam. Me puero, clavicymbalum et harpsichordium, nunc, ab illis mucronibus, spinetum nominant." That is: "The points of crow-quills were then added to the keys; they obtain from the wires more expressive harmony. That which, when I was a child, used to be denominated a clavicymbalum and a harpsichordium, is now called, on account of these little points, a spinet." This explanation, which subsequently became stereotyped, contains two errors: the spinet was known before Scaliger was born, and its name was derived not from the quill-points, or *mucrones*, but from the name of the inventor, Giovanni Spinetti, of Venice. Ad. Banchieri, a celebrated composer of the end of the 16th century furnishes a proof of this in his work entitled *Conclusioni nel suono dell' organo*, di D. Adriano Banchieri, Bolognese, olivetano et organista di S. Michele in Bosco; *novellamente tradotte et elucidate in scrittori musici et organisti celebri, etc.* In Bologna, per gli heredi di Gio. Rossi, MDCVIII. "Spinetto," says Banchieri in the above work, "riceve tal nome dall' inventore di tal forma longa quadrata, il quale fu un maestro Giovanni Spinetti, Venetiano, et uno di tali stromenti ho veduto io alle mani di Francesco Stivori, organista della magnifica communita di Montagnana, dentrovi questa inscriptione: JOHANNES SPINETUS VENETUS FECIT, A. D. 1508." Thus the illustrious author himself saw in the possession of Francesco Stivori, "organist of the magnificent community of Montagnana," an instrument with the inscription, *Johannes Spinetus Venetus fecit, A.D. 1508*. We can, therefore, no longer have any doubt as to the inventor of the Spinnet, nor the etymology of its name. Touching the epoch of its invention, we think it was about the second half of the 15th century, and we are of opinion that the instrument mentioned above was one of the last made by the inventor. Here are our reasons. The spinet was known in France and the Netherlands at the commencement of the 16th century. To have travelled so far, a long time must have been required, for, even setting down the date of the invention at about 1460, we should still have reason for astonishment at the rapidity with which the instrument had made its way in the world. In proof of what we advance, we will give some quotations from the first volume of that inter-

* From *La Revue et Gazette Musicale de Paris*. Translated in *London Musical World*.

† "This name was given it on account of the little quill-points which draw the sound from the strings and resemble thorns."—*Dictionnaire de Trévoux*.

‡ "Because the ends of crow-quills in the form of thorns strike the strings."—*Dictionnaire de Littérature*.

§ Conclusions on the sound of the organ by D. Adriano Banchieri, of Bologna, olivetan and organist at St. Michael's in Bosco; newly translated and elucidated from musical writers and celebrated organists, etc., Bologna, by the successors to Gio. Rossi, MDCVIII.—See, concerning this exceedingly rare book, the last number but one of G. Gaspari's erudite work, *De' musicisti Bolognesi, nella seconda metà del secolo XVI.*

¶ "The spinet receives its name from the inventor of the long square-form, who was a Master Giovanni Spinetti, a Venetian, and I myself saw one of them in the possession of Francesco Stivori, organist of the magnificent community of Montagnana, with this inscription inside it: JOHANNES SPINETUS VENETUS FECIT, A.D. 1508."

esting work, *La Musique aux Pays-Bas*, by our erudite friend, E. Vander Straeten:—

"A ung organiste de la ville d'Anvers, la somme de vi. livres auquel madite dame" (Marguerite d'Autriche) "en a fait don en faveur de ce que le xv. jour d'octobre xv-xxii" (1523) "il a amené deux jeunes enfans, fils et fille, qu'ils ont joué sur une espinette et chanté à son dîner."

"A l'organiste de Monsieur de Fiennes, sept livres dont Madame" (Marguerite d'Autriche) "lui a fait don en faveur de ce que le second jour de décembre xv-xxvi" (1526) "il est venu jouer d'un instrument dit espinette, devant elle à son dîner. (Comptes de l'Hôtel de Marguerite)."

We may add that one of the first works published by Pierre Attaignant was dedicated to the *jeu d'espinettes*, that is, the spinet. Here is the title of this exceedingly rare collection:—

"*Quatorze Galliards, neuf Pavannes, sept Bransles et deux Basses-Dances, le tout reduict de musique en la tablature du jeu Doryque, Espinettes, Manichordons et tels semblables instruments musiciens, imprimés à Paris par Pierre Attaignant. MDXXIX.*" (Munich Library.)

In issuing this collection, the publisher must certainly have relied on the existence of a certain number of spinnettists. Finally, the Court had its spinet player. Thomas Champion, surnamed Mithon (it is thus that he signs the preface to his little *Psalter* of 1561) was the Royal organiste et spinette (organist and spinettist). It was he who, according to Mersenne (*Harmonie universelle*), "cleared the path for what concerns the organ and the spinet, on which he extemporized all kinds of designs and fugues. His son, too, Jacques Champion, exhibited great science and a fine touch on the spinet."

But enough of arguments. Our object, we hope, is attained. Before terminating this short article, devoid of any flowers of rhetoric, which generally teach the reader nothing, we will mention some few other *fesseurs d'espinettes*, or spinet-makers, of the 16th and 17th centuries. The Museum of the Paris Conservatory possesses an instrument of this kind, dating from 1528, and made by Francesco di Portulupis, of Verona; the instruments of Dominicus Pisamensis and of Antonio Patavini, belong to about the same epoch. In the collection of instruments left by Ferdinand di Medici, and confided to Cristofori, there were *spinette* by Domenico da Pesaro, Giuseppe Mondini, and Girolama Zenti; a Venetian collection, sold a few years ago, contained specimens by Donatus Dundens (1628) and Celestini Johannes (1610). The task of utilizing the above facts we leave to others.

GEORGES BECKER.

* "To an organist of the town of Antwerp, the sum of 6 livres, which were given to him by my lady aforesaid" (Marguerite of Austria) "for that, on the 15th day of October xv-xxii" (1523) "he brought two children, son and daughter, who played on a spinet and sang during her dinner."

"To the organist of Monsieur de Fiennes, seven livres, which my lady" (Marguerite of Austria) "gave him, for that on the second day of December xv-xxvi" (1526) "he came and played on an instrument called a spinet, before her at her dinner. (Accounts of Marguerite's Household)."

"The inventory of the Château de Pont-d'Ain, of 1581, mentions: *una espinetta cum suo cluy.*"

† "A spinet with its case."

‡ "Fourteen Galliards, nine Pavans, seven Brawls, and two Country Dances, the whole reduced from music in the notation of the Organ, Spinet, Manichord, and similar instruments. Printed at Paris by Pierre Attaignant, MDXXIX."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 6, 1878.

Too Much Music.

TOUJOURS PERDRE!

We went the other evening to the Museum to hear a light French Opera, "The Chimes of Normandy," sung and spoken in English. It is refreshing to go to something that is rather unpretending in the way of Art and find it pretty good. Such was our experience with this pretty little opera by Planquet (?). The music, to be sure, is of the lightest, some of it frivolous; but it is graceful, lively, buoyant, and not without variety, some scenes, as that of the old castle supposed to be haunted with ghosts, mingling mystery with humor in a clever way. The plot, too, is interesting, closely imitating the Richmond Fair scene of *Martha*, and ang-

gesting, not imitating, the "Phantom Chorus" of the *Sonnambula*. There are portions of the music nearly as fresh and natural as these. But both musically and dramatically it is altogether better than the Opera Bouffe of Offenbach, etc., being quite as witty, more entertaining, and altogether decent and unexceptionable from the moral or the æsthetic point of view. The only drawback was that the scene of the old miser in the castle, rigging up his ghosts and gloating over his hidden treasure, was dragged out at an intolerably slow rate. The acting and the singing were for the most part good. Mr. CASTLE still retains much of his old charm of voice and style, and the other tenor, Mr. TURNER, has a sweet voice and sings with good expression. Mr. PEAKES, too, made a marked impression by his acting of the miser, as well as by his delivery of one or two songs with his large, well-trained bass voice. The part of the mischievous wail, Mignonette, was made very bright and piquant, both in song and dialogue, by Miss MELVILLE; and pretty Mrs. SUGAN still acts charmingly, and sings some things gracefully, though some of her tones, especially the lower ones, have grown hard and blatant. Her husband did well as the Sheriff.

Many a more pretentious opera has given us less pleasure than this little piece at the Museum. At all events—and this is what we meant to come at when we wrote down the title of this article—there is always one good thing about an opera, even if you find nothing else, and that is *the silence of the orchestra between the acts*. This alone would reconcile us to an indifferent opera instead of the hacknied silly plays.

We have long thought the music between the acts an infliction and a nuisance. It is a continual pounding on your brain of hacknied dance tunes, pot-pourris or what not, with drums and brass, forbidding talk with friends and neighbors, and forbidding rest when you need a little after your sympathies have been wrought upon throughout a long act of the drama. The music, as music, is seldom edifying or even entertaining. It certainly is not inspiring, it gives no lift to the weary mind and jaded senses; inwardly you only pray to be delivered from the noise. And also from the cloying sentimental sweetness of the ever-lasting cornet solo; it is like dogdays in the coldest winter night, or a molasses bath. Fatigued, bewildered, crazed and stunned by this unremitting too much of a good thing, this glut of music when you do not feel the appetite, music as it were crammed down your throat and beaten into your brain, how you long to have

"Silence, like a poultice, come
To heal the wounds of sound."

They manage these things better in the European theatres. At the Imperial Schauspielhaus, for instance, at Berlin, there is no orchestra present during the performance of a spoken drama; unless in such a case as the *Midsommer Night's Dream*, or Goethe's *Egmont*, where masters like Mendelssohn and Beethoven have composed musical interludes expressly for the play in illustration of its scenes and characters. It is the same at the Theatre Français in Paris. But in our theatres the entr'acte music has nothing at all to do with the play, and is a senseless, stupid, wearisome distraction. The noisy practice brings the most classical temple of the drama down to the level of a common circus.

But this is not the worst of it. Nowadays we have to hear the orchestra all through the play. This modern way, particularly in harrowing sensational dramas, though not confined to them, of setting up a nervous tremolo pianissimo accompaniment in the strings at every entrance of a mysteri-

ous personage, or at the approach of any critical moment, or throughout a very sentimental scene or passage, is simply an abomination and a nuisance. It is a vulgar trick of effect, reducing every play to a cheap melodrama. It is not music, it is only a senseless irritation of the nerves, intolerable to any sensitive and refined listener, be he musical or not. Why do they do it? What good end is gained by it? Does it make the tragedy more tragical? the villain of the play more terrible? the meeting or the parting, however fateful, of the lovers, more heart-rending? No, it only makes you ready to exclaim like Othello: Silence, those dreadful violins! This pestilent accompaniment, this quaking undertone of nervous dread or mystery, this hysterical titting tremolo of strings, just robs the scene of any semblance of reality. If the scene be one to thrill and make us shudder, we don't want the shuddering *done for us* in the orchestra! And while we fight that off and shrink from it, as from the hum of persecuting insects, our sympathies are withdrawn from the play itself. Why strive to turn the play into a *quasi* opera, a thing neither fish, flesh nor fowl? All these cheap arts of heightening the effect, only enfeeble it, and vulgarize the whole thing. We do not wish to be told when we must thrill, when we must tremble with expectation. These signals are officious and impertinent. If the play itself be not "the thing to catch the conscience of the king," will your cheap advertising dodge of "tremolo" be apt to do it?

2. So much for our Theatre music. But it is not worse than the College music;—we mean the music employed to enliven (?) our Academic Anniversaries—Commencement, the Alumni dinner, Phi Beta Kappa, and the like. "Too much music!" is a very common exclamation here too. Too much in quantity, because so cheap in quality, so ill-considered, out of place. Dear Mother Harvard, with her own Musical Professor, at least, might and should do better. Certainly the music to which the long lines of graduates time their steps in the winding procession into Sanders Theatre and into the magnificent Memorial dining-hall—the band entering the Hall before them and taking up its position in the high end gallery, where without a moment's pause the big drum and bass tubas keep on pounding and braying out the loud and stunning march till every man of the 900 is seated, dooming us all to noise which renders conversation or repose of spirit quite impossible, for full twenty minutes in there,—surely this could never be in accordance with the ideas or taste of the Professor. It must be because all other considerations of taste or fitness are sacrificed to the one thought of economy—the most noise for the least money. The musical selections, too, are often singularly unfortunate, incongruous, apropos of nothing said or done; a silly bit of Offenbach before or after a serious poem or oration; mostly music to which one is not expected to listen, and therefore silence would be so much better; then at any rate there would be some chance to talk with one another undisturbed. In a venerable University, one would think, a certain classic dignity and sanctity ought to pervade the music of its high festivals, while it may very properly be cheerful. It should all have some character of Art, some meaning and æsthetic fitness; something to lift and glorify, and not to disturb and weary and depress, and turn all into hum-drum.—We only allude to the evil and state the problem now. The solution we should think might be easy. Perhaps we shall return to the question as a special topic on another warm day (such days being so provocative of this sort of complaining). If music is to have a part at Commencement, it ought to be a part worth listening to as such.

3. We will not undertake to enumerate the various elements which compose the unremitting Babel and pandemonium of sounds—some of them sweet,

it may be, singly—which allow one no peace in a city in the hot months,—especially at night. The brass bands, the ciroues and picnic parties, the loud barrel organs with wind (!) at highest pressure, the singers at windows and on door-steps, the indefatigable piano practitioner or sentimental dying Edgardo of the cornet, the exasperating accordeon, which gets so near the outline of a tune; all working away for dear life, doing a painful business at the expense of your ears and your peace of mind, if not of your pocket;—these everybody knows and suffers from. The list may be multiplied indefinitely. We would not have them all suppressed because of the accidental annoyance which results from some or all of them combined. But it is worth while to inquire whether Music itself be not the greatest sufferer by it; whether this continual hearing without regarding (any more than we can help) has not a tendency in the long run to blunt the finer sensibilities to harmony, and render us habitually indifferent and callous to much which in the proper time and place, presented in its freshness like a rose, would yield an exquisite sensation and speak to heart and soul as well as sense. As it is, our life is strewn with a cumbersome confusion of the trampled roses and rejected bouquets of tone, all tossed together pell-mell.

We have borrowed the title and the motto of this rambling article from one by Ferdinand Hiller: "*Zu viel Musik*," from which we are tempted to translate here a few passages which seem to our purpose. This, for instance, about the orchestral *Pot-pourris* we hear so often in our theatres:

"A melody sounds out; you scarcely catch it, when it is interrupted to give place to the beginning of another; and so beginnings are strung upon beginnings, until at last it comes to an end. There is nothing to be compared to the abuse here practiced with the most charming inspirations of genius. That favorite plaything of our younger years, the Kaleidoscope, afforded a highly artistic enjoyment compared to these musical "dissolving views;" turn the instrument ever so fast, the eye always seized a whole; but here there passes in review before you a battalion of lame, limping, one-legged, club-footed melodies. That torture of the nerves, which plays an important part in the sung and spoken drama, in the romances and the newspapers of the present day, here sports itself with the most self-satisfied air; they call the effect suggestive and exciting. Or is it meant to be an exercise of memory for hearers somewhat versed in music? For verily the exclamation: "Where is that from?" and this? and that?" is about all that anybody has to say of it. The locks of memory (to use so bold a metaphor) are pulled, twitched, plucked out,—the patient sits in silence—and this is supposed to be a pleasure! It is vile defamation of the Art and of the hearer. The *Quodlibet*, which is sung, is by no means so bad in its nonsensicality; for in this the word plays the chief part, and the poor wit, which indeed can be quite amusing, belongs to the word. But pure music, instrumental music, is as ill-adapted to nonsense, as it is to philosophy.

"Our modern instrumentation, which can be ear-splitting, as well as daintily refined, often asserts itself in the most fatal manner in these popular performances. Since rhythm is the great thing, according to the proverb: "What one has not in his head, he must have in his legs," we have it not only marked, but drummed and pounded into us. The in many respects very problematical perfecting of the brass instruments brings out deafening and burlesque phenomena. The most conspicuous, although we are all accustomed to him, is the sentimental trumpeter.

"The sentimental trumpeter is perhaps also to be found at popular gatherings, shooting matches, and in Parliaments both high and low,—but here

we have not to do with these. Our concern is with the man who devotes himself, with the whole depth of his soul and the whole sweetness of his brass, to the *Cantilena*. How he has learned to tame his proud and warlike instrument! There stands he like a true beast-tamer, fondling with the lion as if it were a lap-dog. The trumpet languishes, laments, trembles under his lips. The most melting *ritardandos* of the Italian prima donna, her dying away and her recovery, nothing does he leave unattempted;—the *jodel* transformed into a German love song terrifies him not. All the accents of emotion and of passion he knows how to appropriate to himself. He quakes and whistles, he peals and shrills out ornaments (*Coloratur*), he makes trills of yearning,—as the bear dances."

"Why is it that we so seldom hear beautiful dances played in public places? For a waltz of Strauss I would gladly give half a dozen Opera finales. And if there must be music-making everywhere, under every tree and hedge, on land and water, on mountains and in valleys, let them at least make it fresh and joyous, and leave the decoration music where it belongs, in the midst of the decorations.

"But above all give us music in homoeopathic doses at ceremonial dinners—loyal, national banquets and the like. A little instrumental noise at the beginning and the end,—a couple of merry songs in the middle,—anything more is bad. We Germans have borne the reproach for centuries, that we ate too much, and drank much too much. But shall we not ruin the stomach, when conversation with our next neighbor becomes a Demosthenic exercise of the lungs? How many genial, witty thoughts on such occasions have been swallowed up by Verdi, or made a sacrifice to Meyerbeer! And how much *Katzenjammer* must Offenbach have on his conscience! Let us be a little less musical, and we shall become more musical."

OPERA COMING. New York, it seems, has a fine prospect of Italian Opera for the next season and for years to come; Opera upon a more complete scale than ever before, and under the control of Mr. Mapleson, the manager of Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Whether New York is to have the exclusive enjoyment of it, or whether the company will also visit Boston and other cities, we are not informed. But here is what the London *Figaro* (June 22) promulgates of the plan:

ENGLAND and America will be brought still closer in art union by the important arrangement which was come to on Saturday last. On that day Mr. J. H. Mapleson signed a contract by which he undertakes to give a series of Italian operatic performances of the highest class simultaneously in England and New York. Let it be at once thoroughly understood that Mr. Mapleson has no intention of giving up his valuable connection in England. For many years past he has administered Italian operatic affairs at a great London theatre, and at upwards of thirty theatres in the provinces. To resign a connection which it has been the work of years to form would be absurd, and the operatic enterprise in America will, I am authoritatively informed, in no way interfere with Mr. Mapleson's ordinary seasons in England.

BRIEFLY, then, Mr. Mapleson has taken the lease of the New York Academy of Music for the winters, during a term of seven years. Thanks to the efforts and the business courtesy of Mr. Morton, the new chairman of directors, and a prominent New York banker, of Mr. Belmont, the New York banker, of Mr. Tiffany, the celebrated New York jeweler, and of Mr. Seward, son of Mr. Lincoln's Minister for Foreign Affairs, and who came to Europe expressly to conduct the negotiations, Mr. Mapleson has the Academy of Music on the most liberal terms. The property seat-holders (dead heads), which, numbering 2500, formerly ate the enterprise up, have now been reduced to 200; the directors, finding no scenery has been painted for years, will restock the theatre; the house will be completely redecorated; two feet will be taken from the stage and added to the orchestra, which will thus accommodate a band as large as that of Sir Michael Costa's orchestra; while the lighting of the stage will be upon the

* A very musical friend once wrote to us from Newport: "To-day I have heard '*Casta Diva*' seven times; four times with the monkey, and three times without (*i.e.*, sung in houses); on the whole I prefer it with the monkey."—E.

plan so successfully adopted at Her Majesty's Theatre.

Mr. MAPLESON proposes to give Italian opera in New York on a scale never before attempted there. His watchword will be "ensemble," and the orchestra and chorus (usually deplorable in an American opera-house) will be upon the high standard of excellence observed at Her Majesty's Theatre. The chorus, for instance, will consist of 70 picked voices, instead of the choir of 24 which New York amateurs have hitherto been accorded, and the entire arrangements will be upon a similarly liberal scale. After a brief opera tour in the British provinces, the first contingent of the troupe, consisting of 120 individuals (principal vocalists, chorus, and the leading members of the orchestra), will sail from Queenstown, opening at the New York Academy of Music the last week of October. The autumn season will consist of 30 nights and 12 *matinees*, terminating Dec. 15. The artists will, if necessary, be alternated between Europe and America, and a first-rate troupe, consisting of the leading members of Her Majesty's Opera, with other celebrated artists, will, from time to time, be recruited from Europe. The spring season will commence at New York on Feb. 8, and will last till March 26, the company arriving back for the London summer season, which will begin at Her Majesty's Theatre on Saturday, April 9. The directors of the Academy of Music are to be congratulated upon the success which has attended their efforts to place Italian opera in New York upon a European footing; and England may also plume itself on the fact that the most popular and able of its operatic *entrepreneurs* has been selected for the task. The American public are thirsting for Italian opera played as it ought to be played, and there is no man more able than Mr. Mapleson to give it them upon a scale unexampled in the history of opera in the United States.

MRS. PAPPENHEIM IN LONDON. Here is what *Figaro* says of her debut on the 15th ult., after speaking of the "forces arrayed against her which might have terrified a far older artist: "

MADAME PAPPENHEIM, however, soon showed herself no ordinary artist. Gifted with a large and powerful mezzo-soprano voice, a commanding physique, and a pronounced style, she soon made friends. It is, however, desirable that Madame Pappenheim, who has been accustomed to American audiences, should recollect that a style can be even too pronounced for London amateurs. A little less extravagance in her impersonation, a little less violence in her gestures and movements, would be a decided improvement. So, too, she must remember that Her Majesty's Theatre, though large, is almost perfect from an acoustic point of view, and that there is no necessity whatever to shout. Still less wise is it for Madame Pappenheim to force the upper and weakest part of her voice, a fact which the lady herself discovered when the famous prolonged upper C in the duet with *Marcel*, shrieked out with full force of lungs, incontinently broke in twain. Lastly, opera-goers who know and appreciate Meyerbeer's music, will resent any alteration of that music to suit the vocalist's sweet convenience, and will believe the cadence Madame Pappenheim substituted for a well-known descending chromatic scale in the duet with *Raoul* no improvement at all. However, these are mere faults of detail, legitimately pointed out and easily remediable. Instead of them the critic would prefer to dwell upon the fine voice of the new comer, upon her great intelligence and her large histrionic ability. Her acting throughout the scene of the benediction of the swords was, though somewhat highly colored, powerful in the extreme, and in the subsequent duet with *Raoul* she displayed a dramatic force which recalled the best days of Titiens. In Madame Pappenheim there is no doubt Mr. Mapleson has secured a prize, and her second *début* as the *Leonora* of "*Fidelio*" will be looked forward to with every degree of interest. In that character especially, Madame Pappenheim will do well to moderate her redundancy of gesture, and to stick as closely as possible to the text of Beethoven's music.

MR. W. H. SHERWOOD will give pianoforte recitals before the American National Music Teachers' Association at Chautauque Lake, N. Y., July 2, 3, 4, and from thence he will proceed to Lyons, N. Y., to open his normal musical institute for the summer term.

JENNY LIND having heard Miss LILLIAN B. NORTON sing, had a private interview with her, and the result is that Miss Norton places herself under the tuition of Jenny Lind, who is to prepare her for the opera. So we read.

Zerrahn in California.

It is an undoubted fact, and one that it is pleasant to record, that the great success of the recent May Festival in San Francisco was due very largely to the efforts of Mr. Carl Zerrahn, who conducted the great chorus and orchestra, and taught them both at rehearsals as carefully, energetically and enthusiastically as he always does. It must have been an immense satisfaction to the Boston soloists who accompanied and assisted him, to see how thoroughly he was appreciated there, and it certainly was gratifying to all his friends here to learn of it. The kind, generous hospitality of Californians is known the world over, as is also the fact that in 'Frisco intrinsic worth is the measure of popularity. In returning from California Mr. Zerrahn has brought with him a number of most elegant and costly presents, rich and unique in design and of remarkable workmanship. His many admirers there, whose friendship seems to have been of spontaneous growth, were generous and hospitable to such an extent that finally the recipient could not be astonished at anything. The great orchestra evinced their thorough appreciation of Mr. Zerrahn by presenting him with a most elegant gold medal, to be worn on the coat. On the bar from which the medal hangs is the recipient's name, and directly underneath are the famous names "Rienzi, Wagner." (On the front of the medal is a laurel wreath of gold, and in the centre is a large solitaire diamond of unusual brilliancy. On the reverse are the words, "Presented as a token of esteem by the orchestra of the San Francisco May Festival, 1878." With the medal came some verses in German, printed on satin, which are highly complimentary, and were written expressly for the occasion by Dr. Paulsen, editor of the *Democrat*. One of the most unique and at the same time one of the most costly presents, is a watch chain with a pendant, and sleeve buttons to match. The chain is made of little bars of gold quartz bound securely in gold and connected by links of gold. The pendant is also of solid gold with a locket, one-half of which can be opened, and the other half contains in six divisions specimens of the ores which have made California famous. The sleeve buttons are much like the pendant and have the same specimens of ores for ornaments. In both cases the little receptacles for the ores are covered by beautifully clear crystals. The bouquet of artists, about sixty ladies and gentlemen, presented him with these and also with a baton of unsurpassed beauty. It is of ebony, bound in solid gold. The ends are bound with gold bands and tipped with splendid specimens of polished gold quartz. The larger end opens, and is found to contain the same rich little specimens of ore that adorn the sleeve-buttons and watch-chain or pendant. At about the middle of the baton is a large band of gold, on which are the words, "Presented to Carl Zerrahn, conductor of the Musical Festival of San Francisco, 1878, by the Bouquet of Artists." The chorus showed their sentiments toward their conductor by presenting him with a large portfolio, containing colossal photographs of California scenery. The covers of the portfolio are made of two kinds of native wood, both made more beautiful by being highly polished. On one of the covers, in the centre, is a large silver plate on which are the words, "From admirers in the chorus, May Festival, 1878, San Francisco, Cal." This was presented to him by a lady, before the whole audience, after the performance of the first part of "Elijah." His store of beautiful natural specimens, artistically treated, was further augmented by a lyre made of sea mosses and shells of California. It is a very delicately constructed ornament, and reflects great credit on the artistic ability and taste of the lady who made and presented it, Mrs. Burton. There can be no description of the presents that will do them justice, and they certainly were well deserved by the popular conductor to whom they were presented.—*Advertiser*, June 21.

Music in Paris.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* describes the opening concert of the Salle des Fêtes in connection with the Paris Exposition. Of the building he says:—The ensemble of the structure is imposing. On the ground floor, arranged as a parquet—here called orchestra stalls,—there are 1500 seats. In the first row there are forty-two boxes, in the form of *balconettes*, with pilasters of black and gold supporting the balcony, which is divided into fifty opera boxes. The appearance of the pilasters is melancholy and funereal, and is not sufficiently relieved by the hangings of dark-crimson velvet. Above the balcony is a vast amphitheatre for 2000 persons. Around, pierced in the wall, like the windows above which they are placed, are nine spacious tribunes. On the right and left of the stage, which is double the size of that of the Grand Opera, are two large proscenium boxes, one intended for the president of the Republic, the other for the minister of agriculture and commerce. The ornamentation of the hall is showy, if you except the black and gold pilasters. On the ceiling is a rose, divided into twelve parts by alternate branches of palm and laurel, with an immense "R. F." in the centre. From the cupola extend gilded newels, each ending in a sphinx supported on a bracket, decorated with a shield bearing the names of Bach, Handel,

Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Cherubini, Weber, Mendelssohn, Berlioz and Félicien David. At the extreme end of the hall are two triumphal columns, surmounted by statues of Fame distributing crowns, with escutcheons entwined in laurel leaves and inscribed with "*Honneur aux Sciences! Gloire aux Arts!*" These are the work of the sculptor, Carrier Belleuse, as those on the other side of the proscenium boxes are due to the genius of Mr. Blanchard, who has taken for his subject "Law" and "Strength." The frieze, above the stage, painted by Charles Lamoyne, represents France summoning to her throne all the nations of the earth. The *coup d'aile* of the orchestra and of the chorus was original; the male choristers occupied the organ tribune and the left of the proscenium; the soprani and contralti were on the right. Black coats were *de rigueur* for the tenors and basses, who would have been more at their ease in fancy dresses, and the ladies had black gowns with flame-colored ribbons as ornaments. All the instruments were new, the harps were brilliant with fresh gliding, and the bass viol shone with a fine red glare. The entry of the leader, Mr. Edward Colonne, was hailed with much applause. He raised his baton, and, without more ado, the concert began, with the first part of Félicien David's "Desert." After the "Desert" came a new cantata by Saint-Saëns. It was for solo, chorus and orchestra, and is an allegorical allusion to the work of civilization, where, under the title of the "Nuptials of Prometheus," this mythological prototype of inventors is delivered from his legendary vulture—Tyranny and Superstition—by Humanity, whom he forthwith espouses. The score is scientific, but not particularly melodious, with, however, some striking passages. The overture begins with a sad, monotonous chant of violins, gradually working itself into a triumphal march, and winding up with a marriage hymn. The air of the tenor, Warot, "Aux Confins du Viel Univers," was artistically sung, and Mme. H. M., an amateur, who personified Humanity, received quite an ovation. Melchieside was applauded as a Titan, and the final chorus, "C'est le jour de gloire de l'humanité," brought down the house. The great triumph of the day—perhaps the more applauded because it was the last piece—was the septuor of the "Troyens" and the Trojan march. But magnificent as is the dramatic inspiration, where the idea develops in increasing intensity as it passes through its successive phases, until it finishes in a sublime crash of harmony, its effects were lessened by the unfortunate echoes and by the want of sonority of the hall. The pedal, underscoring as it were the ensemble, could be scarcely distinguished, and the seven hundred voices were confused. The concert produced a tolerably favorable impression. Mr. Colonne's three hundred and fifty instrumentalists kept well together; their execution was perfect.

MILWAUKEE MUSICAL SOCIETY. The *Sentinel*, of April 24, reports:

The 263d concert of the Society secured a large audience at the Academy of Music last evening, notwithstanding the unfavorable weather in the early part of the day. The members, however, had good reason for turning out in full force on this occasion, as the programme was one of extraordinary attractions, the principal feature of interest being the first appearance here of Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, the Cincinnati vocalist, who sang the Recitative and aria: "Crudele? Ah, no, mio bene," from Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, a Valse by Luigi Venzano, Rubinstein's "Thou art so like a flower" (the latter in response to an enthusiastic encore), and the part of Leonora from Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, all with orchestra accompaniment, the Rubinstein Lied excepted, which Prof. Mickler accompanied on the piano. Mrs. Dexter has a noble and majestic voice, mezzo soprano, very full and even, and she executes with wonderful ease and fluency the most difficult passages in the compositions named. Her style is broad, and resembles somewhat that of the lamented Mme. Parepa Rosa, whom she also resembles physically. Mrs. Dexter created great enthusiasm, being recalled after each appearance, and she was made the recipient of a handsome basket of flowers. She will always be a welcome visitor in a concert room.

The society's orchestra, however, shared the honors of the evening with the great vocalist. The Schumann Symphony in B flat, given here for the first time last night, is one of the best tone poems given to the musical world since the immortal nine of the great Beethoven. Schumann composed his first symphony, the one in B flat, during the year 1841, and the work was performed in the Leipzig Gewandhaus in December of that year, on the occasion of a concert given by Mme. Clara Schumann. The performance last evening was in every way worthy of the composition, Prof. Mickler having evidently devoted much time and labor in rehearsals. The choruses, consisting of the "Festal Song to the Artists" by Mendelssohn, and "Come Gentle Spring," from Haydn's *Seasons*, the former for male and the latter for mixed chorus, were produced in good style, though the singers, in attempting to produce a large volume of sound, frequently marred the beauty of the compositions. The *Loreley* Finale formed a fitting close to the concert, which must justly rank as the best of the series during the past season, and the Society, under the direction of Prof. Mickler, has added new laurels to its achievements, and may confidently look forward to a new era of prosperity. Mrs. Dexter sang the German words in the Finale with great distinctness, and exhibited considerable dramatic fire.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Roving Life. F. 3. a to F. Royce. 40
"I love to hear the night-wind sigh
As 'twere some angel lullaby."
A bold and yet tender song of the rover.
- Oh! Weep for Those. Bass or Alto Song. Eichberg. 30
F minor. 4. f to D.
"The wild dove hath her nest, the fox his cave,
Mankind their country; Israel but the grave."
Byron's impressive words, with Eichberg's fine rendering in music.
- Two Beautiful Duets for Soprano and Alto or Baritone. Rubinstein, ea. 35
1. The Angel. (Der Engel). D. 3. d to F.
2. Wanderer's Night Song. (Wanderer's Nachtlied). D. 3. c to F.
"The Glory of God, transcending all thought.
Vom Ruhme des Herrn, des Ewigen erklang."
"Soon, ah! weary wanderer,
Thou shalt find repose."
Two duets of fine quality.
- Tell me that you love me still. F. 2. E to F. Garceau. 30
"I do not ask the world to give."
Smooth poetry to a good melody.
- Bird and Maiden. (Zweigesang). Bb. 4. c to F. Hecht. 35
"The two-fold song sounds clear and strong
The moon-enchanted vale along."
German and English words, and rich in beautiful thoughts.

- True Blue. Eb. 3. b to E. Adams. 30
"I hy love am stranded;
I'm true blue to her."
Hearty love song by a good Yankee Tar.
- How to do it. D. 2. E to F. Read. 30
Bright comic song.
- Dew-drops kiss the blushing Rose. Kiss Song. G. 5. d to a. Pratt. 50
"Oh! kiss me, sweet!"
Very bright song, in which the music goes into kisses from enthusiasm on the pleasing subject. Good concert song.
- Only Love can tell. C. 3. c to E. Tours. 30
"That fear should ever shroud
Life's first and fairest dream."
Very melodious.
- Cast me not away. Quartette. Eb. 4. b to g. Penfield. 40
Music is from a "String Quartette" by Vogt, and is doubtless improved by its association with the impressive scripture words.

Instrumental.

- Chimes of Normandy. By Pianquette. Rondo Valse. Ab. 3. Richards. 60
One of the "successes" of the Opera, nicely arranged.
- No. 5. O, ye Tears! C. 2. Smallwood. 40
"8. When Sparrows build. C. 2. 40
Two of Smallwood's "Echoes from Home," a set containing little "Songs without words," of some length, and simply arranged.
- Piano Compositions of Carl Bohm.
1. Wedding Waltzes. (Hochzeits Walzer). 3. 50
2. Wedding March. 40
3. Domino Grand Waltz. Ab. 3. 40
4. Chimes of the May-Bells. Elegant Mazurka. Eb. 4. 35
5. The Hunter's Call. D. 3. 40
6. Grenadier Polka Militaire. Eb. 3. 40

The above pieces include much brilliancy and beauty. The "Wedding Waltzes" (five in the set) are full of the joyous spirit of the occasion; the "Wedding March" will be a novelty for those tired of the older ones; the "Domino Grand Waltz" is one waltz of fine character; the "Chimes of the May-Bells" ring cheerily by the thousand; the "Hunter's Call" rings out cheerily in bugle tones, and the "Grenadier Polka Militaire" might set the tallest soldier dancing.

- Snow-Bird Redowa. Bb. 3. Cheney. 30
A Redowa or Mazurka, as you please to call it, and quite pleasing.
- A Ray of Sunshine. Morceau de Salon. Ab. 4. Le Duc. 60
Fine lithograph title, with an attractive engraving. The music is beautiful, and will convey more than one "ray" to those that hear it.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 972.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 8.

A Thought on the Death of Bryant.*

BY REV. C. T. BROOKS.

As if, on one of our old granite hills,
In the deep silence of a summer noon,
Some giant oak, a monarch of the woods,
With sudden boom and crash fell prostrate—nay,
As if one of those hoary hills, itself,
Came toppling down in thunder to the plain,—
So thrilled our hearts, when the sad tidings came
That Bryant was struck down! Monarch of song,
He seemed coeval with our woods and hills;
Born to hold mystical companionship
With these, the common mother's mighty sons;
Sweet minstrel of the glorious brotherhood;
Interpreting to men the voice that stirs
In forest depths and floats o'er wooded heights;
Tender and reverent bard, whose even song,
In its pure, tranquil, and transparent flow,
Mirrors the soaring mountain's majesty,
Yet on its bosom falls not to reflect
An image of the little summer flower
That bends and quivers by the glassy tide.

Nestor of song! who, in a green old age,
Three generations imaged to our eyes;
Walking amongst us with the step of youth,
His eagle glance beaming with youthful fire;
His latest strains still keeping unimpaired
The vigor and the glory of his prime;
How, when he fell, our hearts sank with him too!
But, oh! they rose again with him to where
He sat, enthroned by the calm angel Death,
And where he still shall sit forevermore,
Poet and prophet of our promised land,
Poet of freedom, virtue, manliness,
Teacher to youth of wisdom's winning grace,
Teacher to age of heaven's eternal hope.

"CHAUCER'S VERSE, though musical to the ears of those who flourished a few centuries ago, strikes our ears as unmusical, because we notice that it is almost always lame of a foot. We find only nine syllables in a verse when our modern ear tells us that there should be ten."—G. W. BULLING in *Dwight's Journal*.

Is this so? Here are some lines in which, if the reader will pronounce them as in Chaucer's time, he will find no want of that tenth syllable. I put an accent (é) over the syllable, which was then spoken, but is not now.

"With lockés curl'd as they were laid in press."

"All full of freshé flowrés, white and red."

"Full well she sangé the service divine
Entuned in her nose full sweetly."

"At meaté she was well aytught withal,
She let no morsel from her lippés fall."

"Full sweetly heard he confessión
And pleasant was his absolution."

In German "sion" "tion," etc., still are two syllables; as Natl-ón, Stati-ón, and so in Chaucer's time it was in English.

"This líké monk let olde thingés pace."

"Of nicé consciéce took he no keep."

"His streamés and his strandés him besides."

The following description is remarkable as showing the changes, which the pronunciation of our language has undergone. Read correctly (in the ancient manner), the rhythm is perfect:

"His límbés great, his brawnés hard and strong,
His shoulders broad, his armés round and long;
And as the guísé was in his countrée
Full high upon a car of gold stood he
With fouré whité bullés in the trace.

* Read from the pulpit at Newport, R.I., at the Bryant memorial service, Sunday.

Instead of coat armóur on his harnace,
With nailés yellow and bright as any gold,
He had a beards-ákin coal-black for old.
His longé hair was comb'd behind his back
As any raven's feath'r it shone for black;
A wreath of gold arm-great, of hugé weight,
Upon his head sate full of stonés bright,
Of fine rubíes* and of díamonds."

A. W. T.

Scenes from Goethe's "Faust," by Robert Schumann.

Translated for this Journal from the German of DR. EDUARD HANSLICK, 1869.

Schumann's "Faust" music has afforded us, in the study of the score, in the course of the rehearsals, and finally in the performance itself, hours of edifying enjoyment such as we have only owed of late years to the "Manfred" of the same composer. Both works count with those transfigured and transfiguring creations which can give the critic joy in his vocation,—in case they do not twist the pen out of his hand. We have here in mind, however, only the Third Part of the whole Schumann work, that is to say the conclusion of a succession of scenes, which one learns to know only with extremely mixed emotions. The history of the origin of the composition gives the best explanation of its internal contradictions. It was in the year 1844 when Schumann felt himself powerfully moved by the Second Part of Goethe's "Faust." From it he composed at first the final chorus: "*Alles vergängliché ist nur ein Gleichnis*" ("All that doth pass away is but a symbol,")—in short the condensed result, the spiritual sum and essence of the whole mystery brought before us by the poet. Thereupon, without allowing his excited mood to cool off, Schumann proceeded to the working out of the whole mystery itself. Thus arose in Schumann's most vigorous epoch, in the time of the "Peri" and the first Symphony, this "Transfiguration of Faust," which now forms the Third Part of a "Faust" cycle. A considerable time afterwards, probably after the "Transfiguration" had already been given in some cities in the year 1849, Schumann felt himself prompted to draw also other scenes from Goethe's poem into the realm of his illustration. He composed first out of the Second Part: the "Sunrise" (Ariel), "The four gray Women," "Faust's loss of Sight," and "Faust's Death." These four numbers form the *second* division with Schumann, which, while rich in significant, nay genial passages, stands decidedly below the "Transfiguration" in originality and power. Incomparably weaker, indeed to a melancholy degree in such a neighborhood, is the (last composed) "first division," to-wit, the Overture and three pieces out of the First Part of Goethe's drama: "Scene in the Garden," "Gretchen before the image of the Madonna," and "Scene in the Cathedral." Thus we possess in Schumann's "Faust" a cy-

cle of compositions widely separated in their periods of origin and of very unequal worth. He reproduces quite remarkably the relation between the two parts of Goethe's poem, only in the reverse order. Goethe placed by the side of the most splendid flowering of his youthful energy, "as a continuation," the cool reflexion of his staid old age; by the spring of the most original poetry he placed the pretentious, artificial deduction from allegories; in a word, after the "First" and only Part of Faust he placed—the "Second." With Schumann the case is reversed, so that the allegorical and mystical scenes of the Second Part are the spontaneous product of musical creative power, while those of the First Part form the late after-gleaning of a soul weary unto death.

It is not always the more perfect poem that attracts the more precious music. Where the musician finds a mission for himself, there the poet must have left something yet to be said, a something unexpressed, unfelt. Pictures like the garden scene in "Faust" are in themselves too perfect to admit of music. What composer in the world could make Gretchen's form more lovely, or the discourse of Faust more significant? Even Schumann went aground here. It is melancholy to contemplate, in his "first division," this restless modulation, this expressionless climbing of the voices up and down, which are meant to represent Faust and Gretchen to us. So much the more room, on the contrary, is there for the musical element in the second part of Goethe's poem, which stands poetically so much lower! One must be either an unqualified Goethe-worshipper, or a philosopher, or a musician, to be very enthusiastic over this Second Part.* Many scenes of the poem are scarcely conceivable without music;† the conclusion (Faust's Transfiguration) remains at least incomplete without it, a soul without visible beautiful body.

Let us briefly bring before us the connection. Faust, in the Second Part, has to develop himself through larger and more important relations with the world. A succession of great world phenomena, court and state, diplomacy and war, pass in review before our eyes. Here too Faust finds hollow, empty relations, which leave him unfilled. Full satisfaction, although swiftly fleeting, he enjoys for the first time on the classic field of ideal beauty, in the sight of Grecian Helen. With the vanishing of this ideal vision, Faust is given back again to the actual world. The time for enjoyment and for dreams is past for him; he seeks to create the useful, what bears fruit. With the help of spirits in his service he wrests an uninhabited land from the devastating elements and makes

* What will Bayard Taylor say to this?—Ed.

† The Song of the Elves; the Masquerade procession; the strophes of the flower-girl; of the olive branch, etc., the announcement of Fiesco, of the Boy Charlotter, of Pluto, etc.

* "Rubies" three syllables, like "di-a-monds."

it arable. He curses the compact with the evil one, and wishes himself back in a simple, human way of living; but for that it is too late, Faust's career is closed. "Care" robs him of eyesight; "Death" is drawing near. Mephisto is on the watch for Faust's soul, which belongs to him by the compact. In the fight for the soul of the hero the devils are driven off by the "flame power of the heavenly roses," which (according to the mediæval allegory) the Angels bring down from above, to purify Faust's soul. Faust is saved. The "immortal" part of him cannot be lost, for there is an eternal beauty and an eternally forgiving love (both personified in the "Mater gloriosa," which as "the ever-womanly," draws the sinner upward. Around the Madonna group themselves the "Pater extaticus" and "Doctor Marianus," (in whom is embodied the ascetic agony of penitence and love so common in the Middle Ages), the Angels, the Blessed Spirits, and other heavenly figures of the Catholic theology.

The composer, who approaches the conclusion of this poem, will trouble himself but little about the weighty objections which may be raised against the whole proceeding.* He finds in this closing scene just the ready text for a lyrical Oratorio. Music, most supersensuous of the Arts, alone can render fixed and palpable these fluid, light-encompassed forms, and in a certain sense incorporate the scenically impossible proceeding. The tremulous twilight of the music makes a mystery dear and intelligible to us, which in the clear, sharp outline of the spoken word we find strange and repulsive. Even what disturbs the charm when spoken, like the Latinized crossing of the words imitated from the Church hymns, disappears under the purifying flood of the tone-waves. Richard Wagner in his last "Epistle to a French Friend" makes the incredible assertion, that there are for Poetry only two possible ways: it must either become perfectly abstract philosophy, or unite itself entirely with music. If we did not know that Wagner was thinking here of his own Opera texts, we might imagine images from the second part of "Faust" to be floating before him in this paradox. The abstractly reflective and the half musical parts therein would be, according to Wagner, the model examples of true poetry. As regards the "half musical," such as the transfiguration scene, it requires more than one would imagine to make it *wholly* musical. It would require an extraordinary and peculiar talent to give the poem that full and pure completion which it was waiting to receive from Music. As we believe, it required precisely Robert Schumann's genius. Only a composer, in whom the artistic elements were mingled just so, and not otherwise, could venture to solve the lofty riddle of this "Faust-transfiguration." Schumann has solved it in a most wonderful manner.

At the outset the first Chorus: "Forests are waving grand," establishes the ground color of the whole, this still, yet somewhat strange sense of blessedness, with a few masterstrokes. With deep, tranquil breath we drink in the

unwonted, quickening, pure air. The characteristic, but rather monotonous tenor solo of the "Pater extaticus" was omitted in the performance. Somewhat livelier in melody and rhythm is the following Bass solo with the expressive close: "O God, soothe thou my thoughts bewildered!" From here onward the music grows ever richer, clearer and more inward. An extremely graceful song of "Blessed Boys" leads into the jubilant Chorus, "Saved," from which again a tender Soprano Solo ("These roses") is charmingly set off. The hymn of "Doctor Marianus" (with harp accompaniment)—more deep and tender than enthusiastic—prepares the exalted mood for the Chorus: "Thee, the intangible," admirably. Then follows the Song of Penitent Women. This deep and heart-felt melody, descending in even quarter notes, with which is blended Grotchen's wonderfully transfigured prayer, seems to us the pearl of the whole. In mystical tremors die away the "Mater gloriosa's" words of benediction. Then sets in with imposing weight, amid the roaring peal of trombones, the concluding Chorus: "*Alles vergänglichliches*," etc. ("All that is transitory is but a symbol,") and wings itself upward in triumphant flight at the words: "The ever-womanly draws us on and upward."

To enter more deeply into the musical details is here impossible. We would only point to one peculiar excellence ennobling the whole work. That is the remarkable moderation and chasteness in the expression. If there was ever a poem made to mislead a composer into unnatural exaltation, it is this transfiguration scene. What modern composer would not have been tempted, by his own sense of insufficiency, to the most audacious experiments in harmony and instrumentation, to the most far-fetched over-refinement of melody? Imagine how Wagner or the Weimarites would have depicted "*das Unbegreifliche*" (the Incomprehensible)! Schumann, on the contrary, avoids all that is unbeautiful and measureless with such a tender feeling, that he resolves even the chopped and broken exclamations of the "Pater Extaticus" into the symmetry of a still, collected glow. In the Angel choruses there is no trace of outward pageantry or glitter. All is heart-felt, warm and simple. Far from Schumann lay the temptation to approach the poem on its brilliant outside. He let it grow warm in his heart, and then gave us, instead of a transcendental scene of triumph, a piece of his deepest and most individual feeling. If it be the best problem of the Oratorio to represent the divine as something humanly beautiful and soulful, then has Schumann here betrayed in what a beautiful, high sense he would have become an Oratorio composer.

Characteristics of Beethoven's Music.

[From the concluding portion of Mr. GEORGE GROVE'S thorough and admirable article "Beethoven," in Part II. of his *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*. (London: Macmillan & Co., 1879).]

(Concluded from Page 265.)

5. The Scherzo stands perhaps in a different category from the three features already mentioned. It is less of a modification and more of a distinct new creation. The word is met with in Haydn and Mozart, but in a different sense to that in which Beethoven uses it, and apparently neither of those masters have it in a symphony. To both of them the third movement of a symphony was a minuet.

All that a minuet could be made they made of it but it was never given them to go beyond. The minuet remained a dance tune to the end of its days, and is so even in Beethoven's No. 8 Symphony. In fact Haydn actually lamented that he could not make more of it than he had. When discussing a rule of Albrechtsberger's by which fourths were prohibited in strict composition, he * said, 'Such trifling is absurd; I wish, instead, that some one would try to compose a really new minuet.' This Beethoven did. The third movement of his first Symphony is what Haydn wished to see. Though labelled 'menuetto' it is quite unlike a minuet. It is in fact a scherzo, and in its little dimensions is the pattern and model of those gigantic movements which in the Eroica, the C minor, the No. 7, and especially the No. 9 of the Symphonies; in the B flat trio; in the Sonata, op. 106; and the first of the Rasseumoffsky Quartets, are so truly astonishing, and so characteristic of their great author.

6. An innovation of great importance in the Finale, for which no precedent can be found, was the introduction of the Chorus. In the Eroica Symphony Beethoven showed how a set of orchestral variations could be employed in a finale. In the Choral Fantasia again he showed with what effect a chorus could be employed in the same part of the work. But in the 9th Symphony he combined the two, by using the chorus in a succession of variations. Mendelssohn has followed his example in the 'Lobgesang,' the vocal portion of which is the last movement of a symphony; but he has not adopted the Variation-form.

7. One of the most striking characteristics of Beethoven's music is the individual variety of each piece and each movement. In the Symphonies every one of the 9 first movements is entirely distinct from the other 8, and the same of the andantes, scherzos, and finales. Each is based on a distinct idea, and each leaves a separate image and impression on the mind. And the same may be said of the majority of the smaller works, of the concertos and quartets and pianoforte trios—certainly of the sonatas, all but perhaps a very few. The themes and passages have no family likeness, and have not the air of having been taken out of a stock ready made, but are born for the occasion. He thus very rarely repeats himself. The theme of the slow movement of the Sonata in F minor and the second theme in the first movement of the Sonata in C (op. 2, Nos. 1 and 3) are adapted from his early pianoforte quartets. The minuet in the Septet is developed from that in the little Sonata in G (op. 49, No. 2). The Turkish March in the 'Ruins of Athens' had already appeared as a theme for Variations in D (op. 76). The theme of the Variations in the Choral Fantasia is a song of his own, 'Seufzer eines Ungeliebten' (No. 253), composed many years before. The melodies of two Contredances (No. 17a) are employed in the Prometheus music, and one of them is also used in a set of Variations (op. 35) and in the Finale to the Eroica. In the Finale to the Choral Fantasia there are some slight anticipations of the Finale to the Choral Symphony; the Prometheus music contains an anticipation of the storm in the Pastoral Symphony, and the subject of the Allegretto to the 8th Symphony is found in a humorous Canon (No. 256-2)—such are all the repetitions that have been detected. How far he employed *Volkslieder* and other tunes not invented by himself is not yet known. Certain melodies in the Eroica, Pastoral, and No. 7 Symphonies, are said to have been thus adopted, but at present it is mere assertion.

This is perhaps the most convenient place for noticing a prominent fact about his own melodies, viz., that they often consist wholly or mainly of consecutive notes. This is the case with some of the very finest themes he has written, witness the Scherzo and Finale to the Choral Symphony; and that to the Choral Fantasia; the slow movements of the B flat Trio and the Symphony in the same key; the Adagio to the Quartet op. 127, and many others.

8. In the former part of this sketch we have mentioned the extraordinary manner in which Beethoven wrote and re-wrote until he had arrived at the exact and most apt expression of his thought. The same extraordinary care not to be mistaken is found in the *nuances*, or marks of expression, with which his works are crowded, and which he was the first to introduce in such abundance. For in-

* Griesinger, p. 114.

† One would like to know if Haydn ever heard the first or any other of Beethoven's Symphonies, and what his real feelings were about them. He lived on till 1809, and might thus have heard the Eroica and even the C minor.

* These objections are most strikingly exposed by VINCEN, who has passed the sharpest criticism upon the whole second part of "Faust."

stance, to compare the 'Jupiter' Symphony—Mozart's last—with Beethoven's first, we shall find that the violin part of the first half of the opening *Allegro* has in the former (120 bars long) 14 marks of expression, in the latter (95 bars) 42 marks. The *Andante* to Mozart's Symphony in G minor has 88 marks to 131 bars, while that to Beethoven's No. 3 has 165 marks to 276 bars. In the later works this attention to *nuances* increases. The *Allegro agitato* of the Quartet in F minor, 135 bars long, contains 95 marks; the *Cavatina* in the Quartet in B flat, 66 bars long, contains 58 marks. It is part of the system of unwearied care and attention by which this great man, whose genius was only equalled by his assiduity, brought his works to their actual perfection, and to the certainty that they would produce what he himself calls *il suo proprio proposto effetto*—their own special and intended effect. How original and splendid the effect of such *nuances* can be may be seen in the *Vivace* of the No. 7 Symphony, where the sudden change from *ff* to *pp*, accompanying an equally sudden plunge in the melody and abrupt change in the harmony, produces a wild romantic effect which once to hear is never to forget.

In addition, Beethoven here and there gives indications such as the 'Bitte um innern und äussern Frieden' at the 'Dona' in the Mass in D, the 'beklemmt' in the *Cavatina* of the B flat Quartet, the 'Arioso dolente' of Sonata op. 110, which throw a very personal color over the piece. The word 'Cantabile' has a special meaning when he employs it.

9. Beethoven used Variations to a very great extent. For the Pianoforte, Solo and in conjunction with other solo instruments, he has left 29 sets, some on original themes, some on airs by other composers. But besides these several movements in his Sonatas, Quartets, and Trios are variations, so entitled by him. Every one will remember those in the Septet, in the 'Harp' Quartet, in the Kreutzer Sonata, in the Solo Sonata in A flat, and in the two late Sonatas in E and C minor (op. 109 and 111). Many other movements in the same branches of composition are variations, although not so named. The slow movements in the Sonata 'appassionata' and the op. 106 are splendid instances. In the Symphonies the slow movements of the C minor, the Pastoral and the Ninth, are magnificent examples, the last the most splendid of all—while the colossal Finales of the Eroica and the Ninth Symphony are also variations, though of a very different order from the rest and from each other. Of the lowest and most obvious type of variation, in which the tune remains in *status quo* all through the piece, with mere changes of accompaniment above, below, and around it—the Herz-Thalberg type—the nearest approach to be found in Beethoven's works, is the 5th variation in op. 26. His favorite plan is to preserve the harmonic basis of the theme and to modify and embellish the melody. Of this type he makes use with astonishing ease and truly inexhaustible originality. It is to be found in some shape or other in nearly every work of his second and third periods. It is not his own invention, for fine instances of it exist in Mozart and Haydn, but no one practised it with such beauty and nobility as he did, unless it be Schubert, who at any rate approaches very near him in its use. Perhaps the finest instance of it is in the Adagio of the Ninth Symphony, in which the melody is varied first in common time and then in 12-8, with a grace, beauty, and strength which are quite unparalleled. There is, however, a third kind of variation which is all Beethoven's own, in which everything undergoes a change—rhythm, melody, and harmony—and yet the individual theme remains clearly present. Perhaps one melodious step only of the subject is taken (op. 109; var. 1 and 5); perhaps the fundamental progressions of the harmony alone are retained; perhaps some thorough rhythmical alteration is made, with an entire change of key, as in the *Poco Andante*, Finale of Eroica; in the B flat variation *alla marcia*, of the Ninth Symphony; and in many of the 33 Variations. This is no mere change of dress and decoration, but an actual creation of something new out of the old germ—we see the chrysalis change into the butterfly, and we know it to be the same creature despite the change. 'In no other form than that of the Variation,' continues Mr. Dannreuther, 'does Beethoven's creative power appear more wonderful, and its effect on the art more difficult to measure.'

10. Of Fugues Beethoven wrote but few, and

those near the end of his career, but he always knew how to introduce a *fugato* or bit of contrapuntal work with the happiest effect. Witness a passage in the working out of the first movement of the Eroica Symphony, and another in the Finale of the same work; or in the middle portion of the Allegretto of No. 7; or the lovely counterpoint for the Bassoon in the opening of the Finale of No. 9. Of complete fugues the only instrumental ones are the finale to the 3rd of the Rasmouffsky Quartets; the finale to the 'Cello Sonata op. 102, No. 2, and the Solo Sonatas op. 101, 106, and 110; and the enormous movement in B flat which originally formed the termination to the great String Quartet in the same key. Of the last-named fugue one has no opportunity of judging, as it is never played; but of the others, especially those in the Solo Sonatas, it may be safely said that nothing in the whole of Beethoven's music is associated with a more distinct dramatic intention, whether it be, as has been suggested, a resolution to throw off an affection which was enthraling him, or some other great mental effort.

11. Beethoven did not originate 'programme music,' for Bach left a sonata describing the departure of his brother; and two symphonies are in existence by Knecht—a countryman of Beethoven's, and a few years his senior—entitled 'Tableau musical de la nature,' and 'La joie des Bergers interrompue par l'orage,' which are not only founded on the same idea with his Pastoral Symphony, but are said to contain somewhat similar themes and passages. But, though he did not invent it, he raised it at once to a higher level than before, and his programme pieces have exercised a great effect on the art. 'When Beethoven had once opened the road,' said Mendelssohn, 'every one was bound to follow; and it is probable that without his example we should not have had Mendelssohn's overtures to 'The Hebrides' or to the 'Meeresstille und glückliche Fahrt.' His works in this line, omitting all which did not receive their titles from himself, are:—the 'Sonata pathétique'; 'La Malinconia,' an adagio in the String-quartet, No. 6; the 'Eroica' Symphony; the 'Pastoral' ditto; the Battle of Vittoria; the Sonata 'Les Adieux, l'Absence et le Retour'; the movements in the A minor quartet (op. 152) entitled 'Canzona di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla divinità da un guarito,' and 'Sentendo nuova forza'; the movement in the F-major quartet (op. 135), entitled 'Der schwergefaßte Entschlus—Muss es sein? Es muss sein; and a Rondo à capriccio for Piano (op. 129), the MS. of which is entitled by the composer 'Die Wuth über den verlorenen Groschen ausgetobt in einer Caprice.' Beyond these Beethoven made no acknowledged attempts to depict definite scenes or moods of mind in instrumental music. We have already (p. 179a) quoted Schindler's statement that Beethoven intended the Sonatas in op. 14 to be a dialogue between two lovers, and to represent the 'entreatings and resisting principle; and the Sonata in E minor (op. 90) is said to have had direct reference to the difficulties attending Moritz Lichnowsky's passion for the actress whom he ultimately married. The first movement was to have been called 'Kampf zwischen Kopf und Herz,' and the second, 'Conversation mit der Geliebten.' But none of these titles were directly sanctioned by Beethoven himself. In the programme of the concert of Dec. 22, 1808, at which the Pastoral Symphony was produced, he prefixed the following words to the description of the Symphony:—'Pastoral Symphonie: mehr Ausdruck der Empfindung als Malerei'—'more expression of emotions than portraiture,' a canon which should surely be taken as the guide in interpreting all similar works of his.

We have now endeavored to give the main external characteristics of Beethoven's music; but the music itself, though it resides in them, is beyond and above them all. 'While listening,' says Mr. Dannreuther, 'to such works as the Overture to Leonora, the Sinfonia Eroica, or the Ninth Symphony, we feel that we are in the presence of something far wider and higher than the mere development of musical themes. The execution in detail of each movement and each succeeding work is modified more and more with the prevailing poetic sentiment. A religious passion and elevation are present in the utterances. The mental and moral horizon of the music grows upon us with each renewed hearing. The different movements—like the different particles of each movement—have as close a connection with one another as the acts of a trag-

edy, and a characteristic significance to be understood only in relation to the whole; each work is in the full sense of the word a revelation. Beethoven speaks a language no one has spoken before, and treats of things no one has dreamt of before; yet it seems as though he were speaking of matters long familiar, in one's mother tongue; as though he touched upon emotions one had lived through in some former existence. . . . The warmth and depth of his ethical sentiment is now felt all the world over, and it will ere long be universally recognized that he has leavened and widened the sphere of men's emotions in a manner akin to that in which the conceptions of great philosophers and poets have widened the sphere of men's intellectual activity.*

Music Without a Master.

BY HENRY C. LUNN.

We have never been able to understand whether the works published for teaching languages "without a master" are founded upon the idea that with such help no person would require a master; or that, presuming a pupil had previously made up his mind not to employ an experienced guide, these books are to act as correct finger-posts to point out the road he is to travel. Supposing that they are simply to serve as poor substitutes for the legitimate method of acquiring a language, they will doubtless be found useful in their way; but if they are meant to establish the fact that by self-tuition a sound knowledge of the subject can be gained, we must unreservedly dissent from such a conclusion. "French without a master" sounds extremely well; but one of the first requisites of a language is a perfect pronunciation, and the intonation of the French is not to be acquired by the eye, but by the ear. When we see, for example, that *bouillon* is to be pronounced *boolon*, according to the English alphabet, we do not get very near to the truth, although it is said that the *oo* sounds as in the word wood, and that the *n* is "nasal;" neither can the correct pronunciation of *surveillance* be caught by attempting to follow the English letters in *survelans*, even when we are directed to recollect that the *v* is "short," the *l* "sounds as *gl* in *seraglio*," and that the "nasal" sound of *n* is to be carefully observed; and yet these are fair specimens of the method by which French is taught "without a master."

If then the difficulties in the way of becoming a good linguist are really insurmountable, save by the aid of an able instructor, what shall be said of the possibility of acquiring Music "without a master?" Surely if this is, as we believe, one of the most eloquent of languages, no symbols can convey anything but the blindest idea of the beauty of a tone-poem. True it is that those who study French by the help of books alone may learn sufficient to enable them to read the literature of the country; but let them attempt to speak, and the pronunciation at once betrays the manner in which they have studied. In Music, too, it is possible that a diligent and earnest student may, with great care, skim through compositions with much amusement, and even profit, to himself; yet the moment he tries to expound the meaning of a work to artistic ears, the want of what may be termed the "intonation" of the language is at once painfully apparent. To those who feel the importance of seeking an efficient tutor for Music, whether vocal or instrumental, it is of course unnecessary to enlarge upon the subject; but we see a growing tendency in the present day to issue compositions for the pianoforte in which, without positively asserting the fact, it seems assumed that every information necessary for a student is to be found. In past times pieces only contained the notes, with the requisite marks for the varieties of tone and time; but now we have full and explicit fingering throughout, directions for the minutest shades of expression, Italian words (many of which are positively untranslatable) to guide our minds into the right channel for the interpretation of the most important passages, and we have even an edition of classical works where every movement is elaborately analyzed, the margin being positively covered with letter-press so thickly as completely to dazzle the eye of the young performer for whom such information is evidently designed. Songs, too, are published with all the places for taking breath marked; and it is probable, if this system should continue to

* I have been much indebted in this part of my work to an admirable paper by Mr. Dannreuther in *Macmillan's Magazine* for July, 1876. I have quoted from it more than once, and if I have not done so still more it is because the style of his remarks is not suited to the bald rigidity of a Dictionary article.

* Preface to the Eroica.

* Mr. Dannreuther in *Macmillan*.

* Mr. Davison's Analysis of the Sonata, op. 106.

† *Vitis, Biographie*, s. v. Knecht.

develop, that directions for the proper management of the voice and the pronunciation of the syllables may be added. Now it is obvious that when a work is thus placed before the public, the editor gives a lesson to every purchaser of a copy; and if this could possibly be an efficient one, there could be no artistic reason, at least, for saying a word against it; but as we have already indicated, no printed rules, however carefully they may have been considered, can form either a player or a singer—the influence of an experienced teacher alone can mould the pupil's mind; and as Music should come from the mind, and merely be uttered through the voice or fingers, even the best "paper musician" must necessarily be a mere ingenious automaton.

But, in addition to the pieces we have mentioned, expressly designed, as we suppose, for self tuition, we have books entitled "Music without a master," and in these publications laws are laid down for the student which are no doubt founded upon sound principles, but are utterly useless unless explained and illustrated by a teacher. "Do not put your thumb upon a black key," for instance, and "Never place one finger over another," are very good maxims; but a pianist would be somewhat puzzled were he to attempt to play classical works with a blind observance of such directions. The truth is that the exceptions prove the rule; and although these exceptions, when met with in printed fingering, rather perplex an untaught player, when recommended under the guidance of an intelligent master, they become interesting examples for reflection as illustrating the great principle of "fingering as you phrase." The mental analysis of a pianoforte composition is a process which, aided by the teacher, grows so much into a habit with a student, that notes in music, like words in a book, become merely regarded as a means of eloquently expressing phases of thought; and the fingers are therefore instinct with the minutest shades of feeling. To give forth the correct notes of a theme, or coldly to execute passages without a flaw will satisfy none whose musical powers have been developed by constant communion with an artistic and experienced mind; and few will be found who can endure mechanical playing if they have for years been taught to believe that those who have, by hard labor only, vanquished executive difficulties have acquired the means, but not the end, of art. A Sonata of Beethoven's, for example, is a poem, only to those who are themselves musical poets; but the notes are the same to all; music is certainly an universal language and requires no translation for executants not born in the country of the author; the indications for every variation of time, for phrasing, and even for fingering, appear legibly upon the paper, but it is the magic of the teacher which, almost imperceptibly, urges the young player to mould this succession of sounds into an harmonious whole. No composer can do more than faintly shadow forth his meaning by the aid of the engraver; no editor can induce eloquence in the performer by the most careful directions for phrasing; the influence of the master must be personal, and teacher and pupil must be united by that bond of sympathy which even absence should not weaken.

If we were to accept the fact of multitudes of books professing to teach the vocal art existing around us as a proof, we might imagine that "Singing without a master" is an exceedingly easy matter. To say nothing of the many anatomical treatises with colored illustrations—by no means agreeable to look at—which tell us how the voice should be produced according to Nature's laws, we have pleasant and well-written works which treat so ably of the method of singing vowels and consonants, of the manner in which words should and should not be pronounced, of the appearance of the face when singing, and even of the true attitude to be assumed before an audience, that little more seems necessary for qualifying a student to become an accomplished vocalist. Most of us have heard of the singer who, having been kept solely to a set series of vocal exercises for about seven years, was then told that he had nothing more to learn. The story is a good one, and gains respect by age; but who, knowing anything of the matter, will believe it? "Either," they will say, "he was not the great singer that he is reported to have been, or he gained his high artistic qualities by other means than singing over a number of dry technical studies for seven years." It is true that he worked under the guidance of a master; but we hear nothing of the influence exercised by this master when school-hours were over. No organized daily routine, however well it may have been laid out upon paper, will ever form a vocalist worthy of the name; for not only must the utmost care be exercised to form

the musical intelligence as well as the voice, but it is as impossible for a teacher to pursue precisely the same system with two pupils as for a doctor to practise the same course of treatment with two patients. The constitution must be studied in both instances, and this can only be done by one who has experience as well as knowledge, and whose whole heart is in the work to which he devotes himself.

We recollect once being told by a lady that, although her daughter had taken lessons on the pianoforte for many years, she always played frightfully out of tune. How this feat was accomplished we know not; but now that the female members of a family so often forsake our household instrument for the Violin, we trust that mothers with such sensitive ears will take care that a proper instructor is provided in the rudimentary stages of their daughters' progress. Self-tuition, as we have endeavored to prove, is bad enough wherever solid advancement is desired, but the "Violin without a master" is something too horrible to dwell upon. To be compelled to listen to the constant practice of the scales is wearisome indeed; but who can bear the excruciating torture of hearing each note gradually squeezed into tune—or rather what the player thinks is in tune—as a portion of a "pupil's daily exercises"? Truly the violin, although in every respect a perfect instrument, capable of conveying the most eloquent and impassioned poetry to a cultivated audience, is one which thoroughly tests the musical faculty. On the pianoforte anybody, with a little practice, can at least sound a succession of notes which shall be satisfactory to the ear, provided the tuner has properly performed his duty; yet place a violin and bow in the hands of a tyro and he can produce but a discordant noise. Much therefore as we may desire that this instrument should be more popular in the domestic circle than it has hitherto been, by introducing it into ladies' schools, and by encouraging our daughters as well as our sons at home to develop its numerous beauties, we cannot insist too strongly upon the necessity of practising from the first under the supervision of an able teacher; for "instruction books" must speak alike to all, and never can probe those individual feelings which can be detected, and perhaps remedied, by an experienced and conscientious master.

Although, following out our theory to the utmost, we thoroughly disagree with attempting to acquire "Harmony without a master," we especially warn the pupil against studying "Harmony with too many masters;" for although it is undoubtedly true that in a multitude of counsellors there must be wisdom, it is not always that even the most learned doctors arrive at the same conclusion. A definite method of classifying chords which has formed the foundation for the structure of some of the finest artistic works may be proved faulty as thought on the subject advances, and mature minds may safely analyze the numerous systems around them; but young students should firmly adhere to the one in which they have been taught to put faith, for there can be no question that all musicians arrive at the same end, although by different means; and a beautiful chord in the work of a great composer is no less beautiful because another composer would note it differently. So much is done by establishing a feeling of confidence between master and pupil that we cannot too earnestly advocate the desirability of mutual trust; and whenever therefore one who has been taught that a certain combination of sounds has a certain root, suddenly discovers that there are theorists who say that it has another root, let him not disbelieve in his tutor, for assuredly he will find that there are theorists of equal position who deny the truth of either. And if the help of a teacher is so positively essential in learning the principles of what may be termed "musical grammar," how much more is it so in attempting to compose! The master who would inculcate a feeling for symmetry of construction, and show the laws by which the grand works which have placed music amongst the noblest of the arts have been regulated, must do something more than merely map out upon paper the cold forms of the several movements of a classical composition. Books may help, but not take the place of, oral instruction; for in examining the models which have been bequeathed to us, we should endeavor not only to study the plan, but to comprehend the inner meaning of an author; and a good master can reveal to us in a short time what the most earnest student might not discover in years of study.

Opposed then as we are to the system of teaching even dry matters of fact in a matter-of-fact style,

and with a fixed conviction that "imitation" is of all things to be avoided, it may perhaps be asked what we consider the real office of a master. To this we reply that he is ever to remember how grave is the responsibility of the task with which he is entrusted; for the talent of his pupil is the capital which he undertakes to employ to the greatest advantage. He must administer his teaching, therefore, not only with skill, but with judgment. His mission is to build up the musical mind of his pupil from the foundation, and to instil in early life such sound principles of art, that the older he grows the more solid his taste will become. Above all things, he is to make his influence felt when no longer at his pupil's side, for it should be understood that the object of studying with a master is to be able in the future to do without him. Assuming that these truths are admitted as the basis of legitimate teaching, it will be at once seen that no directions upon paper, as we have already said, can produce anything beyond mechanical correctness, and that self-tuition in music is no more to be advocated than self-tuition in language. The due interpretation of a composition requires something more than mere accuracy, and that something can only be gained by communion with artists. Whenever therefore the result of "Music without a master" is exhibited in any form, let us hope that the audience may be "without a master" to listen to it.—*London Musical Times*.

Berlin.

(Correspondence of the London Musical World.)

The season at the Royal Operahouse, brought to a premature close by the last attempt on the Emperor's life, ended with a performance of *Fidelio*. From the 24th August, 1877, to the 14th June, 1878, there were 222 purely operatic performances, in addition to the performances of dramas, such as *Freudlos*, *Der Verächter*, etc., with original music of their own. The 222 performances comprised fifty-five works by thirty different composers. The novelties were *Der Landfriede*, three acts, Brüll; and *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, four acts, Wüerst. Annexed is a list of the operas given and of the number of times each was performed: Thirteen times, *Lohengrin*; ten times, *Tannhäuser*, *Der Landfriede*; eight times, *Il Trovatore*; seven times, *Fidelio*, *Das goldene Kreuz*, *Le Postillon de Longjumeau*; six times, *Die Maecabäer*, *Rigolotto*, *Titus*, *Don Juan*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Der Freischütz*, *Les Huguenots*, *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *La Muette de Portici*, *Le Maçon*; five times, *Die Offiziere der Kaiserin*, *La Prophète*, *Faust*, *Die Zauberköche*; four times, *Die Lustigen Weiber von Windsor*, *Lucresia Borgia*, *L'Africain*, *Oberon*, *Martha*, *Stradella*; three times, *A-trag-fa-hi*, *Iphigénie in Tauris*, *Aida*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Fernand Cortes*, *Coï fan Tutti*, *Constante und Belmonte*, *La Sonnambula*, *Robert-le-Diable*, *La Jute*; twice, *Cesario*, *Genoveva*, *La Dame Blanche*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Lucia*, *La Traviata*, *Templer und Jüdin*, *Le Porteur d'Eau*, *Joseph*; once, *Die Fälscher*, *Euryanthe*, *Blümel*, *Norma*, *Fra Diavolo*, *Il Barbiere*, *Hamlet*, *Das Nachtlager in Granada*, *Bon Soir*, *Sig. Pantalon*. The following list shows how many performances and how many works each composer contributed: 1, R. Wagner, 38 performances, 5 works; 2, Mozart, 29, 6; 3, Verdi, 19, 4; 4, Meyerbeer, 14, 4; 5, Brüll, 17, 2; 6, Auber, 13, 3; 7, Weber, 11, 3; 8, Flotow, 8, 2; 9, Wüerst, 8, 2; 10, Beethoven, 7, 1; 11, Adam, 7, 1; 12, Rubinstein, 6, 1; 13, Donizetti, 6, 2; 14, Gounod, 5, 1; 15, Nicolai, 5, 1; 16, Bellini, 4, 2; 17, Gluck, 3, 1; 18, Rossini, 3, 2; 19, Spontini, 3, 1; 20, Halévy, 3, 1; 21, Schumann, 2, 1; 22, Taubert, 2, 1; 23, Méhul, 2, 1; 24, Boïeldieu, 2, 1; 25, Cherubini, 2, 1; 26, Marschner, 2, 1; 27, Kreutzer, 1, 1; 28, Thomas, 1, 1; 29, Kreutzer, 1, 1; 30, Grisar, 1, 1. Herr Beck, who has succeeded from the Royal Operahouse, has been singing as a "guest," i.e., fulfilling a short engagement, at Kroll's, where Mdle. Marion, who some time since produced a favorable impression at the Royal establishment which Herr Beck has just quitted, has proved a great attraction.—A concert was given at the Singacadémie, by Mmes. Jachmann-Wagner and Malling, for the benefit of the coachman Richter, who fared so badly in Nobiling's attempt on the Emperor's life. Despite the high prices of admission, the hall was tolerably filled. The two ladies were warmly greeted on their appearance. Mdles. Lilli Lehmann, Marie Lehmann, Minna Lammert, and Herr Ernst contributed from *Die Götterdämmerung* the scene where Siegfried visits the Daughters of the Rhine, while Mmes. Malling, Jachmann-Wagner, Herren W. Müller, Bolle, and Oberhauser combined their powers with such good effect in the quintet from the *Meistersinger* that it had to be repeated. The instrumentalists were Herren Mannstadt and Rehfeld. Herr Eckert officiated as conductor.—The Directorship of Stern's Vocal Association, lately conferred on Herr Max Bruch, was first offered to Herr Robert Radecke, Royal Capellmeister, who was unable to obtain the Royal sanction.

The Abbate Franz List on the Music of the Tziganes.

If we would analyse the music of the Tziganes*—if we would decompose, dissect, and dismember it—so as to form a judgment on its contexture and compare it with our own, the first thing we must do would be to show clearly what in the first place distinguishes it from the latter; and we should have, consequently, to mention its system of modulation, based on a negation, as it were, of any system at all. The Tziganes know no more about dogmas, laws, rules, and discipline in music than in anything else. Everything for them is good and permissible, provided it pleases them. They recoil from no act of daring in music, if it only agrees with their daring instincts and if they only see in it a faithful picture of their nature; Art being, as far as they are concerned, neither a science to be acquired, nor a trade to be carried on, nor a calling of skill to be exhibited with certain forms and expedients, nor a magic charm, of which we may obtain the formula, as we might a receipt—Art being, as far as they are concerned, a sublime language, a mystic song—clear, however, to the initiated—they employ it according to the exigencies of what they have to say, and do not allow themselves to be swayed in their mode of speech by any extraneous influence. They invented their own music, and they invented it for their own use, to speak in it and sing in it to each other, and to hold with one another the most confidential and most touching monologues. How is it to be supposed they would infuse in it principle and propriety when they allow such things nowhere else? They have a primitive gamut and a primitive language, and never displayed religious and sincere respect for the preservation of aught else. They do not subject musical material to any precept, particularly as regards the mutual relations of tones. That which, beyond aught else, gains over the listener to their music is the freedom and richness of its rhythms, their multiplicity and their suppleness, to be found in the same degree nowhere else. These rhythms are varied to infinity; they are interwoven and intertwined; they are heaped one on the other; they assume a host of different gradations and expressions, from the most savage violence to the most lulling *dolcezza* and the gentlest *morando*; from martial spirit to the most skipping dance-measure; from the pace of a triumphal march to that of a funeral procession; from the round dance of the Willis in the meadow and beneath the light of the moon, to the Bacchic songs prolonged until the dawn. The manner in which these rhythms follow each other—the manner in which they are connected and interlaced—is marvellously well adapted to awaken in our mind poetic images. They are all characteristic, all full of fire, suppleness, dash, undulation, spirit, and fantastic freaks; sometimes mordant, like an amorous challenge, and sometimes sighed out like a plaintive and confidential confession; as impetuous as the gallop of a thoroughbred, or as careless and joyous as the frisking of a little bird in the sunshine; babbling and rapid like the prattle of a group of girls, or spurred and panting like the assault of cavalry taking a redoubt. These rhythms are as flexible as the branches of a weeping-willow, which bend beneath the evening breeze; their rule is to have no rule; they are generally characterized by a frank air and frank coloring. We do not find in them the trepidation, the reflection, full of hesitation and trouble, peculiar to the rhythms of the waltz or of the mazurka. But, on the other hand, their diversity is infinite, and sometimes reminds us of the varied leaps and inflexions of Aesclepiads, with their unequal mode of progression.

It is impossible to dwell too strongly on the rare beauties resulting from this richness of rhythm and the importance we must assign it in judging Bohemian music. We know no other music from which European art might learn so much about fertility of rhythmical invention and its appropriate employment. The reader will, by the way, have no difficulty in understanding this diversity, if he considers that the Bohemian reproduces the intensity of passion with which he delivers himself up to very opposite, and frequently contradictory impressions, within a very restricted period, owing to his mode of life, which brings him in continual contact with the ever-changing aspects of nature, while other nations are impelled to reproduce in art only the one passion, the one sentiment, and the one phase of the soul, which predominates among them.

He whom all agree in regarding as the last of the Tzigane types, the best known, the most liked, and the most popular hero of Bohemian virtuosity, was Bibary, who was born in the countship of Raab, and died in 1837, aged fifty-eight. We can still recollect seeing and hearing him. The masculine beauty of his person presented all the distinctive traces of his race. We cannot

describe the imperious fascination he exercised, when, with an air of carelessness, at once absent and melancholy, and contrasting with the apparent kindness and joviality of his disposition, and the vivacity of the glance with which he sounded the soul of his auditor, he took his violin and played for hours together, forgetting that time flowed on with the cascades of sounds, dashing down with choleric crash, or gliding like some gentle murmur over the velvet sward. We were not such a child, when, in 1822, we heard this great man among Bohemian virtuosos, as not to be so struck by him as to preserve a faithful remembrance of his inspired strains, which percolated into our soul, like some exciting and generous vital juice. On subsequently calling to mind his performances, we ended by believing that the emotions we then experienced must have resembled the effects produced by one of the mysterious elixirs which the daring alchemists of the Middle Ages concocted in their secret laboratories. The notes, like the drops of a spirituous essence, were transfused from the magic violin into our spell-bound ear. Had our memory been a ductile glaze, and each note a diamond point, the notes would not have been impressed more firmly on it. If, by a magnetic overthrow of things, all our senses had been concentrated in our ear, we should not have seized more thoroughly the balsamic perfumes which appeared diffused throughout the music, or the sweat of blood which at other times seemed to be distilled through the player's bow.

Bibary carried to its climax the renown of Bohemian art. The Hungarian aristocracy had long patronized and exalted the latter, but at the period to which we refer it became, as it were, an integral part of the national system. It was in some degree an indispensable element in the obligatory ceremonial of the Diet of Presburg; it figured, in the character of national art, at the Coronation ball; and, in a word, was considered as one of the crown jewels, and as a source of patriotic pride. Between 1820 and 1830, Bibary conferred on it such lustre, that Vienna itself grew enthusiastic about it. The Court, on several occasions, sent for the hand whom Bibary conducted; they played at several imperial parties, and at several given by foreign ambassadors, including that at the English Embassy. Their concerts at various theatres were exceedingly popular and always well attended. It is even related that the Emperor, carried away on the wave of admiration, was inclined to confer exceptional favors on Bibary, who had particularly attracted the attention of the highest members of the Imperial family. When, however, his Majesty asked the musician what boon he should like from his sovereign, who was ready to ennoble him, Bibary disconcerted all the Imperial good intentions by asking for patents of nobility for all his band. Generous largesse for his own people; a pariah's rugged pride imposing conditions on his renunciation of poverty; or an ingenious subterfuge to escape a boon which grated on his independence—it was a fine trait!

F. LIEZT.

The Berlin Concert.

A PREFACE FROM PUNCH.

The night was dark; only a far-off gleam on the horizon gave faint and doubtful promise of a better day. The low rumbling of recent thunder rolled in the distance. Flashes of lightning ever and anon told of an atmosphere still charged with electricity, even if this had not been proclaimed by the sulphurous and stifling air.

But what is this discord that bursts upon the darkness?

Squeakings and shriekings, groanings and gaspings, grumblings in veiled *basso profundo* alternating with squeals in agonizing *alto*, confusion worse confounded of sharps and flats, dominants and sub-dominants, crotchets and quavers, diplomatic semitones and undiplomatic protests—mingled squawkings of strings pulled many ways, blarings as of brass, wallings as of wind—

Never did more horrible *charivari* make night more hideous.

"Confound the cats!" murmured Punch, as he turned uneasily on his hot and rumpled pillow.

"Not cats, master," growled Toby, from his post of guard at the bedside; "only the Berlin Orchestra tuning for the European Concert."

It was hard to believe that the long-promised concert was coming off at last. But Punch can trust his watchdog.

The master was wide-awake at once, up and dressed, and deep in the list of the principal performers which Toby had handed to him.

Beaconsfield and Bismarck, to alternate the duties of conductor and first fiddle; Salisbury for Beaconsfield's second fiddle; Schouvaloff, big drum and leader of the Russian Horn Band; Andraszy, ophicleide; Waddington, flute and French cor de chasse; Corti, viol da gamba; Mehemet, cymbals, tambourine and Turkish crescent; Roumanian Gula, Greek lyre, Jew's-harp and other minor instruments incidental to the concerts, by Messrs. Bratiano, Delyannis, the leaders of the Israelitish Alliance, and others.

"Quite a star orchestra," murmured the master. "What a pity they didn't get it together two years ago! Why should Europe have had to wade her way to her concert through a sea of blood, across a waste of war strewn with hideous wreck of massacre, athwart misery untold—famine and death, and

outrage worse than death? And what a discord by way of introduction! But the more trouble in tuning, the more chance, let us hope, of harmony to come."

So saying, but with a sigh of misgiving, Punch made his way to the concert room through a double row of special correspondents who bowed respectfully as he passed.

Beaconsfield, baton in hand, was at his side in a twinkling—leaving his seat, for a moment, to Salisbury, his second fiddle, who seemed ill at ease under the new responsibility. Was he thinking of the Conference of Constantinople, and what it came to?

"What can I do for you, my dear and illustrious confrere?" exclaimed Beaconsfield, blandly, as he made a movement to take Punch's hand.

"Let me see your programme," said Punch, politely waiving the proffered courtesy.

"Of course I have settled it all beforehand with Schouvaloff and Bismarck—but only provisionally," hastily observed Beaconsfield.

"Somebody must settle," rejoined the master, "or we should have the music in a nice muddle. But you ought to have taken me into council."

Beaconsfield, for once, blushed, as he handed Punch a paper.

"You will see it is by no means as Schouvaloff would have had it," he continued, complacently.

"St. Petersburg taste is barbaric. They understand nothing but brass and wind; and their best players are always making false notes. We have modified the Panslav movement very considerably; cut short the Russian March, and altogether suppressed Ignatieff's Overture to the Siege of Constantinople; besides curtailing their Bulgarian symphony, of which there was ridiculously too much. It is true we have given them the 'Blaue Donau' Waltz, with the Sofia, Shumla and Varna variations, the Bessarabian *schero*, and the Batoum *barcarole*, but *en revanche* we have restored the Balkan passages for the Turkish band."

"But how about the integrity and independence of the Ottoman?"

Beaconsfield shrugged his shoulders. "A mere *façon de parler*. We know what that sort of thing means," he added with a smile. "All very well for a Jingo air at the music halls, but in a European concert!"—and he winked, and all but whistled as he put his finger to his nose, with an air of infinite significance. "But there was no alternative. Andraszy has been very troublesome. We all know he has a difficult part to play, but he will play it in his own time and way, no matter at what risk of the general harmony. It is arranged that the Viennese *troupe* are to lead the Bosnian and Herzegovinian concerto. If they don't find themselves in a mess before they have done—but that is their affair. As for England—"

"You will allow me a voice," interposed Punch, firmly, "when it comes to the English part of the programme. Though I am not precisely a Wagnerian, in the European concert England must go in for the 'music of the future,' with peace and progress, justice and national right for her key notes. Ah, if we could only cut down the military bands, German and French, Austrian and Russian, alike! Amidst the overpowering din of big drums and trumpets, trombones, fifes and bugles, the European concert may yet end in a worse *charivari* than this with which it opens."

"At all events, I hope you'll like my setting of Humpty Dumpty?" anxiously whispered Beaconsfield, "whatever the Turks may have to say to it."

"The less of that air the better," said Punch; "at least, without an English conductor for the Turkish instruments, and one whom England can trust. At any rate, you had better let me give you a lead. Here is my music book."

So saying, Punch placed on the stand his

SEVENTY-FOURTH VOLUME,

and with Beaconsfield still nominally in possession of the baton, but well under Punch's eye, proceeded to Educate the Educator.

Foreign Notes.

We have to record the death of Franz von Holstein, the successful composer of several operas, an artist universally esteemed in Germany. He died at the age of fifty-two.

The death is also announced at Berlin of Franz Espagne, during twenty years chief librarian of the musical section of the Royal Library, which is indebted to his knowledge and zeal for numerous most valuable

* *Tziganes*: Zigeuner; *Raïes*: Zingari; and *Anglès*: Gipsies.

additions. He has also lent valuable aid to the standard editions of the works of Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, published at Leipzig. He was only fifty years of age.

We subjoin the programmes of Concerts recently given at some of the leading institutions abroad:—

Paris.—First Concert Official of the Exhibition (June 6): Part I. of "Le Désert" (Félicien David); Cantata, "Les Noces de Prométhée" (Saint-Saëns); Danse Bohémienne from "La Jolie Fille de Perth" (Bizet); Fragments from "Sapho" (Louis Lacombe); Overture and Chorus from "La Déesse et le Berger" (J. Duprato); Septet and March from "Les Troyens à Carthage" (Berlioz); vocal soli. First Exhibition Concert of Chamber Music (June 7): Quintet No. 13 (Onslow); Theme with variations (Massenet); Concerto for Viola (Garcia); Allegretto and Andantino for stringed instruments (Lalo); Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncelle (Reber). Second Exhibition Concert of Chamber Music (June 16): Quartet in E flat (Cherubini); Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Widor); Quartet No. 5, for stringed instruments (A. Morel). Second Concert Official (June 18): Overture to "Le Roi d'Ys" (Lalo); Fragments from "L'Arlesienne" (Bizet); Symphony in C (Gouvy); Idylle et Danse des Satyres (Destriand); Fragments from "Eucharis" (Deldevez); Overture to "Zampa" (Hérold). First Concert of the Orchestra of La Scala (June 19): Symphony in C (Foroni); "Contemplation" and Scherzo (Catalini); Overture to "Guarany" (Gomes); Gavotte for stringed instruments (Bassini); Overture to "Promessi Sposi" (Ponchielli); Overture, "Coriolan" (Beethoven); Funeral March from "Amleto" (Faccio); Overture to "Vesperi Siciliani" (Verdi); Overture to "Carnaval Romain" (Berlioz); Overture to "Stige de Corinthe" (Rossini). Third Exhibition Concert of Chamber Music (June 21): Quartet for strings, Op. 56 (Gouvy); Suite for flute and pianoforte (Madame de Grandval); Trio, Op. 17 (A. de Castillon).

Leipzig.—Concert of the Riedel'scher Verein (June 2): Præludium in B minor (Bach); "Stabat Mater" (Palestrina); Air for violin (Goldmark); 137th Psalm (Liszt); 117th Psalm (R. Franz); &c. Conservatorium (June 6): Quartet in F (Schumann); Sonata in G for violin (Beethoven); Sonata for pianoforte (Schumann); vocal soli.

Berlin.—Concert of the Sternsche Gesangverein (Thanksgiving for the preservation of the life of the Emperor, (May 26): March and Chorus from the "Ruins of Athens" (Beethoven); Duet, "The Lord is a Man of War" (Handel); Dettingen Te Deum (Handel).

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, JULY 20, 1878.

Dr. Edward Hanslick.

Our readers doubtless will be pleased to know something of the career of the very able and very independent musical critic and feuilletonist of the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna, from whom we translate to-day an interesting article about Schumann's music to Goethe's *Faust*, in addition to many articles before on various subjects, particularly Wagner's "Niebelungen Trilogy," of which he has shown himself one of the most trenchant and unanswerable critics. The *New York Musik-Zeitung* gives the brief biographical notice with a portrait (much resembling our good friend Kreisemann), but with nothing to show whether the article is original, or copied from some German paper, without mentioning the source, which seems to be the usual practice of the *Zeitung*. From this we translate.

The gifted and distinguished critic, Dr. EDWARD HANSLICK, was born at Prague on the 11th September, 1825. As the son of a learned man, the bibliographer Josef Hanslick, he received a careful, comprehensive education, and devoted himself, after the completion of his gymnasial and philosophical studies, to Jurisprudence.

Taking his degree of Doctor of Laws in 1849, he entered at once into the State service and finally, after a series of years, he was appointed Ministerial-Comptroller in the old Austrian State Ministry, a

position which he only recently exchanged for a Professorship at the University. But alongside of these professional studies Hanslick, even while a boy, manifested great love and zeal for Music; and afterwards he studied in Prague the general theory, as well as the higher pianoforte-playing with C. Tomaschek, who was highly valued as a music teacher. On his removal to Vienna (1846-7) it was decided that music, and particularly musical criticism, should be his peculiar calling and true task of life. Musical criticism at that time in Vienna was in a rather neglected condition. To be sure, there was in Vienna a sheet devoted to a specialty to music, the *Musik-Zeitung* founded by Dr. A. Schmidt in 1841, which some years later brought out several very talented and valuable contributions from the pen of Dr. Becher. But when this mainstay of the *Musik-Zeitung* turned away from Art criticism to devote himself entirely to politics, and in these efforts came at last to a tragical end (on the 23d November, 1848, he was condemned and shot for participation in the Viennese October revolution), it was virtually all over with the *Wiener Musik-Zeitung*. Its tone was always decent and well-disposed, even to colorless good-nature; moreover, in the more modern phases of culture, and controversy even, if it came to that, it could not be relied upon to take a firm party stand.

In the midst of this period of shallowness with regard to all deeper views of Music, the young Hanslick stepped forth as a true reformer.

As formerly (1854) Robert Schumann in Leipzig by his fantastically exciting essays appeared as the apostle of a new, poetic era in music, declaring war for life and death against mechanical routine in musical art, as well as against the illegitimate dominion of the virtuosos, so, from ten to twenty years later, Hanslick's criticism wrought with its incisive sharpness, its inexorable logic.

Dr. Hanslick published his first articles in L. A. Frankl's *Sonntagsblätter*, while at the same time he was active for the Austrian *Literaturblätter* and for Dr. Schmidt's *Musik-Zeitung*. At the end of 1848 he finally acquired an extremely influential and fixed position as musical reporter in the *Wiener Zeitung*, which he exchanged in 1855 for that in the *Presse*, and again in 1864 for a corresponding place in the newly founded journal, the *Neue Freie Presse*.

By his feuilletons in the above named journals, fascinating even to the unmusical by their blooming diction, Hanslick for many a long year exercised an almost unlimited control over musical criticism, and over the art views of the public; and that he used his almost omnipotent position mainly for the furtherance of a systematic culture of truly earnest music, such as the Oratorio, the Symphony and Chamber Music, as well as in the advocacy of masters not generally recognized (like Schumann, Brahms, etc.), must be counted to his credit in the history of Art as an enduring service.

In the year 1854 Hanslick came out with the sensational and epoch-making pamphlet "On the Beautiful in Music;" a real controversial piece of writing, which like a flash of lightning pierced the mists which had gathered around the scientific treatment of musical aesthetics, without however fully scattering them. One may agree with this monograph or not, as a hearty, intellectually grounded, powerful word for the time, the writing has everywhere exerted an exciting and a fruitful influence, and even now the interest in it is undiminished, as the recent appearance of the fourth edition proves.

This little book was followed by the more comprehensive works: "History of Concert matters in Vienna" (based on careful study of sources); then, as if in illustration of the last, sketches "From the Concert Hall" collected in a stately volume (1869); again, in 1875, a series of his feuilletons which appeared in the *Neue Freie Presse*, the *Rodenberg'schen Salon* and other journals,—essentially completed—

and collected into an interesting book, "The Modern Opera."

In 1856 Hanslick qualified himself for the position of private instructor in the "Æsthetics and History of Music" at the Vienna University; in 1861 he was there appointed as extraordinary, and in 1870 as ordinary professor in those departments; and so for the first time, through Hanslick, has the higher scientific treatment of music become a live fact in a German University.

In the years 1859-63 Hanslick gave each year a course of public lectures for gentlemen and ladies on the History of Music. In these, as well as in his University Courses, Hanslick was the first to carry through consistently the method of illustrating the lectures by the performance of practical examples (at the piano or through singers); a remarkable step of progress compared to the dry theoretic teaching formerly in vogue.

In the winter of 1860 Hanslick was made artistic adviser at the Court-Opera theatre; but this position he soon resigned on account of differences with the Director, Salvi, "not feeling himself able to work with him for the interests of true Art."

In 1867 he was called to serve as Juror for the Musical department of the World's Exposition at Paris, and in 1878 at Vienna. His activity in the circle of the Jury in 1878 was distinguished by the Emperor through the Order of the "Iron Crown," after he had already—in 1868—received the knightly cross of the Franz Josef's order. He also acts as Juror at this year's Paris Exposition.

In 1876 he was appointed member of the Government Council. In the same year he married the amiable young singer Sofie Wohlmut (prize-crowned pupil of the Vienna Conservatory). His earlier marriage (1871) had lasted only a few months owing to an incurable disease of the lungs on the part of the wife.

Hanslick's pronounced party attitude as an eminently conservative critic, and especially as a most decided opponent of the "New German School" and of Richard Wagner's "Music-Drama," has been gradually developing itself of late years, and growing to an ever sharper point. He had begun his critical career with enthusiastic pleas for Berlioz and even for Wagner's "Tannhäuser;" but after "Lohengrin," in 1868, he renounced the musical dramatist forever.

At bottom it is the ever undecided conflict between the Beautiful and the True, the form and the expression in Art, that manifests itself in the downright antagonism of Hanslick and Wagner. Hanslick's spirited onslaughts upon the "Music of the Future,"—unlike those of many of his critical colleagues, always clothed in the most decent form,—confessing freely that this new music has become a power of the present day,—have unquestionably contributed very much to the elucidation of the question, inasmuch as they have richly furnished the disciples with opportunities for sharp defence of what has been so sharply attacked; and an artistic principle surely cannot be tested by the blind homage paid to it, but only through the fiery trial of opinions for and against.

Bach's Chorals for Worship and for Practice.

It is still a marvel with us why there should be so much commonplace, mechanical, feebly sentimental, secular and non-religious psalmody sung in our churches; so many catching popular love tunes set to revival words; and why no one has felt moved to give us, in convenient form, a good supply of the incomparable old German Chorals (*Choral-Gesänge*), really inspired tunes even as sung in unison, and wonderfully impressive and soul-searching as harmonized in four vital and melodious parts by old

Sebastian Bach. Some twenty years ago, we think, a dozen of these (to which we had put English words) were published by Ditson & Co. But these were engraved, and therefore too costly for popular sale like the psalm books. They made some way, however, into the hearts of a few, and may be still in some demand. Probably a Choral, even a Bach Choral, is now and then heard in some church choir; certainly we hear one now and then in the concerts of our vocal clubs of amateurs. And, within a few years, we have had in this city several performances of Bach's Passion and his Christmas music, when thousands heard and owned the unspeakably grand and deep and beautiful effects of the Chorals, which abound in those works, sung by five hundred voices. That experience alone would seem to be enough to bear fruit in church and choir and every circle where nearness to God is sought in music truly sacred.

Could these be studied in our more advanced choirs, our choral societies, our musical classes and "Conventions," their influence in developing a love and taste for what is true, and pure, and high, and really devotional in sacred music, would be incalculable. It is not possible that any one can once become familiar with Bach's Chorals and not love them—not feel that the highest ends of music are wonderfully realized in their most soulful and unworldly harmony. Bach never wrote for money or for cheap effect; he was a religious artist; his artistic efforts were his aspiration to the beautiful and good and true—to the Most High. All that he did was genuine. Hence his works never grow old. To those who study them now, a century and a quarter since his death, they are the newest of the new. "In all his works he stands out great and bold and new."

Bach did not write these little masterpieces for use in public worship; nor did he even allow them to be printed. He wrote them *occasionally*, partly as examples for his scholars in composition; partly for the choir of the *Thomas-Schule*, over which he presided in Leipzig, to be used in their various private occasions, New Year's festivals, etc., and partly as interludes in his larger pieces, his *Motets*, *Cantatas*, *Passions*, etc. For these purposes he took the old German choral tunes, which the people loved during the religious excitement of the Reformation, and harmonized them for four voices, in his own incomparable way; taking for words a verse or two of some of those quaint and homely, but really religious hymns, of which the Germany of that period was so prolific. These old tunes have always been named from the first lines of the hymns with which they were originally associated. But Bach has in most instances used other hymns. The first collection of them was published at Berlin and Leipzig by his son, Carl Philip Emanuel Bach, in 1765-69, in two parts, containing one hundred Chorals each. Afterwards (in 1784-89) Kirnberger published a larger collection in four parts. The later and now commonly received collections are that made by Becker in 1831, which contains 371 Chorals, *without words*, and that by Erk, completed in 1850, containing 319 Chorals, with the words used by Bach, and with scientific restoration of the harmony, wherever it had been altered, to the original form as Bach wrote it.

Congregational singing in unison is the practice all over Germany, and hence the Bach Chorals are not used there in all the churches. We, on the contrary, have our small trained choirs, who sing in parts. Why, then, should we not, instead of common-place and trashy psalmody, make some use of these purest, noblest models of four-part religious music in existence? The reasons why we have not done it are obvious. In the first place, as works of Art, they imply a more refined and cultivated taste

than has prevailed or ever can prevail in our churches, so long as we have only the cheap and easy psalmody of everybody's manufacture for the musical religious sense to feed upon. And then it might spoil the enormous trade in psalmody, to allow the love for the true thing to be nurtured; for just so surely as any company of singers, who have music in their *souls*, shall get familiar with these chorals, will they find the *common* psalmody (we do not mean the best—the few grand old tunes which never lose their charm) become “flat, stale, and unprofitable.” In the next place the rhythm and metre of these old German hymns is so peculiar in most cases, abounding in double endings, or what is called female rhymes, that the tunes cannot be used much in connection with our hymn books. The Bach Chorals cannot supplant the psalm-tunes in our common forms of worship until the forms themselves are changed. But not the less is it desirable to have them made accessible. They may be put to many excellent uses, of which we name the following:

1. They may be sung as voluntary pieces for opening or closing of service, etc., by choirs; and they suit equally well the largest or the smallest (simple quartet) choir; provided they be executed with the utmost precision and true feeling by good, well-trained voices.

2. They may be used with admirable effect in alternation with congregational singing ; a verse of the latter, with organ accompaniment, in strong, homely unison, followed by a verse of the former, by trained voices, without accompaniment, the same hymn responding as it were from a more spiritual height, glorified in the fine harmonies and modulations of Bach ; for as he has treated them, you have the religious essence of the music expressed, and purified from all that is low and common.—Precisely in this way have we actually heard Chorals sung in the Cathedral at Berlin ; and it was more impressive than any church music that we ever did hear.

8. For great Choral or Oratorio Societies, to be sung in their more miscellaneous sacred concerts, or at the beginning and ending of a performance. For some years nothing had made a finer impression in such concerts here, than two of these same Chorals, similarly treated by Mendelssohn in his "St. Paul." Since then we have had the far grander, deeper, sweeter experience of hearing those which Bach has wrought into his Passion Music. When perfectly sung by a great mass of voices, the effect is sublime.

4. In little private musical clubs and circles they will afford the very best sort of practice.

5. For organists and pianists, to be used simply as instrumental pieces, their purity and marvellous beauty and significance of harmony must commend them. There is more religious satisfaction in just playing them on the piano, than in listening to most of the music to be heard in any of our churches. The way in which each of the four parts, and each note in each, so perfectly serves the end of the great whole, is in itself a type of pure devotion.

6. But their most important service will be to musical schools and classes. As models in the art of four-part composition, within the short form of a choral or psalm tune—an art at which so many try their hand in our day—they will be invaluable. The harmonizing of chorals, with Bach for a model, is made the foundation of all exercises in composition by Marx and the other masters in the German schools—also by Prof. Paine at Harvard. Many of these Chorals Bach has harmonized in several different ways; and the comparison of these, noting the different complexion which the harmony assumes in rendering the same Choral truly expressive of the various feelings in the words, is a most suggestive and most satisfactory kind of study.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, taking time by the forelock, have made up their programme for the coming season. They will give five Oratorio performances, beginning on Nov. 22, when, in compliance with a very general request, Verdi's *Messias Requiem* will be repeated. Dec. 22 (Sunday evening before Christmas) *The Messiah*. Feb. 2, a selection from *L'Entrée du Christ*, by Berlioz, and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*.

On Good Friday (April 11) they propose to give Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* music, for the first time entire, Part I. in the afternoon, and Part II. in the evening. On Easter Sunday, Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*.

MR. FREDERIC F. FORD, a well-known Boston musician, died on Tuesday evening last, aged forty-three years. Mr. Ford was a native of Chesterfield, N. H., from whence he came to this city at an early age to devote himself to music. He subsequently went abroad, and studied the violin under the celebrated Franz David, in the conservatory at Leipzig. He has played for many years among the first violins of the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, and his loss will be felt. His death was caused by disease of the brain. He leaves a widow and two children.

VASSAR COLLEGE, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. On Monday evening, June 24, the pupils of the School of Music, under Dr. F. L. Ritter, performed the following programme:

Variations on a Theme by Beethoven, Op. 35, Saint-Saëns
 Misses Moore and Griffith.
 Duet—Se dalle Stelle.....Gordigiani
 Misses M. Cooley and M. Hopson.
 Soirée de Vienne.....Liszt
 Miss Rustin.
 Slumber Song.....Kücken
 Miss Cecil.
 Festspiel und Brautlied, from "Lohengrin,"
 Wagner-Liszt
 Miss Merrick.
 At Last.....Cowen
 Miss Bond.
 Rondo, E flat, Op. 16.....Chopin
 Miss Dow.
 Voi che sapete.....Mozart
 Miss Cecil.
 Spinning Song, from the "Flying Dutchman,"
 Wagner-Liszt
 Miss Fridenberg.
 Fleurs des Alpes.....Wekerlin
 Miss Cooley.
 Concerto, G minor.....Mendelssohn
 Miss Shaw.
 Second Piano.....Miss Dow.
 Trio—Le facio un inchino, from "Il Matrimonio
 Segreto,".....Cimarosa
 Misses Cooley, Hartman, Hillard.

Appended to the printed programme, as above, is a list of compositions performed at the concerts given before the young ladies of Vassar, during the season of 1877-'78,—a list worthy to be copied. There is sure to be plenty of good music where Prof. Ritter and his accomplished wife have opportunity of influence. Here is the list:—

ORCHESTRAL MUSIC, (Thomas Orchestra.)

Symphony in G, (No. 13, Breitkopf and Härtel Ed.) Haydn
Deutsche Tänze, (arr. by Johann Herbeck),..... Schubert
Overture, *Fingal's Cave*,..... Mendelssohn
Minuetto, (for string orchestra),..... Boccherini
Interlude and Invocation of the Witch of the Alps,
from Manfred..... Schumann
Overture and Finale of the Ballet Music,
Prometheus..... Beethoven

CHAMBER MUSIC.

Quartet, B flat major, Op. 18.....	Beethoven
Quartet, A minor, op. 41.....	Schumann
Andante religioso, (for violoncello and organ), F. L. Ritter	
Concerto for violin, E minor, op. 64, (first move- ment).....	Mendelssohn
Nocturne (for violoncello).....	Lachner
Mazurka (" ").....	Popper

ORGAN MUSIC.

Sonata in C minor, op. 65, No. 2.....Mendelssohn

VOCAL MUSIC.

CHORUSES.

Morning Hymn from La Vestale, (orchestral accompaniment) Spontini
Hostias et preces tibi, from the Requiem Haase
O salutaris hostia S. Mayer
Agnus tibi, (a capella) Orlandus Lassus
Crucifixus, (a capella) Palestrina

TRIOS AND DUETS.

"Le faccio un inchino," (from Il Matrimonio Segreto),.....	Cimarosa
Miserere.....	Feo
Ricordati mio ben.....	Handel
Taci.....	Ricci
Se dalle Stelle.....	Gordigiani

SOLON.

"Troppo soffere," from Radamisto.....	Handel
Lascia ch'io pianga.....	Handel
With Verdure Glad.....	Haydn
Voi che sapete.....	Mozart
To be sung on the waters.....	Schubert
Te Sola.....	Gueriois
La Stella.....	Mercadante
Fleurs des Alpes.....	Wekerlin
Quand de la nuit.....	Halévy
The Cloudy Evening.....	F. L. Ritter
By the Sad Sea Waves.....	Benedict
The Bridal Star.....	Tours
At Last.....	Cowen

PIANO MUSIC.

FOR TWO PIANOS.

Concerto, op. 16, (2d and 3d movements,).....Henselt
Concerto in C, op. 15, (2d and 3d movements,).....Beethoven

Concerto in G minor, op. 25.....	Mendelssohn
Concerto in D minor, op. 40.....	Mendelssohn
Serenade and Allegro gioioso, in D, op. 45.....	Mendelssohn
Duo, A minor, op. 15.....	Rheinberger
Rondo, op. 73.....	Chopin
Rantalla, op. 82.....	Raff
Variations on a Theme by Beethoven, op. 35.....	Saint-Saëns

PIANO SOLOS.

Sonata, A major.....	Scarlatti
Gavotte.....	Gluck
Gigue, op. 13.....	Hasler
Adagio, B minor.....	Mozart
Sonata, C sharp minor, op. 27.....	Beethoven
C major, op. 2.....	Beethoven
D minor, op. 31.....	Beethoven
D minor, op. 49.....	Weber
Rondo from Concerto, op. 32.....	Schubert
Fantaisie and Menuetto, op. 78.....	Schubert
Polonaise, op. 71.....	Chopin
E flat, op. 22.....	"
C sharp minor, op. 26.....	"
Rondo, E flat, op. 16.....	"
Scherzo, B flat minor.....	"
Ballade, A flat, op. 47.....	"
Nocturne, op. 37, No. 2.....	"
Poème d'amour, op. 3.....	Henselt
Die Forelle.....	Schubert-Heller
Spinning Song, from Flying Dutchman.....	Wagner-Liszt
La Charité.....	Rossini-Liszt
Transcription, ("O du mein holder Abendstern").....	Wagner-Liszt
Transcription, ("Er ist gekommen in Sturm und Regen").....	Wagner-Liszt
Soirées de Vienne, No. 6.....	Franz-Liszt
Polonaise, E flat.....	Liszt
Les Deux Alouettes.....	Leschetzky
Souvenir d'Ischl Valse.....	Leschetzky
Festspiel und Brautlied, from Lohengrin.....	Wagner-Liszt

AURORA, N. Y.—The following is the programme of a Soirée Musicale given at Wells College, on the 17th of June, Mr. Max Piutti, director.

- Variations on a theme of Beethoven. Saint-Saëns
Piano Primo—Miss Sherwood.
Piano Secondo—Miss Miller.
- Valse, op. 18.....Chopin
Miss Baker.
- Ballade, op. 20.....Reinecke
Miss C. Welles.
- Aria—"Silently Blending," (from Figaro's Wedding.).....Mozart
Miss Marvine.
- a. Spring Song, op. 15.....Henselt
b. Scherzo.....Jadassohn
Miss Sherwood.
- Rondo in A major, op. 56.....Hummel
Piano Primo—Miss Loveland.
Piano Secondo—Miss Loveland and Baker.
- "Sleep, noble Child,".....Cherubini
Trio—Misses Huntington, Marvine and Esty.
- Fantasia in D minor.....Mozart
Miss Miller.
- Romance from Concerto in E minor.....Chopin
Piano Primo—Miss I. Alexander.
- La Cascade.....Pauer
Miss Benedict.
- Flower Song from "Faust,".....Gounod
Miss Esty.
- Concerto in C minor (Part First).....Beethoven
Piano Primo—Miss Morrell.
- March from "Tannhäuser,".....Wagner
Piano Primo—Misses Welles and Alexander.
Piano Secondo—Misses Loveland and Baker.

Musical Commencement Exercises at a Catholic Academy.

NOTRE DAME, IND., JULY 10.—The 23rd Annual Commencement exercises at St. Mary's Academy, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, were held on the 25th and 26th of June. The musical part was sustained by some of the pupils from the "Conservatory of Music," an institution connected with the Academy. On the 25th, between the Reading of Essays by the graduating class of the Academy, the following numbers were played:

- "Mignon," an arrangement based upon the Polacca movement of "Titania's Song," gave free scope to the flexible wrist of Miss Kirchner, in pages of light octaves, alternating with heavy fore-arm work. The "Egg-Dance," worked up in staccato sixths, mostly chromatic, ending by a brilliant finale, was a good test of her executive powers.
- Schumann's beautiful chorus: "Deck we the Pathway," was sung by the vocal class. Short, full of life, and pleasingly rendered.
- Weber's *Rondo Brillante*, in E flat, one of those sparkling emanations of his genius, was played by Miss Geiser, who drew forth the dashing melody of child-like glee, and freshness. Under her fingers it seemed to grow leaf by leaf, blossom by blossom, until, according to its form of composition, it coiled into a beautiful garland.
- "Third Ballade." One of Chopin's songs without words. Miss Silverthorn showed her appreciative skill in handling the subject, which was borne over and under a tracery of marvellous work; sometimes the skele-

ton of the theme appears; then glides insidiously among ravishing strains of bird-like melody. Amidst those trills of joy is heard faintly the "Cuckoo," which proves the subject to be of Spring. A light, laughing run, and the scene vanishes. Miss Silverthorn then accompanied Miss Kirchner in Eckert's well known, but very pleasing Swiss song.

5. Beethoven's "Adelaide" was remarked for purity of intonation, and intelligent delivery. Miss Cavenor possesses a rich voice and was sustained by the sympathetic accompaniment of Miss Foote, a past graduate of the Conservatory, in a manner which enhanced the careful interpretation of the great song.

6. Miss Thecla Pleins rendered Robert Schumann's "Faschings-schwank aus Wien," in a way that spoke well for her industry, entering fully into the bustling Carnival motives portrayed by the author, in his not uncommon throwing aside of form. She made his mosaic movements, however, very attractive. The "Marsellaise" peeps out humorously, but slyly; for in Vienna the "Marsellaise" was a prohibited subject. The grand Finale, taking more the Sonata style, gave ample field for technical skill and was given with fire and true discrimination.

7. Miss Wilson's rendering of Liszt's "La Campanella" was quite a contrast and a surprise to those accustomed to hear only his "coups de force." The light, crisp sound of merry little bells rang from the highest register of the Piano with a springing delicacy of touch, —sparkling, joyous, and all the skips true,—one full peal showed that Miss Wilson had strength when needed.

8. Haydn's Chorus "The Marvellous Work" from the *Creation*, closed the day appropriately.

On the 26th, the day of distribution of gold medals to Graduates, prize medals in separate branches, and crowns of honor, the opening was the "Schiller Fest March," by Meyerbeer (Wolff): Planos—Misses Wilson, M. Spier, T. Pleins, E. O'Neill, A. Harris, A. Geiser, C. Silverthorn, E. Kirchner; Harps—Miss Cavenor and Miss Galen.

It was truly a festive march, and played as a unit. Stirring and grand in character it made a graceful greeting to the immense audience, and a fine introduction to the Chorus from Mendelssohn's "Elijah." "Thanks be to God" burst forth in full harmony, the voices falling in one after the other, to the culminating point of the words: "Their fury is mighty." The accompaniment by Miss Silverthorn expressed the text, and was much admired.

Garcia's "Canon à tre Voci," was a happy blending of the sweet, well-trained voices of Misses Cavenor and E. Kirchner, joined by A. Kirchner as alto.

Miss O'Connor warbled Meyerbeer's Aria from *Dinorah*: "Ombra leggiera," with an ease of manner which showed that while strict part singing had not spoiled (as some imagine) the finer qualities of voice culture, chromatics, trills, and a florid cadenza crowned her flexible execution. She was followed by Miss Foote, who also exhibited the same high culture in one of Gounod's Aires from "Romeo."

Liszt's "Illustrations du Prophète" (Meyerbeer) was the feature of the day, played on two pianos by Miss B. Wilson, Trenton, N. J., Miss Thecla Pleins, Dubuque, Iowa. This piece was trying to both. Full staccato chords, long sweeping cadenzas, some of the most pearly, delicate touch, others rushing forcibly over the keys with lightning speed, went between them as one. The Hymn movement, a full, deep, religious strain, was like a rich old Choral. Their greatest power was reserved for the grand arrangement of the "Marche du Sacre." Through its massive harmonies, the trumpet's ringing martial tones came with such electric force, that made a thrill of delight pass through the entire audience. As the two performers modestly retired, they took with them the golden opinion of the artists and amateurs present, whose judgment had already awarded the gold medals awaiting them.

After this, Miss O'Connor drew from the harp the mellow, rich notes, which strings claim as their own, and was soon joined by Miss Cavenor, who brought tears by the truthful rush of feeling in her singing of "Tara's Halls," old but ever beautiful, ever new, like all life's pictures.

Two more fine Choruses: "God is Great" from Haydn's *Creation*, which surpassed the others (if possible), precise in its grandeur, perfect in time and phrasing, and the joyous "Coronation," sung by the happy recipients of crowns and honors. All retired in order to Weber's melodious Overture to "Sylvana," which was charmingly executed by Misses E. Keenan, C. Silverthorn, A. Gordon, L. Buck, A. Geiser, L. Neu, F. Kingfield, M. Usselmann on Planos; Harps—Miss Galen and Miss D. Cavenor.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Falling Snow. Song and Cho. Ab. 3.
E to F. Chase. 30
"I am dreaming of my childhood."
Very good song of memory and of the seasons.
- On Song's bright Pinions. Ab. 4. E to F. Mendelssohn. 50
"Roses each other are telling,"
"Heimlich erzählen die Rosen."
Sung by Marie Rose, who adds new grace to the fine composition.
- Moonlight Parade. G. 3. d to F. Connolly. 35
"I sing of arms, and tell of stories brave."
A brave turn out, and a bright song to tell of it.
- Turn off the Gas at the Meter. G. 2. d to D. Stamford. 30
Comic. Peter happened to meet her at the meter, and fell in love quick metre. Sung in long and short metre.
- Priory Chimes. Ab. 3. E to F. Haynes. 35
"Then let your chimes, ye dear old bells,
Still mingle with the mountain air."
Very pretty "chime" song.
- In Doubt. G. 3. E to G. Keens. 30
"Say, in accents sweet and low,
What my longing heart would know."
Rich music to sweet words.
- The Dog and the Shadow. G. 3. d to F. Towers. 40
"A doggie was wagging his tail."
Music to represent the "wagging" &c., and the song, with its well known story, is more interesting than many of our pretences.
- The Blue Alsatian Mountains. Eb. 3. E to G. Adams. 40
"Adé, adé, adé
Such songs will pass away."
A ballad of the best kind, with a very pleasing melody.
- Wearing of the Blue. Grand Temperance Chorus. Eb. 2. b to E. Phelps. 30
"These soldiers are true,—Hurrah!
Let us stand by the men who are wearing the blue."
This is a rousing chorus, that has made it's mark at the Murphy meetings.
- O waves, give back my Love to me. Eb. 4. d to E. Sudds. 30
"And bright the moon above her shone,
And glinted on her flaxen hair."
An affecting poem by an unknown author, and varied and impressive music.
- From "Chimes of Normandy."
Duet. A Charming little Maiden. G. 3. d to g. 50
Waltz. One Day I caught a Fish. Ab. 3. d to a. 35
Duet. How can I thoughts express. F. 4. E to a. 35
Song. I'm in a pretty Pickle. E. 3. F to g. 35
Ballad. When I am by his Side. C. 3. b to E. 40
The above are prominent songs and duets from the new favorite opera, which is nearly one succession of agreeable airs from beginning to end.

Instrumental.

- Chimes of Normandy. By Planquette.
Quadrille. 3. Arban. 40
Includes quite a number of pleasing opera airs.
- Suite de Valse. 3. Metra. 50
Four bright Waltzes, with Int. and Coda.
- Chanson du Mousse. Eb. 3. Richards. 40
A fine transcription of "The Cabin Boy."
- Galop. C. 3. Rummel. 35
Little gem of a Galop.
- Grand Paraphrase. Eb. 4. Kuhe. 50
The light music of the opera is here "ennobled" by grand chords and full harmonies.
- Polka. D. 3. Arban. 35
Bright Polka, with a favorite air for the theme.
- The Old Oaken Bucket. Easy Variations. C. 3. Grobe. 40
The dear old melody in a new form. Capital practice for learners.
- Why do Summer Roses fade? No. 9 of "Echoes of Home." F. 2. Smallwood. 40
Easy and pretty transcription.
- Vesper Chimes. Reveries for Piano. D. 3. Phelps. 35
The sweet sound of the distant chimes may be heard throughout. A most agreeable reverie.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note in the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 973. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 9.

Dr. Hanslick on the Music of the Paris Exposition.

(Translated for this Journal from the *Neue Freie Presse* of Vienna.)

Paris, June 24, 1878.

The official World's Exposition Concerts stride along with seven-league boots—I will not say, however, in the public favor. The first Orchestral Concert in the great festival hall of the Trocadéro possessed a strong magnet in the novelty of the hall itself. But the second, already, (which offered an Overture by Lalo, operatic and ballet fragments by Deldevez and Bizet, a Symphony by Gouvy and finally the *Zampa* Overture) gathered only half as many hearers. Moreover the first two productions of French Chamber music in the little hall ("Salle des Conférences") only enticed a moderate handful of the friends of music, who on entering exchanged queer questioning looks with one another. For in this moderately large quadrangular hall, four naked, red stained walls stare upon us;—no columns, no pictures, no arabesques, not the smallest strip of gold, and, since the light falls in from above, not a window. This barrenness produced at once in the public a peculiarly dismal, prison-like mood; I verily believe that, if any one had had the good idea to hang up his hat and umbrella on one of these shame-faced red walls, this breaking of the flat surface would have been hailed with grateful emotion. We were afterwards informed that it is the intention to adorn the hall with valuable pictures; in spite of that, we cannot obliterate the first melancholy impression. A like fault injured the programme, and was more sensibly felt with each succeeding Concert: namely, the exclusively French matter of which it was composed. In the grand Orchestra Concerts they seek to supply the dearth of original French Symphonies through numerous Operatic fragments, which in a concert hall of course lose half of their effect—and frequently that half is all they have got to lose. In the small hall they go one step further and play occasionally arranged. Orchestral Compositions as "French Chamber Music." Thus, for example, an Andantino from Lalo's Opera "Fiesco," arranged for eight instruments, a Viola Concerto by Garcin, etc. The first Chamber performance opened with a Quintet by Onslow, the second with a Quartet by Cherubini. With these two composers,—the half-Englishman and the acclimated Italian, the Frenchmen had played out their finest, nay their sole celebrities in Quartet music. All the rest emanated from masters who are yet alive, and who bid fair to live much longer than their works. Right clever, graceful moments gleam from these compositions by Lalo, Deldevez, Garcin, Gouvy, Massenet, Widor, Morel; hardly one of them lacks skill; but all that is not music from the spring; it is derived, conducted here

through pipes, and filtered. It leaves us thirsty, and we care not to drink any more.

Such new French instrumental music can only be enjoyed in little doses, between other solid dishes, but not in masses and exclusively. A favorite movement out of a favorite Quartet of Mozart, Beethoven or Schubert must have risen like a fiery sun over these pale, flickering little candles and called forth a shout of joy. This in the end is what every musical person feels; and since each one confesses the grievance to another, it follows that the official French concerts cannot in the long run find increase of audience. The French shine in Opera, not in instrumental music; therefore they commit a wrong against themselves, when they represent. Auber, Hérold, Halévy, Gounod through symphonic fragments.

The only way of half escaping this monotony, at least of turning it into an instructive form, the French Commission have quite unnecessarily cut themselves off from by fixing the point of departure for their Concerts so late as the year 1880. Compositions of Lully, Rameau and Rousseau, followed up by the noted composers of the Revolution and the Empire, chronologically arranged, would have ensured high interest and have done no dishonor to French genius. Is the historical feeling here entirely lost then? Banished from the concert hall, could it not at least find an asylum in the theatre? They have been at work for the past three years on the preparations for the world exhibition. This space of time might have well sufficed for the study and rehearsal of some of the best French Operas of older epochs, and for retaining the services of the three opera theatres which enjoy the subsidy of the government. That would have been worthy of a World Exposition, and have redounded to the glory of French music more than this long procession of official concerts. Formerly it required no World Exhibition and no Commission, to remind the lyric theatres of the older repertoire; the Sunday was devoted to it as a rule; and only three years ago I could report from here in the *Neue Freie Presse* on the performance of Operas by Grétry and by Isouard. Now neither the "Opéra Comique" nor the "Théâtre Lyrique" thinks of such things. The Grand Opera has completely forgotten all about them; it knows neither *Alceste* nor *Armida*, neither *Fernando Cortes* nor *La Vestale*; indeed its memory is so short, that it no longer recollects Auber. When a great Commemoration Festival was held for Auber on the 29th January, 1877, after the unveiling of his monument in the Père-Lachaise, they were unprepared for *La Muette de Portici*; the Grand Opera gave only a fragment, followed by a *pasticcio* from different operas (some of them not by Auber). They had time enough for preparation, for Auber, we all know, died on the 18th May, 1871, that is to say six years and a half earlier. It is simply a shame; the Grand Op-

era of Paris to-day has neither *Masaniello* nor any other work of Auber on its repertoire.

Besides the French music, it is well known that the compositions of foreign nations are to be represented in a long series of concerts, in the Trocadéro hall, by specially invited orchestras, Italian, Russian, Spanish, English. A seemingly magnificent idea, in reality an impracticable one. The Hollanders have begun with concert playing; nine-tenths of the great Trocadéro hall were empty. And yet the orchestra of Amsterdam stands in the best repute, and found even here no voices but of recognition. Only there were not enough people, who could feel an irresistible longing for a dozen orchestral works by unknown Dutch composers. It is plain that the thousands, who come here to see Paris and the Exposition, by no means propose to confine themselves four or five times a week in a concert hall. Music belongs unquestionably to every world exhibition, but we see it in a different light. Where do the visitors of the Champs de Mars most eagerly throng? About the Hungarian "Czarda," when the gypsies play; or to the Morocco coffee house, as soon as the droll plaint of the little Oriental orchestra is heard. If there were a hospitable Tyrolean house at the Exhibition, from whose floor the voices of the excellent Rainer singers might resound, there would be no end of crowding thither. Nay, the commonest Viennese dance orchestra with waltzes of Strauss and Lanner would wonderfully enliven the whole Exhibition; the wide, beautiful garden-grounds are actually languishing for music. That sort of performances, lively and unpretentious, free and in the free open air, are the true exhibition music, for the want of which we suffer here. This want of musical life is what the stiff concerts in the gigantic Trocadéro hall cannot supply.

After the Hollanders came the Italians, represented by the La Scala orchestra from Milan. They have better understood the (here indispensable) art of *reclame*, and have secured more numerous attendance. The Italian colony in Paris is very strong, and so was the applause. But what did they bring us? Symphonies, marches and overtures by Foroni, Catalani, Gomez, Bozzini, Penchielli, Faccio, Verdi and Rossini. Is not that the world wrong end foremost? From the Italians we want singers and operas, but not orchestra players and Symphonies. They are a more musical nation than the French, but even less symphonistic in their talent. Their glory is song and vocal composition. And now one after another are to follow North Americans, Spaniards, Swedes and Danes with the newest instrumental compositions of their tone-poets. Very fine—but where are Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann? Will they actually pay out one hundred and two concerts (by official programme) with mere musical silver and copper coin and hide the

gold away from us? Yes, they tell us, these are German composers, and let Germany and Austria provide for them. With your leave, good sirs, these are not German composers in your official sense; they are composers of the World, and, if Music is a universal language, it has become so through these masters of the language. France, as host and master of the house, should have had the pearls of classical music presented through her best orchestra. That Germany would not attend the Exhibition, the French knew from the outset; and if they had counted on the Philharmonic orchestra of Vienna, they would have reckoned without the host. The Viennese "Philharmonics" are an orchestra of the first rank, as certainly as Faure is a singer of the first rank. But if we wish to hear M. Faure in Vienna, we have to pay him, and—M. Faure is a rich man.

We read in French papers: "The reason why no Belgian orchestra takes part in the World Exhibition is purely a financial one." Now if this "money question" deters the musicians of neighboring Brussels from the journey to Paris, how much more stringently it must operate against the musicians of Vienna! Any sensitiveness on the part of the French cannot in this case be earnestly meant, nor is there any such. We on our side might ask: "Would the Paris Conservatoire orchestra have come to the World Exhibition in 1873, in case the Viennese had wished it? Certainly not; for, strange to say, this famous Parisian orchestra has actually refused its co-operation in the Trocadéro Concerts. In fact the best orchestra of France is wanting in these "official" concerts,—that orchestra which, precisely through its model performances of classical instrumental music, above all the Beethoven Symphonies, enjoys a world-wide reputation. Nor has the visitor of the Exhibition any chance to hear Pasdeloup's excellent "Concerts Populaires." For the holding back of the Paris Conservatoire an artistic excuse is given: The Trocadéro hall is too large for this orchestra of only 90 persons, whose strength lies not in massive effects, but in the finest execution of details.

In official writings of the present government the World's Exhibition of 1867 is found fault with for paying too little regard to music. And yet in the year 1867 one prize-singing and prize-playing followed another, and the competition of so many foreign military bands, vocal clubs, fanfares and brass music had something peculiarly fresh, lively and exciting. Indeed they went perhaps too far in their zeal for music, as the poor success of the prizes offered for the best "Hymn" and the best "Cantata," as well as the falling through of the projected "historical concerts" proves. The phantom of magnificence and completeness stretched to still more gigantic proportions this time,—it must have grown quite out of reach. The music of the whole world was to be exhibited in the compositions, in the orchestras, quartet societies and singing clubs of all nations, and even in the national music of all peoples! The participation of foreign national music ("musique pittoresque") actually turned out to be very feeble, scarcely reaching half a dozen varieties. The Russian gypsies make a *furor*, but they sing in the garden of

the Tuileries, in the open air, not in the Trocadéro hall. And so with regard to a complete representation of the orchestra music of all nations; it is not possible, and besides not necessary in a World Exhibition. The holding it possible and declaring it necessary was from the first an error in principle of the French Commission, whatever ideal views may have floated before its mind. Not every flower of foreign intellectual and spiritual life can be transported at will to Paris. The finished facts of Art and of Art-business can be and are here exhibited: the musical instruments and the compositions of all cultured peoples in the most various editions. The living musical activity itself—the doing, and not merely the thing done—is much too firmly rooted in its native soil. There it is most finely practised and there best appreciated. Every musical traveller will enjoy hearing in Holland the orchestra of Amsterdam, in Italy that of Milan. Here in Paris, in the noise and confusion of the World Exhibition, we lack the appetite and leisure for continual concert-going. Two or three grand musical festivals, not more, with programme wholly international, and with sole regard to the value of the compositions, would have sufficed, and have made a deeper impression than this "Well-tempered Clavichord" of 24 musical nations. If the success of the Paris Exhibition Concerts thus far looks more like the disappointment than the fulfilment of a hope, the reason seems to me to lie less in accidental miscarriages (such as the frequent begging off of orchestras already announced), than in the original exaggeration of the idea itself. It is not well, in mainly industrial exhibitions, to push the idea of universality too far on the side of intellectual production. On the same principle one must wish to have the best German Court theatres perform here Goethe and Schiller, or Italian actors their Goldoni, Spanish actors Calderon, etc. We must not count on human susceptibility for too much at once; still less will it do to believe that the collective tone-life of all peoples can be brought out in World Exhibition form.

Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, London.

GEORGES BIZET'S "CARMEN."

(From the Pall Mall Gazette, June 24.)

Spain is a country inhabited by gipsies, smugglers, bull-fighters, and muleteers, on whom a semblance of order is imposed by soldiers only a little less undisciplined than the rest of this gaudily attired, recklessly behaved population. The military have a disastrous habit of falling in love with the bright-eyed daughters of the gipsy tribes, some of whom, like Carmencita or Carmen, the prettiest girl in Seville, make a pretence of earning a livelihood by working in the great cigar manufactory of the place. The cigar manufactory of Seville is an establishment, which no one who has read Prosper Mérimée's description of it in the charming tale on which the opera of *Carmen* is founded, can forget. But description and reflection count for very little in drama, especially drama prepared for musical setting; and of Mérimée's literary art there is no trace in the ingenious and highly colored, highly characteristic libretto for which the Spanish tale of *Carmen*—worthy pendant to the Corsican tale of *Colomba*, from the same pen—has served as groundwork. Carmen makes a much freer use of the dagger than does the innocent *Colomba* of the stiletto. Corsican young ladies of good birth and breeding reserve the stiletto for great occasions, and meanwhile wear it in their stays in lieu of what used to be called a "busk." But the gipsy and gipsified

girls of the cigar manufactory at Seville are ready with the dagger at any instant's notice and on the smallest provocation. Thus the playful Carmen, having had a quarrel with one of her young friends, has appealed to what Mérimée assures us is the *ultima ratio* of the Sevillian cigar-girl, and has stabbed her antagonist. But the blow, however well aimed, was merely the expression of a little momentary pique; and Carmen, when immediately afterwards she appears on the stage, shows herself petulant and wilful but not malicious. Already she has had an opportunity of explaining her views on the subject of love, which, according to her philosophy, is an agreeable and delightful servant, but a most tyrannical master, and as such not to be tolerated. The question of reciprocity does not trouble her. If she loves, that is sufficient; and so much the worse for the loved one if he does not equally love her. The German poet who declares that, though a man may once in his life love without having his passion returned, yet that he who does so a second time is a fool at whom "sun and moon and stars" must laugh, and who must himself laugh even if his love kills him, would have met with but little sympathy from Carmen. She can be affectionate, devoted, and, for a time, constant; but if she ceases to love she will not affect a sentiment she no longer feels; and she sets her face absolutely against the importunities of unrequited affection, which for her has no meaning. She can understand a man's killing her for not accepting his love; but she will not allow herself to be wearied and worried on the subject of a mysterious passion which comes and goes and can neither be forced nor controlled. Her theory, or rather her temperament (for it is to her temperament that the theory imagined for her by the ingenious librettists is due) seems to place her at an advantage in her dealing with men. But though the love she feels is of the kind which Stendahl in his celebrated treatise calls "amour-godt," yet the love she inspires is that terrible "amour-passion" which may cause heroic actions and also great crimes. As for her external characteristics, they are completely in harmony with her mental and moral disposition. One can guess her probable actions from her appearance and demeanor as painted by Mérimée, or—what comes to the same thing—as exhibited on the stage by Miss Minnie Hauk, whose Carmen is a perfect realization of Mérimée's conception. If, for a moment, some one should suggest that the conduct of the captivating young gipsy does not bear the stamp of the purest morality, the idea, without being objected to, need not have more attention paid to it than it deserves. She is a beautiful, graceful, sympathetic sort of savage, with much that is lovable in her, or she would not inspire so much love.

In the first scene Carmen, after singing a very quaint Spanish song, which, being called "La Habanera," may possibly be of Havannese origin, retires with her lively, unbusiness-like companions to the cigar factory, stabs one of them, as already mentioned, and is forthwith taken charge of by some dragoons who are doing the duty of police. The captain orders his men to fasten her hands together. In the prettiest manner possible she makes José, the dragoon in question, admit that he loves her, sings him a very engaging air in the Spanish style, and then appeals to him to set her free. Without much hesitation he consents. But when the guard appears in order to take her off to prison, she reassumes the handcuffs, and slipping them off as if by accident, disappears as the curtain falls on a very lively first act.

The second act, however, is still livelier. Here the scene is laid in a tavern, where gipsies are singing, dancing, and playing the guitar, while officers are listening, applauding, and making love to them. Carmen will have nothing to say to anyone. She is thinking of José, who, for allowing her to escape, has had to undergo two months' imprisonment. Suddenly José appears. Carmen sings to him, when in the midst of her song the recall is heard. The unfortunate dragoon, not yet altogether demoralized, thinks of going back to barracks; but when Carmen tells him tauntingly to do so, and hints that he had better leave her altogether, he resolves to stay. For the attentions of José's officers she cares nothing; and she equally rejects the advances made to her by a famous bull-fighter, Escamillo by name, who tries to please her by singing in a loud voice a tune which, in a disguised shape, he has borrowed from the beautiful melody of the *finale* of the third act of *Ernani*. Carmen loves no one but José, and if José does not love her in return so much the worse for him. But José is deeply enamored of her and agrees to go with her to

the mountains, and there lead the life of a smuggler. The part of José is played by Signor Campanini, that of Escamillo, the bullfighter, by Signor del Puente. Both these characters are well sustained. So, also, is that of a virtuous peasant girl, impersonated by Mdlla. Valleria. The peasant girl, Michaela by name, is a sort of Alice, who comes to José with news of his mother, and urges him in somewhat conventional strains to quit the gipsies and return to his home, when all will be forgotten. José does not quite see the force of these arguments, until at last, his mother being at the point of death, he goes back to his family. Carmen meanwhile has become tired of a man who is neither good nor bad, and on his departure takes up with the bold bull-fighter. This occurs at the end of the third act. At the beginning of the fourth José reappears, and is now ready to follow Carmen to the uttermost end of the earth. But Carmen no longer loves him, and she tells him so. A bull-fight, moreover, is taking place; and when the air of the bull-fighter (vulgarized from Verdi) is shouted forth from the arena, José sees that this song of triumph fills Carmen's heart with joy. Thereupon he stabs her, calling her his "adored Carmen;" and when the victorious Escamillo appears to receive her congratulations and embraces she is dead.

Carmen is a stirring opera, full of movement and variety, for which a long life and a merry one may safely be predicted. The score would perhaps have been none the worse for a little more music of the *cantabile* kind. But the wayward, impetuous heroine is not the sort of young lady whom one can fancy singing *semas* in set form, with introductory recitative, *andante*, and *cabaletta*; and the work as it stands is doubtless what the composer, as well as the authors, intended it to be. By its style it belongs neither to musical comedy nor to *opéra bouffe*. But it reminds one more of *La Périchole* than of the *Marriage of Figaro*; and a clever actress with a nice voice and some power of singing with expression, while quite unable to undertake the part of Susanna or of the Countess, might possibly achieve a success as Carmen. This implies no disparagement of Miss Minnie Hauk, who is a finished vocalist, capable of doing justice to the music of the greatest composers. But Carmen is a character which makes more urgent demands on the acting than on the singing powers of its representative; and, if Miss Hauk sang less admirably than she in fact does, her impersonation of the warm-hearted, passionate, capricious, fascinating, and most original gipsy girl would reconcile her audience to any such deficiency, or rather would render them unable to perceive it. Her Carmen is nothing less than a perfect embodiment of a very bright artistic creation. She enters into the spirit of the character, lives it, and is never anything but Carmen from Carmen's first entry until her tragic end. Her look, gestures, walk, general air, and demeanor all belong to one another and to the part. Signor Campanini showed much dramatic power as the infatuated soldier, especially in the very effective final scene; and Signor del Puente was sufficiently animated as a torador. But Carmen is the life and soul of the opera; and it is to Miss Minnie Hauk's impersonation of a character which suits her as though she had been created for the express purpose of playing it that the success of this very Spanish, very Bohemian work will mainly be due.

MME. PAPPENHEIM IN "FIDELIO."

(From the Times, July 1.)

Since the regretted death of Therese Tietjens a new Leonora—Beethoven's Leonora—was hardly expected, at least, for some time to come. *Fidelio* (or, as the great musician would persist in calling it, *Leonore*), nevertheless, was given on Saturday night, with a representative of the chief personage worthy in all respects to undertake the task. Mme. Pappenheim has made a wide step forward by her performance on this occasion. *Fidelio* demands still higher qualities for effective portrayal than Valentine, and the new-comer gave unquestionable proofs that she possessed them. Her general conception of the character is the true one, according, in fact (like that of Tietjens), with the traditions we have derived from its earliest exponent in this country, Mme. Schroeder Devrient, who, though born at Hamburg little more than a month in advance of the production of *Fidelio* (Vienna, November 20, 1805), may also have been influenced by those attaching to Mdlla. Milder, Beethoven's original Leonore, whom she must have seen when the opera was reproduced with sundry omissions, addi-

tions, and modifications, not only in the score, but in the libretto. This was in 1814, at the Kärnthner-Thor, and in five successive years *Fidelio* was frequently played at the Wiener Hoftheater—Schroeder first appearing as Leonore in 1822. She is always cited as the model *Fidelio*, and though, passing over many others, we have had such Leonoras on the English stage as Malibran (1836), and on the Italian stage as Sophie Cruvelli (1851), there is every chance of her continuing to be thus regarded. Further statistics with reference to a theme so familiar, and so often dwelt upon at length, would be superfluous. Enough that Mme. Pappenheim adopts the strict German reading, and therein is true to herself, her country, and her country's Beethoven. In the first scene, when the faithful and courageous wife, clad in boy's attire, comes on the stage, she was hardly mistress of her means, and the audience were surprised to see her persistently holding a handkerchief to her face. The cause of this was subsequently explained. Just before the anticipated entry of *Fidelio*, Mme. Pappenheim was suddenly seized with that disagreeable inconvenience, a bleeding at the nose. But this, happily, in a very brief time, passed off. The quartet, "in canon," "Il cor e la mia fé" (we purposely cite the Italian text), for Marcellina, Leonora, Rocco, and Jacquino, suffered inevitably more or less from the *contredanse*, and was not, as usually happens, encored; but, later on, Mme. Pappenheim had regained her composure, which was fully declared in the fine trio with Rocco and Marcellina, "Coraggio! ora!" The test point of the first act, the grand soliloquy, beginning with the recitative, "A qual furor ti condurrà l'orribile sete di vendetta," after Leonora has overheard the conversation between Pizarro and Rocco, found her quite herself, and we have rarely heard it declaimed and sung with more intelligence. The beautiful *adagio* (address to "Hope"), "O tu, la cui dolce possanza," while taken, as we thought—"adagio" though it be—a little too slowly, was a noticeable example of emotional expression, subdued and impassioned by turns. The concluding *allegro*, "Celeste ardor m'accende," although the spirit was not wanting, appeared somewhat deficient in power; but this may be accounted for by the circumstance already mentioned.

Passing over the duet in which Leonora obtains Rocco's consent to help in preparing the grave for Florestan (a duet not easy to pass over, by the way), we come to the second act, where Mme. Pappenheim most conspicuously displayed her ability as an actress of the real stamp and, as we have hinted, a true *Fidelio*. Each of the well-known points in the wonderful scene of the dungeon, when the despairing Leonora first recognizes the voice of her doomed husband, whose grave she is assisting the seemingly inflexible but kind-hearted goaler to dig, was brought out with eloquent meaning. It is unnecessary to enumerate them one after another, "*Fidelio*" having long been a household word in this as in other countries, where the story of "*Die eheliche Liebe*," the purest and noblest exemplification of devoted conjugal love belonging to the lyric drama, is familiar. The duet in A minor, "All' opra ora!" (where trombones are introduced with such mysterious effect), and the lovely trio in the major key, (occasionally so like Mozart), "Fia grata al Ciel," in which Florestan expresses his gratitude to the unknown Leonora, who, in spite of Rocco, has given him wine and bread, were beyond reproach. But the culminating point was, as a matter of course, the magnificent quartet, when *Fidelio*, interposing between her husband and his relentless enemy, directs a pistol at the breast of the would-be assassin just as he is about to accomplish his purpose. All this was forcibly delineated, and the applause was no less hearty than general. The duet, in which husband and wife give expression to rapture at their unexpected reunion, slightly overtaxed the powers of our Leonora; and no wonder, bearing in mind how strenuously she had exerted herself. She, nevertheless, got through it bravely, and like one fully alive to its dramatic purport. To conclude, Mme. Pappenheim's *Fidelio*, a success most legitimately obtained, merits every acknowledgment as such.

Among her associates may be especially singled out Mdlla. Bauermeister and Signor Galassi. Mdlla. Bauermeister is an excellent Marcellina, singing her one air, "Se il ver mi dice il cor" as correctly and with as much point as could be wished, and proving of material value in the concerted music, which she has evidently well studied. The Pizarro of Signor Galassi also merits high praise. We have rarely, indeed, seen a more competent repre-

sentative of that somewhat ungrateful character, furnished with music not by any means easy to execute, and a villain of the deepest dye, winning no sympathy. The great air, "Ah! vendicar potrò" (to which Weber owes something), with its formidable orchestral accompaniment, was easily mastered by this gentleman, and declaimed with the fierce energy that is its characteristic. Signor Rinaldini was a good Jacquino, Signor Bettini, who appears to be acquainted with almost every known opera, played Florestan, Signor Behrens was Rocco, and Signor Franceschi the Minister. The performance generally was one of more than ordinary merit. The orchestra, under Sir Michael Costa, was admirable throughout. Two overtures were given—that called, by universal consent, *Fidelio* (in E major), and the one generally recognized as "No. 3," the longest and grandest of those in C major. The first named preceded the opera; the other was introduced between the acts—which we cannot but look upon as a mistake, inasmuch as its overwhelming brilliancy is enough to indispose the mind of hearers for the grave music to follow, in the dungeon scene of Florestan. It might as well be placed at the end, in lieu of the choral *finale*, which is quite as exhilarating. Moreover, this overture in C is an epitome of the opera, just as much as the overture to *Der Freischütz* is an epitome of the dramatic masterpiece of Weber. True, the overture between the acts was so superbly executed that a repetition was insisted upon; and this being accorded (without curtailment), inconveniently prolonged the duration of the performance. Nor can we see why any opera is entitled to have two overtures. The great *Leonora* should be placed at the beginning; and such was Beethoven's intention. The chorus performed their task with spirit, though here and there the singers were a little uncertain as to pitch in the thanksgiving of the temporarily liberated prisoners, where, by the way, the tenor solo would be more impressive if assigned, as Beethoven assigned it, to a single voice. In the great choral *finale* of the closing scene there was little or nothing to criticize.

Georges Bizet.

(From the "Times," June 24.)

Born in Paris 25th October, 1838, the career of Bizet was comparatively a brief one. He died at Bougival on the 3d of June, 1875, exactly three years after his most carefully-considered opera had been given to the Parisian public. In an early period of his artistic career, though at the Conservatoire he had studied composition under Halévy (one of whose daughters he married), and harmony with no less stolid a conservative than Zimmermann, obtaining the second "*grand prix de Rome*" in 1856, and the first a year later, Alexandre César Léopold Bizet ("Georges" being only a *nom de plume*) became impregnated with certain of the doctrines of Richard Wagner, and their exemplification in music, to such an extent that he declared war against everything appertaining to the established form of lyric drama, and especially that form recognized, time out of mind, as "*opéra comique*"—contemptuously styling the works of Boieldieu (composer of *La Dame Blanche*), and Auber (composer of *La Muette de Portici*), "*de la musique*." In his first two important operas, brought out, under the direction of M. Carvalho, at the Théâtre Lyrique—*Les Pêcheurs de perles* (September, 1863), and *La Jolie Fille de Perth* (December, 1867)—this leaning was strongly perceptible, in a serious degree militating against their success—though in the latter, the subject of which was taken by the indefatigable M. Saint-Georges and one of his several coadjutors from the well-known romance of Sir Walter Scott, even critics adverse to the theories and practice of the composer found many things unreservedly to eulogize in the second act and elsewhere. It is curious that a musician destined to be the most implacable adversary of everything belonging to the genre "*opéra comique*," high or low, should in 1857 have come forward one of the successful competitors for the honor of appearing as composer of a *lever de rideau* at the Bouffes-Parisiens, then directed by the since popular Offenbach, who had suggested the contest. The piece was entitled *Le Docteur Miracle*. There were no fewer than 78 aspirants, six being first picked out from the rest, and the jury ultimately deciding in favor of Charles Lecocq and Georges Bizet. Both settings were heard at the Bouffes—Lecocq's first, Bizet's on the night succeeding; but neither appears to have created a lively impression.

After the quasi-failure of *La Jolie Fille de Perth*, Bizet tried to console himself by writing a symphony, "Les Souvenirs de Rome" in the orthodox manner; but he never contrived to finish it, although two movements were played at the Concerts Populaires, and favorably received. His one act piece, *Djamileh*, written for the Opera-Comique (1872) in a style which frequenters of that theatre failed to appreciate, was no success. The music composed for Alphonse Daudet's drama, *L'Arlesienne*, with which we in England have made acquaintance in the guise of an orchestral suite, obtained and merited general approval. Meanwhile, although his first ambitious essays were at the Opera-Lyrique, Bizet, whose Wagnerian tendencies were beginning to wax less uncompromising, had always entertained an inward desire to win distinction at the Théâtre Feydeau (without, naturally, condescending to manufacture "de la musique"), and, having received a commission from the director of that establishment, he thus communicates the glad news to his intimate friend and adviser, M. Edmond Galabert*:—"On vient de me commander trois actes à l'Opera-Comique. Meilhac et Halévy font ma pièce. Ce sera gai, mais d'une gaieté que permet le style, etc." M. Galabert makes this reflection:—"Ces trois actes de Meilhac et Halévy seraient-ils *Carmen*?" Who can doubt it?—notwithstanding that the three acts were—unnecessarily, in our opinion, the incidents of the drama borne in mind—spread out into four? At any rate, *Carmen* was brought out at the Opera-Comique on the 3rd of March, 1875, with Madame Galli-Marie as Carmen and Mdlle. Chapuy—who will be favorably remembered at Her Majesty's Opera, when Mr. Mapleson was in Drury Lane—as Michaela. The success at the outset was contested by some, though unconditionally claimed by others—the majority. Subsequent performances removed all doubt, and the triumph of those inclined to rank Bizet among the young composers upon whose progressing career the lyrico-dramatic school of France materially depended, was matter of fact. Before long, indeed, we find more than one critic of acknowledged impartiality, as well as of ripe judgment, predicting that the opera would be classed among the best ever contributed to the modern repertory of the Théâtre Favart, and auguring for its composer a bright future—for which, nevertheless, he was unhappily not destined.

Ferdinand Hiller at Stuttgart.

On the 18th June, in the Cathedral, which was densely crowded, the Association for Classical Sacred Music gave, as previously announced, and under the personal direction of the composer, a most successful performance of Ferdinand Hiller's *Rebecca*, a Biblical idyll, and "Israel's Siegesong" ("Israel's Song of Triumph") with words from Holy Writ. The first-named work, *Rebecca*, was composed in the summer of 1877, and dedicated to the art-loving Queen Olga, of Württemberg, herself a clever artist, who was present at the performance. The text, selected by the composer from Genesis, contains the account of Abraham's sending to Laban for Rebecca, the interview by the well, the happy conclusion of the negotiation with Rebecca's father, and the joyous departure home. The work, thoroughly Biblical in tone, is not treated in the strictly sacred style, though it preserves throughout a character of mild earnestness and noble dignity, expressing most strikingly in its melodically and harmonically freer movement the feelings of the shepherds, happy and blissful in their God. With simple melodies, as for instance on the words: "Nehge deinen Krug," etc., ("Let down thy pitcher," etc.), or "Trink, o Herr, und labe dich" ("Drink, my Lord,"), and especially in the grand dialogue between Elieser and Rebecca, the vigorous choruses alternate with imposing expression. The instrumentation is original, as, for instance, when, employing the wood wind instruments during the continuous *pizzicato* of the strings, it introduces the unison chorus: "Ruht und schlaft," etc., ("Rest and sleep," etc.), and causes the audience to feel a sweet sensation of peacefulness. Mdlle. von Döttscher, of the Grand Ducal Theatre, Schwerin, with her pure, mild, gentle voice, which, however, filled the Cathedral, imparted intense feeling to the part of Rebecca, while Herr Schütty was equally successful with that of Elieser. But it was more particularly by their rendering of the final piece set down for them: "Im Frieden kehret heim," that the chorus impressed on the work the lasting stamp of a charming and noble idyll. The Royal Chapel

* Georges Bizet.—"Souvenirs et Correspondance."

lent their co-operation. The second composition, "Israel's Song of Triumph," was written in the spring of 1871, and dedicated to the German Emperor. It is distinguished by a fine expression of spirited grandeur. We are indebted to the Association and their conductor, Professor Falst, for a most delightful evening.—*Schwäbischer Mercur*.

BACH'S CONCERTO FOR FOUR HANDS. The London Musical World tells us:

Peculiar interest was attached to the concert given by Mrs. G. M. Green at the Langham Hall on June 20. The programme was ostensibly similar to the ordinary list of property ballads and modern pianoforte pieces affected by the givers of "benefit concerts," but it contained one object of interest, even for the most worn concert-goer—a concerto for four pianofortes, by Sebastian Bach, hitherto neglected in England. Why this exceptional work has not been heard—and frequently—before is a mystery. Written "after" a concerto for four violins by Vivaldi, it is hard to believe that the Master adhered to his scheme and followed his assumed pattern, so essentially are the passages pianoforte passages, so extraordinarily adapted to the resources of the instrument are the bright, tuneful themes. Not, perhaps, so majestic as the Concertos for three cembali, this—consisting of three short movements in A minor, *moderato*, *largo*, and *allegro*—shows in a greater degree the vast imagination of the Father of composers. His chance, or prophetic pre-knowledge of modern pianoforte effects is more startling here than in any of his many works for that instrument, so much abused, so little understood. Close study of the weird but beautiful effects of "combination-tone," produced by the division of the chords among the instruments, would disclose a wide field at present unknown to pianists. Hitherto, a few carelessly constructed duets, trios, and quartets form the amateur's repertory of concerted pianoforte music—unsatisfactory at the best, for even Rubinstein and Brahms became slovenly when treating the instrument "en gros." In this great but simple work no note is superfluous, nothing is meaningless. The listener, however *blasé*, hears something he has not heard before. He may, perhaps, know all the duets, trios, etc., but these effects, this manner of treating the instrument, is new. He feels he did not know the pianoforte thoroughly before, and vague dreams of its possibilities trouble his mind. Dreams that will most probably remain dreams, as there lives no Bach in this age to interrogate the modern pianoforte, and tell us not only what more can be done with it, but what, indeed, it really is.

Thanks are due to Mrs. Green for having unearthed this art-jewel, nor should it be forgotten that she was the first to introduce it to the public. FLAMINGO.

—To this Mr. George Grove replies a week later as follows:

I am glad to see that old Bach's Vivaldi concerto for four pianos has been played again, though how it escaped the wrath of the Apollo of the ——— for being an adaptation, is a difficult question. I feel a deep interest in the work, for I had a MS. copy of it made at Berlin in 1852, from which it was performed, under the *baton* of my dear friend Manus, at a benefit concert for Mr. Scheurmann somewhere in the fifties, and at the Central Palace in 1866, at the German Charity Concert after Sadowa. Benedict, Miss Zimmermann, Miss Kinkel, and Mr. Ganz played it on the latter occasion, I believe. On the former one, Pauer and Silas are the only two of the four that I can remember. Has it at last been published? Yours sempiternally, [G.]

Signor Mario at Rome.

The London *World* in a recent issue says:

If you drop in at Morteo's any evening on your way from the opera you are pretty sure to see a group of the Italian *jeunesse* round one of the small tables, generally a corner one. They are carrying on an animated conversation. Though you are out of ear-shot, you can easily divine that many good things are being said. There is the distinct sparkle of life and high spirits about them all; but there is one who in appearance forms a striking contrast to the others. If you were to judge from his bright, clear eye and fresh complexion, you would think him the youngest of the group; but his well-kept moustache and hair are as white as frosted silver.

He came in half an hour ago to eat his supper, and he has collected a little group around him, some seated, some standing. Others, as they finish their meal, go across the room to salute him, and join the conversation for a few minutes. Many of the new comers linger there until they are served. You are curious to know who this hero of Morteo's can be. You have seen him often years ago, but you can scarcely be expected to recognize his snowy locks and beard. He is Mario, Marchese di Candia in the Kingdom of Italy, and prince of tenors in the realms of Olio and Euterpe.

It is not wonderful if the stranger jumps to the conclusion that the light-hearted, well-dressed Mario must be well off. The truth is that Mario disdains to betray the appearance of poverty, just as, when a refugee in Paris, forty years ago, the pride which caused him to refuse the offered assistance he saw no probability of being able to repay made him turn his talents to account before the foot-lights. He left his country for political reasons—self-banished if you will, but banished all the same. He entered the Military Academy of Turin when eleven years old; distinguished himself there and from 1829 to 1836 was on the staff, first of his father, the Marchese Stefano, General de Candia, who was Governor of Nice, and then of General de Maistre, who wrote "Un Voyage autour de ma Chambre." At this time Mario and a number of his brother officers were ardent members of the Young Italy party. One day he received a sudden intimation that he must start on the moment with despatches for Sardinia. The Bianca was to sail that night and he was to go in her. But the circumstances aroused his suspicions. On going home to his rooms, instead of preparing to start on his mission, he sent immediately for one of his closest friends, confided some notes to him, put on a disguise and disappeared into an obscure lodging, where he remained in hiding until he was able to escape to Marseilles. If he was to be denounced as a deserter, he had the consciousness of saving his honor from imputations which he might never be able to remove.

HIS FIRST APPEARANCE.

He had no intention of abandoning a military career. He hoped to get a commission in the French army in Algiers, with the Carlists in Spain, or in the Greek service. In London the Duke of Wellington was very kind to him, but no opening was to be found. Live as economically as he could, the money he had with him was rapidly becoming exhausted. At last he determined to try his fortunes in America, where many other of his countrymen were teaching Italian under assumed names. He took his berth; was packing for his journey, when he met with an accident which caused him to lose his passage and forfeit the £40 he had paid for it. In despair he returned to Paris. Friends there interested themselves with the Sardinian Government on his behalf, and succeeded in obtaining a promise that he should be restored to his former rank, on condition of his seclusion in a French fortress for six months, and afterwards serving six months as a private in his own regiment. The ordeal of serving in the ranks where he had once commanded was too much for him.

In the meantime, Meyerbeer, who had heard him sing, offered to prepare him for the stage and secure him an engagement at the Grand Opera. This was the lesser evil of the two; he could not starve, he would not borrow, and he accepted it. Meyerbeer prolonged his stay in Paris eight months to drill him in his role of *Robert le Diable*, and Fanny Ellsler taught him to walk the boards. "I shall never forget her goodness," says Mario: "dancers generally have brains only in their feet, but she was a woman of great intelligence. She began by caricaturing the way I walked, and taught me more than any one else. On the 4th of December, 1838, I made my first appearance. I had no fear about my voice, but I felt as if I were about to ascend the scaffold. I then fully understood what must be the feeling of a political prisoner going to execution, and the struggle he has to make to bear himself like a man of courage and a gentleman. When I got before the footlights I felt as if I were under the influence of a fearful nightmare. I saw nothing but a multitude of eyes—eyes everywhere. I was successful; but then you know the house was filled with my friends. They were there to give me a hand to rise, and I owed my success to them. And then again I was splendidly supported: Levasseur sang the part of Bertrand, which Meyerbeer had written for him; Dorus Gras, that of Alice, and Mlle. Neaux that of the Princess. Fanny Ellsler was the Abbess."

In the spring of 1839 he came out in London in

the part of *Gennaro* in "Lucrezia Borgia," the other characters being sustained by Grist, Lablache, Tamburini, "and if I remember rightly," says Mario, "Marietta Brambilla." It was a great success, certainly; but then, you know it was the first time 'Lucrezia' was sung at Her Majesty's; then there was the romance about my past. I had known many of the best families in London when I was there a year before, and society had more to do in sustaining my first appearance in London than any merits of my own. You must remember that Rubini was still deservedly held in great esteem. No, I never sang in Italy or in Germany. I had promised my brother, who became General de Candia, that I would never appear on the Italian stage."

MARIO AT HOME.

Mario lives in the Corso, not far from the Piazza del Popolo. If you call upon him between the months of May and November, he will receive you in a spacious suite of rooms, a series of salons, elegantly, if not luxuriously furnished. The walls are covered with paintings, chiefly portraits of his family—his father, his mother, his children, Grist. There are busts in marble and in bronze of Grist and of his children. He took the house years ago, when rents had risen to fabulous prices and cunning landlords would only let on long leases. He must keep it on or relet it for half he pays. When he was obliged to admit the stranger within his walls he took all his lares down into three little rooms—once the servants' rooms—on the *entresol*, and a fourth on the ground floor. Into these you must penetrate—if you can—to find out what manner of man Mario is. You might have been acquainted with him for twenty years, living in a handsome apartment, with plenty of money in his pocket, and still have failed to discover the full extent of his attainments, his intellectual needs and strivings, and how little more than a part of the mechanical formation of the man was the voice which made him famous. If you went by chance into the rooms he now occupies not knowing who lived in them, you would be puzzled to make out whether the inhabitant was a student, a sculptor, a painter, a musician, a cabinet-maker, a wood-carver or an archæologist, or whether indeed you had not been translated into Don Quixote's sanctuary. Take the middle room: it is about twelve feet square. A table and a chair placed side ways by it stand in the centre—an old battered arm-chair, with high back, the only available seat in the room. There are books everywhere. Those that lie open on the table treat of the forgotten languages, Etruscan especially. For the rest, one notices a box with well-used color tubes and brushes, some palette, a number of bottles of varnishes and pigments, gimlets, screw-drivers, modeling tools, notes of invitation, visitors' cards and cigar-boxes. Around the apartment, heaped up on the floor, against the walls, on some plain deal shelves, upon a chest of drawers, filled all of them with autographs, are hundreds of dusty volumes, portfolios of prints and drawings and pieces of old armor. On the walls are hanging plaster casts of hands and feet from the life sketches in oil and water colors, tobacco-pipes and all kinds of arms—not stage properties; those and his costumes he parted with long ago. In one corner there is a modeling-stool, with a little bust in progress upon it, and behind it stand some lances and long bows. The little bed in a corner is overlaid with portfolios, and sometimes he has to toss the mattress over to find the prints which he wants lying beneath it. The room on the ground floor, to which you descend by a little dark staircase barely three feet wide, is the workshop where Mario does his cabinet making and carving—where he converts some old wooden fluted columns into a mantelpiece reaching up to the ceiling for one of the rooms in the *piano nobile* above, produces a handsome piece of furniture out of some early renaissance carved and gilt consoles, or makes anything else he wants, from plain book-shelves, to that pretty carved letter-box on the inside of the workshop door, which opens on the side of the entrance hall from the street.

All his music—the works of more than a hundred masters, and many English numbered among them—lies piled on the floor of the third little room above his joiner's shop, and fills the greater part of it. "I have never had time," said Mario, "to arrange it since I came down here; but now I am going to send it to my native town of Cagliari. They have founded a musical club there and paid me the compliment of calling it 'The Mario,' so, instead of putting all this music in order, I shall get rid of a nuisance and have the credit at the

same time." The only part of his strangely crowded quarters where any order exists is that devoted to his collection of works on music. He has long had an idea of preparing a history of music; but an idea it remains, though he commenced to collect materials for the purpose years ago. He ransacked the library of the British Museum, copying many curious examples of antique scores and ancient glees. He collected old MS. music in all the countries he visited. In an old Mass book he picked up at Toledo he found the original (?) setting of the "Last Rose of Summer."

As you see Mario sitting at the opposite side at Moreo's, you would never think he had known a moment's trouble. If you can obtain the *entrée* in Roman society, you will constantly meet him in that in which he was born, ever welcome, ever surrounded by the younger men.

LABLACHE.—Mr. Chorley, in his "Musical Biography," says: "Musical history contains no account of a bass singer so gifted by nature, so accomplished by art, and so popular without measure or drawback as Louis Lablache."

"His shoe was as big as a child's bath tub, and one could have clad a child in one of his gloves; yet he was so perfectly artistic in dress and bearing that the spectator was never shocked by his abnormal size. There are many laughable anecdotes told of his immensity. Here is one: One winter's day, while in Paris, a violent shower of rain obliged the basso to seek refuge in the entrance of a passage, and soon afterwards a young *gamin* bethought himself of the same shelter. To enter a passage, however, barricaded by a Lablache was no easy matter, especially when the gigantic basso had his elbows extended under an ample cloak, and awayed from one side of the passage to the other. The boy, tired of dodging the living gate, took hold of a corner of the giant's cloak, and pulling it lustily, cried, 'Cordon, s'il vous plait!' the expression used at Paris when the porter is requested to open the door. Lablache entered into the humor of the position, and, as he let the boy pass, imitated the motion of a door turning on its hinges."

Doctors of Music.

There are men who read and know the contents of multitudes of books, but who cannot write any books worth reading, except dictionaries. There are others who, with very little book learning, write books which benefit and give pleasure to thousands. The first are men of learning, the others men of genius; but the learning and the genius are seldom to be found in one individual. Musical learning is extremely valuable; Doctors of Music should be consulted by people musically ill, and in need of advice, just as Medical Doctors are consulted by those who are suffering from any bodily ailment. They should also be trusted with implicit confidence, in cases in which they all agree. Of course, if there can only be three opinions upon any matter in question, and three different doctors hold these three different opinions, they are utterly useless upon that matter—the patient may as well be his own doctor either of music or medicine, as the case may require.

It is marvellous what strange notions people have concerning a Doctor of Music. They seem to think that he is some one who can compose and perform music better than any one else who is not a Doctor of Music; whereas, in some cases, the great learning of the doctor supplies the reason why his compositions are worthless as works of art, however valuable they may be as specimens of scientific musicianship. Music as an art is one thing, music as a science is another; a Doctor of Music is a doctor of the science of music, who, like everybody else, may, or may not, be an artist; and, equally like everybody else, probably is not an artist.

In order to obtain the degree of LL.D. from an English University, the person seeking it must prove himself to be a highly learned man, who, though from lack of ideas of his own, he may not be able to write a book worth reading, is fully competent to correct grammatical and other mistakes in the books of those who have ideas of their own, which they, from lack of learning, are unable to impart to others. The Doctor of Music has to produce similar proof—a man must possess his full share of brains, and make good use of them too, in order to obtain this degree from an English University; but, having obtained it, he is entitled to teach musical students with the same authority as that with which a physician teaches medical students. It is likewise his business to cure musical disorders. "But," perhaps you will say, "Musical Doctors differ in opinion—differ in 'theory.' True; and physicians also differ—there are Allopathic, Homœopathic, and Hydropathic

Physicians. Likewise Allopathic Doctors of Music, who treat you freely; Homœopathic, who keep you to strict musical diet; and Hydropathic, who throw cold water over you whenever they get a chance—these latter should be consulted by those only who have strong musical constitutions, otherwise there is some risk of permanent chill.

If the learning of our musical doctors were utilized as it ought to be, the waste of much good metal, good paper, and good ink, might be avoided; to say nothing of the waste of skilled labor, by the employment of workmen upon useless work. At the office of each journal in which music is reviewed, every week is delivered a quantity of songs, pianoforte pieces, and hymn-tunes, the greater part of which is not only not worth reviewing, but it is an act of charity to the composers to pass in silence. Some are the productions of people who evidently have something to say, but do not know how to say it; these cause a smile upon perusal similar to that which we try to suppress when we hear a foreigner talking in broken English, but they are always worth notice, and the best advice that could be given by the composers would be that they should consult some Homœopathic Doctor of Music before rushing into print again. Others might have been written by Mrs. Partington, a lady noted for her constant use of grand words of which she knows not the meaning; these composers should be committed to the tender mercies of the Hydropathic musical practitioner, with a view to the improvement of their general system by means of frequent shocks produced by a judicious but frequent application of cold water. Others are the work of men with "music in their soul"—men who are "moved by concourse of sweet 'sound'"—men who write from the heart, not from the head. They sometimes make bad consecutive fifths, and use false relations; but they generally resolve their discords intuitively. These require the services of an Allopathic doctor; they should be taught that the head must assist, though it should not control, the heart. To put a man of this class under a course of Musical Hydropathy would be sheer cruelty; he would be far too severely shocked, if his doctor were to say—"Here are two fifths, *ergo* this entire composition is utter rubbish." Then there are others in which the composers have less than nothing to say, but say it very elegantly and grammatically. These are bad cases, confirmed, chronic—cure is hopeless—"physicians are in vain"; the best advice for these is—if they have good intellect, and do not mind work—to become Doctors of Music; otherwise they would do better by taking to chimney-sweeping, or some other suitable occupation.

In conclusion, if nineteen out of twenty new pieces of music were submitted in manuscript to learned musicians, they would never be printed; and the composers, in after years, would be glad that they paid their money to the Doctor of Music, instead of wasting it in spilling metal and paper. Considering the progress which music is now making, in all probability we shall ere long find Musical Doctors at home for consultation from 10 until 2; and it will be a benefit not only to the doctors themselves, but to others—if they obtain numerous patients, each bringing his Malady in his pocket. The following words of wisdom, by Mr. Ella, should form a part of every prescription; they apply to composers and players alike:—"Intellect, however exalted, without strong feelings, can never achieve the high purposes of art; and the musician who betrays no emotion in playing the inspired and inspiring *chefs d'œuvre* of the classics, is not to be envied. The player, absorbed in the earnest 'labor of love,' alike indifferent to appearance or manner, at once enchains the heart, and captivates the willing auditor. It is the same in an actor, 'whose rare talent, after all,' says Erskine, 'has its seat in the superior sensibilities of the mind, which identify him for the moment with the characters he represents.' Without this nature, even with *irritable* sensibility, an orator, in public discourse, arising out of sudden occasions, could never be eloquent. The musician alike animated by the excitement of his theme, by some sudden stroke of impulse makes captive his hearer, and triumphs over his feelings. This is the power of genius in musical expression."—*London Musical Standard*.

ALBANI'S WEDDING.—"Cherubino," of the London *Figaro*, tells us: The wedding of Mdle. Emma Albani with Mr. Ernest Gye is fixed to take place at half-past eleven o'clock on Tuesday, August 6, at the Roman Catholic chapel in Warwick-street, Regent-street. The

space in the chapel is very limited, and it will, I believe, be reserved for the invited guests, the more intimate friends and influential admirers of the great prima donna. It is even possible that Mdlle. Albani would have preferred a more quiet wedding, or, at any rate, that the knowledge of the forthcoming event should have been confined to her personal friends. But popularity, while it has its privileges, has also its penalties, and the large body of opera-goers and lovers of art will not be deprived of the pleasure of wishing godspeed to the greatest of living British born operatic artists. Englishmen are naturally proud of the fact that Emma LaJeunesse, although, as her name implies, of French origin, was born and brought up in Canada, as a subject of the Queen. Nor has she for the high position she has gained any one to thank but herself. Without any great influence, and almost without friends, she made her *début* at Albany, and almost equally unknown she first appeared here. The advance she has made in her profession has been due neither to the possession of a phenomenal voice nor to the adoption of the many artifices by which candidates for operatic favors have, from the origin of opera, managed to attain a fleeting notoriety. A brief but brilliant career has been the result of study and perseverance, and she has gained the high position she now occupies by sheer force of artistic merit. Nor is this all. Beloved for her unvarying courtesy and characteristic urbanity by all with whom she has been brought in contact, Emma Albani has, like her great predecessors, Teresa Titians and Euphrosyne Parepa, gained the deep respect and esteem of all classes of society for her possession of the many private virtues which ennoble the character of English women. By her marriage with Mr. Ernest Gye, a typical Englishman, Mdlle. Albani will consolidate her connection with this country, and all opera-goers and lovers of music will join in wishing with all heartiness a long and happy married life to a lady who is honored as she is loved."

We have the same authority for the following statements about the eagerly expected Opera (Mapleson's) in New York:

In addition to Signor Foll, Signor Campanini, Miss Minnie Hauk, Mdlle. Bauermeister, and Signor del Puente have already signed engagements to accompany Mr. Mapleson to the United States. So that "Carmen" will be performed at the New York Academy of Music with the original London cast.

THE New York critics, while they have excited the expectations of the American public to the utmost by the report of the Mapleson season at the Academy of Music, are beginning to complain that the entire scheme is not yet published. I have already stated all that is at present decided. Signor Arditi, the nucleus of a band, the complete chorus of Her Majesty's Theatre, with the best artists of that establishment, will form an artistic phalanx hitherto unknown in the United States. The complete list of the probable troupe is ready; but Mr. Mapleson, with a very proper appreciation of the character of the American people, his dislike of humbug and pretence, is unwilling to publish the names until the artists have actually signed. Mr. Mapleson desires to have no secrets, and as each artist signs the name will be announced; but the director, with a wisdom the American people will appreciate, declines to make any promise until he is certain to be able to carry them out.

ROSSINI is, it appears, no longer good enough for the Italians, and the lovers of the more modern schools of Marchetti and Ponchielli have resolved to touch up his masterpieces. A certain Signor Graffigna, then, has just rewritten "Il Barbiere di Siviglia." He has, it is announced, used the same libretto, the same divisions of numbers, and, as far as possible, the same melodies but he has eliminated the florid ornamentation, has scored the recitatives, and — *mirabile dictu!* — has "rewritten the orchestration." The new work is to be produced at Venice in the course of the autumn. There is, happily no chance of its performance here, for, with all our faults, and despite the fact that *Il Trovatore* considers us an unmusical nation, we prefer Rossini unadulterated to Rossini improved by Graffigna. — *Figaro*.

"HAMLET" AT COVENT GARDEN.—That curious mélange of Carré and Barbier, with a dash of Achille de Lauzières, set to music by M. Ambroise Thomas, and entitled "Hamlet," was revived for the first and only time this season at Covent Garden on Tuesday. "Hamlet," in its operatic form, can, it is feared, never be accepted by English people as the "Hamlet" of Shakespeare. It hardly agrees with our insular ideas that *Hamlet* should warble "To be or not to be," seated on a sofa, that the melancholy Dane should sing a drinking song to the players, or that *Ophelia* should sing the "Willow"

song in the midst of a bevy of short-skirted dancers. Time was when at Covent Garden the chief attraction of M. Thomas' opera was the fine creation of *Hamlet* by M. Faure. Now, however, Signor Cotogni plays the rôle, and the opera attracts once in the season solely for the sake of the *Ophelia* of Mdlle. Albani. And, indeed, the talents of the artist might well render interesting even a duller work than "Hamlet." The part is one which suits her admirably, and of it the prima donna has been able to create a character which is at once forcible, poetic, and refined. To speak again in detail of an impersonation which is, happily, so well known, would, however, be a work of supererogation. Mdlle. Albani again made her special "points" in the great scene with *Hamlet* in the gardens of the palace, and in the last scene of all, where the hapless maiden is borne down the stream. Indeed, Mdlle. Albani has rarely sung the "Willow" song so beautifully, nor has she made a deeper impression in a situation which, in the hands of anyone but an artist of the highest class, would be fraught with danger. — *Ibid*, July 26.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 3, 1878.

Twenty-five Years Ago.—A Memorable Chamber Concert.

In looking over the first year's file of our Journal, we came upon our report (March 5, 1853) of a rare musical feast which some of our readers will be pleased to have recalled to mind. At all events it seems to us so much more interesting than anything we feel just now prepared to write, that,—being also in the vacation mood, inclined to take the current editorial duties easily, while we are, as it were, putting the old ship through certain needful repairs and improvements for another season's cruise,—that we have resolved to reproduce the record here. It was a concert given by our esteemed townsman, Otto Dresel,—at the close of his first series, during the first year of his residence in Boston. That first series of soirées was held in a little out-of-the-way upper hall in Tremont Street, opposite the Tremont House; but the most appreciative and select sort of listeners regularly found their way there. Most of the compositions on the programme were entirely new to our little musical world at that time; and they are but a small fraction of the repertoire of the very choicest classical masterworks which this true artist was the first to introduce into our concert rooms.

Our musical host trebled his hospitality and gave us his friends JAKEL and SCHARFENBERG besides himself. The meeting in this way of three such admirable pianists, three such artists, dedicating their skill to the interpretation of the best of music, to choice and unfamiliar works of Bach and Beethoven and Hummel, was an occasion that could not fail to fill the little "upper chamber," as some have humorously called it, with the best kind of audience.

1. Each item of the programme was an *event*. And not by any means a common or an inconsiderable event was the prefacing of the other selections with an original Trio (for piano, violin and 'cello), which had fire and strength, beauty and originality enough to hold the audience in charmed attention throughout four long movements, even after such trios as we have been used exclusively to hear. We think most of the company were taken by surprise; nothing in times past has prepared us to expect much from the announcement by a concert-giver of an original composition. And if Mr. DRESSEL yields the palm of facile and effective execution (which by the way he never claimed) to JAKEL and others, he has here more than made good his title to the char-

acter of artist and musician in the most worthy sense, by the production of a work in a form in which mediocrity could have no disguise, and in which success is as surely genuine as it is in this day very rare;—a work which had the honor of Mendelssohn's own correcting hand, and of which we had heard Mr. D's brother artists here say: "There has been no such Trio written in these last six years." Doubtless there were some staunch worshippers of Haydn and Mozart (who take in Beethoven also, just by way of *coda*), who could not find great pleasure in a thing so "modern." But no one could deny that it contained *ideas*,—themes interesting, characteristic, happily contrasted, opening novel surprises as often as theme or countertheme or episode occurred in each of the several movements; nor that these various *motives* were strongly and logically worked through and knit into the unity of a fair whole; nor that there was everywhere a faultless beauty of musical form, everything coming round and out again just right without relapsing into common-place endings. The first movement (*Allegro Appassionato*) and the last (*Allegro con fuoco*), exhibited the most fire and sustained vigor, kindred to each other as the first and last movements should be, and yet with as much inspiration in the last as in the first. The Adagio was full of beauty and deep sentiment, in its sombre modulations sometimes quite Beethovenish. The Scherzo was perhaps more common and fantasia-like in its light and swift *arpeggios*; but exquisitely graceful, refined and sunshiny in its delicate playfulness, if not amounting to humor; while the trio thereof was decidedly interesting. The whole involved much difficult execution, and the composer gave not only a distinct but eloquent rendering of his own thoughts. Messrs. SCHULTZ and BERGMANN did sympathetic justice to the string parts.

2. From the newest to the oldest;—yet to the audience literally new, while in quality it has the perennial newness and freshness of genius. The (D minor) Concerto of Sebastian Bach, for three pianos, with string quartet accompaniment,—this was really the great feature of the evening. This work has been much played in Germany of late years; and it is the piece in which Mendelssohn once, in London, distinguished himself to such advantage over Moscheles and Thalberg, by the remarkable cadence which he extemporized, after each part, by previous understanding, essayed the like at points indicated in the preceding movements; that remarkable triumph has become a tradition in London. Our three pianists attempted no such flights, but adhered to the written text. This Concerto was only for the first time published in 1845, and owes its origin, it is said, to the fact that the father wished to exercise his two oldest sons, W. Friedemann and C. Ph. Emanuel, in all sorts of delivery. Friedemann left the paternal house and went to Dresden in 1733, at the age of twenty-three; Emanuel went to Berlin in 1738, at the age of twenty-four. Hence it is presumed that this Concerto was composed before 1733, and in the most brilliant period of the grand old master's creative activity. The editor of the score directs by way of preface that: "The string accompaniments should be kept subdued and delicate; the three pianos must be of equal strength and excellence, but all the better for a little variety in coloring of tone. The three players must wholly lay aside the more *modern* style of playing, never raise the dampers, but carry their parts through with sobriety, delicacy and in strict time. Neither one must wish to be prominent above his fellows, since they all three have equal right, and there are only a few passages more for the first piano. The hammering and lifeless mode of playing, now-a-days sometimes esteemed *Bachish*, must be utterly avoided; for the old pianists (harpsichordists) sang upon their instruments, and delivered the music with warmth, nay with inspiration, and yet *con discrezione*,—or with modesty, as they used to call it."

We think we may say that these conditions were on Wednesday evening pretty nearly fulfilled. JAKEL took the first piano, his by right of almost unlimited facility of execution; and his was most

distinctly heard, as a matter of course, being the highest part and having more of the expansion and ornamental part of the melody; yet that the second and third, SCHARFENBERG and DRESSEL, were not wanting, was evident from the perfect unity with which all moved together, and from the general breadth and fullness of tone, especially where the vigorous and noble themes so often ran in unison. The pianos were three of Chickering's newest (not exactly equal, the first being of seven, the others of six octaves,—but either of them a "Grand" compared with anything that old Bach's boys had to play on; all of beautiful and refined tone, and great evenness throughout, surpassing even those esteemed his best before his manufactory was destroyed by fire; indeed these new instruments seem to have come out tried and purified, as it were, from "the refiner's fire." The accompaniments, by Messrs. Schultze, and Melsel, (violin), Meyer (viola) and Bergmann and Balcke (cello and contra-basso on one part,) were delicately and neatly given, though it was difficult to subdue the piercing violin tones fully to the standard of the pianos. Of the music itself what shall we say? Let no one henceforth talk of Bach as dry and learned; for here every movement was full of charm and humanity, of poetry and wisdom;—in a word of genius, the most sound and wholesome and harmonious. With no pretention; none of the modern straining for effect, no curious episodes or strange modulations, how the mingling strains of melody flowed on like a full, clear, limpid river, as if from an exhaustless source, yet with no waste, and to an unwavering goal! The neatness, the transparency, the easy continuous on-flow of the music, so large and strong in the first movement, were perfectly refreshing to the sense and satisfying to the soul; here was "no nonsense," and no stupid gravity in the avoidance thereof. It realized the most loving traditions of Bach. The second movement, in the six-eight Siciliano rhythm, opens with the faintest, and most delicately piquant style of melody that could be imagined,—sweet and full of sensibility and poetry, however,—and soon proves its right to be dainty, by melting and running away in a right hearty, frank and affectionately cheerful stream of melody, until the pause, filled by the airy little cadence from Jaell's flying fingers, and the good old fashioned, orthodox Adagio half-close leading at once into the Allegro Fugue; of course Bach could not get through without that; and how beautiful the theme of that fugue! how gracefully passed about, till its outline, everywhere reflected in the mingling currents of the instruments, had that unity in variety that you see in the wavy surface of the full mountain brook descending to the plain and spreading swiftly yet composedly along over the motley, fairy pebbles and mosses. Every now and then there seemed to be little momentary breaks, where one part after another would nimbly shoot across in a spray of soft and rapid little demi-semiquavers,—and so merrily and swimmingly on to the end, which seems the outlet into wider and still waters.

3. Beethoven's Sonata-duo, in F, one of his most fascinating, clear, and perfect compositions, with its lovely Allegro, its profound Adagio, its absolutely witty little Scherzo, and Rondo worthy to conclude the whole, was finely played by DRESSEL and SCHULTZE,—indeed, the violin of the latter seemed particularly expressive. This was, not without reason, in the opinion of many, the gem of the evening, and ended the first part.

4. Part II. opened with some piano solos, played by Mr. DRESSEL, with his characteristic nicety of expression. These were an *Etude*, in A flat, by Chopin, the *Marcia Funebre* from the Sonata by the same, unspeakably solemn in the main movement, and tenderly pathetic in the trio; and an animated, fairy kind of Waltz, by Stephen Heller, one of the most poetic of the new pianists.

5. Finally the Septet, by Hummel, the most delightful, fresh and genial composition that we remember to have heard by that master. This gave full scope to the clean, firm, even and unflinching execution of that conscientious classical pianist, Mr. SCHARFENBERG. As a mere pianoforte performance, it was the grand achievement of the evening; the modest, manly, quiet certainty with which the difficult and long continuous passages were carried through, with the precision of clock-work, and yet with truest appreciation of all that sought expression in the music, mingled respect with pleasure in the audience. The accompaniments (for flute, oboe, horn, viola, violoncello, and double-bass,) played by members of the "Germania Society," blended in with a most grateful warmth

of coloring; some of those effects from Herr Küstner's horn, (especially in that passage of the trio to the Scherzo, where its mellow monotone, sounding on, as if rescuing the last chord from dying into silence, leads back the theme and sets all the instruments at work with it again,) were quite enchanting. The Septet was a luxurious feast of tones.

So was indeed the entire concert. And looking back upon it, one of the most interesting features was the marked, yet harmonious contrast of the three pianists. DRESSEL, nervous, fastidious, self-exacting, critical, anxiously loyal to an artistic ideal, caring mainly for the music and the master's thought, and despising all parade of mere performance, somewhat moody withal, and with a touch of genius in him;—JAEHL, happy as the day is long, plump-full of music to his finger ends, reveling in unbounded faculty of execution, able and happy to interpret (and always with true and characteristic, as well as polished, elegant expression) the works of all sorts of masters,—a sort of young Rossini, or Alboni of the piano;—and SCHARFENBERG, the quietest, and most balanced of the three, with less of genius than the first, less of child-like exuberance of strength and nervous energy than the second, yet more of the sound and practical *morale* of a substantial artist, perhaps, than either. He is the natural middle of the group; and all are large and genuine enough to meet like brothers on the common ground of Art. The contrast in their styles of playing is in correspondence with the characters and faces of the men. Jaell has a touch unrivalled for limpid purity and roundness of tone, never shows a painful sign of exertion, and marches smilingly through all the difficult music that anybody ever wrote, as through a perpetual banquet hall. Dresel is as unlike this as possible; his nervous manner, as if in close mortal conflict with difficulties, his crisp, *staccato*, critically nice touch, his sacrifice of literalities and common readings to carefully refined, characteristic conceptions of an author or a tempo, his tendency to be himself the poet in his readings of the great tone-poets,—all this charms the like-minded and wins upon the thoughtful, but is apt to prepossess unfavorably those who look most to externals, or who regard a pianist more with reference to his instrument and the right humoring thereof, or his public, and the right humoring thereof also, than they do with main reference to musical expression. He does not pretend to the character of a great executant and many times would rather see Jaell ride some *cheval de bataille* of a favorite master, than to mount the hard-mouthed Pegasus himself. Scharfenberg, like a sound, loyal artist, renders all his music with unblemished accuracy, and manly absence of all nonsense and all weakness. We may think it a privilege to have heard them all. Would that this fortunate conjunction of good stars might longer last!

Chaucer's Verse Again.

MR. EDITOR:—In your last issue a correspondent, "A. W. T.," makes some remarks with reference to the opinion which I expressed about the musical character of Chaucer's verse, in the course of a recent article of mine in the *Journal*, entitled, "Poets and Composers." A. W. T. has altogether mistaken my meaning; this is of course due to my not having expressed myself in a sufficiently clear manner, rather than to any bluntness of perception on his part. I meant to say that, from a musical standpoint, Chaucer's verse is unmusical to our modern ears. The now obsolete accentuation strikes our ears as rude and forced; therefore, musically, but not literally, Chaucer's verse compared to our modern English verse, lacks half a foot, and in some verses a whole foot. Moreover, the French and German pronunciations to be found in the verse of the acknowledged "father of English poetry" grate with additional harshness upon our modern ears.

Read what Johnson wrote about Dryden:—"The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shown by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers." Now read what Dryden wrote about Chaucer's verse:—"The verse of Chaucer, I confess, is not harmonious to us; but it is like the eloquence of one whom Tacitus commends—it was *arbitrio istius temporis accommodata*. They who lived with him and some time after him, thought it musical, and it continues so ever in our judgment, if compared with the numbers of Lydgate and Gower, his contemporaries; there is a rude sweetness of a Scotch tune in it, which is natural and pleasing, though not perfect. It is true, I cannot go so far as he who published the last edition of him; for he would make us believe the fault is in our ears, and that there were really ten syllables in a verse where we find but nine. But this opinion is not worth confuting; it is so gross and obvious an error, that common sense (which is a rule in everything but matters of faith and revelation,) must convince the reader that equality of num-

bers in every verse which we call heroic was either not known, or not always practised in Chaucer's age. It were an easy matter to produce some thousands of his verses which are lame for want of half a foot, and sometimes a whole one, and which no pronunciation can make otherwise. We can only say that he lived in the infancy of our poetry, and that nothing is brought to perfection at the first."

With this fuller illustration, I reiterate the remarks which I have already expressed upon this subject.

GEORGE T. BULLING.

THE third part of GROVE'S DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS, (of which we have already given an admirable specimen) is almost ready for distribution, and we are glad to learn from the publishers (Macmillan & Co., New York,) that the work is meeting with the success its excellence so abundantly deserves.

THE MISFORTUNES OF GILMORE'S BAND.—Dr. Hanslick's letter, translated on our first page, gives far from a flattering report of the Music at the Paris Exposition taken altogether. America was oddly represented by the irrepressible Jubilee Gilmore and his Band, and already have they come to grief. We read in the *New York Tribune*:

The European excursion of Gilmore's band has ended: the band has broken up, a part of the members being in England, and a part remaining in Paris, awaiting remittances from home to enable them to return. A gentleman of this city, who was greatly interested in Gilmore's success, and who accompanied him to the steamer when he sailed from this city, said yesterday that Gilmore had failed in Europe because he had acted contrary to the advice of his best friends. They had urged him not to attempt to spend the season in Paris, but to give a grand concert on the Fourth of July, and then start for home immediately. Events had shown the wisdom of this advice. He had been successful in England, fairly so in Ireland, and the first concert at Paris had paid well. Everything else had been a failure. Gilmore had taken little or no money with him, and it was supposed few of the men had taken much; and, as they had failed to pay expenses, it was likely that most of them would have to depend on remittances in order to return. They had even lost a part of the money they made in England, for Mr. Grare, their agent, had run off with 3000 francs. Inquiries were made in musical circles as to the causes of Gilmore's failure; whether it was to be attributed to bad management or to circumstances which could not have been foreseen nor avoided. The general impression was that the only bad management of which Mr. Gilmore could be accused justly, was in attempting to compete for any length of time with the French and other continental military bands, the best of which were giving free open-air concerts every night in Paris during the summer. Among these the orchestra from the Theatre of La Scala at Milan, and the orchestra from Turin under Carl Pedrotti were mentioned. It was the height of folly, it was said, for Gilmore to place any dependence on the Americans visiting the Paris Exhibition this summer, for Americans didn't go abroad to hear music which they could hear at home. It was through the efforts of Americans that the picnic in the Bois de Boulogne had been gotten up, and there their interest in Gilmore seemed to have ceased.

Another gentleman, "well-known in musical circles," informs the *Sun*:

"When the band first appeared in Paris the people laughed at it on account of its extraordinary uniform. The men wore red and blue coats and trousers, but they had no sidearms and no shakos, and the Parisians could not understand a military band without these. They laughed at the small caps that the Americans wore, and said that they looked more like servants or lackeys than anything else. The French found fault because the band allowed a lady to sing at their concerts. They said it wasn't etiquette for a lady vocalist to appear on the platform with a brass band. They ridiculed and made fun of the troupe in all sorts of ways, and although the American consul-general and others got them up a picnic in the Bois de Boulogne, it was no use. The material that Gilmore had along with him was good enough for Boston or Albany, or for a popular concert in New York, but it was nothing at the Exhibition. Why, there were military bands giving free concerts in every park in Paris that beat the Americans out and out. . . . It was lucky for them that they didn't go to Germany. They would have fared worse there, if possible, than in Paris. What could they expect to do at five francs admission in a country where the entrance fee to the finest music halls in the world is ten cents?"

Mme. Seiler's School of Vocal Art in Philadelphia.

It gives us pleasure to print the following report (written at our request) by that energetic and enthusiastic teacher,—one of the authorities in vocal culture—Mme. Emma Seiler, of the remarkable school founded by her and still under her charge. A theatre, with performances of whole operas, in a school, is something unique, at least in America.

MY DEAR MR. DWIGHT,—It gives me great satisfaction, that I can tell you, in looking back over the results of my work in the past school year, of a constant improvement. As it has been from the beginning of the School of Vocal Art, so the past season has shown a constant increase in the number of pupils. The school reopened September, 1877, with 84 pupils, showing an increase of 30 over the corresponding time of the previous year; it closed in June with 112 pupils; that is with an increase of 28 over the year before.

As the school has only been in existence three years, and as the full course of study embraces four years, the first graduation can not take place until the next season (1878-1879.)

The progress of the pupils in every branch of music taught in the school, can be called much more satisfactory than in the previous year; which must be attributed to the growing experience and improvement of my assistant teachers. This enables us now to have performances of Oratorios, without any artistic help from outside the school, as we have a very good chorus of well-trained voices and singers enough to fill the solo parts satisfactorily.

Beside our chorus, we have a well-trained ladies' Quartette and a Quartette of male voices.

The following operas have been studied and performed, each as a whole (without omission), in costume and with the appropriate scenery on a stage:—*The Freischütz*, by Weber; *Orpheus*, by Gluck; *Marta*, by Flotow; *Jessonda*, by Spohr, and the *Magic Flute*, by Mozart.

In the class for Church music the *Stabat Mater*, by Pergolesi, was studied and performed in a concert, besides different sacred compositions by Mendelssohn, Mozart, Haydn, Schubert, etc., and the music for our Church choir. (The School of Vocal Art was asked to provide the Church of our Saviour in Philadelphia with singers and organist for a certain sum; in these situations pupils of ours have been employed during the last year, and are engaged also for the future.)

Many of the more advanced pupils are singing in various other Churches, and are often asked to sing for money in concerts; especially the Ladies' Quartette, which is becoming very popular under the name of "The American Ladies' Quartette."

In composition, also, the progress of the pupils becomes more perceptible. The young ladies of the Quartette, for instance, arrange songs for four parts themselves, and compose very pretty original Quartets.

The increased number of the pupils has made it necessary to move the school into a larger building, which has been procured at 1104 Walnut-street.

From the enclosed circular you will see that there have been added, for next year's course, classes for sight reading, for the cultivation of children's voices; and also the number of singing lessons for the more advanced pupils is augmented.

For gifted and industrious pupils, who want the money to finish their course of study, there exists a tuition fund, from which they can borrow money under the condition of paying it back as soon as they are able to do so.

This tuition fund was founded through contributions and the proceeds of concerts given by the pupils of the school.

EMMA SMILER.

Mendelssohn's "Loreley" at the Baltimore Academy of the Visitation.

BALTIMORE, JULY 8. — At the institution whose name heads this letter, on the occasion of the Forty-first Distribution of Prizes, the programme contained a musical feature of such unusual merit, that it is strange no special mention was made of it in the reports given by the daily press. It was not without serious question of the wisdom of the selection for such an occasion and for performers yet pupils at school, that one saw Mendelssohn's "Loreley" offered by the young ladies of the academy: and there were grave misgivings in the writer's mind as to the possibility of convent-girls mastering, even rudely, the technical difficulties attending the execution of its several numbers, to say nothing of their conceiving the spirit of this weird and passionate work of so great a master.

"Loreley" is entitled "an unfinished opera"; it is a fragment that has been left to fill all lovers of music with regret for the failure of Mendelssohn to complete so exquisite a design. The opening movement, *Andante Sostenuto*, is a solo and chorus for female voices, an "Ave Maria": rich in harmony, full of deep, religious sentiment. The soloist was Miss Carrie Jenkins. A young girl, not out of her teens, she has a voice of remarkable power, compass, freshness and feeling; cultivation has done much to train it in a true school; she sings with perfect ease and abandon, and sustains the highest notes without at all sacrificing purity of tone. In the opening movement, but especially in the impassioned aria of the finale, it was not easy to throw off the idea that one was listening to an artist of years and experience, and not the school-girl eager for the frolics of a summer holiday.

The second movement, "The Vintage Song," introduces the composer in one of his most joyous moods; all is freedom, life and gaiety; and the girls, [it demands men's voices, Ed.] even to the finest who sang

as Fays might, gave the sprightly measures with a spirit and a dash truly inspiring. The *Finale* introduces the prominently supernatural element; and Mendelssohn, who taught us in the "Songs without Words," how eloquent instrumentation may be made, has treated here his subject so happily that the dance of the Fays of the Rhine, their response to the invocation of Lenora and their promise of vengeance, need not the words that so beautifully fit the music to reveal the author's conceptions. And here should be mentioned with praise, the precision, firmness of touch and spirit with which the accompaniment was played on Piano and Harp by Misses Adams, Heaney and Lamping. Amateurs and professionals know something of the difficulties that bristle through Mendelssohn's music; and the success of the young ladies who played "Loreley" on this occasion reflects credit as well on their skill and artistic instincts, as on the school in which they have been taught. Misses Osborne and Campbell shared with Miss Carrie Jenkins the burden of the solos in "Loreley," and the former, who is a mere child, has a voice of which much may be expected as it develops.

The truly artistic triumph embodied in the performance of "Loreley," as we heard it rendered by these young ladies, must have repaid their devotion of time and interest to the rehearsal of so ambitious a work, when, by following in the beaten track, the substitution of less classical, but more popular compositions would have made their task so much lighter: and the musical instructors of the Academy must be gratified to know that so arduous an effort towards developing in their pupils a taste for true music was thus fortunate in its result.

There were other points of merit in the programme which it would be pleasant to dwell upon. The "Trois Marches Héroïques" for Piano, Harp and Organ which opened the exercises, were beautiful in melody and rich in harmonization; and a duo by Wehle on airs from "The Star of the North" was perhaps as beautiful a piano transcription as we remember to have heard.

The graceful salutory, delivered in so intelligent a manner by Miss Mary Mickle, whose voice was as musical as it was well trained; and the tasteful and feeling valedictory by Miss Katy Brady showed that in the school, elocution and declamation, handmaids of vocal music, receive careful cultivation.

The special thanks of the guests are due to the Directress of the Academy for having assigned them seats in the hall from which the music was heard to the best advantage.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—A "Musical Evening," by vocal pupils of Mrs. J. W. St. John, and piano pupils of Mr. John C. Fillmore, was held in All Souls Church on July 11, with the following programme:

1. *Beethoven*—Sonata in C minor, op 10—Miss Minnie Calkins.
2. *Schumann*—Song, The Ring—Miss Addie Wiggins.
3. *Weber*—Invitation to Waltz—Miss Ella Smith.
4. *Geibel*—Song, Summer Birds—Miss Estella Griswold.
5. *Chopin*—(a) Waltz in A flat, op 64—Miss Gabriella Vanderlyn. (b) Funeral March—Miss Nannie Roy. (c) Waltz in E flat, op 34—Miss Maggie Hulihan.
6. *Handel*—Aria: Lascia ch'io pianga, Miss Emma Joselyn.
7. *Mendelssohn*—March, from Capriccio, op. 22, (4 hands)—Misses Bertha Sayles and Minnie Calkins.
8. *Meyerbeer*—Cavatina, from *Robert le Diable*—Miss Ella Peterson.
9. *Chopin*—Polonaise, in A, op 40, Miss Mamie Halre.
10. *Adams*—Song, Nancy Lee—Mr. Clarence Clark.
11. *Liszt*—2d Hungarian Rhapsody—Miss Araby Sutherland.
12. *Bizet*—Song, The Flower Girl—Miss Emma Borden.
13. *Liszt*—Fantasia on Themes from Gounod's *Faust*—Miss Araby Sutherland.
14. *Malloy*—Four-part song, Song of the Tritons—Miss Mary Eldredge, Miss Addie Wiggins, Mr. Arthur Conant, and Mr. Wm. Webster.

Messrs. Joseph Bradford and S. Baxter of this city have just finished an adaptation of Franz Suppe's comic opera "Fatinitza," having procured the right of production in America from the German publishers. This piece had a great run in Germany, and is now in the full tide of success at the London Alhambra. All the action of the piece takes place during the late Turco-Russian war. The plot is exceedingly funny, and he music the ultimatum of grace and lightness. To insure perfect accuracy of representation, the adaptors have imported photographs of the entire cast in costume. The piece will receive an early representation either in Boston or in New York.—*Herald*.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Beautiful Flowers, bloom on. Bb. 3. d to F. Howe. 30

"Answering doubt with sweet replies,
Clearing the mist from paradise,"
A sweet song which is nearly perfect in beauty.
Sunset Song. G minor 4. d to F. Eichberg. 30
"Far off, against the solemn sky,
Black lie the city towers."
With Celia Thaxter's words, and Eichberg's music, this is in the best of taste.

The Moss Trooper. E. (minor & major) 3. Diehl. 36
E to E.
"Not England's crown, or Scotch renown,
Can vanquish me, I ween."
A good, hearty reminiscence of border warfare.
Words by Edward Oxenford.

The False Oracle. F. 3 c to F. Hatton. 35
"Ah, much you know, you silly flower,
He'll love me till his dying day."
A neat play on the meaning of the various meanings of the daisy leaves as they are picked, one by one.

While I live, I shall bless thee. Alto or Bass Song. Eb. 3. b to D. Campana. 30
"Must we in sorrow sever,
Loving thee still forever."

The most noticeable thing is the title page, which contains the names of a hundred Alto or Bass Songs. It is so difficult for Alto or Bass singers to select music appropriate to their voices, that this is quite an item. The song, besides, is a very good one, of smooth versification.
Herald of Summer. Quartet. G. 3. c to g. Buffington. 40
"So I know the summer's coming
With the glory of a queen."
A rich, musical welcome to the glowing summer days.

Sailor's Prayer. (Il Marinaro). Eb. 4. b to E. Mattet. 40
"Quando la notte soletto io sto."
"When in the night I am standing alone."
A sailor's prayer to "Maria" for protection.

Loved at Last. With Portrait. D. 4. a to F. Kimball. 50
"Now I can drink, with spirit bold,
Love's nectar from a cup of gold."
A rapturous love song, quite good enough to be sung, (as it has been), by Miss Cary.

The Old Musician and his Harp. S'g & Cho. Ab. 3. E to F. Higgins. 40
"Bring my harp to me again,
Let me sing a gentle strain."
The old minstrel sings very sweetly, and is evidently quite ready for his voyage to the better shore.

Open thou thy Gates. (Temple, ouvre-toi). A minor. 4. G to g. Gounod. 40
"Open thou! my refuge is in thee!"
"Ouvre-toi, saint temple."
Shows Gounod's finely wrought workmanship. Arranged also for Alto or Bass voices.

Instrumental.

Minnesota March. C. 3. Varney. 30
Good march, simple and easy, with the exception of a few runs of thirds.

Quadrille, from "Bells of Corneville." 3. Coote. 40
Includes 9 airs of the opera.

Valse Brillante, from "Bells of Corneville." Eb. 3. Richards. 50
Has marks of the author's usual fine taste.

Fantasia, from "Bells of Corneville." 4. Various keys. Lott. 30
A bright and generally easy fantasia, which has very pretty airs for themes.

Benefice Quadrille. 3. Resch. 40
It will not be a resch thing to predict a good success for this very bright and merry piece.

Telegrapher's Redowa. C. 2. Karl. 30
Telegraphers will learn it easily, since it is mainly "on one key," and as they hear the music of the "wires" may think the "lines" have fallen to them in pleasant places.

Knights of Honor March. F. 3. Mary A. Knight. 30
The Knights will appreciate this Knightly musical favor, and will doubtless take pleasure in causing its general acceptance.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 974. BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 10.

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

From the London Musical Times.)

I purpose to give some account of the books relating to National Music which have been published in different countries. Before entering upon this subject, I venture to submit to the consideration of the intelligent musician a few introductory remarks, which may perhaps be of assistance to him in his perusal of the following survey, in case he should not previously have given particular attention to National Music as a science. Indeed, there is reason to surmise that the subject is rather new to many musicians; at all events, the present essay cannot claim to "supply a long-felt want in literature." Still, whoever has obtained some insight into the rich treasures of popular songs and tunes, which have been hitherto but little explored, will probably be convinced that the study of National Music is sure to become gradually more appreciated by the earnest promoters of the art.

As regards the term National Music, it must be remembered that, taken in its widest sense, it designates any music which, being composed in the peculiar taste of the nation to which it appertains, appeals more powerfully than other music to the feelings of that nation, and is consequently pre-eminently cultivated in a certain country. In this sense Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven may be regarded as representatives of German National Music; Rossini, Bellini, and Donizetti of Italian National Music; Auber, Boieldieu, and Herold of French National Music. However, distinguished composers have developed their style in great measure by studying the works of previous masters of different countries. The peculiar characteristics of the music of the nation are therefore more strongly exhibited in the popular songs and dance-tunes traditionally preserved by the country-people and the lower classes of society, which form the great majority of a nation. These musical conceptions, generally simple and unpretending in construction, often retain their popularity for a long period, since the views and sentiments of the uneducated or simple-minded man are less subjected to external influences than are those of the educated or ambitious man. Thus may perhaps be explained the fact that we find among the rural population in some countries tunes still sung which are known to be above a century old. True, they have been somewhat altered in the course of time. It is surprising that their alteration is not very great, considering that they have been preserved traditionally from mouth to mouth, at least only so by the country-people who own them.

Now it is with this kind of music, or with National Music in a more strict sense of the term, and not with the elaborate productions of distinguished composers, that the reader is now invited to occupy his attention. But, it may be asked, what is the advantage of carefully investigating such inartistic musical effusions? The reply is: The study of National Music is useful on account of the great originality of popular tunes. Professional musicians have many inducements to compose or perform music which they do not feel, while the untaught peasant will sing when his heart's emotions impel him to it. No wonder that his musical effusions, artless as they may be, should often be a truer expression of feelings than well-constructed productions of clever artists.

The study of National Music is useful on account of the great variety in the popular tunes. This variety is really astounding, almost every nation's music having its own peculiar stamp. Through a familiarity with the popular tunes of many countries, so very different from each other, our musical conception becomes enlarged, and we learn more clearly that the rules laid down for our guidance in art are by no means so infallible as they may appear at first sight, but that most of them can not unfrequently be disregarded with advantage.

The study of National Music is useful on account of the great beauty of many of the popular tunes. If the reader is acquainted with some of the most admired Scotch, Irish, or Welsh songs, he will probably testify to the exquisite beauty and impressiveness of the airs. He may be assured that all European nations possess such heartfelt melodies, only different in form and rhythmical expression; he will find this to be the case, if he is not deterred by their strange characteristics from familiarizing himself with them thoroughly. The characteristics are, in many instances, so greatly at variance with those which distinguish our own popular music, that an intimacy with them is only gradually obtainable. Especially the tunes, or melodious phrases, of the Arabs, Hindus, Chinese, and several other extra-European nations, appear to us on first acquaintance almost as unintelligible as a language with which we are but very slightly acquainted. Howbeit, also these nations possess beautiful airs of popular songs. Their conceptions are perhaps all the more interesting to the student, since the airs are founded on successions of intervals, or scales, different from our own scales.

Again, the study of National Music is useful in an historical point of view: because it affords us an insight into the different stages of development of the art of music in different countries. Besides, popular ballads and other compositions are not unfrequently associated with important national events, by which they were called forth, or which they promoted.

The study of National Music is also useful in ethnological researches, as it gives us an insight into the inward man, reveals the character and temperament of different races, and the degree of affinity which exists between the different human families. Perhaps it would be more correct to consider a knowledge of it desirable in the pursuit of anthropology, which treats on the natural history of man, rather than of ethnology; for the latter science is only a branch of the former, and treats on the relations of the different varieties of mankind to each other. But it may well be doubted whether National Music will ever become of essential use in these sciences; certainly it cannot compare with languages in this respect. Music is too fugitive; the construction and mode of expression of its compositions are constantly subject to modifications. At any rate, this is the case in civilized nations. Among uncivilized nations, not affected by European influence, any changes of this kind are much more gradual, and may scarcely be traceable during centuries. Besides, an exact knowledge of National Music is not sufficient for the purpose in question: an acute feeling for its beauties and various characteristics is equally requisite. But it is a rare coincidence when scientific men possess this acute feeling, which is, in fact, a musical talent, not attainable by study, though capable of development like other innate gifts. However, this ques-

tion needs no further consideration here, since it does not immediately concern the musical student.

Likewise will it suffice merely to allude to the interest which popular songs possess for the philologist, on account of the languages and the dialects exhibited in poetry of different countries and different districts of a country. Moreover, the poetry is, as is well known, often of great beauty — indeed not less so than the music; and deserves for this reason the attention of the artistic mind.

Now, should the previous statements have convinced the reflecting musician of the advantage of an acquaintance with National Music, he will perhaps be glad to know the proper sources for information, and the nearest way of access to them. Many of the printed collections of popular songs and tunes have been published in out-of-the-way places, in foreign countries, and have not become known through the usual channel of the book trade, for the obvious reason that they were only issued for the people to whom they belong, others not caring about them. It is often difficult to obtain a copy of such publications: indeed, it requires almost a lifetime to hunt up the most important ones, and to collect them together. The collector must be prepared for frequent disappointments, occasioned by the promising titles of worthless compilations, which he is tempted to order from foreign countries. Just as is the case with other literary productions, the really valuable works have generally more modest titles than these which possess comparatively but little merit.

As the following survey is intended to save the student disappointment and time, by pointing out the most important works, publications which are out of print or are otherwise not easily accessible will be noticed more fully than those which may be supposed to be known to many musicians. In order not to enlarge the survey to an inconvenient length, many publications which have no especial claim to consideration will be left unnoticed. The reader must therefore not expect to find an exhaustive list of works on the subject under discussion.

NATIONAL SONGS.

Collections of National Songs which contain merely notation of the airs, with the words, are generally the most desirable for the musical student. In many collections a pianoforte accompaniment has been added which is foreign to the original music and which obscures its characteristics. Pianoforte arrangements of airs, in which the words have been omitted, are generally the least useful, since it is seldom possible to ascertain from them how much is genuine, and to disentangle the original air from the interspersions and ornamentations of the arranger. The popular songs of most nations are usually sung by a single voice or by a number of voices in unison; harmony is employed only in exceptional instances. When in a collection the tunes are faithfully rendered in notation, the student, by being supplied with an additional harmony, has only the disadvantage of possessing a more bulky and expensive book than he requires. Be this as it may, the pianoforte accompaniments of National Songs are often far too elaborate and anything but tasteful. If the song is to be accompanied, the harmony should, as a rule, be as unpretentious as possible; perhaps a few chords, such as the common chord, on the tonic, on the dominant and subdominant, occasionally struck and long sustained, will be found to answer the purpose best; although

the peculiar modulations prevailing in the airs of certain nations require some unusual successions of chords, if they are to be harmonized at all.

In examining the collections, the student will probably soon become convinced that National Songs are most effective without the usual attempts of professional musicians to dress them up to greater advantage. As it is, a harmonized national tune conveys not unfrequently a ludicrous impression, somewhat similar to that which might be conveyed by the sight of a peasant, attired in a fashionable evening dress, behaving awkwardly in a drawing-room party.

A published collection of national airs, containing genuine specimens from every country, is still an unaccomplished work. The largest collection of the kind which has hitherto appeared in print, was compiled by Andreas Peter Berggreen, a professional musician in Copenhagen, and dates from the year 1855. It is entitled "*Folke-Sange og Melodier*," and consists of four volumes in oblong folio. A second edition, greatly enlarged, was published in the year 1862, and comprises ten volumes. The songs are with pianoforte accompaniments, and dance-tunes arranged for the pianoforte are interspersed; but it can hardly be said that the editor has been successful with his arrangements. The songs are almost exclusively from European nations; the collection is therefore far from sufficiently comprehensive for the study of National Songs. As might perhaps be expected from the circumstance of the editor being a Dane, the Scandinavian airs comprise a large portion of the work, the first volume containing above two hundred Danish tunes harmonized. Another publication of the kind, but much smaller, is by O. L. B. Wolff, and was published about the year 1840 by Simrock in Bonn. It is entitled "*Braga*," and contains additional pianoforte accompaniments to the original airs, and German translations of the original poetry. Somewhat similar publications, such as "*Bardale*," edited by Baumstark and Waldbühl (Leipzig), "*Cent Chants populaires*, par G. Fulgence" (Paris), "*Orpheus*," edited by Kayser (Hamburg, 1853), are too insignificant to be useful for study. The same may be said of the English publications by Edward Jones, entitled "*Lyric Airs*" (London, 1804), and "*Musical Curiosities*" (London, 1811); likewise of Clementi's "*Selection from the Melodies of different Nations*;" and of the national tunes arranged for the pianoforte by W. Crotch, which form the first volume of "*his Specimens of various styles of Music*;" and others.

Let us now examine the collections restricted to the songs of single nations, in which we find more useful information. To begin with the Scandinavians (the Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders and Faroe Islanders), who have proved themselves zealous collectors of their beautiful popular songs. As far back as in the year 1591 Sofrenson Vedel, a parson in Denmark, published a number of these famous Danish ballads called "*Kæmpeviser*;" of which, in the year 1695, Peter Syv brought out a greatly enlarged edition. Especially noteworthy is a collection by Abrahamson, Nyerup, and Rahbek, entitled "*Udvalgte Danske Viser Middelalderen*" (Copenhagen, 1812, sm. 8vo, five vols.), which contains, in an appendix, a number of tunes in notation. A supplement to this important work was published by P. Rasmussen and R. Nyerup, in two volumes 8vo (Copenhagen, 1821).

Among the Swedish publications, the student ought to consult especially "*Svenska Folk-Visor*," by Geijer and Afzelius (Stockholm, 1846, 8vo, three vols.); "*Svenska Forn-sånger*," by Arwidsson (Stockholm, 1834-42, 8vo, three vols.); "*Svenska Vallvisor och Horn-låtar*," by R. Dybeck (Stockholm, 1846, 8vo). The two last-named works have the notation of the airs without any attempts at improvement by unwarranted arrangements or additions; the work edited by Geijer and Afzelius

has a pianoforte accompaniment to the airs, which was made by J. C. F. Hæffner, a German musician residing in Stockholm. There is also an interesting collection of Swedish songs and dance-tunes arranged with pianoforte accompaniments, by Ahlström and Boman (Stockholm, Hirsch, folio); and another, edited by A. G. Rosenberg, and entitled "*160 Polskor, Visor och Danslekar upptecknade i Södermanland, samt satte för Pianoforte*" (Stockholm, 1876, folio).

The most recommendable Norwegian collections are "*Norske Folkviser*" by M. B. Landstad (Christiania, 1858, 8vo), and "*Gamle Norske Folkviser*," by Sophus Bugge (Christiania, 1858, 8vo). Both of these works are carefully edited. Landstad is a Norwegian clergyman, and we are informed that his present collection of Norwegian minstrelsy was gathered from the lips of the people. It comprises 118 tunes, which are printed at the end of the volume of poetry. Sophus Bugge, a young student of antiquarian taste and knowledge, about the year 1856 visited the remote villages of Norway, at the expense of the Swedish government, to collect all the metrical tales and traditions that still linger there. Perhaps it may interest some readers of a linguistic taste to be apprised of a little book with tunes which is entitled "*Norske Viser og Stev i Folkesproget*," and of which a second edition was published by Jørgen Moe (Christiania, 1848, sm. 8vo). The songs are in the dialect of the peasantry, which differs from the Danish language spoken by the educated classes in Norway. Furthermore, there requires to be noticed the "*Norske Fjeldmelodier*," arranged for the pianoforte by L. M. Lindeman, a learned musician in Christiania, and published in folio. This work contains 288 tunes, which the student may find useful if he has the patience to extricate them from the constant changes in harmony, imitations according to the rules of counterpoint, and other clever contrivances testifying to the editor's skill as a theorist.

Turning to the Slavonic races (the Russians, Poles, Czechs, Wendes, Serbes, &c.), we again meet with several very interesting publications. The Russians especially have not neglected to collect their fine songs and tunes. The most noteworthy Russian books of the kind are by the following editors: Michailow Tchulkow (St. Petersburg, 1770-88); Michailow, Popow (St. Petersburg, 1792); Dmitriew (Moscow, 1796); Katalim (Moscow, 1810); Baikow (St. Petersburg, 1814); Shukowsky; Glasunow, Prince Zertilow. The first edition of the well-known collection of Russian popular songs with pianoforte accompaniment, by T. Pratch, was published in St. Petersburg in the year 1790, in one volume 8vo; a second edition, in two volumes 4to, appeared in 1806, and a third edition in 1815. It contains an introductory essay on the Russian National Song, written by Lwow. There is also a noteworthy publication of ancient and modern Russian songs, arranged for the pianoforte, and issued in three volumes 8vo, by Gerstenberg and Dittmar, in St. Petersburg. More recently, A. Kocipski has brought out a collection of one hundred airs sung in the Ukraine and Podolia. This work, entitled "*Pisni, Dumki, i Szumki Ruskoho*," &c. (Kiev and Kamenetz 1861, royal 8vo), deserves especial attention. There is also an edition of it in folio, published in the same year, which contains a pianoforte accompaniment to the airs, but has only the first verse of the poetry to each air. In the pianoforte accompaniment the student will find vexatious examples as to how National Music ought not to be treated. The editor is probably a native of the district where the airs are at home; at any rate, his name indicates that he belongs to the Slavonic races, and this being the case, it certainly appears strange that he should have so little caught the spirit of the music as to overload the accompaniment with all kinds of inappropriate passages and unmeaning modulations. It may perhaps seem

unnecessary to the reader to have his attention drawn to bad arrangements; but if he examines the publications pointed out in the present survey, he will soon become convinced how important it is, in examining a collection of tunes, to discern at once what is genuine and what is spurious. My observations are intended to facilitate his labor. Other collections of national airs of Little-Russia are by Halahan, Lyssenko, &c.

The Russian language is so little cultivated in Western Europe, that but few English musicians are likely to be able to understand the poetry of the songs just noticed. There are, however, some German translations of Russian songs, with the original tunes, which may perhaps be more convenient to the English student of Slavonic music. Take, for instance, "*Russische Volkslieder*," by G. von Doppelmaier (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Härtel; 4to), and "*Die beliebtesten Russischen Volkslieder übersetzt von Grünbaum*" (Berlin: Schlesinger; folio).

Having thought it necessary to protest against certain tasteless arrangements, it is to me a duty all the more pleasant to draw attention to the discernment evinced by Oskar Kolberg, in his "*Piesni Ludu Polskiego*" (Warsaw, 1857, 8vo), which contains 466 Polish airs of song and dance-tunes. Only the melody is given with the words of the songs; deviations popular in certain districts of Poland are indicated by small notes. In the dance-tunes occasionally some harmony is admitted, precisely as the people are in the habit of introducing it. Moreover, the book is embellished with ten colored plates representing Poles in their national costumes. Oskar Kolberg is a native of Poland, and studied music for some time in Berlin. On his return to Warsaw he made it one of his principal objects to investigate the National Music of his country. He also published 126 Polish airs with pianoforte accompaniments (Posen, 1842, folio). A collection of Polish songs, by A. Sowinski (Paris, 1830, folio), has a French translation printed together with the original words. Especially noteworthy are also the songs of the people in Cracow, published by Konopka (Cracow, 1840); and the songs of the White-Crobatians, Masovians, and Russinians on the River Bug, published by K. W. Wojcicki (Warsaw, 1836, two vols.). Songs of the Polish inhabitants in Eastern Prussia have been published by J. J. Lipinski (Posen, 1842, sm. 8vo); Julius Roger (Breslau, 1863, 8vo); Hoffmann von Fallersleben (Cassel, 1865, 8vo).

The Wends are a Slavonic race living in some villages of Lusatia, in Germany. A comprehensive collection of their popular songs, edited by Haupt and Schmalzer (Grimma, 1841, 4to, two vols.), contains 530 songs with the tunes. The words are in Wendish, with a German translation; and the interesting work is illustrated with colored plates representing Wendish men and women in their picturesque costumes, and various objects illustrative of their manners and customs.

A curious instance, showing how even a distinguished musician may be deceived in hunting out national tunes if he has not made the subject his study, occurs in "*Piesni Polskie i Ruskie Ludu Galicyjskiego*," a collection of popular songs of the Polish and Russian people in Galicia, published by Venceslas Zaleski (Lemberg, 1833, 8vo, two vols.). The second volume contains 160 airs, with pianoforte accompaniments, by Charles Lipinski, the celebrated violinist. He was a native of Galicia; nevertheless he admits in his publication, No. 80 of the set of tunes, an air which is in construction and expression so different from those of his native country that he might have surmised that it could not be Galician, although he was not aware that it is the melody of "*Nel cer pid non mi sento*," from the Opera of "*La Molinara*," by Paisiello, on which Beethoven has composed beautiful variations, and which is known in England as the air of "*Hope told a flatt'ring tale*." Other Galician popular

songs have been collected and published by Zegota Pauli (Lemberg, 1888, 1889).

The Czechs are the Slavonic inhabitants of Bohemia. A valuable collection of their songs, edited by K. J. Erben (Prague, 1862 and 1864, 8vo, two vols.), contains 811 tunes with the original words. An earlier publication, by Erben and Martinowsky (Prague, 1847, 4to), contains 300 songs with pianoforte accompaniments. Particularly interesting are the incorporated twenty old songs of the Hussites, which a friend of Erben committed to notation from the lips of an old minstrel, in the district of Budweis in Bohemia. These Hussite tunes are mostly in the minor key, but are more wild than sad. Other noteworthy publications of Bohemian National Music are by Rittersberg and Weber (Prague); Frantisek Martinec (Prague, 1856, oblong 8vo); J. Vashak (Prague, 1844); W. A. Swaboda (Prague, 1829, 8vo); F. L. Czelahowsky (Prague, 1822-27); J. W. Kamaryta (Prague, 1832). There are also two fine collections of Moravian songs, edited by Frantisek Sushil. The first of these (Brunn, 1840) has the poetry printed in 12mo, and the music, consisting of 480 tunes without any accompaniment, in oblong folio. The other contains, in one volume 8vo, 800 songs, with their tunes, and was published in Brunn in the year 1860.

In the charming Wallachian airs arranged for the pianoforte by J. A. Wachmann, a music director at Bucharest, we have an instructive example as to how such music ought to be treated if it is to be arranged at all. In the present instance the difficulty was the greater, since the peculiar succession of tones prevalent in the Wallachian melodies, with the frequent occurrence of the interval called the superfluous (or augmented) second, rather invites the arranger to some unwarrantable treatment. Wachmann has not been misled to extravagances; the genuine melody is always clearly prominent, and the accompaniment renders the peculiar rhythm which distinguishes many Wallachian tunes. There are in all sixty-two melodies thus issued by Wachmann, in four numbers (Vienna: Müller; folio), and the first number dates from about the middle of the present century. Wachmann states, in a short preface to the third number, that he has taken great care to retain the original characteristics of the music, that he has not allowed himself to add even a note of embellishment, and that his chief endeavor has been to transfer the music, as he often heard it performed by the perambulating musical bands in Wallachia, to the pianoforte as faithfully as possible. The members of these bands are frequently gipsies. Any musician acquainted with Roumanian music will probably admit that Wachmann has succeeded remarkably well.

It is impossible to bestow a similar commendation on the pianoforte arrangement of Serbian tunes by Alois Kalauz (Vienna: Müller; folio, in two numbers); however, as many of the airs have the Serbian poetry, with a German translation of the words, given with the notation, it is possible to recognize the original tunes, and to pick out the grain from the chaff. Kalauz gives in the second number some Bosnian tunes, which cannot fail to interest the student on account of their great originality. Here may also be noticed the songs of the Slavonic inhabitants of Carniola, edited by Achazel and Korytho, under the title "Slovenske Pjesni Krajnskega Naroda" (Laibach, 1859).

[To be Continued.]

Philadelphia Academy of Music. — A Retrospect.

There has been but little serious musical instruction given in the Philadelphia Academy of Music during the twenty-one years of its existence. It is an Academy only in name, and the name was chosen in deference chiefly to a prejudice that used to exist against places called theatres or opera

houses, which, it was feared, might extend to the Legislature and prevent its granting an act of incorporation. But as a teacher by the object method, the Academy has done pretty good work, some idea of which may be formed from an examination of certain statistics appended to the report of the Directors for the year 1877, which has lately been published.

From the opening of the house in February, 1857, to the close of 1877, one hundred and fourteen different operas have been performed in it, a large number of them many times. Thirty-eight of them were Italian operas; the others were German, English, and French — twenty-one of the latter having been examples of the Opera-Bouffe. There were 12 operas by Donizetti, 10 by Verdi, 7 by Meyerbeer, 6 by Rossini, 5 by Mozart, 4 by Bellini, 2 by Weber and 1 (*Fidelio*) by Beethoven. It is unnecessary to note the number by less famous composers. The only original operas produced for the first time were William H. Fry's *Notre Dame of Paris* and Bonawitz's *Bride of Messina* and *Ostrolenka*.

The compiler of the tables we are consulting has given the names of the principal artists who have appeared in the Italian operas. Among them are the sopranos, Gazzaniga, La Grange, Colson, Poinset, Adelina Patti, Laborde, Minnie Hauk, Kellogg, Parepa, Piccolomini, Nilsson, Lucca, Albani, Titiens, Roze, and others of less fame; while among the contraltos are Philipps, Aldini, d'Angri, Cary and Hinkley. The men singers of greatest note have been Brignoli, Amodio, Ferri, Taffanelli, Mazzoleni, Gassier, Stigelli, Formes, Susini, Bellini, Tamberlik, Baragli, Capoul, Campanini, LeFranc, Wachtel and some others who are still living and singing, and some long since retired or dead. A good many sang too long for their fame or popularity, and some of these still live and still try to sing.

One of most famous of the still living and still popular songstresses, Adelina Patti, made her first appearance as a prima donna at the Academy in 1859, when she was in her 17th year. But she had previously sung often in concerts at the Musical Fund Hall, astonishing every one by her wonderful warbling with her thin, child-like voice. But in 1859 this had matured, and she at once took a high rank as a prima donna. In 1860, at the grand gala performance given to the Prince of Wales, when he, showing his German taste, selected the opera of *Martha*, Patti was the "Lady Harriet." That was a memorable night, for every one was in full evening dress, even in the amphitheatre, and when the audience rose for the British national anthem, the spectacle was the most brilliant ever seen in the theatre.

Hundreds of that dashing crowd have gone the way of all flesh, and still more hundreds of those who were habitués of the Academy in its first season, when full dress was the rule, rather than the exception, as it is now, and when the promenade in the Foyer between the acts was the delight of the young belles and beaux. Those of them who survive are perhaps cultivating the musical taste of their sons and daughters, who will be in the audiences next winter. They do not, however, and will not fill the places of the noted women and men of Philadelphia society who were to be seen in their particular places every opera night of the Academy's first season.

The details about the operatic performances in the splendid theatre, which is still unequalled in America, are very interesting. But if the compiler of them would also give an account of the great concerts and the great solo instrumentalists, especially referring to the Thomas Orchestra concerts, another set of pleasant reminiscences would arise. — *Evening Bulletin*, July 25.

Francois Bazin.

An attack of apoplexy carried off, on Tuesday, the 4th inst., this hard working artist, only a day previous full of strength and health, and still rejoicing at the triumph recently achieved by him at the National Fête, with his chorus: "Gloria à la France," sung by the Paris Orpheonists, whose studies he directed and for whose success he paved the way.

Born at Marseilles, 4th September, 1816, Francois Emmanuel Joseph Bazin received his first musical lessons in the Communal School, founded by Barsotti in the above city. After entering the Paris Conservatory in 1834, he carried off successively the first prizes for harmony and fugue accompaniment and for the organ. In 1837, while still a student, he was appointed assistant professor

to Dourlen, his master of harmony. In 1840 he gained the grand prize of Rome with the cantata, *Loyse de Montfort*, which had the exceptional honor of being performed several times at the Grand Opera. After a stay of three years in Italy he returned to resume his former position as assistant professor at the Conservatory, being appointed titular professor a few years later. When M. Ambroise Thomas succeeded Auber as director of the institution in 1871, Bazin became professor of Fugue and Composition. He was elected member of the Academy of Fine Arts, on the death of Carafa, in 1872; for some ten years past he had the supreme direction of the vocal studies in the Schools of the City of Paris. He was an officer of the Legion of Honor.

The theatrical works of Francois Bazin, all performed at the Opera-Comique, are *Le Trompette de M. le Prince*, *Le Malheur d'être jolies*, *La Nuit de Saint-Sylvestre*, *Madelon*, *Maitre Pathelin*, *Le Voyage en Chine*, and *L'Ours et le Pacha*. He wrote also several religious works, and a large number of Orpheonic choruses, which have long been sung all over France. He had, moreover, in manuscript, two scores and a treatise on counterpoint.

Francois Bazin was successful on the stage in the only branch he cultivated, that of light comic opera; *Le Trompette de M. le Prince*, *Maitre Pathelin*, and more especially *Le Voyage en Chine*, were successes from the first, and have kept their place as stock pieces. But his career was above all pedagogic, and he will be better remembered as a professor than as a composer. His teaching, marked by no innovation, attained excellent results, thanks to a wise practical course, and it is by thousands that we count the clever musicians formed by his *Traité d'harmonie*, where, however, we might search in vain for any deductions based on argument or aught resembling a theory. When, after being for thirty-four years Professor of Harmony, Accompaniment, and Reading of Scores at the Conservatory, he succeeded to M. Ambroise Thomas's Class of Composition, he carried with him to the superior branch of musical didactics the same empirical, but certain method; as a rule, his pupils know thoroughly what he taught them. Several winners of the Grand Prize of Rome were turned out by him, and his last success in this line dates from a fortnight ago.

We may sum up by saying that he turned to the best account the powers which he knew he possessed, and it is on this condition alone that a man has any chance of leaving a trace behind him.

CH. B.

The obsequies of Francois Bazin were celebrated on Friday, the 7th inst., in the church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, with the solemnities usual in the case of members of the Institute and of the Legion of Honor. A piquet of infantry opened the procession. The decorations of the deceased, as well as his Academician's coat and sword, were laid upon the coffin. The pall-bearers were MM. Ambroise Thomas, de Beauplan, Henri Delaborde, and Hébert. An immense crown concealed all the back portion of the funeral car; on the ribbon attached to it were the words in gold letters: *A Francois Bazin, ses élèves*. All the staff, professional and administrative, of the Conservatory, all the members of the Academy of Fine Arts, all the professors of the Orpheon, and a great number of artists, of dramatic authors, and of private friends, took part in the procession.

The service performed at the church of Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, all hung with black, was of short duration. In addition to the prose text and the "De Profundis," all the singing included only a "Libera" by Ch. Plantade, and a "Pie Jesu" by Francois Bazin, both well rendered by M. Auguez, of the Opera. At half-past one the procession started for Père-Lachaise. It took the line of the Boulevards, the large number of mourners on foot and the interminable string of carriages attracting the attention of the public. At the cemetery, after the professors of the Orpheon had sung together, under the direction of M. Danhauser, a funeral stanza by Francois Bazin, four addresses were delivered respectively by M. Henri Delaborde for the Academy of Fine Arts; M. Ambroise Thomas for the Conservatory of Music; M. Comettant for the Association des Artistes Musiciens; and M. Emile Jonas for the Society of Authors and Composers. The professors of the Orpheon then executed the "De Profundis," and this terminated the ceremony. — *Revue et Gazette Musicale*.

A Music Festival at Erfurt.

(From a Correspondent of the "Guardian.")

In August, 1867, I had the pleasure of reporting in these columns a music festival given at Meiningen by the Allgemeine Deutsche Musikverein (General German Musical Society), which was chiefly memorable for its being brought to a close at the Wartburg by the first performance of the Abbé Liszt's oratorio, *St. Elizabeth*. This society, as was then stated, was founded by Liszt in 1861; its principal aim being to encourage the cultivation of musical art by the establishment of periodical festivals, at which facilities are offered for bringing forward new works by living composers, without altogether excluding the less familiar works of older masters. Since its establishment the society has grown in importance and enlarged its borders, having held festivals on different occasions in Leipzig, Weimar, Karlsruhe, Dessau, Meiningen, Altenburg, Magdeburg, Halle, Hanover, and, lastly, at Erfurt. The great gathering of musicians of which I have now to speak was the fifteenth that the society has held. It lasted from the 22d to the 26th of June (inclusive). Pleasant recollections of the Meiningen festival in 1867, the promised co-operation of Liszt and von Bülow, the rich and instructive character of the programme put forth—so different from those of our own provincial festivals, as well as of those of Germany in general—combined to determine me to undertake the journey to Erfurt. Nor have I been disappointed. Erfurt, one of the oldest cities of Germany, with its fine old Gothic cathedral founded in 752, its eighteen churches, its antique buildings, its far-famed horticultural gardens, its historical association with Luther, who lived here as a monk (1505-12) in an Augustinian convent, which, with all its relics, Luther's Bible, &c., was burnt down in 1862, is well worth a visit for its own sake alone, but, lying, as it does, well out of the beaten track of English tourists, seems not yet to have received the attention it deserves. It is just at such a place, where a festival is not a matter of regular occurrence, and, consequently, lodging-house and innkeepers have not learnt to look upon their visitors at such a time as fair prey, that a music festival is most enjoyable. One has seen here the inhabitants in their normal condition; the orderly arrangements, the civility, attention, and hospitality offered to visitors, both by the members of the musical committee of management and by residents, could hardly have been exceeded. Both musically, and in point of the numbers attending, the festival may at once be pronounced a success. The scheme of six concerts included some fifty works, great and small, the majority of which must have been comparatively, if not absolutely, new to most of their hearers. That among so many new works each should prove a masterpiece was not to be expected, but it must be confessed that but too many seemed to have owed their selection to personal influence rather than to their intrinsic merit. Happily, however, the good predominated over the respectably mediocre. To speak of all would be tedious; I shall, therefore, restrict my remarks in the main to those which seemed to me the most worthy to be brought to a further hearing.

The festival opened on Saturday morning (June 22) with a performance of sacred music in the Barfüsser Church. It commenced with a prelude in B minor by W. H. Pachelbel, born at Erfurt in 1685, followed by J. S. Bach's Choralvorspiel, "Der Tag, der ist so freudenreich," both played by Herr B. Schick, organist of this church, who was to be pitied in that he has not at his command a less unwieldy and more grateful sounding organ. Organist after organist contended with its peculiarities, Herr A. Hanlein executing a concerto (Op. 22) by Niels W. Gade; Herr Degenhardt, a prelude and fugue (Op. 16) by Carl Piutti; Herr J. G. Zahn, a movement from a sonata (Op. 42) by G. Merkel; Herr Bernhardt Sulze, some variations of his own on a theme from Liszt's *Christus*; and Herr F. Billig, Bach's *Pasacaglia*. Though the novelties among these organ works were for the most part more commendable as academical exercises than pleasing in effect, their production went far to prove that both organ playing and organ composition is still diligently cultivated in Germany. Fortunately the softer stops of the organ were of an agreeable quality and in good order, and its suitability for accompanying a violin or violoncello solo—a combination which has seldom come before us in England, and which probably owes its origin to the general absence of "Venetian swells" in German organs—was fully demonstrated in the performance by Herr H. Petri, of the "air" from C.

Goldmark's violin concerto, and in that by Herr Wiham, of the *andante* from J. S. Svendsen's violoncello concerto, both charming works, admirably rendered, and ably accompanied on the organ by Herr Franz Preitz. A vocal trio, "Die heilige Nacht," for female voices (Frl. Breidenstein, Frau Fischer, and Frl. Lancow, with accompaniment for violin (Herr Pauli), and organ (Herr Preitz), composed by E. Lassen, also proved charmingly effective. Even more commendable on account of its earnest and devotional character, and because it might easily and appropriately be adapted for use in the Anglican Church on occasions when boys' voices are not available, was a setting of the 84th Psalm, by Carl Müller-Hartung for barytone solo, male quartet, and three-part male chorus. The solo was finely sung by Herr Ernst Hunger, of Berlin, and pupil of Herr Stockhausen. Though young, he possesses an excellent voice and refined style; of all the singers I have heard here, but who, it must be conceded, have not found much opportunity for distinguishing themselves, I anticipate that he will make the greatest mark in the musical world. In addition, he was heard at this concert in two simple but beautiful songs, "Seelenfrieden," by A. Winterberger, and "Geheiligt werde Dein Name," by Peter Cornelius.

The first of the orchestral and choral concerts, of which there were three, took place in the theatre. The orchestra employed, numbering some sixty performers, comprised the members of the famous private band of His Royal Highness Prince Carl Günther, of Sondershausen, with some few additions, under the general direction of their own conductor, Herr Max Erdmannsdorfer, who had so thoroughly studied and rehearsed all the music in advance at Sondershausen, that on coming together at Erfurt there remained little to be done but to put the finishing touches to it. The orchestral performances throughout the week, I may at once say, were, thanks chiefly to Herr Erdmannsdorfer's perseverance and undeniable skill as a conductor, and the superior quality of the forces at his command, of a very high order indeed. Erfurt is evidently rich in its choralists. For the rendering of the choral works, two distinct choirs were employed, there not being space sufficient on the stage of the theatre to accommodate both at once. These were the choirs of the so-called "Soller's" society, and of the "Sing-Akademie." The plan was a good one, for it had evidently given rise to a feeling of amicable rivalry on the part of both. This concert commenced in a loyal and festive manner with a performance of Wagner's "Kaiser-Marsch." On the choir rising to sing the national hymn, "Heil, Heil dem Kaiser," with which it closes, but which in London, to the detriment of its general effect, has always been left to the band, the whole house rose and remained standing till the end, and then gave three hearty cheers for the Emperor. Friedrich Kiel's *Te Deum* (Op. 46), for solo voices (Frl. Marie Beck, Frl. Schultze, the Herren Thieme and Hunger), chorus and orchestra, immediately followed. With the exception of a *Requiem*, performed by the Cambridge University Musical Society in May last, and one or two concerted chamber pieces which have been brought forward by Mme Norman-Néruda, and Mr. C. Hallé, little is known of this composer in England, though in Germany, especially as a master of counterpoint, his merit has long been widely recognized. That he has been brought up chiefly under the influence of Bach and Handel peeps out from his setting of the *Te Deum*, the somewhat old-fashioned cut of which seems, however, to accord well with the antique character of the Ambrosian Hymn of Praise, which, as the programme-book took care to remind us, dates from the year 380. Kiel has treated it in so sober, earnest, and vigorous a manner that its adoption for use in church on special occasions, and at our cathedral festivals, may safely be recommended, though on the other hand, as may also be said of his *Requiem*, the absence of set solos will probably stand in the way of its being taken up by speculative concert-givers. At the close of the *Te Deum*, the members of the choir, who till now had been sitting in front of the band, left the stage, and took their places among the audience, so as not to interfere with the performance of the three instrumental works which immediately followed. These were the orchestral prelude to Brachvogel's drama *Narciss*, by M. Erdmannsdorfer (Op. 17), Raff's violoncello concerto, in D minor, and a new symphony in G major (Op. 12), by Felix Dräseke. With Brachvogel's drama I am unacquainted, but I have been given to understand that it is philosophical in its tendencies, and treats of the remorse and madness of a man who, by his own misconduct,

loses the affection of a wife whom he had once loved. Such a subject hardly suggests music of a pleasant order. Perhaps it was on this account that it certainly did not make a very favorable impression, though in its technical aspect it bespeaks the ready hand of a well-practised, independent, but perhaps somewhat over noisy composer. By his violoncello concerto, the performance of which was a splendid display of virtuosity on the part of Herr Friedrich Grützmacher, Raff seems to have satisfactorily solved the difficult task of equally dividing the interest between the solo instrument and the orchestral accompaniment, without detriment to one or the other. The symphony of Felix Dräseke, which has only recently been published (by Kahnt, of Leipzig), and I believe was now performed in public for the first time, proved a genuine success. Orthodox in form, both material and treatment are strongly marked with its author's individuality. The second movement, a *scherzo* in dual time, is of so piquant character that it alone would make the fortune of a far inferior work. It is just such a symphony as Mr. Maass might safely bring before his audience. Its vigorous, earnest, and taking character would be certain to please, and though pleasantly exciting, it is not a work of so sensational a kind as to run counter to the general character of his existent repertory. Loud calls for the composer accompanied the plaudits which it deservedly evoked. The choir ("Soller's") now returned to their seats on the stage for the concluding piece of the evening—Liszt's setting of the 18th Psalm, "Usque quo Domine?" for tenor solo, chorus, and orchestra. As treated by Liszt, this splendid composition may not inaptly, perhaps, be designated as a symphonic poem or a tone picture with words; for in a highly dramatic manner it brings before us the Psalmist-King at the head of his people, importunately praying to God, and at last giving expression to their faith in a hymn of praise. Dramatic as is the music which Liszt has furnished, it is at the same time intensely devotional. The tenor solo was finely declaimed by Dr. Gunz, but the performance often dragged, apparently from being in the hands of a conductor, Herr Golde, whose beat was neither so decisive nor so familiar to the members of the band as that of Herr Erdmannsdorfer, but whose skill as a choirmaster, be it said to his credit, was made fully apparent by the excellent singing of the choir. At the conclusion of the performance loud were the calls for Liszt, who came forward and bowed from the box in which he was sitting.

The third concert, which took place on Sunday evening, was again orchestral and choral. A symphonic poem for orchestra, by Camille Saint-Saëns, entitled *Phaëton*, headed the programme.

For several years past M. Saint-Saëns has been a regular visitor to London, but till quite recently has only found an asylum at the *matinées* of Professor Ella, so slow are we in England to recognize merit in a composer until he has established a reputation abroad. This Saint-Saëns has done, both in France and Germany. As a prolific composer, both in the classical and romantic style, he has shown extreme versatility. It is in the latter, however, that he seems most in his element. This was fully instanced by his *Phaëton*, a work aptly illustrating the legend upon which it is based, without being unduly eccentric, though strikingly original as regards the matter of its contents, treatment, and orchestration. It seemed to be highly appreciated, and was warmly applauded by an extremely critical audience. A Romanza for violin and orchestra, by Max Bruch, a composer who seems to entertain a regard for violinists which is certainly reciprocal, served to display the virtuosity of Herr Petri, the leading violinist of the Sondershausen orchestra. A couple of orchestral characteristic pieces by von Bülow, entitled *Nocturno* and *Allegro risoluto*, followed. Though hardly to be classed among the most important of his compositions, they proved well worth making acquaintance with. The *Nocturno*, somewhat sombre in tone and free from sentimentality, has more the character of a midnight *riverie* than of a love-song. It abounds in graceful thoughts and deft orchestral touches. The *Allegro*, originally composed as an *intermezzo* occurring in his incidental music to *Julius Caesar*, by its vigorous character happily contrasted with the *Nocturno*, and displayed its composer in quite a different mood. Enthusiasm reached its height at this concert on the close of the performance of Liszt's *Ungarische Phantasie*, for pianoforte and orchestra, by Frau Pauline Erdmannsdorfer-Fichner, a pupil of Liszt's, possessed of an almost masculine touch, and whose veins apparently flow with the warmest gypsy blood. On being several times recalled, she was forced to return to the piano and repeat the last

section. Now there were calls for Liszt, who descended from his box and graciously led her forward again. The choral work with which this concert concluded was Raff's setting of the 130th Psalm, "De profundis," for soprano solo (Frl. Breidenstein), eight-part chorus, and orchestra (Op. 14), performed by the Erfurt Sing Akademie, under the direction of Herr Mertel. Greatly as I admire most of Raff's instrumental works, I must confess to disappointment in now for the first time making acquaintance with him as a vocal composer, chiefly on the ground that in this work, which is as prolix as its author is prolific, there seems to be an entire absence of connection between text and music. True, it contains some splendid eight-part writing, both in the strict and free style, and a most exciting eight-part fugue, which, nevertheless, appears as an anti-climax, and, instead of coming to a proper close, leads into an "Amen" chorus of a totally different character, with which it has no relationship.

On Monday, the 24th, both concerts were devoted exclusively to chamber music—a commendable plan, as, except for a morning rehearsal, it gave the members of the orchestra a day's rest. The concerted works brought forward at the first comprised Brahms' string quartet in B flat (Op. 67), of which I need not say a word, as it has been made sufficiently familiar at the Monday Popular Concerts; a suite No. 2, in F major, Op. 27 for violin (E. Rappoldi) and pianoforte (C. Hess), by Franz Ries, which is fairly to be recommended to violinists as a grateful and attractive work, somewhat Schumannesque in spirit; and a quintet for pianoforte (C. Hess) and strings (Herren Rappoldi, Feigler, E. Ries, and F. Grützmacher), by G. Sgambati, which, apart from its being the work of an Italian replete with German feeling and scholarship, proved worthy of all praise. The vocal music comprised two trios by E. Sachs, for female voices, and four songs by O. Lessmann, simple and charming enough, and charmingly rendered by Frau Mina Sciubro, from Naples. A number of songs by R. von Keudel (the German ambassador at Rome), A. Jensen, P. Cornelius, and J. Kniese were introduced by Herr Hungar and Frau L. Fischer at the evening concert. The instrumental concerted works included a trio, in A minor, for pianoforte (Frau Erdmannsdörfer-Fichner) and strings (Herren Petri and Wi-han), by Max Erdmannsdörfer, which, especially, as regards the two middle movements, impressed me more favorably than the same composer's orchestral prelude already alluded to, and provided Frau Erdmannsdörfer, unquestionably a pianist of the first class, with an opportunity of displaying her remarkable acquirements, which she turned to the best advantage; some capital variations (Op. 39) by E. Wüllner, on a theme by Schubert, for pianoforte (C. Hess) and violoncello (F. Grützmacher); and a trio in G minor, by Hans von Bülow, for pianoforte (Dr. Hans von Bülow, violin (Herr Kömpel), and violoncello (Herr Leopold Grützmacher). With the last-named work and its performance the interest of the evening culminated. Fortunately, I was already familiar with it, having studied the score, which has recently been published, and having twice heard it played at home both by Mrs. Beesley and Dr. von Bülow. I have therefore the less hesitation in pronouncing it fully worthy to take its stand by the side of any modern trio with which I am acquainted. Indeed, among the post-Beethoven productions in this class I do not know its superior. That this seemed also to be the general feeling of the audience—a very critical one—was apparent from the enthusiasm it evoked, doubtless intended as much for the work itself as for the perfect manner in which it was rendered. On the second movement (*vivace*) being loudly applauded, Dr. von Bülow rose from his seat and pointed to the composer, who is noted for his modest and retiring manners, and was sitting in a corner; and at the close of the performance, on the applause being renewed, with the addition of calls for von Bülow, it was not till von Bülow had drawn him forth from his hiding-place behind the stove and led him forward that he responded to the well-deserved recognition of his merits.

If the three new works which headed the programme of the concluding orchestral concert had never been written, the world would be none the poorer. I may, therefore, pass them over in silence. Von Bülow and Bülow were now again to the fore, this time in company with Liszt, who conducted the performance of Bronsart's concerto in F sharp minor, for pianoforte and orchestra, Bülow executing the pianoforte part with astonishing effect in his own inimitable manner. The scene of the pre-

vious evening was repeated; and the remarks I have made in respect to Bronsart's trio, might be applied with almost equal force to his concerto. Two orchestral works by Liszt, separated by an old English ballad, pretentiously treated by Herr R. Metzendorf, completed the scheme. These were the "Two Episodes" from Lenau's *Faust* and the *Hungaria*, both noble and strikingly effective works. The episodes from Lenau's poem, which Liszt has translated into music with astonishing fidelity and success, are entitled *Der nächtliche Zug* ("The Mid-night procession") and *Der Tanz in Der Dorfschenke* ("The Dance in the Village Inn") or "*Mephisto-Walzer*." The first, somewhat sombre in its general character, in the course of which the chorale, "Pange lingua gloriosi," is introduced in an exquisitely beautiful manner, treats of Faust's feelings, and of the tears of remorse he sheds on listening to the hymn sung by a band of pilgrims on the eve of St. John. The second, in sharp contrast to the first, is a dance of the wildest possible description. Its performance, under the direction of Herr Erdmannsdörfer, was a rare feat of virtuosity on the part of the orchestra. Liszt was, of course, called for, and, on his appearing on the stage, was presented with bouquets and garlands, and with his consent the wild dance was repeated. As a farewell performance, Liszt came forward, and himself conducted his *Hungaria*. Contrary to his wont, he has emitted to preface his score with a note explanatory of its poetical intent, nor is one needed;—its title being all suggestive. Think only of a boundless gloomy heath in Hungary as the scene of action, peasants, gipsies with their melancholy poetical music, Magyars with their love of war and independence, as the *dramatis personæ*, discontent, strife, united action against a common enemy, victory and freedom won, and it is easy to fill in the details of the story there must be. Story or no story, as music pure and simple *Hungaria* is strikingly impressive. So far as concerned Erfurt, it served to bring the doings of the week to a termination in a most imposing manner.

In addition to the concerts, several meetings were held, at which papers on musical subjects by Herr A. Hahn, Dr. Aleleben, Rector Krause, and Dr. Langhans were read and discussed. At the last it was resolved to petition the Government for additional aid towards the provision of musical instruction both in the elementary and high schools. On the afternoon of the 26th there was a general exodus, many going to Weimar to attend a concert given by the pupils of the Orchestral school, instituted by the Grand Duke of Weimar, who gave ample evidence of the soundness of the instruction imparted to them under the direction of Professor C. Müller-Hartung, who in the evening conducted a performance of Berlioz's *Damnation de Faust* in the theatre, by command of the Grand Duke, a munificent patron of art and of the general German Musical Society in particular, to which the members were freely invited. C. A. B.

Erfurt, June 27, 1878.

Foreign Notes.

LONDON.—The *Athenæum* (July 20) furnishes the following items:

At the next Social Science Congress will be discussed the question, "How can a sound knowledge of music be best and most generally disseminated?" In Paris the question is answered by the government grants to three opera-houses to promote the lyric drama, and by money allowances to enterprising concert directors. The French Academy, for instance, has just awarded M. Guiraud, the composer of the opera "Piccolino," the prize of 1200, for the authorship of the most meritorious composition played within three years preceding the award. Then in France the knowledge of music is disseminated through the activity of a real Conservatoire, out of which pupils are provided adequate to fill all the desks of complete orchestras throughout France, and to be chorallists and solo singers. It is the State which mainly supports musical training and permanent operatic establishments.

The Royal Italian Opera season will be ended this (Saturday) with Signor Verdi's "Aida"; last night (July 19th) was the benefit of Mlle. Albani, who sang in single acts of "Rigoletto," "Lucia," and "Traviata." On Thursday Madame Adeline Patti for her benefit took the part of Amina in the "Sonnambula," an opera in which she made her first appearance in this country, after her successes in the United States. The subscription season at Her Majesty's Theatre terminated July 13th, with the sixth representation of Bizet's "Carmen." There were six performances for this week, namely, "Il Flauto Magico" (Monday), "Robert le Diable" (Tuesday), "Trovatore" (Wednesday), "Carmen" (Thursday), "Il Tulliano" (Friday), and "Fidelio" (this day Saturday), at reduced prices, and with dispensation of the rules about evening dress. Mlle. Marimon, Madame Trebelli, Signori Campanini, Marini, and Rota have left; the present troupe comprises Madame Gerster, Mlle. Valleria, Mlle. Minnie Hauk, Mlle. Bauermeister,

Madame Pappenheim, Mlle. Tremelli, Signori Fancelli, Bettini, Rinaldini, Del Puente, Galassi, Herr Behrens, &c. Mr. Mapleson, prior to his departure with his company to New York, to open the Academy of Music Opera-house, will make tour in the provinces.

The oratorio "Christus," by Herr Kiel was a great success at the third Silesian Musical Festival, held at Görlitz; there was also a new symphony by Count Hochberg, who composes under the name of Z. H. Franz. Handel's "Judas Maccabeus" was the great attraction of the second Schleswig Holstein Festival celebrated at Kiel. The Hamburg Impresario announces that he will produce during one season all the operas of Herr Wagner in succession, that is, "Rienzi," "The Flying Dutchman," "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Tristan," "The Master Singers," and the four operas of the "Nibelungen."

ANCIENT OPERAS. (From the *Athenæum*, July 13th.—Since the extinction of the series of Ancient Concerts, given for so many years under royal, episcopal, and aristocratic patronage at the Hanover Square Rooms (now a club-house), very few revivals of the sacred and secular compositions of the old masters have been attempted by concert givers; but last Wednesday night, in the concert room of the Royal Academy of Music, Mr. Malcolm Lawson ventured—with the co-operation of members of the Gluck Society as chorallists, and with a full but small band, Mr. Wiener and Signor Erba principal violins, and with the following soloists, Miss F. Kelly, Miss A. Brooks, Mrs. Hollick, Miss S. Smith, Mr. B. Lone, Mr. D'Arcy-Ferris, and Mr. T. Marzials—to resuscitate the three act opera "Dido and Æneas," by Henry Purcell (for the first time since 1677) and also selections from Gluck's splendid opera "Alceste," produced in Vienna in 1767, and in Paris in 1776. Mr. M. Lawson was the conductor, and making allowance for short preparation, and for his not being provided with an adequate leading lady soloist—his tenor and bass were both efficient—the experiment was a decided success. In Purcell the choral portions told powerfully, especially the *finale* of the first act, "To the hills, to the vales"; the scene of the departure of Æneas from Carthage was redemanded. The detached airs of Purcell are now, old-fashioned, although there are songs which maintain their sway despite the inroads of time and the introduction of fresh forms and of boisterous orchestration. The "Alceste" selection was most happy; such a dramatic scene as that in the temple of Apollo, with sacred march and chorus, the solemn strains of the high priest, the dying song of Alceste, will stand comparison with any concerted piece of Gluck's successors, however masterly. It is to be hoped that the example set by Mr. M. Lawson, may be followed by other musicians, for it is not only advantageous for the student of art, but the amateurs of the period will find operatic gems of which they have little conception. Gluck's works remain in the *répertoire* of Vienna, of Berlin, &c., and why not of London?

PROF. ELLA completed the thirty-fourth season of the Musical Union at the eighth and final Matinée last Tuesday afternoon, in St. James's Hall. As is customary at what is termed the Director's grand concert, there was the annual performance of Beethoven's Septet, Op. 20, in E flat, and of Hummel's Septet, Op. 74, in D minor. The artists to whom the task of interpreting these two standard works was allotted were Madame Montigny-Rémaury in the pianoforte part of Hummel's composition; Signor Papini (first violin), Herr Holländer (viola), M. Lasserre (violincello), Mr. Jakeway (contra-basso), Mr. Lazarus (clarinet), M. Dubruq (oboe), M. Stennebrugg (horn), Mr. Radcliffe (flute), Mr. Hutchins (bassoon). Besides the two masterpieces of Beethoven and Hummel, the Andante and Cantabile, Op. 11, in B flat, from the String Quartet in D, by the Russian composer Tchaikowsky, was played by M. Papini, Wiener, Holländer, and Lasserre. Madame Montigny-Rémaury and M. Lasserre were associated in Herr Rubinstein's pianoforte and violincello Duet, Op. 11, in a major, and Signor Papini played the air from Bach's Suite in D, with quartet accompaniment. The solos selected by the French lady pianist were varied and interesting, including the "Sour Montagne," by F. Couperin (1722); the Barcarolle, No. 3, in G minor, by Herr Rubinstein; the Pastorale Variée, in A flat (posthumous), by Mozart; and the Presto of the Caprice, No. 2, Op. 16, by Mendelssohn. Prof. Ella in a farewell address expressed his hope of renewing the direction in 1879, despite failing eyesight, and he added that since the formation of the Union, in 1845 to 1878 inclusive, the total number of artists engaged has been 206, namely, 103 stringed instruments, 75 pianists, and 28 wind; of these performers 64 were Germans and Austrians, 48 English, 31 French, 17 Belgians, 15 Italians, 8 Dutch, 8 Hungarians, 5 Russians, 4 Spanish and Portuguese, 3 Poles, 2 Danes and 1 Swede.

PARIS.—As an offset to the musical failure of the World's Exposition music (see Dr. Hanslick's letter in our last) we read in *Le Ménestrel* (July 14) of a Gala Concert at the Conservatoire, to which the Minister of the Fine Arts invited the distinguished strangers in Paris, as well as the artists who obtained prizes at the Salon of 1878.

"The concert was a complete success; the Société des Concerts, feeling itself in the presence of a select and evidently sympathetic public, really surpassed itself under the direction of M. Deldeves.—The first part consisted of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven; Meyerbeer's Chorus: *Adieu aux jeunes Marins*; Scherzo and March from Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream music. During a half hour's intermission the public were conducted to the halls of the library and to the vestibule, transformed by M. Garnier into richly decorated halls of reception, in which buffets of refreshments were arranged.

"The second part began with the Andante and Finale of an unpublished Symphony in C by Haydn; these fragments excited great enthusiasm, and the oboe solo by M. Gillet was particularly applauded. The delicious romance from Mozart's *Marriage of Figaro*, sung in excellent and charming style by Mile. Bilbaut-Vanohelot, was encored. After a fine chorus from Gluck's *Armida*, the concert came to a brilliant conclusion with Weber's Overture to *Oberon*. The public retired enchanted, and groups were overheard expressing the desire that M. Bardoux would repeat this beautiful artistic fête."

The *Ministrel* of July 31, says: "M. le docteur Hanslick, delegate from Austro-Hungary to our Universal Exposition and Member of the Jury of Class XIII, having fulfilled his double mission, has returned to Vienna, not without leaving at Paris the remembrance of a man of letters doubled by that of a perfect musician."

A RECENT article upon the *Psyché* of Ambroise Thomas concludes as follows: "Nearly all the great masters have, among their productions, one capital work, which becomes a sort of affix to their name. Thus *Don Juan* evokes the memory of Mozart; *Der Freyschütz*, that of Weber; *Robert*, that of Meyerbeer; *La Dame Blanche*, that of Boieldieu; henceforth, if we do not deceive ourselves, in spite of the justly vaunted merit of *Le Songe*, of *Mignon* and of *Hamlet*, to designate Ambroise Thomas *Psyché* will be named,—unless, in another year, we should like still better to name his *Francesca di Rimini*."

DARMSTADT. A new dramatic opera by C. A. Mangold, called "Barbarossa's Erwachen" (Barbarossa's Waking) has been played here with great success. Freiligrath's song, "Hurrah, Germania!" is introduced in it as a solo and chorus; and at one place the old red-beard Emperor is metamorphosed into Kaiser Wilhelm, and the soldiers of the late Franco-German war cross the stage to the music of a fine Kaiser march. The chorus consisted of the members of the Darmstadt Musik-Verein and the Mozart-Verein.

KIEL. The second Schleswig-Holstein musical festival occurred here on the 23d and 24th of June, under the direction of Carl Reinecke of Leipzig. The soloists were the Joachim couple, Mme. Paschka-Lentner, and the Herren Gura and Von Wilt. The first day offered Handel's *Judas Maccabæus*; the second day, a new Fest-Overture composed for the occasion by Reinecke, Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, solo performances, etc.

GOERLITZ. The third Silesian Musical Festival was successful. The new Hall accommodates 2,000 persons. The orchestra consisted of forty-six violins, sixteen violas, seventeen violoncellos, twelve double basses, four flutes, four oboes, four clarinets, four bassoons, four horns, four trumpets, three trombones, one kettle-drum, one harp, one triangle, one pair of cymbals, and one big drum. The chorus numbered above 500, and there were nine solo singers. After various works by recognized masters, the noticeable features of the programme were Kiel's *Christus*, and a Symphony by Count Hochberg, founder of these Festivals, who, however, styles himself, in his character of composer, "J. H. Frank." Herr Deppe, of Berlin, was conductor, and Herr Lauterbach greatly distinguished himself by his rendering of Beethoven's Violin Concerto.

BERLIN. At the Imperial Opera house, from August 24, 1877 to June 14, 1878, there were 223 Operatic performances. The season's repertoire was composed of 55 different works by 20 composers. As novelties are named: "Der Landfriede," in three acts, by Brüll, and "Die Officiere der Kaiserin," in four acts, by Wuerst.

DORDRECHT. A three days musical festival was held in the middle of June, and so great was the gathering of friends of music from all parts of Holland, that the city hardly found room for them. The performances were models of their kind, it is said. They consisted of Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" on the first day; Handel's "Alexander's Feast" and Brahms's "Rhapsodie" on the second; and solo performances on the third.

MILAN. The centenary of the theatre La Scala is to be celebrated this autumn. There will be a series of performances of operas and ballets written expressly for, and first brought out at the Scala. It has also been proposed to select from the works of the most illustrious Italian composers of the last hundred years the opera which proved the most successful at the time.

—THE hundredth anniversary of the foundation of the Munich Hof-Theater is to be celebrated in October next in a manner befitting the great artistic traditions of that institution.

—THE praiseworthy activity displayed by the Hamburg Stadt-Theater under the direction of Herr Pollini, may be instanced by the fact that during the period from August, 1877, to June of the present year no fewer than ten new operatic works have been presented by that institution. A complete cyclas of Herr Wagner's operas, commencing with "Rienzi" and to conclude with "Götterdämmerung," has been foreshadowed by the energetic management for the coming season.

—THE centenary of the birth of the organist and composer Hans Gänsbacher, the friend and fellow-pupil, under the Abbé Vogler, of Carl Maria von Weber and Meyerbeer, was commemorated last month by a musical festival held at Sterzing in the Tyrol, where he was born. The performances, which consisted exclusively of works by the deceased composer, were chiefly sustained by the Innsbruck Musik-Verein. Gänsbacher died in 1844, as Dom Capellmeister, in Vienna.

—DR. Ferdinand Hiller has been elected a corresponding member of the Société des Compositeurs de Musique de Paris.

—THE preparations for the performance during next season of the entire tetralogy "Der Ring des Nibelungen" are actively carried on at the Leipzig Stadt-Theater with the co-operation of Capellmeister Seidel, of Bayreuth. The work is likewise to be taken in hand shortly on the Cologne stage.

—THE widow of the composer, Franz von Holstein, has, in memory of her late husband, founded a domicile at Leipzig for the accommodation of six young artists pursuing their studies at the Conservatorium of that town.

—Madame Adelina Patti will give a series of representations at the Kroll'sche Theater at Berlin during next October.

—AT the gala-dinner, given at the White Hall of the Royal Palace at Berlin, on the occasion of the inauguration of the European Congress, the music performed by the band of the Imperial Guards included the following numbers, viz.: Overture to "Iphigenia in Aulis" (Gluck); Introduction and Bridal Chorus from "Lohengrin"; Symphony in G major (Haydn); two Hungarian Dances (Brahms); and Haydn's Serenade.

—NOT the least interesting among the musical relics just now exhibited in connection with the Paris International Exposition is the original score of Mozart's "Don Giovanni," of which Madame Pauline Viardot is the fortunate possessor.

—AMONG the musical remains of Rossini a number of unpublished compositions, vocal and instrumental, have been discovered, the great majority of which were probably never intended for publication by their author. These include nearly seventy pieces for the pianoforte, all of them bearing titles such as "Prélude roccoco," "Bolero tataro," "Specimen de l'ancien régime," "Specimen de mon temps," "Valse antidansante," "Prélude hygiénique," "Prélude baroque," "Prélude convulsif," etc. As musical curiosities may be quoted "Six préludes sur la gamme chinoise" (the Chinese scale), "Echantillon mélodique sur les notes de la main droite," "Une caresse à ma femme," "Un mot à Paganini" (for violin and pianoforte), etc. The collection also includes a Requiem for contralto and a vocal composition on the death of Meyerbeer.

—THE death is announced in German papers of Anton Depresse, the gifted writer of *Lieder* and the composer of an Oratorio, "Die Salbung David's." He was only forty years of age.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 17, 1878.

Garden Concerts.

Walking one evening through one of the garden streets which make the "annexed" out-lying portions of our city so attractive, our attention was arrested by sweet sounds from a band of music. And presently, when we reached an angle in the road—just after Forest Hills street diverges from the old Dedham turnpike (Washington Street now) leading past tasteful cottages and mansions, charmingly secluded and embowered amid trees and shrubbery, to the Cemetery from which the street takes its name—behold! throngs of people pouring into the winding wooded avenue that leads up to a stately mansion, once the home of families held in high esteem in this community; and all the trees were hung with Chinese lanterns, and an air of popular festivity seemed to have invaded and transformed the quiet and exclusive neighborhood. This, we were told, was going on every evening in pleasant weather, and sometimes in the afternoon. We wondered how the neighbors liked it! And

indeed we remembered reading something in the newspapers about a man—not a German—to whom the municipal authorities had refused a license for opening a concert garden, where lager beer might cheaply flow, and none of the usual accompaniments in other, more German, cities be found wanting.

Here it was, however, in full progress, with or without a license, and in spite of the indignant protest of the cottagers, who naturally foresee in it an end of quiet and a social nuisance. The charming rural lane itself will soon become a crowded thoroughfare; the visitors, who enter the grounds without money and without price, may all be orderly and decent now, but will not noisier and rougher groups, from the slums of the city, ere long snuff the opportunity and resort there by horse-car conveyance? What there may be inside the mansion to attract we know not; possibly coffee and loes, and no beer, or worse, at present; but if it becomes an institution, all this naturally and logically follows; for we ourselves, and most of our readers, even the most refined and temperate, believe beer to be harmless unless taken to excess.

Now here comes up a serious question. Evidently there is a growing demand, in and about this and every city, for something corresponding to the popular beer garden concerts of the Old World. In the Summer, especially, those who have to spend the hot months in the city, crave opportunities for open air in green and pleasant places, where they may promenade, and drink in music through their ears, and cool refreshments down their throats. More and more this is called for, and the want must be supplied; if it be not wisely and well supplied, under good auspices, with the consent and active influence and help of the best classes of society, and with municipal authority and supervision, it will surely be supplied unwisely, badly, dangerously even in a social and moral point of view.

Probably every thoughtful and appreciative American, who has spent some time in Berlin, or Dresden, Leipzig, Munich, Vienna, or any considerable German town, and who has attended the cheap, but delightful, and in many instances refined and largely classical garden concerts there—say in the days of Liebig and his orchestra at the Tonhalle, or the Walhalla, &c., in Berlin, or on the Brühl'sche Terrasse or Grossgarten in Dresden, has come home longing to see institutions of the same sort spring up here.

But it is important that they should be of the same sort. And what does this require? In the first place, in Germany the music is within doors, large halls, surrounded by pleasant walks, and the concerts go on both in winter and in summer. In the next place music is treated in these places with all due respect; there is no clatter of knives and forks, no clink of glasses, no audible conversation while the orchestra is playing; a hush pervades the room the moment it begins. In a word, the music is regarded as something to be listened to, a matter of absorbing consequence, for the time being, in itself, and not, as in so many of our professed musical occasions, as a mere festive accompaniment to talking, dancing and what not. Therefore, in the third place, the programme, the selection of the pieces becomes important. As the executants compose, not a mere street brass band, but a fair orchestra, with strings as well as wind instruments, so the repertoire includes, not only careful selections of really genial and artistic pieces of "light" music, but even a liberal allowance, fitly interspersed, of classical masterworks in the form of Symphony, Concerto, Overture, &c., and for the gratification of the curious or the *blasé*, modern efforts to outshine these. In a single winter in Berlin we heard Liebig's orchestra alone, at the

various Music-halls at which they regularly alternated, perform ten or twelve different Symphonies by Haydn, others by Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, &c., all the four Overtures to *Fidelio* (Leonore), the Midsummer Night's Dream music, and much more of this order, besides Waltzes, Potpourries, light Overtures and Marches; and this where beer flowed freely, where family parties brought their cake and knitting and their gossip to their several tables, ordered their beer or coffee, yet was the silence absolute when the first chord of the Symphony rang out.

Are we likely to have it in this way here? One good and conspicuous example has been set of late years during the summer months, according to all accounts, by the Thomas Garden Concerts in New York. But we fear this is, so far, an example without imitators or rivals. Bands playing out of doors, with free admission to the grounds, simply to entice the promenader into a house, where he may find something more appetizing than the music, are quite another sort of thing. The music and the moonlight may be well enough, but not (since these "don't pay") from the standpoint of the impresario, who means that the real "objective point," worth paying for, shall be found within the house. This, or about this, seems to be the present stage of progress of the new "Forest Garden" Concerts, near Jamaica Plain, with their balloon ascensions, moonlight, Chinese lanterns, Calcium lights, and what not. We presume they are intended only for the summer, but we are uninformed. We fear they do not tend to any such æsthetic and artistic musical enjoyment, as may reconcile a refined neighborhood to the invasion of its "*stille Sicherheit*."

It will be understood that we are not discussing the subject of music for the people in the open air, such as our City government provides on certain evenings upon the Common and the public squares. This is all very well in its way; it draws people out from their hot, crowded streets to breathe a fresher air in cool green places; it gives them musical enjoyment, and to a certain extent no doubt it cultivates the sense for harmony, though we think there is always room for improvement in the musical selections; the lightest and the newest, what is most the fashion of the times, caught from the theatres, the Opera Bouffe, etc., seems to constitute the lion's share of it. But we are speaking of the various crude attempts to borrow for home use, or to imitate, the good German custom of cheap concerts in fine spacious halls, with real orchestras, not bands, and with more or less artistic, even classical selections, together with refreshments for the inner man, but where the music is the signal for silence the instant it begins, and the whole piece is listened to with the attention it deserves. With the single exception above mentioned (the summer garden concerts of Theodore Thomas in New York), what we yet have in this country is very far from that,—as different in kind as in degree. Probably the nearest approaches to it are in our great beer-brewing Western cities, where, so far as musical taste and social culture are concerned, we fear they brew much evil with some good. Cincinnati, for instance, which since its great Festival last May has arrogated to itself the musical "head-centre"-ship of our broad land,—perhaps not wholly without reason—has its great beer-gardens upon the hills, to which resort every night thousands upon thousands of Germans and Americans, to hear music, such as it may be, but principally (as we are informed on good authority) to drink beer. And the beer-drinking, with the smoking, is the great business and motive of the evening; it is drunk without stint, women too drink freely, and amid noise

and clatter and the ringing of glasses, and shouting for the Kellner; the music mingling with the uproar, but not getting much attention. One may judge what sort of music, under these circumstances, it must be, and how select the programme! We may have got a one-sided, incomplete impression of the matter; we cannot speak from personal observation. But if this account be true, then the German social and convivial musical life in this country has sadly degenerated from what it is in Fatherland. Our stimulating climate may have much to do with it, always prompting to excess in such indulgences. The more careful, therefore, should we be to have all such customs rightly regulated, and to secure to Art, to Music, the controlling influence in such scenes of popular entertainment, which, thus regulated, would become scenes of culture and improvement at the same time, as well as of a more pure and keen enjoyment.

We have simply presented the problem, not feeling able to point out any definite solution. We trust these vague hints may set some of our readers to thinking, and may call out some good and practical suggestions.

OPERA IN THE VERNACULAR. Among the "In General" paragraphs of our *Daily Advertiser* we find this:

—Operatic managers now generally agree that opera should be given in the language of the public which hears it, and Italian opera for English-speaking audiences is losing in popularity. Carl Rosa, whose excellent English opera is gradually revolutionizing operatic taste in London, has expressed himself soundly and sensibly at a recent interview. He believes in a good all round company, but not excluding the attraction of "stars," under a good business manager who is a musical scholar, giving national opera on the German principle,—that is, with a repertoire from the schools of all nations, since "insularism in art is a mistake"—such are his conditions of success. He reads the signs of the times as pointing to this interchange of all that is good in operatic art, and the subsequent dethronement of Italian opera from its assumed supremacy.

There are two ways of looking at it. The "operatic managers" have certainly good ground for wishing to present all operas in the language of their audiences. They find plenty of precedents in the practice of the German, and in fact most Continental theatres. The German language lends itself better perhaps than any other to translation. Shakespeare loses comparatively little in the German. An English opera might sound even better in the German than in the original. A Germanized Italian opera is a strange thing to conceive of; yet Italian operas are so given on the German stage; *La Sonnambula* becomes *Die Nachtwandlerin*, etc. Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète*, etc., we hear always in the Italian translations.

But there is another side to the question,—at least when we talk of Anglicizing the familiar Italian librettos. The musical, sonorous and expressive words, the rich vowel sounds, with which we have always associated the melodious cadences and phrases of our *Semiramide* and *Il Barbiere*, our *Lucia* and *Lucresia*, lose almost all their charm in English; lose their flavor, forfeit their individuality in fact. It ceases to be the same thing. Think how clumsy and uncouth the English syllables must sound, which try to render that mellifluous language! And what is still worse, think how flat and commonplace, how stilted and inflated, all the dialogue, and even the Arias sound in such an English parody. Few things admit so little of translation as the pretty commonplaces of Italian lyric poetry;—perhaps for the very reason that they are commonplace and merely pretty. We do not want them badly rendered in what must seem almost baby English. We had rather hear the emptiness, the commonness, the cheap sentimentality concealed under a beautiful garb of a language, which at the same time is the most convenient of all for singing, and which is a sort of music in itself. And after all, in these operas, it is not the meaning of the

words in detail, or the sentences, that we care for; it is the dramatic situation, the sentiment, of the scene or passage; and this is quickly caught and understood, even if one knows not one word of Italian.

For translation the book, the poem of an opera must be *worth* translating; there must be something in it; some poetry, some fine thought or feeling, which will be a positive addition to what we knew and felt before. Such is not often found in operas. Gluck's operas, with all their classic stateliness and commonplace, alike of music and of words, might possibly sound very well in English. Our Wagner friends, we fear, would hardly own their idol, were they to hear his marvellous alliterative verses sung or declaimed in our vernacular; and this we should still fear in spite of the exceeding cleverness and ingenuity displayed in the close and almost literal translation by an English enthusiast, Mr. Alfred Forman, of the entire Nibelungen Trilogy.

OPERA NEXT SEASON. — We have already given the London manager Mapleson's plans, the fulfilment of which is awaited with great interest in New York and Philadelphia. Whether Boston has anything to hope for from them doth not yet appear. We now read:

MR. MAX STRAKOSCH announces that for the coming season of Italian opera he has concluded engagements with the following artists: Prime donne — Miss Clara Louise Kellogg, Mile. Litta, Mile. Catarina Marco (the daughter of the late Mark Smith, who has met with decided success in Italy). Tenori — Signor Rosnati and Mr. Henry Wertberg. Barytones — Signor Pantaleoni and Mr. Gottschalk. Bassi — Mr. George A. Conly and Herr Wiegand. The conductor will be Mr. S. Behrens. Among the works to be performed is Wagner's "*Lohengrin*," with Miss Kellogg for the first time as *Elsa*, and the novelties will be Massé's "*Paul et Virginie*," with Miss Kellogg as *Virginie*, and Bizet's "*Carmen*," with the same lady in the title role. "*Paul et Virginie*" is the opera in which Albani and Capoul were so successful last season at Covent Garden, and "*Carmen*" is the work in which Mile. Minnie Hauk made her great hit this spring in London. The season will begin October 21 in Philadelphia. The New York season will begin at Booth's Theatre, early in February. Prior to the opera season a brief season of concerts will be given.

THE LOUD AND FAST IN MUSIC. There is much good sense in an editorial article upon this subject in the London *Musical Standard*. We copy a few sentences.

This is a loud and fast age. In everything we hurry more, and make more noise and clatter than our fathers did. We do not travel by the coach, etc.

This "loudness and fastness" is of necessity having an effect upon music, and exercises an influence upon art which we cannot regard with complacency, nor allow to go on without protest. Gradually, but surely, the divine art is being swept into the "rush," and what Germans call *Sturm und Drang* appears to be seizing hold upon us. Our tempi are changed, and the allegro and presto of Bach and Handel have been hurried on until a speed has been reached which would have profoundly astonished and shocked these old masters themselves. Our organs, harmoniums, and pianos, too, have all gained in volume of tone, and we get an amount of noise out of them which was not dreamt of by our ancestors.

Large organs, monster orchestras, and immense concert-rooms are sometimes necessary for special purposes; but our complaint is that in nine cases out of ten the effect produced, whether by choir, organ, or orchestra, is too great, too loud, too near that border-line which distinguishes music from noise, and divides a grand musical effect from an unmeaning and deafening roar.

The influence of all this loudness and fastness is being felt in other ways also, and the ability to play a piece of music with rapidity and dash is now regarded as a sure test of a "fine player." We have often heard spectators at a fire make the very obvious remark, that "Fire is a good servant, but a bad master." This is equally true of that rapid, loud, muscular playing which is dignified by the name of "execution." Execution, or *technique*, is of course a good servant; but in these days it is becoming a master, or rather a tyrant, laying its huge hand upon our rising players, and forcing them almost to forget that the best music very often calls for the least executive power. The power to play difficult passages with great rapidity and force is an admirable servant, but a bad master; when employed as the means of obtaining a grander expression of a composer's meaning, it is commendable; when used as an end, and to display the powers of the player, it is simply detestable. We would earnestly counsel all public players to consider this well, and by a strong will to keep in check any tendency to display their virtuosity for its own sake alone. Cultivate, by all means, a perfect executive power, but keep it subservient to the highest purposes, and never play a piece faster than your author intended, for by so doing you display not only your ability, but your ignorance of the true aim and end of all music.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE. The programmes of the ten concerts which have taken place at this flourishing institution during the past Academic year (1877-78) have been kindly furnished us by its Professor of Music, Mr. C. H. Morse, Mus. B. We have not room for every detail, but the following abstract will give a good idea of what quantity and quality of music is heard, and often through distinguished interpreters, by the young ladies of Wellesley in the course of a year.

Oct. 5, 1877. Twenty-first Concert (first of Third Series). Miscellaneous; Songs, Duets, Quartets, etc., and piano pieces from Chopin, Paine and Gottschalk. Performers: Miss A. L. Gage, Soprano, Miss A. R. Clark, Contralto, Mr. C. H. Clark, Tenor, D. M. Babcock, Bass. Mr. A. D. Turner, Pianist.

22d Concert, Jan. 4, 1878. Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, Pianist; Miss Lillian Bailey, Soprano. We give the programme in full:

- a. Prelude and Fugue, C Minor, (Well-Tempered Clavichord), Bk 2-2. Bach
- b. Fugue, C Major, No. 2 (Peters' Ed., No. 200), Bach
- Sonata in E Minor, Op. 90. Beethoven
- Allegro-Rondo.
- Song—Die Loreley. Liszt
- a. Songs Without Words, No. 10, B Minor, and No. 25, G Major. Mendelssohn
- b. Octave Study. Kullak

- Arietta—"Pur dicesti." Lotti
- a. "Kreisleriana," Op. 16, No. 1, D Minor, No. 5, G Minor. Schumann
- b. Impromptu, A flat major, Op. 142-2. Schubert
- c. Tarantelle, E flat minor, Op. 11, Gustav Schumann
- Songs—{ a. Nina. (Old Italian Song). Pergolesi
- b. Haidenroeslein. Schubert
- a. Scherzo, from Suite Op. 31. Bargiel
- b. Wedding March, (Norwegian bridal party passing by). Edward Grieg
- c. Ballade, A flat major, Op. 47. Chopin
- "Tannhäuser March." Wagner-Liszt

23d Concert, Feb. 8. Works of American Composers. Songs by Gottschalk, S. A. Emery, Osgood, Paine, Buck and Millard. Piano Solos. Piano pieces of R. Hoffman, L. B. Dean, J. K. Paine, Gottschalk, Emery (Sarabande and Scherzo, Op. 6), and H. M. Dunham (Capriccio Brillante). Vocalist, Miss Gage; Pianists: Prof. Morse, Mr. F. H. Lewis.

24th Concert, March 1. Miscellaneous. Quartet and Duet from Verdi; Quartet ("Nursery Rhymes") by H. M. Dow; Song, Schumann: "Two Grenadiers;" Duet: "La ci darem," Mozart; etc., etc. Chopin's Sonata in B flat minor (Mr. Swan); Grand Fantasia, Op. 15, Schubert-Liszt (Mr. Turner); Nocturne, Liszt, and Ballade in G minor, Chopin, (Mr. Swan). Vocalists: Miss Gage, Mrs. J. E. Ellison, Mr. J. C. Bartlett, Mr. H. C. Barnabee.

25th Concert, March 15. By the Schubert (Vocal) Quartette (Messrs. Want, Chubbuck, Harlow and Babcock.) Quartets by Hattori, Buck, Gené ("Italian Salad") and Spofforth. Quintets, with Miss Gage, Soprano, by Storch and Klücken. Duet: "Graceful Consort" from *Oration*; Songs: Schubert's "Wanderer," Osgood's "My Little Woman."

- 26th Concert, March 22.* By the pupils. Programme:
- Overture to "Egmont," Op. 88. Beethoven
 - Misses Chase and Gale.
 - Sonata in E flat, Op. 27-1. Beethoven
 - Andante, (Allegro).—Allegro molto. Miss Talford.
 - Etude—"La Fileuse," Op. 157. Raff
 - Miss Hurd.
 - Song—"My Dearest Heart." Sullivan
 - Miss N. Clark.
 - Piano Solo—a. Etude, "If I were a bird," Op. 2-6, Henselt
 - b. Novelllette in F, Op. 21-1. Schumann
 - Miss J. E. Bill.

- Sonata in E flat, Op. 31-3. Allegro. Beethoven
- Miss Gale.
- Wedding Music, (for four hands), Op. 45. Jensen
- a. Festal March. b. Bridal Song.
- c. Dance. d. Nocturne.
- Misses J. E. Bill and Alma Jones.
- Song—"Blondina Bella." Gounod
- Miss Bryan.
- Piano Solo—Grand Scherzo in B flat Minor, Op. 31, Chopin
- Miss Alma Jones.
- March and Chorus (Tannhäuser). Wagner
- Misses A. Jones, M. Roberts, Talford and Phoebeus.

27th Concert, May 23. After a Chorus (Wagner's "Singing Song," by the Beethoven Society of the College, Mr. W. H. Sherwood and Mr. C. N. Allen performed the "Kreutzer" Sonata of Beethoven. Miss Gage sang "Hear ye, Israel," from *Elijah*. Mrs. and Mr. Sherwood played Chopin's Rondo in C for two pianos. Mr. Allen played: a. Aria from Bach (arranged for 4th string by Wilhelm), b. Polish Dance by Wieniawski. Mrs. Sherwood played Chopin's Impromptu in F sharp. Thalberg's Etude (on repeated notes) in A minor. Miss Gage sang Sullivan's "Let me dream again;" and the concert closed with Chopin's Valse Brillante, op. 34, No. 1, and Liszt's Polonaise in E.

28th Concert, June 7. Concert by the Beethoven Society. The programme comprised all the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music by Mendelssohn (Solos by Misses Bryan and N. Clark; Piano accompaniments, 4 hands, Misses Alma Jones and M. L. Roberts); Chorus: "Spring Night," by Bargiel; Chorus: "Down in the dewy Dell," by Smart; Sonata in G, op. 14, Beethoven, (Miss A. Adams); Chorus of Angels, from Costa's *EU*; Chorus: "Blue Danube," Strauss; Piano Solos: Humoreske, Op. 102, Tschalkowsky, and Scherzo, Op. 19-2, Gade (Miss Metcalf); Ave Maria, from Mendelssohn's *Loreley* (Chorus with Solo by Miss N. Clark); Wagner's Spinning Chorus; Turkish March from "Ruins of Athens," 8 hands (Misses Jones, Roberts, Phoebeus and Dunlap); Chorus: "Homeward" (new), by Rheinberger.

29th Concert, June 19. By the pupils, with this programme:

- Overture to "Don Giovanni." Mozart
- Misses Dunlap, Adams, Phoebeus and Metcalf.
- Piano Solo—Sonata in E flat. Hummel
- (First movement.)
- Miss Hurd.

- Song—The Noblest. Schumann
- Miss Bryan.
- Piano Solos—a. Idylle, Op. 6-1. Rheinberger
- b. Intermezzo. Von Bülow
- Miss Dunlap.

- Song—"Beautiful bird, sing on." T. H. Howe
- Miss M. R. Clark.

- Concerto for Piano-Forte, in D minor. Mozart
- Allegro, with Cadenza by Reinecke.—Romanza.
- Miss Alma Jones.

- (Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
- Capriccio Brillante in B minor, Op. 22. Mendelssohn
- Miss J. E. Bill.

- (Orchestral parts on second Piano.)
- Song—Gute Nacht. Schubert
- Miss Brewster.

- Polacca Brillante in E, Op. 72. Von Weber
- Miss Talford.

- Song—When the heart is young. Buck
- Miss Nettie Clark.

- Overture to "Coriolanus," Op. 62. Beethoven
- Misses A. Jones, Adams, M. Roberts and Talford.

30th Concert, June 24. On this occasion Mr. Ernst Perabo made a farewell visit, together with Mr. B. Listemann, Violin, F. Listemann, Violin and Viola, A. Beiz, Viola, and Adolf Hartdegen, 'Cello. The programme was what might safely be expected from these artists: Quartet for Piano and Strings, in F, Op. 37.

- (Allegro moderato—Adagio—Allegro vivace—Finale, Allegro con fuoco.)
- First time in this country.

- Gavotte from the Sixth 'Cello Sonata. Bach
- Piano Solos—

- a. Fugue, from Op. 78, F sharp minor (new), Jos. Rheinberger
- b. Echo, from "French Overture," E minor, Bach

- c. "Zur Gitarre"—Morceau, E major. F. Hiller
- d. "Bussled." Beethoven-Liszt

- Andante con Variazioni—from the Op. Posth. Schubert
- Quartet in D minor. Schubert

- Romanza and Scherzo for Piano and 'Cello, Op. 27, (new, MS.). John K. Paine
- Quartet in F major, Op. 18-1. Beethoven

- a. Allegro con brio—b. Adagio molto
- c. Scherzo—d. Allegro.

Advertising a Prima Donna.

(From the New York Tribune.)

About this time, when travelling dramatic and musical companies are getting ready for the opening of the autumn season, look out for flaming bulletins from the watering places, announcing the unparalleled triumphs of the fascinating young American tragedienne, Miss Crummles, in a recherché recital at the Nantucket Athenæum; or the costume concert of the celebrated Colorado prima donna, Miss Euphemia Gulch, in the grand dining-room of the Cosmopolitan Hotel at Rockaway Beach. Telegrams, prepaid and unsigned, precipitate such astounding intelligence upon the newspapers with a lavish disregard of expense, all the more striking when it is remembered that the newspapers generally drop the despatches into the cavernous basket that always yawns under the table. Sometimes an artist of genuine rank is the subject of these illegitimate advertising operations, which certainly do no good, and we rather think do mischief to those whom they are intended to benefit. Here is a specimen telegram, emanating from the maladroit agent of a singer for whom we have so much respect that we shall suppress her name: "The greatest musical and social event that ever took place in this part of the country occurred to-day in —, with the arrival of —, the illustrious prima donna, who has created so much sensation of late in all parts of the country where she has visited, and also the coming of his excellency Alexander H. Rice, governor of Massachusetts. Madame — and the governor have been each assigned a luxurious suite of rooms in the — House by Mr. —, the present proprietor. The hotel and ball-room have been splendidly decorated in their honor." And then follows a reckless and coruscating report of the inevitable concert, the "ovations," the social attentions by the élite of all the continent, the going to church, where the governor prayed and the prima donna sang anthems—all leaving us in doubt whether the prima donna was in attendance on the governor or the governor on the prima donna, and all set off with such a display of heated adjectives that the wires must have scintillated as the message rushed along. Who can it be that sends these despatches? We cannot imagine.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC

Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

So sings the Lark. E. 4. d to E. Abt. 30
"O, who so blithe and gay as he,
All songsters sweet among."
When Abt and the Lark conspire to sing, the
best of music is sure to be heard.

Rommani, Gypsy Death from Love. E. 3. Abt. 40
E to a. Gabriel.
"He led me out where the sun shone down,
He looked at my face, which was gypsy brown."
A fine ballad of gypsy life and love.

Gone to their Rest. F. 3. c to F. Roedel. 40
"Where are all the best and brave!
Gone to their Rest!"
A tribute to brave warriors and true. Very
effective.

One little Word. A. 3. E to F. Abt. 35
"A small request, and yet a fate,
Depends upon thy heart's reply."
The little word "Yes," so desired, is very prettily
commented on both by words and music.

Recollection. Romanza. G. 3. E to g. Stone. 30
"Still thy love shines brightly o'er me."
One of the "old age" songs of cheerful character
that are so pleasing and successful.

Speak not a Word of coldness. Ab. 3. E to F. Keens. 30
"Let not the chain that binds us,
Ever be broken apart!"
A very sing-able melody and effective song.

The Way through the Wood. Eb. 4. d to g. Mme. Stenlon-Dolby. 50
"Shall I go with you? Somebody said,
Somebody saucily tossed her sweet head."
The little "tiff" of the two "somebodies" is
made the occasion of a most delightful song.

Draw near, O holy Dove. Quartet and Solo. D. 3. d to E. Brush. 30

She haunts me like a happy Dream. G. 3. c to E. Musgrave. 30
"As ocean holds a starry gleam,
Altho' the star be gone forever."
A cheerful "haunting." Welcome such spiritual
presence!

Instrumental.

How fair art thou. Paraphrase. F. 4. Nesadba. 50
Fair as "thou" wast, the fine arrangement
gives to thee a new beauty, which will secure the
admiration of many.

Take this Letter to my Mother. For Piano. Op. 1996. Eb. 4. Grobe. 60

The Little Old Cabin in the Lane. Op. 1996. Ab. 4. Grobe. 60

Transcriptions that show Grobe's mastery
handiwork, which, with the same general plan
secures a new variety with every new melody.
Not many can boast of Two Thousand different
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Brio-a-Brac Waltzes. 3. M. A. S. P. 30
True brio-a-brac music should accord with the
melody of breaking crockery or glass; but these
waltzes are in ruleable form, and quite elegant.

Sounds from the Pacific (Klänge vom stillen Ocean) Waltzes. 4. Schulenburg. 75
Fine bright Waltzes with Introduction and
Finale.

Hop, Hop, Galop. G. 3. Hermann. 30
The hand must hop lightly over staccato passages,
and will find smoother progress on the legato
melodies.

Nameless Waltzes. 3. Steinberger. 75
When brightly played by an orchestra, they
communicate a "nameless" sensation to the feet
which has a strong tendency to develop into dancing.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 6. c to E," means "Key
of C, fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below,
highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

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[The following beautiful tribute to the lamented President of Vassar College appeared in the *Poughkeepsie Eagle* of August 17].

Vale!

JOHN H. RAYMOND, DIED AUGUST 14, 1878.

Deep shade across the moon was cast,
And o'er my soul fell grief's eclipse;
I thought, "This hour may be his last,
Earth's shadow from his spirit slips;
Yet, though he sink to restful end,
Death parts us; we shall meet our friend
No more, no more."

Again the sun's delusive ray
Concealed a million suns from sight;
Again arose another day
Before he passed beyond our light
To larger light and life, to peace
From which his soul shall find surcease
No more, no more.

No more his gentle tones we hear,
No more his pensive face we see,
In halls to studious fancy dear,
By lake or meadow, brook or tree;
But what are earthly paths to him?
His spirit gropes through labyrinths dim
No more, no more.

Above him bend serenest skies,
Through fairer fields his footsteps go;
The scales have fallen from his eyes,
He knows what we not yet may know;
The joys, the griefs, of space and time,
Can move the soul in spheres sublime
No more, no more.

And yet we nurse our selfish woe,
And muse with discontented mind,
When those we love before us go,
And leave us lingering here behind,
Lest, while eternity unrolls,
We, following ever, find their souls
No more, no more.

Along the land the tidings fly,
And melt a thousand hearts to tears;
"And shall we meet no more," they sigh,
"The friend who led our steps for years
Through paths untried, with gracious ease
That rather sought to exalt than please?"
No more, no more.

"Could we yet bid farewell, and weep
With those who mourn bereavement sore,
In grief beyond expression deep!
Our own affection prove once more!
Once more return his greeting bland,
And press his kind, paternal hand
Once more, once more!"

No more the consecrated word
Shall soothe or thrill us through his voice;
No more, by Shakespeare's witchery stirred,
Our hearts shall in his tones rejoice;
And music's magic shall beguile,
To meet our own, his answering smile
No more, no more.

Farewell, farewell, the patient mind,
Untired in thought for other's weal,
The touch that sought anew to wind
The tangled web of good and ill,
Farewell, the wise and faithful guide!
For counsel, Care shall seek his side
No more, no more.

Fall lightly, earth, above his breast!
Sweet melancholy, haunt the gloom!
Lull nightly, winds, his lonely rest,
And waft sad music round his tomb!
There linger, Hope and Memory,
Where trusting Love may lean on ye
Forevermore!

—FANNY RAYMOND RITTER.

—MATTER BEFORE MANNER. A sure sign of improvement in the musical taste of any public is, an increasing regard for the quality of what is played or sung,—for the music in itself, the composition, rather than for mere skill and grace in its performance. When we have learned to be exacting in our programmes, and to count all executive skill and brilliancy as idle, unless it be applied to the interpretation of works of intrinsic interest and meaning, then we may be said to have some taste in music.

—THE CONTRAPUNTAL STYLE. Oulibicheff, the Russian biographer of Mozart says: "It may be said that the contrapuntal style, by means of analogy, re-enacts the laws and functions of the understanding on the domain of feeling. And indeed the arrangement and studied sequence of musical thoughts, the beauty of the *thematic development*, all corresponds to the deductions, proofs, conclusions, illustrations, which a skilful logician knows how to draw from some fruitful proposition. The combination of two or more themes, contrasted in their melodic plan and in their rhythmical movement, gives a type of the mutual approximation of two thoughts, which seem at first to have nothing in common with each other, but out of whose unforeseen contact a design suddenly becomes perceptible, which charms by its novelty and surprises by its clearness. In short, is not the unity of subject, strictly adhered to and wisely connected with all the incidental and episodic details, alike a merit in the rhetorician and the contrapuntist?"

—MERE MELODIES,—the sweetest and the freshest even,—are sure to pall on frequent repetition. They are like the wild-flowers and the roses. No simple humdrum arpeggio or plain chord accompaniment can save them from becoming hacknied, though the charm may in certain moods and situations now and then come back. But a pregnant melody, or a melodic theme, thematically developed, and contrapuntally, or *polyphonically* treated, so that each voice of the harmony moves with a melody of its own, becomes thereby perennial; the counterpoint preserves it, bestows on it the gift of immortality. So we have said more than once in the long course of our journalizing, many times referring to Bach's Chorales for a ready illustration. But now see what the writer above quoted has to say on this point:

"All things have their compensations in this world. If Melody is an eternal principle of rejuvenescence for Music, so too it is an ever present cause of its corruption and its death. By the ease with which it assumes all colors and accommodates itself to all forms, by its subserviency to the most moody and transient influences, Melody makes any given system of composition appear, so far as the hearers are concerned, to be either native or foreign, antiquated or new. It founds the momentary taste and it destroys it. The instability of this element in music became still greater when coupled with a superficial and almost primitive harmony, such as we find in most of the Italian operas of the eighteenth [and even the nineteenth] century. At first, when it held sole sway, the power of the ruling melody was all the greater for not being clothed upon; but it soon lost its vital charm, since it had

surrendered itself with too little reserve to the wishes of the ear. Works in this style, called *homophonic* (or one-voiced), that is to say purely melodic, commonly soon wear out; we mark the melancholy progress from indifference to satiety, and from satiety to loathing. They were loved more and more, because they were well-known; then they ceased to be loved, because they were known too well. And then the music is no more than a withered flower, which has outlived its colors and its fragrance, a noble wine which has lost its fine aroma.

"The enjoyments which Melody creates are incomparably the most lively; those of Counterpoint far more enduring. The former are had *gratis*; the latter must be purchased by labor and study, like the pleasures of the mind, which they represent in music, so far as it is possible to represent them in that. In the analogies of the melodic style we find again all the expression and emotional power of speech, the passions with their joys and sorrows. Counterpoint occupies the opposite psychological domain; its serious expressions do not harmonize with sensuality; they touch the Infinite on all sides; they address ineffable words to the soul; they talk with it that exalted language of Poesy, which flashes from the vaulted firmament in characters of fire; and the thought readily suggests itself, that, had the stars an audible as they have a visible voice, the mathematical laws, having become euphonious, would spread abroad the combinations of the Fugue."

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

(Continued from Page 283.)

The reader is undoubtedly aware that the Baltic provinces of Russia are to a great extent inhabited by non-Slavonic races. The most interesting of these, musically regarded, are the Finns. A collection of their songs, entitled "*Suomen Kansan Laulantoja Pianolla Soitettavia*" (Helsingfors, 1849; oblong 8vo), is edited by Collan and A. Reinholm. The tunes are with a pianoforte accompaniment. Among them are some curious "*Runo-songs*," which are restricted to the compass of a fifth, and are noted down in 5-4 time. The book contains a representation of the "*kantele*," the old national musical instrument of the Finns. As the Finnish language is but little known in England, a short abstract of the contents of the instructive preface of this book may assist the student. The editors state that twenty pastoral songs of the Finns were published at Gottland, in the year 1831, and ten songs some years later, by Europæus. A collection entitled "*Kanteletar*" is edited principally by Lönnrot, who is also a contributor to the present collection. The costume of the girl playing the "*kantele*," represented in the frontispiece of the present work, exhibits the old national dress of the Finnish women. There is also a German translation of Finnish Runo-songs, by G. H. von Schröter (Stuttgart, 1834; 8vo), which contains tunes.

Of the popular songs of the Lithuanians there are some German books which may assist the musical student unacquainted with the Lithuanian language. One of these is by L. J. Rhesa (Berlin, 1843; 8vo), and contains a German translation as well as the original words, with a number of tunes given in an appendix; the other is by G. H. F. Nesselmann (Berlin, 1853;

8vo), and likewise has tunes at the end of the volume. The songs of Lithuania are called "Dainos," and this name is also the title of the book by Rhesa.

Proceeding new to Hungary, a country which, it must be remembered, is inhabited by about half-a-dozen different races, we have to consider especially the music of the Magyars, because they are the principal and dominant race of Hungary, and it is their music which is generally meant by the term Hungarian National Music. There are several interesting collections published of the beautiful songs of the Magyars. Gabriel Mátray has especially distinguished himself as an editor of them. His "Magyar Nép-dalok" (Ofen, 1852; folio), should be known to the student, and will probably be found all the more useful since a German metrical translation of the poetry is printed in juxtaposition to the original Hungarian words. There are certainly many English musicians who may be supposed to be able to read German, though probably but few who understand the Hungarian language. Gabriel Mátray is also the editor of a volume of ancient Hungarian songs, with the airs, dating from the sixteenth century, which was published at the request of the Hungarian Academy (Pesth, 1859; 4to). It contains an historical ballad, composed by Andras Farkas, in the year 1538; nineteen sacred songs, composed during the years 1538-52; a satirical song by Kristóf Ormpruzt, anno 1550; twenty-five historical and other songs, by Sebestyén Tinódi, a famous Hungarian bard, composed during the years 1541-58; and two songs made by the same bard in 1553 and 1554. The preface, written by G. Mátray, gives some account of the cultivation of music in Hungary during the sixteenth century, and especially of the musical notations as exhibited in the manuscripts of that period.

As another editor of interesting Hungarian collections of songs may be noticed Ignac Bog-nar (100 songs, Pesth, 1853, folio; 50 songs, Pesth, 1858, folio; etc.). J. Freichlinger, in Pesth, has published a set of Hungarian pastoral songs, with pianoforte accompaniment, under the title "Csikós dalai Zongorára." But we must not linger in Hungary, as we have still a long journey before us.

Let us next proceed to Turkey, a country in which the popular music partakes of an Oriental character, and in which musical instruments are in use which are almost identical with those of the Arabs and the Persians. No doubt in the principal towns of Turkey this is somewhat different, at least among the higher classes, whose taste has been more or less modified by the influence of European civilization. At any rate, it is a well-known fact that the ladies in the harems at Constantinople not unfrequently have a pianoforte in their rooms, although they seldom achieve so much as to be able to play anything from notation. Some insight into the nature of their performance is afforded us by "Lyre Orientale," published in Constantinople in the year 1858. This is certainly one of the most extraordinary music-books ever printed. It contains Turkish songs, and several instrumental pieces, arranged for the piano-forte. The title-page, which is in French as well as in Turkish, informs us that they have been harmonized by Mr. G. Guatelli, "Directeur de la Musique Impériale," assisted by Messrs. Arisdaguès Hobbannessian and Gabriel Eramian, two Turkish "Professeurs de Musique" in Constantinople; and the work is dedicated to "A. S. E. Nedjib Pacha, Gouverneur-général de la Musique de S.M.A. le Sultan." What strikes one at a first glance into these pianoforte arrangements is a frequent employment of a rapid repetition of the same note, a method which Thalberg has employed to obtain a sustained though trembling sound. Perhaps the Turkish professors intended to imitate by this tremulousness the admired vibrating tones of their voices; for no doubt they are singers as well as pianists.

Another very remarkable book of Turkish

music was published in Vienna about the year 1835, and contains fifty-nine songs of the Mewlewi Dervishes, with a pianoforte accompaniment written by the Abbé Maximilian Stadler. The Mewlewi Dervishes, who have their name from their founder, used to perform their sacred dances in a mosque at Tophané, a suburb of Constantinople. Herr von Hussard, secretary to the Austrian Legation in Constantinople, a great lover of music, often witnessed these dances, or "zikrs," as they are called, which are executed with the musical accompaniments of singing, playing on flutes, and beating of drums; and, with care and perseverance, he succeeded in faithfully rendering the songs in our notation. Having on his return to Vienna placed the manuscript in the hands of the Abbé Stadler, well-known as a musician and as a friend of Mozart, Stadler wrote an accompaniment to the songs, contrived in his usual manner, which would probably have astonished the Dervishes, could they have heard it. At all events, however well acquainted pianoforte-players may be with the so-called "Alberti-bass" and "Murky-bass," so greatly favored by the Abbé, to the Dervish it might very likely be puzzling. However, as the tunes are separately printed, with the original words and a German translation under them, it matters not greatly how the accompaniment is contrived. The title of the work is "Original-Chöre der Derwische Mewlewi" (Vienna: Pietro Mechetti; oblong folio). I regret that it would take too much space here to give a more detailed description of this curious book. Suffice it, for the right comprehension of the music, to point out that there is said to be a deep and mysterious signification in the sacred evolutions of those fanatics, in which a superior Dervish, seated in the centre, represents the sun, and those moving around him are stars of the planetary system. Also the words of their songs are asserted to have a deep meaning full of profound wisdom. In German translation they appear rather bombastic and nonsensical; but it is perhaps difficult for an uninitiated European observer to fathom the depth of such Oriental lore.

As regards Greece, many collections of the popular songs of that country have been published in French or in German translations; but only a few of them contain airs in notation. Leopold Schefer has issued a supplement to the "Taschenbuch zum geselligen Vergnügen" (Leipzig, 1823; 12mo), which contains tunes of the modern Greeks; and there is an appendix of similar tunes in "Volks-leben der Neugriechen," by D. H. Sanders (Mannheim: 1844, 8vo). Again, G. F. Weitzmann, in his short account of the music of the ancient Greeks (Berlin, 1855; 4to), gives forty popular melodies of the modern Greeks. Here also may attention be drawn to a little collection of new Greek songs edited by Gneditch, a Russian gentleman (St. Petersburg, 1825). In the preface of this book are pointed out certain resemblances between the popular poetry of the modern Greeks and that of the Russians. Musicians are perhaps more interested in the ecclesiastical music of the Greek Church. On this subject a few statements shall presently be offered, since it appertains to national music properly speaking.

In Italy, the music-publisher B. Girard, of Naples, has earned the thanks of the lovers of National Music by bringing out his "Passatempo Musicali," which consists of a large set of Neapolitan and Sicilian airs of songs and dances, arranged for the pianoforte, and printed in folio. Another "Passatempo Musicali," issued by Rossi and Co., in Rome, comprises about thirty Roman tunes arranged for the pianoforte (folio). Perhaps more easily accessible to the student is "Collezione di Canzonette" etc., with a German translation of the Italian words, by G. W. Teschner (Berlin, oblong folio); or, "Alcuni Canti Popolari Toscani," etc., edited by R. Lacy (London: Longdale; folio).

In Spain we meet with several collections of

Boleros, Fandangos, and similar tunes, published by Martin in Madrid; as, for instance, "Las Castañuelas, colección der Bailes y Cantares Nacionales para Piano" (folio, two books). Several Spanish pianists and singers, such as M. S. Allu, Isidoro Hernandez, B. X. Miré, José Rogel, Carrafa, have had their transcriptions of, or rhapsodies on, Spanish national tunes brought out by Martin in Madrid. The Peninsular Melodies, compiled by G[eorge] L[loyd] (London, 1830; folio, two vols.), are genuine Spanish and Portuguese airs, to which poetry by English authors has been substituted for the original words.

In Portugal, F. D. Milcent has published a large volume of "modinhas," as the national songs of that country are called. This publication, which is entitled "Jornal de Modinhas com acompanhamento de Cravo" (Lisbon, folio), dates probably from the end of the last century, when the harpsichord was still in use; for *cravo* signifies the harpsichord or clavicymbalum, which was also called *gravicymbalum*; hence probably the Portuguese *cravo*. Twelve Modinhas with their original words and an English translation, by Madame F. M., appeared in England under the title "Lusitanian Garland" (London: Ewer and Co.; folio).

Of the Basque people, who dwell in the north of Spain and the south-west of France, a collection of songs, with the airs, entitled "Eusculdun anciena ancianaco" etc., (San Sebastian, 1828; small folio), is edited by Francisco Iztueta, and contains a preface written in Spanish. There are also dance-tunes in this publication. It is now scarce; and this is likewise the case with a description of the dances of the Basques in Guipuzcoa, written in the Basque language by Don Juan Ignacio de Iztueta, and entitled "Guipuzcoaco dantza gogoangarrien" etc., (San Sebastian, 1824; 8vo). The Basque language being entirely different from any other European language, and known but to few persons besides those whose mother-tongue it is, the musical student will find it probably advisable to consult "Le Pays Basque" by Francisque-Michel (Paris, 1867; 8vo), which contains a whole chapter on music, and also about half-a-dozen tunes in notation. Moreover, respecting the Basques dwelling on the French side of the Pyrenees, he will find the desired information in "Chants populaires du Pays Basque, paroles et musique originales, recueillis et publiés avec traduction française par J. D. J. Sallaberry" (Bayonne, 1870; royal 8vo), which contains, besides a great number of tunes, a French translation in juxtaposition to the original Basque poetry.

The French, as might be expected from their intelligence and antiquarian taste, have not neglected to investigate the popular legends, tales, and songs of their country. The object of the present survey does not demand a detailed account of the result of their researches. Suffice it to draw attention to the following publications: "Chants et Chansons populaires de la France; nouvelle édition illustrée" (Paris, 1848; royal 8vo, three vols.). "Chansons populaires des Provinces de France; notices par Champfleury; avec accompagnement de piano par J. B. Wekerlin" (Paris, 1860; royal 8vo). "Echos du Temps Passé," par J. B. Wekerlin (Paris, 1856-57; royal 8vo, two vols.). "Chants et Chansons des Provinces de l'Ouest, Poitou, Saintonge, Aunis et Angoumois, avec les airs originaux, recueillis et annotés par Jérôme Bujeaud" (Niort, 1866; royal 8vo, two vols.). "Chansons et Airs populaires du Béarn, recueillis par Frédéric Rivarès" (Pau, 1844; royal 8vo). "Poésies populaires de la Lorraine; publication de la Société d'Archéologie Lorraine" (Nancy, 1854; 8vo).

The collections confined to certain districts of France, of which more could be quoted did space permit, are generally the most valuable, since they give new information gathered from personal observation, songs with the tunes written down from the lips of the people, and

explanations about the dialect and usages prevailing in the district; while the collections embracing specimens of songs of a whole country are usually compiled from those works, and supply only information obtained at second-hand. In support of this statement may be cited the interesting collection of the songs of Brittany published by Hersart de la Villemarqué, under the title "Barzaz-Breiz" (Paris, 1846; 8vo, two vols.). The edition here indicated is the fourth, greatly augmented, and provided with a French translation in addition to the original words. It must be remembered that the people of Brittany, or the French Bretagne, speak a language of their own, which is a Celtic dialect rather resembling the Welsh. However, the musical student, if he cares not for having the original language, may be referred to the English translation of "Barzaz-Breiz" by Tom Taylor (London, 1865; 4to), or to the German translation by Keller and Seckendorff (Tübingen, 1848; 8vo), although these reproductions contain only a small selection of the airs to be found in the comprehensive work of Villemarqué.

We must not leave France before having at least a cursory glance at the interesting French publications of songs of the olden time relating to our inquiry. The "Anthologie Française, ou Chansons Choieses depuis le 18e siècle jusqu'à présent" (Paris, 1765; 8vo, three vols.) deserves especial attention. Likewise "La Clef des Chansonniers, ou Recueil des Vaudevilles depuis cent ans et plus, notes et recueillis pour la première fois par J. B. C. Ballard" (Paris, 1717; sm. 8vo, two vols.); and "La Clé du Caveau à l'usage de tous les Chansonniers, français, des Amateurs, Auteurs, Acteurs du Vaudeville, et de tous les Amis de la Chanson; par C. * * * du Caveau Moderne" (Paris, 1811; oblong 12mo). This curious book, which contains nearly nine hundred tunes, might be compared to an English publication, about a hundred years older, called "The Dancing Master." In the beginning of the present century there was still in Paris a musical and literary society, the members of which call themselves "Enfants de Caveau," because they had their meetings at a certain wine-room known as the Caveau.

Considering that the inhabitants of Switzerland consist of several races, we may expect to find with them songs in different languages. In the western cantons of Switzerland French is spoken; in Ticino, Italian; but about three-fourths of the population of Switzerland speak dialects of German, and as these constitute a large majority, it is chiefly their music to which we have to direct our attention. For this purpose may be especially recommended: "Sammlung von Schweizer-Kühreihen und Volksliedern" (Bern, 1818; oblong folio), which contains interesting introductory observations on the "Ranz des Vaches," by G. J. Kuhn and J. R. Wyz. This is the third edition of a successful publication; a fourth edition (Bern, 1826) contains, besides songs, several dance-tunes, and among these are two from the canton of Appenzell, which are given in notation for a violin, a dulcimer, and a bass, precisely as the collector heard them played by the country-people. A combination of these instruments is so rarely found in our scores that it may amuse the student to examine the pieces, which are by no means devoid of spirit and characteristic features. The "Recherches sur les Ranz des Vaches, ou sur les Chansons pastorales des Bergers de la Suisse, avec musique," by G. Tarenne (Paris, 1818; 8vo), contains a number of tunes as they are played on the alpenhorn in the different cantons of Switzerland. Furthermore, a noteworthy series of "Airs Suisses," with accompaniment of the guitar as well as the pianoforte, has been issued by A. Hegar in Basle.

The Germans have published more collections of national songs than any other nation. Here, again, must be borne in mind that, for the reason already stated, those collections

which refer to a certain district of the country are generally the most instructive. It is rather difficult to contrive a satisfactory selection from a great number of publications, many of which are meritorious; to name them all here is out of the question, neither is it desirable. The following names of some the editors, with an indication of the dates and the names of the places where their works appeared in print, may help to put the inquisitive student on the right track: Kretschmer und Zuccalmaglio (Berlin, 1838-40; 8vo, two vols.); Erk und Irmer (Leipzig, 1843; sm. 8vo); L. Erk, "Deutscher Liederhort" (Berlin, 1856; royal 8vo); Büsching und von der Hagen (Berlin, 1807; poetry, 12mo; music, oblong 8vo); F. Silcher (Tübingen, no date; oblong folio); Pocci, Richter und Scherer (Leipzig, no date; sm. 4to); Philipp Wackernagel "Trübsamkeit" (Frankfort-on-Main, 1867; 12mo); etc.

As regards particular districts of Germany, there require to be noticed: "Schlesische Volkslieder," by Hoffman von Fallersleben and E. Richter (Leipzig, 1842; 8vo). This judiciously edited collection of three hundred songs of the country-people in Silesia affords, in my opinion, a suggestive example as to how national songs ought to be published. The tunes are written down as they were gathered from the mouths of the singers, without any additions. The place where each tune was obtained is mentioned. Deviations in the tunes, or what may be called different readings, preferred in certain places, are indicated with small notes. The poetry likewise is carefully treated; and frequent references to other well-known collections—not only German, but also Scandinavian, Slavonic, French, etc., as regards certain characteristics of the songs—greatly enhance the value of the book for study. "Fränkische Volkslieder," by Franz Wilhelm Freiherrn von Dittfurth (Leipzig, 1855; 8vo, two vols.), consists of a large collection of songs, made in the part of Bavaria which constituted the ancient Franconia. The first volume contains 180 sacred songs; and the second and larger volume contains 400 secular songs. They are all noted down in two-part harmony, and the editor says that the people usually sing them in this way. "Oesterreichische Volkslieder," by Tschischka and Schottky (Pesth, 1844; sm. 8vo), is an instructive collection of the songs of the German population of Austria. In an appendix is given an account of the German dialect of the Austrian peasants, with a glossary. Likewise noteworthy are "Die Oesterreichischen Volksweisen," by Anton Ritter von Spaun (Wien, 1845; 8vo); and "Salzburgische Volkslieder," by Maria Vinzenz Stüz (Salzburg, 1865; 8vo). The last-named book possesses an additional interest from the circumstance of the tunes having been collected in and near to the birth-place of Mozart. Some of these songs may have served the great composer as his first initiatory lessons; at all events, it may be surmised, from his acute susceptibility for music, that the simple and impressive popular airs which he heard in his earliest childhood cannot have been without some influence upon his taste and development; and several melodies in his works could be pointed out which corroborate this surmise.

Songs of the Austrian province of Carinthia have been edited by Edmund Freiherr von Herbert (Klagenfurt: Edward Liegel; folio); of Styria, by Carl Fischer (Wien: Diabelli; oblong folio); of the Tyrol, by Paul Schöner (Wien: Diabelli; oblong folio). I. Moscheles is the editor of "The Tyrolean Melodies as sung by the family Rainer" (London: Willis; folio), in which may be seen examples of that peculiar kind of Tyrolean singing in falsetto which they call *jodeln*, and which is much more effective in their mountains than in a dawning-room.

A little book of German tunes of bygone days, entitled "Lieder und Weisen vergangener Jahrhunderte," compiled by C. F. Beck-

er (Leipzig, 1858; sm. 4to), which is easily obtainable, will provide the musician of an antiquarian turn of mind with some interesting specimens of German popular songs, of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. For ascertaining the date of origin and the authorship of a certain number of German popular songs which can thus be traced, the reader may be referred to "Unsere volksthümlichen Lieder," by Hoffmann von Fallersleben (Leipzig, 1869; 8vo). The Germans published as early as in the sixteenth century collections of their national songs, such as "Ein Ausbund guter alter und neuer Liedlein," by George Forster (Nürnberg, 1539), and "Hundert und fünfzehn guter und neuer Liedlein," by Hans Ott (Nürnberg, 1544); nay, it is recorded that Charlemagne, a thousand years ago, caused the popular songs of the Germans to be collected.

The Dutch also have several old song-books of the kind, as, for instance—Camphuysen: "Sticktelijke Rymen" (Amsterdam, 1647; 4to); Starter and Vredeman: "Friesche Lust-Hof" (Amsterdam, 1621; oblong 8vo); Prins: "Medenblicker Scharre-Zoodtje" (Medenblik, 1650; sm. oblong 8vo); Valerius: "Nederlandsche Gedenck-clanck" (Haerlem, 1626; 4to), etc. As these works are now scarce, the musician interested in examining the old Netherlandish tunes may be referred to "Oude Vlaemsche Lieder" by J. F. Willems (Ghent, 1848; royal 8vo), which contains 258 songs, most of them with the airs in notation. In this work is also given a list of the various collections of Flemish and Dutch tunes which have been published, or are known to be extant in manuscript. However, a better edited work is "Chants populaires des Flamands de France, recueillis et publiés avec les mélodies originales, une traduction française, et des notes," by E. de Coussemaker (Ghent, 1856; royal 8vo). Coussemaker is so well known as a learned and discerning musical author that the student will expect, as a matter of course, to find his compilation instructive. Here may also be noticed a recent publication of some songs with their airs, historically interesting, entitled "Twaalf Geuzeliedjes uit de Geusen Liedendoeckkens van 1598 en later, met de oorspronkelijke wijzen waarop ze in den Spaanschen tijd gezongen werden; voor zang ed klavier bewerkt en wortelijk toegelicht door Dr. A. D. Loman" (Amsterdam, 1872; royal 8vo).

The Walloons in Belgium speak a curious French dialect. A collection of their songs, with a supplement containing thirty-six airs in notation, is entitled "Chœrs de Chansons et Poésies Wallonnes, Pays de Liège, par MM. B * * * et D * * * (Liège, 1844; 8vo).

(To be Continued.)

Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Haendel's Scores.

(From W. F. Apthorp's article in the *Atlantic Monthly* for September.)

In looking over the pages of a Bach or Händel score, we are surprised at the apparent meagreness of the instrumental portion. While the voices are treated with all the elaborate care that was characteristic of the composers' day, the instrumental accompaniment seems to have been unaccountably neglected. In some places the orchestral accompaniment is worked out with the same elaborateness as the vocal parts; in others we find little or nothing more than an instrumental bass to support the voices. But upon closer inspection we find that this bass is in most cases accompanied by a curious series of Arabic numerals, which were evidently not put there for nothing. In fact, both Bach and Händel were in the habit of writing a great part of their music in that species of shorthand known to the initiated as a figured bass. Wherever there seems to be a lack of instrumental accompaniment in their scores, we may feel sure that the bass contains the germ from which this is to be developed. This bass is called the *continuo* or *basso continuo*, and until it is developed into full harmony, until the frequent gaps in the score are

filled out, anything like an adequate performance of the work is out of the question. In the composers' time, this filling out was in all probability done by themselves, or under their direction, on the organ or harpsichord. The organist played either directly from the continuo itself, or from an organ part prepared from it. All passages which the composer did not intend to be played in full harmony were marked *tasto solo*; the other portions were usually elaborately figured, that is, the harmony was indicated by figures written under the continuo. In some instances the figuring was omitted, the choice of harmony being then far more problematical. It is generally supposed that in such cases the composer intended to play the organ himself, or else that, although the figuring is not to be found in the score, it was written down by the composer in the separate part the organist was to play from, and has been since lost. It will be easily seen that the manner in which Bach's and Händel's continuos are worked out is by no means a matter of indifference, inasmuch as a very vital and essential element in the music depends thereon. The subject has given rise to much discussion, which has to-day assumed the proportions of an actual pen-and-ink war. Musician after musician has tried his hand at working out the continuo in many scores of the old masters, with very varying success. To distinguish those parts which were actually written out by the composers themselves from the indispensable additions to the score made by other hands, the former are called "original parts"; the latter are generally known by the name of "additional accompaniments." The violence of the discussion on the subject of additional accompaniments now going on in Germany, and its direct bearing upon the all-important problem of how to insure a correct and adequate performance of Bach's and Händel's vocal works, makes it interesting to see how the two present contending parties arose.

It must be borne in mind that, as far as the familiarity of the public with Bach's works is concerned, Sebastian Bach is practically a more modern composer even than Beethoven. By this is meant that the public recognition of his works is of much more recent date. For a long period, during which the works of Haydn and Mozart had become familiar as household words, and Beethoven—yes, even Weber, Mendelssohn, and Schumann—was very generally known and admired, Sebastian Bach was known only by name except to a very few choice spirits. Organists knew his organ works, and his Well-Tempered Clavichord had been more or less studied by musicians; but his oratorios and cantatas were almost unheard of. How hard Mendelssohn and one or two other men worked to bring the public at large into direct relation with some of Bach's more important compositions is well known to every one. The task was a severe one, as almost all of Bach's vocal works existed only in MS. Mendelssohn succeeded, however, in having the St. Matthew-Passion brought out in the Thomas-Kirche, in Leipzig,—the very church in which Bach had held the position of organist,—and in bringing one or two of his orchestral suites to a performance at the Gewandhaus. The annual performance of the Passion Music on Good Friday soon grew to be a fixed institution. A large portion of the public all over North Germany got to regard this work with peculiar veneration. The St. John-Passion was also given annually at another church, the Pauliner-Kirche, but it was not so generally admired as its mighty companion. The Gewandhaus orchestra continued playing the D-minor suite, more as a matter of routine than anything else, for their audiences were hugely bored by it. The fruits of Mendelssohn's strenuous endeavors in the cause of Bach were practically limited to this. Few persons knew, and still fewer cared, about the existence of some three hundred church Cantatas from the pen of the great master. Surely, very few indeed suspected the fact that these Cantatas were one of the most precious mines of musical riches that the world ever possessed. It was not until some time after Mendelssohn's death that the world at large began to learn anything about them. With Händel the case was somewhat different. Although his works have never, to this day, won anything like general popularity in Germany, the few musicians and musical savants who were interested in Händel took more active measures to have his oratorios publicly performed than the Bach lovers did, on their side; witness the great preponderance of Händel's vocal works, which had been supplied with additional accompaniments, over works by Bach, for which similar things had been done, in Mendels-

sohn's time. Many completed scores of Händel (made by Mozart, Mosel, and others) were ready for use by choral societies, while almost nothing of Bach existed in a performable shape. The violent discussions between "Bachianer" and "Händelianer," about which the world has since heard a good deal, interested only the parties actively engaged in them; the outside world cared nothing about the whole question. It was indeed impossible that any general enthusiasm should have been felt on the subject at a time when new works by Mendelssohn and Schumann were continually making appeals to public interest; when Weber was exciting every one's attention, and Richard Wagner was beginning to stir up all the musical elements in Germany into astonished, chaotic strife by his music-dramas and theoretical pamphlets. Yet the true Bach and Händel lovers were not idle. Three years after Mendelssohn's death several musicians and men interested in the cause came together in Leipzig, to debate upon the practicability of publishing a complete edition of the works of Johann Sebastian Bach. They decided that this undertaking could be carried out only by subscription, as the demand for such music in the market was virtually null. Accordingly the now well-known Bach Society* was formed, the chief founders of which were C. F. Becker, the firm of Breitkopf und Härtel, Moritz Hauptmann, Otto Jahn, and Robert Schumann. The edition was to be published by Breitkopf und Härtel. The matter must have been taken up with a good deal of energy, for on the 18th of July, 1850,—the centennial anniversary of Bach's death,—an official circular soliciting subscriptions was sent out over Germany. Subscriptions came in quite rapidly, and among a host of names on the list we find especially prominent those of Franz Liszt, I. Moscheles, Louis Spohr, and A. B. Marx. The first volume, containing ten church cantatas in score, appeared in December, 1851. A list of the then existing subscribers was printed with the volume, classified according to their places of residence. It is interesting to note in this list, under the head "Boston," the single American name of "Herr Parker, J. C. D., Tonkünstler." The society has since that time continued publishing volumes after volume, and the edition has at the present date attained its twenty-fourth volume. But in spite of these labors of the Bach Society, which were, after all, prompted by an archæologico-historical rather than a purely musical interest in Bach's works, the general love for Bach kept pretty much in *status quo*. Some years after the appearance of the Bach circular, another organization was formed, namely, the Händel Society, for the purpose of publishing a complete edition of Händel's works. It was conducted on precisely the same principles as the other body, and the edition was published by the same firm. The first volume, comprising the dramatic oratorio of Susannah, appeared in October, 1858. That far more vital musical interest in its task was felt by this organization than by its fellow society is evident from the fact that, in its edition, all the orchestral scores of Händel's vocal works are accompanied by a carefully written-out part for organ or piano-forte, in which the bare places in the score are filled out according to the figured basso continuo. In the Bach edition there is nothing of the sort, but only the incomplete score, just as the composer left it. Thus, while the Bach Society gave to the world an edition of the master's works which was historically valuable, and only that in so far as the vocal scores were concerned, the Händel Society took active measures to make the vocal scores in their edition available for actual performance by choral bodies. The champion of the latter society was Friedrich Chrysander, a man who had always assumed the attitude of an almost exclusive admirer of Händel, and who, in his writings, rarely let a chance slip of saying something invidious about Bach. Chrysander had much more prestige as a musical authority than any man on the Bach side. Another man was G. G. Gervinus, who, although not a musician in any way, had somehow got bitten with the Händel mania, and allowed his admiration for Händel to expand into all the implacable bigotry of an amateur. As most of Händel's vocal works were originally written to English words, Gervinus was of great service to the Händel Society in furnishing them with German translations for their edition. That a man like Gervinus should have been willing to wade through the unspeakable bal-

* This Deutsche Bach-Gesellschaft (German Bach Society), which to-day counts among its members distinguished musicians and music-lovers all over Europe and many parts of America, must not be confounded with the Leipziger Bach-Verein (Bach Union), a totally distinct society, which was organized much later.

derdash of many of the texts of Händel's oratorios, and diligently turn it into rhymed German, is a good proof of the strength of his enthusiasm. The most actively prominent Bachite was Philipp Spitta, a school-master in Eisenach. As Chrysander had the peculiar failing of not being able to keep from defaming Bach, Spitta could never be dissuaded from indulging in similar slings at Händel; so the two men were continually at swords' (or pens') points. Their animosity reached its climax when Spitta came to Leipzig, a few years ago, to deliver a course of lectures on Bach. How long this state of affairs might have lasted, if a third element had not been introduced into the discussion, no one can tell. But a third element was very soon introduced in the person of Robert Franz. Franz had, for some time past, been attracting considerable attention by his additional accompaniments to several scores of Bach, Händel, Durante, and Astorga. Now Chrysander felt rather as if he himself, the noted biographer of Händel, and one of the most influential members of the Händel Society, had, or ought to have, something like a monopoly of knowledge on the subject of filling out Händel's continuos; in like manner, Spitta felt that he, the biographer of Bach, and the well-known Bach student, knew all that was to be known about writing additional accompaniments to Bach's scores. About the manner in which this was to be done both men essentially agreed, if in nothing else. Franz believed that he, although neither an archæological pedant, necrologist, nor school-master, but merely a hard Bach and Händel student, and a highly cultured musician with a decided spark of genius, knew rather more about the æsthetic side of his favorite masters than either Chrysander or Spitta, who, with all their labor, may be said to have sounded those mighty heads only wig-deep at best. He also showed in his work that he differed widely in opinion from Chrysander and Spitta on some very vital and essential points. So he came in for a sound rating (through the medium of printing-ink) from both those literary lights. But Franz, although the most modest and naturally inoffensive mortal alive, was not the man to shirk an encounter in which the honor of Bach and Händel was at stake; being also a man of no mean literary ability, he answered back, calmly but firmly, and with such effect that his opponents' wrath fairly reached the boiling-over point. There was evidently nothing to be done but to make common cause against the common enemy. Accordingly Chrysander and Spitta shook hands, swearing eternal alliance; Bachianer and Händelianer fused,* as the politicians say. The Leipziger Bach-Verein (Bach Union) was formed on the most anti-Franz principles. This association had for its object not only the editing of many of Bach's choral works in piano-forte and vocal score, with a complete organ accompaniment, worked out from Bach's figured continuo, to be used whenever the works in question were performed, but also the public performance of those works by the best choral and orchestral means that Leipzig afforded. So the pen-and-ink war was no longer between Bachianer and Händelianer, about which of the two was the greater man,—a rather foolish bone of contention, at best,—but between Robert Franz and the Leipziger Bach Union, as to the manner in which the necessary additional accompaniments to Bach's and Händel's (but more especially the former's) vocal scores should be written. The contest, as has been said, has by this time got to be a particularly fierce one, both parties indulging in personalities and mutual recriminations to a lamentable extent. Be it said, however, that, as far as Franz is personally concerned, he has expressed himself with a noble moderation in all he has written. The most notable sympathizers with either party are, on the Franz side, Julius Schaeffer (who may be regarded as Franz's official mouth-piece), Joseph Rheinberger, and Franz Liszt; on the side of the Bach Union, Johannes Brahms, Joseph Joachim, and several others. The Bach Union represents the conservative, archæologico-historical element, and Franz the progressive, artistic one. There seems to exist considerable divergence of opinion on many points among some of the influential members of the Bach Union itself; one of them, Franz Wüllner, may be regarded as to all intents and purposes a sympathizer with Robert Franz. In his additional accompaniments to the cantata "Jesu, der du meine Seele," he has followed Franz's method in all essential points. How it happens that the Bach Union can have permitted this arrangement to be embodied in their edition is not wholly clear. There are also many prominent musicians who sympathize

* "Pooled their issues."

wholly with Franz, but who take no active part in the controversy. The first publication of the Bach Union appeared in 1876. It contained the cantatas, "Sie werden alle aus Saba kommen," arranged by A. Volkland; "Wer Dank opfert, der preisset mich," arranged by H. von Herzogberg, and "Jesu, der du meine Seele," arranged by Franz Wüllner.

Opera a Hundred Years Ago.

Prussia in 1778—at that time a pure despotism, ruled as to its entire population, like Frederick's own orchestra, with the stick—paid more attention to operatic matters, though infinitely less to music as an art, than it does now. The king's knowledge of music seems to have been about equal to his genius for poetry; and as Voltaire, after he had quarrelled with Frederick, sneered at his majesty's French verses, so musicians who had been employed in the royal band, and who had given the royal bandmaster private lessons, informed the world, after leaving the king's service, how indifferently his majesty played the flute. Sovereigns are perhaps more modest now; in any case, they possess better taste than distinguished some members of their order toward the end of the last century. Joseph II. had the audacity to tell Mozart that in his "Marriage de Figaro" there were "too many notes," which drew from the justly offended composer the reply, that it contained "precisely the right number." Frederick the Great, although barely able to read a score, used to conduct the orchestral execution of important works; and combining the functions of operatic manager with those of musical director, engaged his own artists; and when, whether from indisposition or from pure caprice, they declared themselves unable to sing, sent soldiers to arrest them and bring them by force to the theatre. The Empress Catherine, with all her faults, had too much womanly feeling, and too much tact, to impose commands or even counsels upon Paisiello, Cimarosa, and the other musical celebrities whom she invited to her court. Indeed, on one occasion, when the Russian empress made some observation to the famous Gabrielli on the subject of the terms demanded by that prima donna, pointing out to her that she was asking a higher salary than any Russian field-marshal received, the Italian vocalist is said to have replied to the Russian czarina that she "had better get field-marshal to sing." No singer, however eminent, would have ventured to make such an answer to Frederick, who rather piqued himself on his ability to keep vocalists in their proper place. This, as no less an authority than Dr. Burney has informed us, he was able to do in more than one sense of the word. The king officiated when Dr. Burney was at Berlin, just one hundred years ago, as general conductor, "standing in the pit behind the *chef d'orchestre*, so as to have a view of the score, and drilling his musical troops in true military fashion." If any mistake was committed on the stage, or in the orchestra, the king stopped the offender, and admonished him; while, if he ventured to alter a single passage in his part, the king "severely reprimanded him, and ordered him to keep to the notes written by the composer." Italy, however, a hundred years ago, was still the great nursery of music. Her composers, as represented by Paisiello, Cimarosa, Guglielmo Pergolesi, and Piccini, visited the chief European capitals, as those capitals are visited in the present day by the great Italian singers. Not that in the last century the Italian singers abstained from making tours. But Italy now sends out singers alone, whereas a hundred years ago every country in Europe looked to Italy not only for singers but also for composers, who travelled to the principal courts, and the most celebrated opera-houses to superintend the performance of their own works. The Italian opera of those days was scarcely a more intellectual entertainment than it is now. So at least it would seem, from an account of the operatic performances of his time left by an ingenious Italian author who was contemporary of Cimarosa and Paisiello. The operatic dramatist or librettist had already learned not to allow himself to be hampered by conditions of time, place, unity, or probability. The ordinary incidents and scenes of the eighteenth century librettist were "dungeons, daggers, poison, bear-hunts, earthquakes, sacrifices, madness, and so on." If a husband and wife were discovered in prison, and one of them had to be led away to die, it was indispensable that the other should remain to sing an air, which, says the satirical historian of opera in the eighteenth century, "should be to lively words,

so as to relieve the feelings of the audience, and make them understand that the whole affair is a joke." It was, further, a rule in the *ars operatica* of that day, that "if two of the characters made love, or plotted a conspiracy, they should always do so in the presence of servants or attendants." The prima donna of a hundred years since, was, like our own cherished heroines of the soprano voice, in the habit of exacting payments which, though trifling compared with those of the present day, were already thought exorbitant. The prima donna of the year 1778 was accustomed, moreover, to add to her airs, variations, passages, and embellishments, and it was observed, that if she got hold of a "new passage in rapid triplets," she would introduce it in all her solo pieces. Her great object, however, was to sing as high as possible; and in 1778, as in 1878, the higher she could "rise in the scale" the surer she was of having the principal parts allotted to her.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

Music at the Paris Exposition.

(From "Cosmopolite's" Letter of August 4, to the Daily Advertiser.)

Passing this new sensation, one comes to the concert ticket-offices, where, according to the representation, stalls are to be taken at the price of from one to ten francs. Rather a large margin, it must be admitted, and often annoying to lovers of music possessed of small purses, as no newspaper or other organ announces the prices beforehand, and it is not until the enterprising visitor reaches the door at one, or half-past (which, considering the Paris breakfast hour, is very early), that he learns that the very stall he had yesterday for one franc cannot be had to-day for less than ten! What renders this variety of price still more annoying is that, so far as I can judge, the cheapest concerts are decidedly the best. Unquestionably, the dearest (English) have been the worst. Notwithstanding the great Salle was unfinished, the French concerts commenced about a month ago, but little attention was paid to them. Italy gave us something rather better from La Scala, and on the 4th of July Mr. Gilmore directed his sixty-five musicians, and, aided by Miss Lillian Norton, gave the first of his three representations. They were not very successful. Perhaps the inimitable Turin orchestra of 120 musicians alternating with them was somewhat the cause of this. The comparison was of course disastrous, as nowhere outside the Paris Conservatory can anything be heard equalling what Turin sent to us. The third concert took place on the 13th, and was succeeded by the English, 170 in number, and directed by Messrs. Henry Leslie and Sullivan. The first was a grand affair, the Prince of Wales being present, 150 French musicians accompanying the British vocalists, and the organ being played for the first time. The tickets were, as I said, at ten francs, and the best proof of what is thought of these concerts is that the second and third came off before empty houses. On the 21st a most interesting spectacle was offered us. More than two thousand Orpheonists, accompanied by the Republican Guard's band, executed classical music, to the immense delight of a full house, and led us to hope for better things in the future than we had enjoyed in the past. On the 23d the last concert of this kind was entirely vocal, and the choral societies of the different cities in France competed for prizes, which were distributed at the close of the *five hours'* sitting. In honor of England the last competition was between French and English choristers (male and female voices), and the latter fairly won the victory. A striking contrast in dress is worthy of notice. Of Englishmen nothing can be said; if anything, they were better dressed than the French; but the fairer sex indulged in Anglo-Saxon taste, which was a striking, not to say alarming, contrast to the simple, tidy black dresses and neat collars worn by our Paris women. An interesting feature in this concert was the presence of most of the French composers on the jury's stand. Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, de Rillé, etc., etc., were not only before the public, but were called upon on several occasions to respond to the applause accorded to the author with unanimous enthusiasm. "La Nuit d'Été" was the imposed piece, and Lille carried off the palm victoriously.

On the 27th the long talked-of Scandinavian concert came off, and Jenny Lind, the northern nightingale, would certainly (had she been present) have listened to and applauded her compatriots with pride and satisfaction. That wild, strange Norse music is unknown to us poor civilized beings, yet we felt and understood it, whilst thorough judges of music pronounced the eighty Christiania and ninety Upsala voices the best modulated and best drilled choristers as yet listened to in the Trocadero concert-room. "Vart Land," a short patriotic song, was sung by the united chorus—as well as the Norwegian sonnet—*Norges Fjælde*. Most of the others

were sung by turns—under the direction of Mr. Hedenblad and Mr. Behrens. Of course few present could understand the words, but well printed little pamphlets were gratuitously distributed, and therein French translations set our minds at rest. Winds, waves and tempests were sufficiently and admirably expressed by that multitude of modulated human voices—but occasional eccentric music would have puzzled us sadly, had not the little book informed us that a cow or a pig was in question, and that drunkenness is a favorite sin in the far north! The last long chorus executed by the Christiania students gives an excellent idea of Swedish sentiment and poetry. It is the story of a nuptial procession in the valley of *Hardanger*, and with lively music we are invited to the church. This first part was heartily applauded. The second, a scene within the church, comes next, and is really beautiful, and the prayer and benediction moved many of us to tears. No. 3 conveys to us the good wishes made to the newly married pair. To him, fields and forests, ploughs and oxen, pigs and numerous sons, the latter to be tall and long! (Stara, och langa!) As to the bride, I think it characteristic that nothing is said to her. No. 4 takes us to the farm, where the peasants dance, the fiddler plays, the young girls spring lightly on the tips of their toes, enviously eyeing the bride's crown of roses. Then comes the real spirit of the song; beer is called for, beer and brandy, *many a cupful*. The old men roll into corners, empty jugs beside them, on the straw. We are told the young girls looked like red roses in a field of wheat, as they glance at yellow kernels of white flour. The young men drink, the old ones hiccup, hardly can the girls dance for joy over at such a feast; and we listen in astonishment that such words, such unpoetical sentiment, could ever have inspired one Söderman (who died only two years since) with such harmonious music. After this concert the Upsala students went home, but those of Christiania remained a few days longer, and gave a second successful concert for the benefit of a church fund now being raised in Paris.

Before leaving the subject of concerts we must say a word of the *Grand Salle*, by far the largest in Paris, and which is never open to visitors unpossessed of tickets for some concert or other,—which, by the by, is a regulation much grumbled at by people who have but a few days or hours to pass in Paris, and who naturally desire to see this great room without paying for tickets they have no time to use. It is built on the principle of an immense theatre—a round of boxes on the ground floor, another (uncovered) making the circuit of the horseshoe, and with the exception of three large ornamental *paradis* boxes the rest of the house is in seats and stalls. The latter are considered the best, that is to say, they are the dearest, though many consider the defective acoustics less noticeable above than in the stalls. The decorations of this *salle* are severe and in good taste, light and ventilation are excellent, and altogether it is a pleasant place in which to pass a hot afternoon.

Mr. Theodore Thomas.

(From the Boston Daily Advertiser, Editorial.)

It is announced that Mr. Theodore Thomas has accepted the position of director of the new conservatory of music to be established in Cincinnati, and has entered into a five years' contract with the representatives of the enterprise. The intelligence is of importance, not only to New York, which loses its ablest, most indefatigable and enterprising musical leader, but also to Boston and all the other cities which have enjoyed the rich feasts of music he has annually provided for them. To New York, as the *Tribune* truly says, the loss is irreparable. The Philharmonic Society is deprived of its conductor; the symphony concerts in Steinway Hall and the garden concerts must all be given up. Although New York never appreciated Mr. Thomas's work, and never remunerated him for it, she will probably discover now, when it is too late, what she has lost. But she cannot fill the vacancy. No man with less enthusiasm and persistency than is possessed by Mr. Thomas could have maintained himself so long as he has done, and the leader who has so much of either has yet to be found. The best part of his orchestra, which will be disbanded as an organization, will go with Mr. Thomas to Cincinnati. And thus, by the blindness of New York, Boston loses the delightful series of concerts which, for several years past, have refreshed and instructed our ears. For the Thomas orchestra has not only brought new and good music to us, but it has, by the perfection of its execution, given new beauty to familiar music and spurred our own orchestras to greater exertion and more careful playing.

While we begrudge to Cincinnati her acquisition, we cannot help congratulating her. Certainly she deserves her good fortune. In recent years no city in the country has shown a greater interest in music, or has put forth more energy in promoting the cause. Every year there is something to unite the lovers of music, and enormous sums have been spent in providing a suitable home for music. There have been held festivals which, in point of the magnitude of the undertaking, the perfection of preparation and execution, and the number and character of the audiences, have never been surpassed in this country. If we do not say more than that, it is because we have a great reluctance to admitting that Boston is ever to take the second place in musical art. At all events, Cincinnati has fairly won the right to take Mr. Thomas from the East, and will appreciate him, as Boston has always done when the opportunity was afforded her.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, AUGUST 31, 1878.

To Our Subscribers and Readers.

NEW ARRANGEMENTS.

With the last number for the year—that for December 28, 1878—DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will pass from the hands of its present publishers; and its publication, without change of name, will thenceforth be continued by another house of the highest standing, not engaged in publishing or selling Music. The chief Editorship will still remain with the Undersigned, who founded the Journal six and twenty years ago, uniting in himself, during the first six years (1852-58), all its editorial and business functions.

Our connection with Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co. has lasted twenty years. These long established, enterprising music-publishers, seeking ever to enlarge their already immense business, now feel the need of a new and in some respects more "popular" musical paper of their own, in which they have done us the honor to offer us an independent department under our old name. But, preferring to preserve the identity of DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC, and to control it still in its integrity, we have yielded to the urgent wish and counsel of many tried and influential friends of Art, and have decided to transfer our Journal to other publishers [soon to be announced], under whose auspices we hope to work with fresh energy and inspiration, and to reap success in fuller measure than before.

We make few promises,—only this *one* in fact: that we shall do all in our power to keep the Journal true to the character and name it has so long maintained both in this country and abroad. In renouncing all connection, all appearance even of identity of interests with the music trade in any of its representatives or branches, our Journal offers a new guaranty—were any needed—of fearless honesty and independence in its views and criticisms. We wish to add to its contents new elements,—the contributions of younger minds, as well as of mature experience; and this we shall do just so far as we shall be enabled by the prompt support and patronage for which we look to friends of Art and lovers of the *best* in Music. Our new connection, too, with literary publishers will probably allow us to take more notice than we have done hitherto of what is passing in the world of Literature and Art in general.

Further particulars will soon be announced. Meanwhile any helpful suggestions will be thankfully received by

JOHN S. DWIGHT.

Shall We have any Symphonies.

I.

Dr. Schultze, who has recently returned from Boston, reports a curious state of affairs at the "Hub." He says that the local orchestras have been frozen to death by the indifference which the Bostonians have shown for the encouragement of home talent. As a consequence, the young musicians are turning to vocal music and giving up their amateur orchestral organizations. There will probably be no orchestral concerts given by local organisations in Boston next season, and the programmes rendered at the chamber concerts will abound

with vocal music. Is this not a strange state of affairs in Classic Boston, the Athens of America? Another cause assigned by Dr. Schultze for the decadence in music at Boston is the existence of *cliques* among the musicians. This spirit will kill music in any city.

The "Dr." Schultze referred to in the above curious paragraph, which we clip from the *Utica (N. Y.) Evening Herald*, is no other than our amiable old friend of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, now established and doing good service, we are told, as a Professor of Music in one of the Colleges in the interior of New York State. Doubtless the interviewer, or reporter, understood him very vaguely, for he knew musical Boston too well to suppose that it had any "amateur orchestral organizations" to give up. But it now becomes indeed a serious question, with Bostonians, whether we have or are to have here any orchestra at all. This week we are surprised by the news, clearly too well founded, that the frequent visitations of Theodore Thomas and his singularly perfect orchestra are henceforth denied to us. This is in one way certainly a great loss, but we are not without faith that it may be turned into a greater gain. What we really want in Boston, what every city of any musical pretensions wants for itself—we heartily thank our Chicago correspondent (next page) for supporting the suggestion—is an orchestra of our own *en permanence*.

Why have we not got it? Simply because the earnest efforts of the Harvard Musical Association, for the last thirteen years, to furnish good Symphony Concerts have for several seasons now been losing enterprises through the capricious tastes and fashions, and the lukewarm patronage, or utter dying out of interest, of a large portion of the musical public. The music given has always been of the best, the programmes of the choicest, most enjoyable and satisfying; the members of the Association have done their part, and more, by liberal guaranty subscriptions for season tickets, taking the risk of having to pay for many which they gave away; the orchestra, although reduced in numbers, and limited in hours of rehearsal through the enforced economy which only a more generous public patronage could remedy, has been generally acknowledged to have played better than ever before; and nothing seemed to be needed but the means of giving more frequent concerts throughout a larger portion of the year, with constant opportunities of rehearsal, to realize the aspiration for a well-trained, thoroughly efficient, and enduring local orchestra. There may have been some mistakes of policy, of leadership, besides inevitable accidents, to prevent these concerts and this orchestra from continuing to grow into the powerful and noble institution of which for half-a-dozen years or more they gave such signal promise; for in those years the musical public supported them, and there was no visiting, and finally rival, orchestra to distract, and make it fashionable for ears to be over-sensitive about the technical precision and nicety of execution, and *per contra* in the same degree perhaps indifferent to the quality and nature of the compositions executed; surely for a few years *manner* has been gaining precedence over *matter* in our concert-goers and our stay-aways; and this is certainly a sign that, for the time being, we are retrograding in our taste for music. In the higher and truer sense, Boston was more musical ten years ago. Then it did not run after novelties and fashions, but found sincere delight in what is intrinsically beautiful and noble in the productions of musical Art, and was patient of short-comings in all honest efforts at performance, so that it could only be brought into sympathetic contact with the masterworks of genius.

If we are to have our own Symphony Concerts any more, if we are to keep alive an Orchestra which may become worthy of the musical character

which our city has so long borne, it can only be by a revival of faith, by renewed devotion, by patience with what we can have now, and by generous support of what we can do to give the means for hereafter doing something better. The discouraging aspect of the case at present can, we believe, be changed this very season. This aspect is due more or less to many causes, but there are two which practically may stand for all of them; 1. The "hard times," the general sense of poverty; 2. The discouraging, distracting influence of the incessant visits of the Thomas Orchestra, which have made many people finical rather than really appreciative, attentive more to technical finish in performance, than to the essential charm and value of the thing performed, such people being naturally led to underrate the work of our own musicians, and to treat as not worth cherishing that which is indeed our only hope. Now the first cause still remains in force, though we must not forget the maxim that "where there is a will there is a way," and that in nothing are men and women so inconsistent and capricious as in what they fancy their "economy." The second obstacle is unexpectedly removed. If we are to have no more Thomas Concerts, then does it not at once become the duty of every true music-lover in and about this city to help sustain the honor and efficiency of the best orchestra which we can contrive to have among ourselves? Here we leave the subject for the present, but we shall resume discussion of the orchestral problem, and not drop the argument until we see signs of something positive and hopeful being done, at any rate begun. And we invite discussion of the matter from others. Let us have our good old Symphony Concerts again, if it be possible. For, who can say, or who imagine, what turn for the worse musical matters in Boston may soon take, should such a vacuum occur as their omission for a single season!

Organ Music.

We were present by invitation, with a number of appreciative musical persons, one forenoon last week, at the new Old South Church, to listen to some performances on the fine organ there by Mr. H. CLARENCE EDDY, of Chicago. Mr. Eddy was a pupil of Haupt in Berlin. Our readers have been kept informed of his remarkable accomplishments by our Chicago correspondent. The extent and variety of his repertoire is something astonishing; some will say that his acquaintance with and mastery of organ music covers much too wide and indiscriminate a field, for it is said that he has full 1500 compositions always at command. We find, however, that, while he indulges largely in the modern French school, he really gives Sebastian Bach the preference, and plays everything which that great master *par excellence* of organ music ever wrote. The same with the organ works of Handel, Mendelssohn, and all who can in any true sense be called classical. On the morning referred to Mr. Eddy treated his hearers to masterly interpretations of the following selections:

1. Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor.....J. S. Bach
2. Communion in E.....Saint-Saëns
3. Marche Religieuse.....Gullmunt
4. Siciliano.....E. J. Hopkins
5. Grand Prelude and Fugue in B minor,.....J. S. Bach
6. Marche Funèbre and Chant Séraphique,.....Gullmunt
7. Concert-Satz in C minor.....Thiele

We entered while he was in the middle of the second piece, the Communion by Saint-Saëns, which seemed to justify its title by its meditative, sweet, dreamy and religious character, and in which the player blended and contrasted the beautiful reed and flute tones of the instrument with rare skill and taste. In all his performances we were impressed by two qualities which we have rarely found possessed in so high a degree by any of our organists. The first was a certain art of *phrasing*, which in the

nature of things would seem to be almost impossible upon the organ, and yet by some clever management he did give us the effect of phrasing, even without accent. The other was his perfectly firm and even time in fugue playing. This was felt particularly in his clear, expressive, and most satisfying performance of the great Bach B-minor Prelude and Fugue; he knew how to keep it going at its own natural and steady gait; it was played thoroughly in tempo. These two qualities are in themselves the test of a good sound organist. Rarely have we ever been more completely absorbed in the delight of any music than we were while that glorious prelude and fugue went sounding on. We were not so particularly interested by that Funeral March of Guilman; the "Chant Seraphique," which formed its middle part, seemed to us too commonplace as to idea and sentiment to pass for the song of seraphs. It showed the player's easy mastery of difficulties, however, in a convincing manner. The bold and imposing Concert-Satz by Thiele was brought out in all its power.

We had not the time to cross the Square, directly after this, to Trinity Church and hear Mr. Eddy on that organ. There he played the following pieces:

Offertoire on Christmas Carols.....Guilman
Sonata in D minor.....A. G. Ritter
O Sanctissima.....Lux
Communio in G.....Batiste
First Movement from First Sonata.....Guilman

We trust that Mr. Eddy will visit Boston again during the coming season, and that we may hear him on the Great Organ at the Music Hall.

THE CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF MUSIC. We have received a copy of the correspondence between Mr. Thomas and Mr. R. R. Springer and other citizens of Cincinnati, but have only room at present for Mr. Thomas's letter of acceptance:

New York, August 20, 1878.

Messrs. R. R. Springer, Joseph Longworth, John Shillito, George K. Shoenberger, David Sinton, and others:

Gentlemen: I acknowledge, with satisfaction, the receipt of your note of the 16th inst., inviting me "to make my home in Cincinnati, and accept the musical direction of the College of Music of Cincinnati." I accept your invitation, with a full sense of the importance of the trust.

This project is a step in the right direction, and Cincinnati is the right place in which to begin.

We want concentration of professional talent, methodical training, such as we have in other branches of education, and a musical atmosphere. The formation of a College, such as you propose, realizes one of my most cherished hopes, and I shall work hard to make it superior in all branches of musical education.

The faculty must consist of professors eminent in their departments of instruction.

With the assistance of a complete orchestra, we shall have that professional talent which will teach the students how to play on all orchestral instruments. I am ready to begin all of this work at once, and advise that the College be opened during the coming autumn. Within a few days, I shall forward to the Board of Directors a preliminary plan of the course of instruction desirable to be adopted.

I am, with great respect, yours,
THEODORE THOMAS.

CHICAGO, AUGUST 22.—There is little stirring here except plans for the fall campaign. During the summer there have been a number of concerts in the suburbs which have brought forward a number of our best musicians in ways highly creditable to them.

Among our young singers here there are several who give promise. The most advanced of these, just now, is Miss Grace Hiltz who has been studying about four years with Mrs. Hershey. She has appeared in public a large number of times at the Hershey concerts with constantly increasing favor. She has a rather strong and telling voice, which is now in good discipline almost throughout its compass. The best thing about this girl's singing is its excellency in general. She not only manages her voice well as to attack, execution, etc., but she phrases well, and above all delivers the song with intelligence and artistic fire. Her enunciation of words is as finished as possible, every word and syllable of her text being as clearly enunciated as the best elocutionist could do it. Within the last few weeks she sang at Evanston twice, her selections embracing Mozart's "Voi che sapete," Han-

del's "Hope in the Lord" (Wm. Mason), Schumann's "Sunshine," Schubert's "Gretchen at the spinning wheel," and "Wohin," Sullivan's "Dearest Heart," and Weber's Scene and aria from, "Der Freyschütz" (the prayer). Her best work on these occasions was in the Schubert songs, Handel's "Hope in the Lord," the Weber piece and the Sullivan ballad. The wide range of characteristics required for success in so dissimilar works will be apparent enough to singers; that she did succeed speaks well for the breadth of her studies. She is certainly a very desirable concert singer, and I take great pleasure in directing attention to her good points because her accomplishments are of a particularly solid and satisfactory kind, such as are too often wanting in young singers. I understand that Miss Hiltz will devote a part of her time this winter to concert-singing in connection with a quartette of ladies, one of whom, Miss Romeis, has an exceptionally fine contralto voice. I have not heard the quartette.

Another very promising young singer here is Miss Moran, a pupil at the Musical College. Miss Moran has a low mezzo-soprano or contralto voice of good body and fresh, agreeable quality. Her studies have been chiefly in the Italian school and are not yet sufficiently advanced to enable one to determine what the result will be.

I have already in a former letter referred to Mr. Rosenbecker, the director of the Musical College. This fine violinist and musician is meeting with great success here. He played lately a programme at Evanston in which he gave the Bach Chaconne, the Beethoven sonata for piano and violin (Op. 30, No. 3), a legende by Wieniawski, and Vieuxtemps' Fantasia on Sclavic airs.

And this brings me to the chief point of this letter, which is the mention of a notable series of three piano recitals which Mr. Emil Liebling has lately played at Evanston. The programmes were selected from an educational stand-point, and were as follows:

I.

Bach—List—Grand Prelude and Fugue, G minor.
Beethoven—Sonata in C sharp, Op. 27, No. 2.
Rubinstein—Kamennof-Ostrow, No. 22.
Schumann—"Etude vom Lied," Op. 12.
Raff—Giga con Variationi, Op. 91.
List—Polonaise Heroique in E.

II.

Mendelssohn—Prelude and Fugue, Op. 35, No. 1.
Beethoven—Sonata Pathetique, Op. 13.
Schumann—Kreisleriana Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 16.
Henselt—Etude, Op. 5, No. 7.
Grieg—Albumblatt, Op. 12, No. 7.
Slas—Gavotte.
Liebling—Concert Waltz, "Coeur-Dame."
Liszt—a. Solrde de Vienne, No. 7.
b. Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12.

III. Chopin Recital.

Concerto in F minor, Op. 21.
(Second piano by Mr. Mathews.)
a. Etudes, Op. 25, Nos. 1 and 2, Op. 10, No. 12.
b. Nocturne in G, Op. 9, No. 2.
c. Mazurka, Op. 33, No. 4.
d. Scherzo in G sharp, Op. 39.
e. Prelude in D flat.
f. Polonaise in A flat, Op. 53.

Mr. Liebling is a pianist who deserves to be heard in Boston. He is yet young, and has practiced a great deal since his return from Europe some two years ago. Towards the last of the season his practice suffers neglect in consequence of the entire absorption of his time in teaching. But in vacation when he has time for practice, and early in the season before he back-slides as our Methodist brethren call it, his playing is something remarkable. In these programmes his most fortunate interpretations (to my taste) were both the fugues, which were magnificently done, the Schumann Kreisleriana numbers, the little piece from Rubinstein, the Raff Giga, and variations (a beautiful piece of playing), the Liszt 12th Rhapsody and the Chopin Concerto.

As a concert player, or especially for piano recitals, Liebling is far superior to any one else here, as he has a much larger technique than the others, and more nerve, more of the virtuoso element. I should think it doubtful whether there are a half-dozen pianists in the country of equal ability, in fact I doubt if there are three. Mr. Liebling has a large repertory, and always plays in public without notes.

Our prospects for music are excellent this winter. We have a good string quartette, the vocal societies are coming to the front in a more manly style (the Apollo Society will have an auxiliary chorus of

ladies' voices), and best of all, arrangements are well advanced toward the organization of a series of symphony concerts. The orchestra will consist of fifty pieces, and be directed by Mr. A. Rosenbecker. The business management will be in the hands of Dr. F. Ziegfeld, and, perhaps, one or two others. This is the most gratifying bit of news I have been able to communicate for some time.

And this reminds me to speak of our former symphony concerts under Balatka's leading, which were killed by the newspapers and Theodore Thomas. As you have had the same trouble in Boston, and as I understand that the Cincinnati orchestra is in a delicate situation from a similar cause, I hereby enter my solemn protest against a continuance of such ill-advised goings-on. For of course it is plain enough to any musician that an orchestra playing together constantly like Thomas's ought to acquire a finish which would be impossible to local orchestras put together as occasion requires. Nevertheless it is equally apparent that the musical interests of this large country require good symphony orchestras and local concerts in all the larger cities. We ought to have them in Boston, New York, Buffalo, Cleveland, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Cincinnati, Chicago, Louisville, St. Louis, and in fact in every city containing seventy thousand inhabitants and two daily papers. The expense is not great. Look at the amount of money that has been expended on the Apollo Club in this city. Within five years it has cost fully twenty-five thousand dollars, and has given fifteen concerts. (I speak at random as to the amount, but am far within bounds). In return for this support the Club has sung two or three Cantatas (Gounod's "Babylon's Wave" and such), and about twenty or twenty-five little part-songs. The Club has raised the standard of chorus singing, but it has not afforded a series of programmes representative of the best things in music. The same amount expended in symphony concerts would have given us five series of eight concerts each, and eight public rehearsals. In these forty concerts and forty rehearsals, we might have heard forty symphonies, each one twice, and something like a hundred other important works for orchestra. To state this, is to demonstrate the superior musical value of the symphony concerts. Let us hope that the present experiment will succeed.

DER FREYSCHUTZ.

Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood's Normal Musical Institute, at Lyons, N. Y.

[From The Lyons Republican, August 15.]

The final concert by the Faculty of the Normal Musical Institute, assisted by some of the pupils, took place on Tuesday evening, and was attended by a large and brilliant audience. The following was the programme:

"Duo Concertant," Op. 48. [Arranged for two pianos by Henselt].....Weber
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
Aria Religiosa—"Maid of Judah,".....Kücken
Miss J. Ettie Crane.
[Pupil of Mr. Wheeler.]
Waltz Brilliant—"Magnetic,".....Arditi
Miss May Alice Vars.
[Pupil of Mr. Wheeler.]
Piano Solo—"Rondo Capriccioso,".....Mendelssohn
Miss Jennie R. May.
[Pupil of Mr. Sherwood.]
"Yeoman's Wedding Song,".....Poniatowski
Mr. Sumner Salter.
Piano Solo—"Spinnerlied," "Spinning Song"
from Wagner's "Flying Dutchman," arranged for pianoforte by.....Liszt
Mr. W. H. Sherwood.
Song—"Sing Sweet Bird,".....Gans
Miss Julie W. Thornton.
[Pupil of Mr. Wheeler.]
Piano Solo—"Improvisu, A flat, Op. 29.....Chopin
Miss Josie E. Ware.
[Pupil of Mr. Sherwood.]
Trio for Female Voices—"Go, Faithless Clori!"
Cherubini
Misses Thornton, Crane and Battelle.
Song—"Waiting at the Brookside,".....Torrey
Miss J. Ettie Crane.
Piano Solo—"Scherzo, B flat.....Moszkowski
Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood.
Vocal Duet—"See the Pale Moon,".....Campana
Misses Thornton and Sherman.
Duet for two Pianos—"Wanderer" Fantasia
in C, Op. 15. [Arranged from Orchestral
Score for two pianos by Liszt].....Schubert
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Sherwood.

The duets by Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood were, as usual, thoroughly excellent in their rendering, being not only thorough all their intricacies given with unerring accuracy, but being also infused with a life and spirit, and a minute attention to details of expression, that gave to them an abandon and effect

equal to a solo performance. The "Wanderer Fantasia," particularly, was an admirable performance of a most grand and imposing composition. The two songs by Miss Crane received and deserved hearty applause. Miss Crane has a voice of rare sympathetic quality, and sings with perfect intonation and intelligent discrimination.—Her several appearances during the Normal will long be remembered with pleasure by those who have heard her. Miss Vars made her first public appearance on Tuesday evening, and sang the Magnetic Waltz in such a manner as to receive an enthusiastic encore. Miss Thornton's singing was also received with the most lively manifestations of pleasure; her song "Sing, Sweet Bird," being rendered with good voice and taste.—The "Yeoman's Wedding Day" was sung in a rollicking manner by Mr. Salter, and aroused the enthusiasm of the audience.—Miss May played the Rondo Capriccioso, by Mendelssohn, in an exceedingly creditable manner, showing a mastery of the mechanical difficulties, and an appreciation of the spirit of the piece. The weird and unique Spinning Song, by Liszt, was played by Mr. Sherwood with his usual freedom and easy mastery of technical difficulties. Mr. Sherwood also played (taking the place of Miss Ware, whose illness prevented her appearance), a Tarantelle by Gustav Schumann—an exquisite composition—with great delicacy and spirit. Mrs. Sherwood's selection, Scherzo, by Moszkowski, was played with a remarkably neat touch and "crisp" execution. It is an elegant composition and received a fine rendering. The vocal trio and duet were pleasant features of the evening and received hearty applause. The concert, as a whole, was a fitting finale to the work of the Normal, and was immensely enjoyed by the large audience present.

As the Normal Institute has concluded its labors, a brief allusion to some of the features of its proceedings may not be out of place.

The number and character of the piano-compositions given have not probably been equalled on any similar occasion. The following is a list, by authors, of the piano works that have been given:

Bach.....	Eleven Compositions
Beethoven.....	Nine Sonatas
Handel.....	One Fugue
Mozart.....	Four Compositions
Schumann, Robert.....	Twelve Compositions
Schumann, Gustav.....	One Tarantelle
Schubert, Franz.....	Five Compositions
Haydn.....	One Sonata
Scarlatti.....	One Sonata
Chopin.....	Sixteen Compositions
Mendelssohn.....	Five Songs without Words
Von Weber.....	Two Compositions
Liszt.....	Six Compositions
Liszt-Bach.....	Two Compositions
Liszt-Wagner.....	Four Compositions
Liszt-Schubert.....	One Composition
Rubinstein.....	Three Compositions
Von Bülow.....	One Composition
Moscheles.....	One Composition
Grieg.....	Three Compositions
Moszkowsky.....	Five Waltzes and Scherzo
Rheinberger.....	Two Compositions
Bargiel.....	One Composition
Raf.....	Four Marches
Saint-Saëns.....	One Composition
Brahms.....	Two Compositions
Käfer.....	One Composition
Kirchner.....	One Composition
Dupont.....	One Composition
Thalberg.....	One Composition
Kullak.....	Three Compositions
Holländer.....	One Composition
Sherwood, W. H.....	Three Compositions
Sherwood, E. H.....	One Composition

One hundred and seventeen pieces have been played, the works of thirty-four composers. Of these Mr. Sherwood has played the greater number, seventy-nine solos, while Mrs. Sherwood has played twenty-three solos. The two have played together fifteen duets and concertos for two pianos.

These were given at five concerts and nineteen recitals. There have also been heard at two or three of the recitals, some admirable piano performances by Mr. Fred. C. Hahr, an accomplished pianist. There has also been given an organ recital by Mr. Salter.

The work of the Institute has been carried through most successfully from beginning to end. Every teacher has shown special adaptation to his or her particular department.

Mr. Harry Wheeler, having in charge the department of vocal physiology and cultivation of the voice, has shown himself an instructor of rare skill. In the few lessons that he has given, a marked improvement has been apparent in the voices of his pupils, while his lectures have been full of interest and profit.

Miss Crane, in presenting the subject of music in public schools, has delighted every member of the Normal, by her ability in treating her subject.

Mr. Salter has aroused a lively interest in the subject of organ playing, and has accomplished what he stated at the first to be his object, not to make accomplished solo organists, but to give his pupils a knowledge of the instrument, and enable them to properly use it in church. The closing recital given by pupils on the organ gave some idea of the work done. Pieces were played which the average organ student does not attempt to play before several months of steady practice.

Monsieur Armand Guys gave a course of lectures on the physical relation between musical sound and pronunciation. To reach his aim, he was obliged to treat his subject in a most careful and scientific manner.—The point of view which he chose being the most accurate, and based on well-known experiments, could not fail to be very valuable to the students of music. It is only to be regretted that time failed him to treat more thoroughly the subjects on which he only touched.

Mrs. Wm. H. Sherwood has made an excellent impression by her piano performances. She is a cultivated artist, and probably one of the finest lady pianists in the country. Her technique and her musical sensibility give her playing an effect which has been manifest in her rendering of many difficult and classical compositions.

Mr. L. H. Sherwood's class in Harmony has been one of the most interesting and profitable features of the Institute. Mr. Sherwood's extensive knowledge of the laws of musical composition, his long experience and original habit of mind, have enabled him to present the subject in a particularly clear and comprehensive manner. His methods of instruction are not only lucid and thorough, but they are also peculiarly interesting and fruitful of the most satisfactory results in instilling fundamental principles and leading up to thorough scholarship.

As to the work of Mr. Wm. H. Sherwood, the mere giving of the number of recitals and concerts, which we have mentioned, comprising an enormous mass of compositions, mostly of considerable length, and requiring every possible variety of contrast and shading, as well as a perfect mastery of every technical difficulty and harmonic intricacy, required and found powers and training both intellectual and physical, such as are possessed by few pianists. When to this are added the most artistic and finished conception, and the fact that he usually played from memory, we attain to some idea of the titanic task which Mr. S. has both attempted and realized. It is his highest praise as a teacher, that those of his pupils to whom we have here listened, have attained so largely, not merely his technique, but yet more, his artistic shading and finish. As director of the Institute, in general, Mr. Sherwood has acquitted himself with great credit, and to the satisfaction of all. At the close of the concert Tuesday he briefly returned thanks to the citizens of Lyons for their hearty co-operation throughout the season, and stated that it was intended to hold another term of the Institute here next summer. This announcement was received with applause.

We print below the recital programmes since our last issue:

Recital XVIII—Piano—August 9.

1. Sonate for two Pianos, D major, Op. 53. Mozart
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
2. Andante and Variations for two Pianos, B flat, Op. 76. Schumann
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.

Recital XIX—Piano—August 12.

1. Theme and Variations, E flat, Op. 13. Alexis Holländer
Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood.
2. Sonate, [arranged for Concert Performance by Carl Tausig.], Domenico Scarlatti
Mr. Sherwood.
3. {a. Psyche.....Kullak
b. Tarantelle.....Chopin
Mr. H. C. Hahr.
4. Concerto, A minor, Op. 54. Schumann
Mr. Sherwood.
[Orchestral part supplied on a second piano by Mrs. Sherwood.]

Pupil's Recital—Organ—August 13.

PART I.

1. Fugue, A minor.....Bach
Miss Carrie Clark.
2. Two Choral Variations.....Bach
Mrs. E. E. Gilbert.
3. Postlude.....Rink
Mrs. M. A. Carman.
4. Prelude and Fugue.....Bach
Miss Lucy Clark.

PART II.

1. Song—Impatience.....Schubert
Miss Fannie Battelle.
2. Fugue for Piano, F# minor, No. 200.....Bach
Miss Ella F. Backus.
3. Swiss Song.....Eckert
Miss Carrie Clark.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE LATEST MUSIC. Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Tho' Poor, I'm a Friend to You still. Rutledge. 30
C. 3. E to F.
"Do not despair when poverty comes,
Think of your playmate, dear Will!"
A true "friendly" song, which is good to sing.
- Land of Beauty. Song and Chorus. Murray. 30
G. 3. d to E.
"Far away in the Land of Beauty,
But nearer and nearer each day,"
A bright song of promise and trust.
- Let's Shut our Eyes. From "Chimes of Normandy." Trio. E minor. 3. E to A. Planquette. 40
We Must Never let our Hearts. From "Chimes of Normandy." Song and Trio. A. 3. E to F. Planquette. 30
From the popular comic opera, one being the "trembling" trio in which three shivering people mistake each other for ghosts, and the other represents the bravery of those about to encounter the supernatural visitants. Nice music.
- If I had known. C minor. 3. c to F. Howard. 35
"We have careful words for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest."
Worth possessing by every one, if only for the beautiful sentiment. A song that it will do good to sing.
- Caw! Caw! Quartet. G. 3. d to g. Howard. 30
"List to the Spring's glad harbingers!
Caw! Caw! Buzz! Quack! Ba-a-a! Ziz!"
Capital comic quartet.
- Molly Doonan. D. 3. d to E. McEvoy. 30
"The shamrock is a pretty weed,"
A true Irish ballad, with a very good melody.
- Let me Rest in some Beautiful Valley. Song and Cho. Bb. 3. d to F. Danks. 30
"When the sweet purple clover in summer is found,"
Melodious ballad in popular style.
- One sweetly Solemn Thought. Db. 3. d to E. Ambrose. 30
The well-known words by Phebe Cary, and the music is beautifully appropriate.
- Never coming Back any More. G. 2. d to D. MacLane. 30
"As we go up the shining way,"
Quite a good negro "Jubilee" song.
- My Lass. Baritone Song. C. 3. a to E. Diehl. 40
"Cheerily clinks the windlass chain,"
A cheerful sailor's farewell to wife and home.
- Over the Shadowy River. Eb. 3. b to d. Howe. 30
"All that is real; that never dies,
Over the shadowy river lies."
One of the sweetest songs on a well-known subject.

Instrumental.

- The Phonograph. Five Easy Pieces for Piano, by Francis Mueller, each, 25
No. 1. Lily Polka. G. 2.
"2. Circus Galop. C. 1.
"3. Midnight Polka. C. 2.
"4. Twilight Schottische. G. 2.
"5. Naiad Queen Waltz. D. 2.
Happy are the "beginners" now-a-days! They have no experience of the dreariness of the first few weeks of piano playing. Such easy, well-made, and musical first piano pieces as the above will be treasures to any teacher.
- Evening Whispers. Serenade. Op. 96. A. 3. G. D. Wilson. 50
One of Mr. Wilson's beautiful melodies, so harmonized as to produce the best effect without being at all out of the reach of ordinary players. Op. 96, in Mr. W's case, means that he has now placed 96 good pieces before the public.
- Nancy Lee. Quick-Step. 4 hands. C. 3. Maylath. 35
Nancy Lee is a song of the sea which pleases everybody. Just the thing then for a pretty 4-hand piece.
- March. From the Opera Fatinitza. 4 hands. C. 3. Suppe. 75
A very wide-awake march, and very easy, except that the left hand of the Primo may have to encounter some little difficulty of execution.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

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For Dwight's Journal of Music.

Three Sonnets.

PAST.

Irrevocable, changeless, deathless Past,
Thou wholly and forever art our own,
Who canst not be undone or overthrown
By scorching suns or withering tempest's blast,
But dost defy the gods!—We hold thee fast
As we may grasp that gem from shores unknown,—
Itself the symbol of a day long flown,—
That surging sea-waves bring and upward cast.
And what thy shining chambers may enfold,—
The pearly dew-drop of some ecstasy,
Or a dark sting of anguish, that of old
Drew smiles or bloody tears relentlessly,—
Even sorrow into beauty grows at last,
Embalmed in thy transfiguring gold, O Past!

PRESENT.

But Present, thou, who through eternity
Flow'st like a river in whose mist we stand,
Where we would vainly stay with outstretched hand
One of the drops rolled on restlessly,—
What shifting image may be gazed in thee,
Or clouds or lights, a fruitful, fragrant land,
Or barren fields of burning desert sand,
We comprehend not thy strange mystery.
Thou art, yet art not, thou dost live and die
Each moment,—from the hour that goes before
Tak'st wherewith to sustain and satisfy
The life that for a breath endures, no more
To yield it up to her who, still and fast,
Even now has changed into that deathless Past.

FUTURE.

And thou, unfathomed Future, all unknown,
That coverest like a misty cloud and gray,
The darkness of an unfamiliar way,
How long, how brief until thou too hast grown
Into that gliding drop or shimmering stone?—
What hidest thou? The lightning's lurid ray
That shall destroy us, or the smiling day
Whence night and tempest have forever flown?—
We cannot guess;—as our blind path we grope
Like one to whom the sunlight waxes dim,
May but reach out and with undying hope
Cling closer to the tender hand of Him
To whom no day is ended or begun,
But Present, Past and Future are as one!

—STUART STERN.

Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Haendel's Scores.

(Second Extract from W. F. ARTHORP's article in the September Atlantic.)

The question of how additional accompaniments are to be written to Bach and Händel scores is really a double one. The first and more important is in what style the filling out of the figured continuo is to be done; the second is upon what instrument, or instruments, the added parts are to be played. This second question seems of easy solution at first sight; the almost universally accepted tradition being that the composers themselves used the organ, and in some cases the harpsichord or spinet. But there is, notwithstanding, a great difficulty in the matter. The majority of Händel's vocal works are either concert compositions or else dramatic works, which the great change in the art of dramatic musical writing since his time has driven from the stage, and which our modern taste can find acceptable only in the concert room. Bach wrote mainly for the church; but the altered fashions of our day make the availability of his church cantatas for purposes of divine worship very questionable; at all events, they could be used only in the German Lutheran church service. Bach's oratorios and cantatas come to-day as much within the domain of the concert-room as Händel's

works. Now the number of concert halls in the world which possess an organ is exceedingly limited, so that the enforced use of an organ in these scores would shut the doors of many choral societies upon them at once. But more of this farther on; let us consider the more important and vital question first. How is the figured continuo to be worked out? There are many opinions on the subject. That something needs to be done, even in those scores in which there is no figuring to the continuo, is agreed by every one. Bach and Händel never showed the slightest symptoms of being of the opinion that a melody and bass are all that is necessary in music. Jean Jacques Rousseau advocated this strange theory, saying that a truly æsthetic ear takes more pleasure in divining the harmony of a composition than in actually hearing it: but Bach and Händel had minds of a different stamp. As for the working out of these masters' figured (or unfigured) basses, some persons have thought that "the greatest possible neutrality in the filling out" is, above all things, desirable; in other words, that the additions should be as inconspicuous as possible. These are the archaeological extremists. Others have felt less scruples, saying that one need only have a clear insight into the A B C of the matter (that is, of writing harmony to a figured bass, or, as it was called in Händel's time,—mark the expression,—the *art of accompanying*) to be able to do all that is needful in any case; that every skillful musician, even every musical amateur who has some knowledge of the theory of the art, cannot fail to find the right path and walk securely in it. What the "greatest possible neutrality in the filling out" means is not hard to guess. It evidently means that the figured continuo should be filled out in plain harmony,—what the French call *accords plaqués*. Now one thing is clear: if this added harmony is to be "neutral," it must be neither actively consonant nor discrepant with the spirit of the instrumental and vocal parts which the composer actually wrote; it must neither help nor hinder them; it must have no individuality of its own; in short, it must be a sort of musical *tertium quid*, not to be very easily defined. It is a little strange, however, that we may look through all Händel's and Bach's vocal works without finding an instance of their having treated a single item in their compositions as "neutral." On the contrary, every voice, every orchestral part, is instinct with life, every instrument has something of vital importance to say. It may be retorted, with some show of speciousness, that, admitting this musical vitality to be found in everything that Bach and Händel *actually wrote out*, there is no direct evidence that they intended their mere figured basses to indicate anything of the sort; and that if they had intended the gaps in their scores to be filled out in a purely polyphonic style—that is, a style in which every part is vitally important—they would not have left those gaps there at all, but would have filled them out themselves. Of circumstantial evidence in this particular there is naturally none, or the question could never have come up. But the internal evidence is very strong. In the first place, the style of writing in which certain instrumental parts are used merely to fill up gaps in the harmony, or simply for the sake of enriching the quality of tone, without adding anything to the essential musical structure of the composition, was entirely foreign to the spirit of Bach's time. This style cannot be traced back farther than Mozart, Haydn, and Gluck. Bach and Händel

may be said to have lived in a purely polyphonic age; in a time when everything that was not absolutely essential in music was looked upon as superfluous, and hence inadmissible. To understand why they should have been content merely to indicate certain things in their scores, and that, too, in a way which was open to great latitude of interpretation, we must understand something of the musical habits of their day. At that period the "art of accompanying" did not mean the art of playing or conducting an already elaborated instrumental accompaniment to one or more singers or solo players. It meant the art of deciphering—either at sight, or after some practice—a figured bass on the organ or harpsichord. This art was very generally cultivated, and no one was considered a competent organist or clavecinist who had not attained to a high degree of proficiency in it. More than this, an organist was expected to be able not only to decipher a figured bass correctly and freely at sight, but to extemporize contrapuntally upon a given theme. A significant fact in this matter is that we find that certain famous singers in London stipulated especially, in their contracts with managers, "that Mr. Händel should play the accompaniments;" that is, that he should preside at the harpsichord or organ, and decipher the figured continuo. Now it is hardly likely that, at a time when there were so many instrumental virtuosi in London, such stress should have been laid upon Händel's accompanying if it had been only a question of technical executive talent. No; it was because Händel filled out a figured bass better than other artists. If this filling out were to be done merely in correct plain harmony, there would have been small chance for Händel's shining perceptibly superior to other artists, at a time when the next best organist was perfectly competent to do as much. But if the continuo was to be worked out in pure polyphonic style, in imitative counterpoint, we see at once how Händel could easily distance less gifted virtuosi than himself. Indeed, it is reported that to hear Händel or Bach play from a figured bass was like listening to a brilliant organ concerto. In the second place, we find by experiment that, in by far the majority of cases, the effect of mere plain harmony (*accords plaqués*) in conjunction with the parts actually written out by Bach and Händel is unsatisfactory if not downright bad. The contrast between Bach's and Händel's freely moving parts, so full of glorious life and vigor, and the heavy, sluggish chords is too marked; the "accompaniment" hangs like a millstone round the neck of the brilliant counterpoint, or else it so muffles and chokes it that it loses half of its charm. It is like filling out the space between the beautiful head and limbs of some incomplete antique statue with mere shapeless ashlar. The head and limbs do better without it. There are even passages which absolutely defy simple harmonic treatment.

No, Franz is clearly right when he says that the greatest possible neutrality in the filling out must necessarily lead to a want of character. A mere harmonic accompaniment will be irksomely conspicuous by its very neutrality. Even the Bach Union have found it impossible to adhere exclusively to this principle, and the co-workers of the Händel Society have found its unstinted application equally out of the question. A vital polyphonic style is requisite, and through it alone can the gaps in Bach's and Händel's scores be so filled out that the contrast between the original parts and the

additional accompaniments shall not strike the ear as ungraceful and unmusical. The truth of this was most clearly perceived by the greatest, and to all practical purposes the first, musician who tried his hand at filling out an incomplete score,—a man whose name carries such weight with it that the present archæologico-historical party have always carefully omitted it in their discussions. I mean Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart. In his time the mighty question of additional accompaniments had not set so many wise and foolish heads wagging as it has since. In working out the scores of Händel's Messiah and Alexander's Feast he had only the dictates of his own fine musical instinct to follow. The style in which he completed the accompaniments to the airs, "O thou, that tellest good tidings to Zion," and "The people that walked in darkness," is to be looked upon as the model for all such work. It is curious to notice how differently the Leipzig historical party face, on the one hand, a discussion that deals with pure abstractions, and, on the other hand, a definite musical fact, especially when the latter is backed up by the prestige of a great name. In the former case they are as bold as lions; in the latter—Mum's the word! What explanation can be given of the very singular fact that, among the thirty-eight volumes of Händel's works already published by the German Händel Society, the Messiah is not to be found? Does it not seem as though Messrs. Chrysander & Co., felt that an accompaniment to the Messiah, written out on their principle, could not stand for a moment in face of Mozart's score; and that to embody a piano-forte or organ transcription of Mozart's score into their edition would be virtually to deny the soundness of their principles? The fact that there is much that is unsatisfactory in Mozart's score is not worth a jot, seeing that in just those passages where Mozart has been most successful in making his additional accompaniments blend harmoniously with both the spirit and the letter of the original parts, so that both Händel's work and his own seem to have sprung from the same source, and no ear can detect which is Händel and which Mozart, in the two airs just referred to, he has worked out the continuo in the very freest and most elaborate contrapuntal style.

In so far as clear insight into the A B C of the matter is concerned, it is not hard to see that this is quite too flippant a way of settling a very grave question. Franz holds, with perfect truth, and it cannot be said too often nor too emphatically, that additional accompaniments are quite as capable of weakening and distorting the original as they are of ennobling and adorning it. Verily, the task of filling out adequately Bach's and Händel's vocal scores is not one to which the musical tyro, nor even the merely learned contrapuntist, can safely feel himself equal. To the modern musician, brought up in the midst of music of a post-Händelian period, and strongly imbued with the art tendencies of our day, it is the most difficult task in the whole range of music. I say this circumspectly, and with full conviction. Let me repeat here that unless Bach's and Händel's figured or unfigured continuos are adequately filled out, their vocal works are in no fit condition to be performed. Let it be understood most distinctly that to perform such compositions with only the "original parts," and without additional accompaniments of some sort, is to commit the greatest conceivable act of unfaithfulness; it is presenting the works of those masters in a totally wrong light, and should not be tolerated for a moment.

But to proceed with our subject. The fact that the perfectly free, melodious, and expressive movement of each part in the harmony was one of the prime characteristics of Bach's style, even when nothing like fugued writing was in question, seems to have escaped many of his arrangers. Yet this is not only an evidence of Bach's supreme skill in polyphonic writing, but is one of the means by which he

gave expression to some of his finest and most beautiful poetic conceptions. Speaking technically, the bass with him contained the germ from which a composition was to be evolved, rather than that part which we, in modern parlance, call the melody. Of all the parts lying above the bass, the "melody" was, at most, *primus inter pares*. In his vocal works, where the music naturally seeks to give expression to the sentiment of the text, we often find that what we now call the poetic essence of the music lies in the middle parts (alto and tenor), or in the accompaniment. This is peculiarly noticeable in his chorals, where the middle parts move with the most absolute freedom, and nothing of that timidly restricted leading of the voices which is advocated in elementary manuals of harmony is to be found.

I have hinted that the Bach Union arrangers, and some others too, had sounded Bach's head only wig-deep; as for diving down to the great, bounteously loving heart of him, so full of tender piety and child-like trust, that seems to have lain as far as possible from their thoughts. Concerning the mere grammatical errors (*Schulfehler*), such as rank fifths and octaves, hideous harmonic progressions, and what not, made by men of no mean repute as musicians, in filling out his and Händel's continuos, things that would expose any scholar in a harmony class to summary correction, I can only refer the reader curious in such matters to the thirty-second volume of the Händel Society, containing the famous Italian Chamber Duets and Trios, with accompaniments worked out by Johannes Brahms and Joseph Joachim, and the Bach Union edition of the cantata "Wer Dank opfert, der preisset mich,"* with the accompaniment arranged by H. von Herzogenberg. Both of these publications will give ample food for serious meditation on the condition of the art of music at the present day.

"Swell" Organ Players.

(From the London Musical Standard.)

There are three great faults which generally mark the playing of inexperienced, ill-taught, or tasteless organists. I have heard players who had only one or two of these faults, and I have heard players who have had them all fully developed, and in a very high degree. The first of these faults is that of playing too loud; the second is, the use of only one foot in pedalling, and, as a consequence, playing only on the lower octave; the third, and perhaps the most unpardonable, because it is the most flagrant breach of good taste, is the alarming fashion of producing "effects" by means of the swell organ. When these three styles are united in one player, the result is appalling to a person who has any taste, or who has been accustomed to legitimate organ-playing.

I can forgive a man who sometimes plays too loud; there are, or at any rate there may be, reasons for it; his choir may be too timid to be left much to their own resources, and the principal and mixture keep them going, and in good heart; or the congregation may drag, and want plenty of organ to ensure good time; or there may be a paucity of good medium stops of sufficient "body" to bind the mass of singing together. These causes may be so powerful that the good taste of the player cannot always contend against them, and he feels compelled to play "loud" in spite of his own better judgment and cultivated taste.

The next fault—confining the use of the pedals to the left foot and the lower octave—is so closely connected with the other and worse fault of "swell" playing, that I can scarcely speak of them as two; they are almost one. But even this "left-handed pedalling" may sometimes be fairly accounted for, especially on small organs with limited pedal-stops, though these cases are few and far between. I know an organ in which the pedals from the second C to F are so "woolly," that one of the only two complete pedal stops is unbearable in the upper notes unless used with the full organ on. But let not "left-handed" pedal-thumpers think I am offering an excuse for their clumsiness. I repeat that cases are rarely to be met with in which an organist is forced by an ill-constructed instrument to use only the

lower octave of pedals. The reason, or the excuse, is generally this: the right foot is so often on the swell that it can only pop down here and there on any stray bass note which comes by chance when the foot is not otherwise occupied. It is this swell-organ playing which, more than anything else, discloses the ill-taught or self-taught organ-grinder. I do not decry self-taught men; on the contrary, I commend them. And I know several whose innate taste has kept them from the grosser faults against which I am writing, and who are no discredit to their profession. I do not allude to this class; but to the "self-taught" player who "learnt by instinct," and who knows how to play so well that neither Dr. Stainer, Dr. Spark, Dr. Bridge, Mr. Best, nor any other well-known professor of the art of organ-playing can teach him anything. It is this self-taught player who systematically works the swell-organ, and produces by means of that movable board, so conveniently near to his right leg, the only "effects" which he is capable of producing on the noble instrument which he abuses, but has never been taught—and will not be taught—how to use.

Now, bear with me while I state, briefly and categorically, what I conceive to be the legitimate use of the swell organ. (1.) To produce a *crescendo*, or *diminuendo*, where required on solo stops. (2.) To insure a gradual increase or decrease of power in accompanying a choir. (3.) To produce the same effect when playing on the full organ. These, I think, are the proper functions of the swell pedal; and as all three mean the same thing on different manuals, viz., an increase or decrease in volume of tone, the object of that pedal may be thus stated:—To produce gradations in tone.

"Of course," exclaims my friend, the swell-organ player, "that is just what I contend—the swell is to be used, and not to be idle. Such grand effects, you know!—like the sighing of the wind. Listen!" And our "sweller" extends his right leg, strikes a chord of the minor seventh with both hands, looks up at the roof of the church, and pumps away to his own intense delight. "Grand invention, the swell—one of the finest features of modern organs—don't you think so? Such charming effects, you know!" He may add, "at little cost," for the "effects" he speaks of are only admired by him and his swell brethren, who are sublimely unconscious of the rôle taken by the right foot of the player in legitimate organ playing. Of course the swell organ is meant to be used; but my quarrel with these swellers is on the question of how much it should be used, and when. These men abuse the swell; and none of our recognized organists would like to risk his reputation by "using" that pedal in the fashion I am complaining of. A week or two ago I attended a church parade of the 789th Fiddlesex Rifle Volunteers. I had heard great things of the organist, who, according to report, was "a very superior person;" but as soon as the choral portion of the service had commenced I detected the swell-player. Every note, which was long enough to allow the right foot to descend and ascend again, was swelled out, and swelled in again to such an extent that I found it quite out of the question to listen to anything else. I could see it, too, as well as hear it, for I sat just where I could catch sight of the front of the swell box between the tops of the tall gilded pipes; and I am sure that in the musical parts of the service that portion of the machine was never still for ten consecutive seconds. The crotchets were played alternately < and > ; the minims were thus rendered < > ; the semibreves were "interpreted" < > < > ; while the reciting notes were given with as much of this sort of "effect" as it was possible to work in while they lasted. I have heard some bad playing, but I never heard a service got rid of in such execrable taste as at that church parade of the 789th Fiddlesex! It was deplorable. It was very distressing to hear the first pedal note of each phrase initiated with an appoggiatura a semitone below; it was still more agonizing to hear full chords treated in the same barbarous fashion; but the swell! I never heard anything like it before, and I will never sit through another such swell service again.

If you ever hear this style of playing you may know the organist is shirking his pedal-work. Music for the organ, from Bach down to our own day, has usually been written for the feet in such a way as to render much swell playing incompatible with a proper execution of such music. Use the swell by all means, but do not abuse it. Splendid effects may be made by the aid of the swell organ in legitimate ways. Let it remain closed, or open it full; and if your swell pedal will not lock half way open, have it so altered at once, for some of the finest ef-

* Published by Rieter-Biedermann: Leipzig und Wintertur. 1876.

fects can be produced by combining a "half-swell" with certain wood stops on the other manuals. But the habit of pumping at the swell is fast becoming extinct in all respectable organ playing, and the advancing *Musikgeist* of our day will, I hope, soon hunt down the latest specimen of this almost defunct race of swell organ players. They cannot play, and never will play, the music written for the organ by masters of the instrument—they never attempt it; they have no idea of the use of the pedals; they know little of the resources of their instrument; a handle would suit their requirements better than a finger-board. Nature meant them to blow an organ, not to play one.

My teacher was a fine musician, to whom I owe more thanks than I can ever pay. He has doubtless forgotten me, but I cannot forget him, nor the sound advice he gave me. He did not so much teach me how to use the swell, as how *not* to use it. He admired Bach, played the old master of organ playing grandly, could never understand the "build" of musicians who could see nothing in "John Sebastian," and had a wholesome abhorrence for one-legged pedalling and swell organ playing. And in all these opinions I agree with him entirely.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

Stephen Heller: His Life and Works*

(From the "Sporting and Dramatic News.")

M. Barbedette is not merely a biographer but a critic, and his remarks on the characteristics of Heller's style, and on the special qualities of a large number of his chief works, will prove instructive as well as interesting. The history of Stephen Heller's life resembles that of many other composers. Born at Pesth, in Hungary, on the 15th of May, 1815, he showed at an early age so remarkable a musical organization, that his friends, who had destined him for other pursuits, acceded to his entreaties and allowed him to adopt music as his profession. At nine years of age he played with his master, Franz Brauer, in a concert at the Pesth Theatre, a concerto by Dussek for two pianofortes. He subsequently removed to Vienna and became a pupil of Beethoven's friend, Antoine Halm. At the age of thirteen he was then on a tour through Hungary, Poland, and North Germany, and was regarded as a prodigy, especially in reference to his wonderful powers of improvisation. This kind of life, lasting for four years, had an unhealthy influence on the boy's art culture, and when he was nearly seventeen he "began for the first time to realize that his musical education was not begun, but that he was merely a pianist with a brilliant touch, knowing nothing of art but what are called *concert pieces*. A few lessons in harmony, which he had received at Pesth from the aged organist, Cibalka, constituted his entire stock of musical science." By good fortune he made the acquaintance of Count Fugger, a wealthy and highly-cultivated amateur, who made him acquainted with the musical riches bequeathed by Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. Later on he became enamored of Mendelssohn and Chopin, and was the first to play the works of Chopin at Augsburg. He tried composition, and was so fortunate, when in his twenty-first year, as to interest Robert Schumann in his efforts. A correspondence, which lasted until the death of Schumann, commenced at this date (1836) and Schumann's advice and criticism were of invaluable benefit to the young aspirant. When his patron, Count Fugger died (1838), Heller proceeded to Paris—on the recommendation of Schumann—to study with Kalkbrenner, with whom he had been permitted to play a pianoforte duet at an Augsburg concert. He was unable to continue taking lessons of Kalkbrenner, whose terms were preposterous, and he found himself alone in Paris, "with but a modest sum in his pocket, and destitute of other resources." For forty years since then he has made Paris his home, and during the latter half of that period he has occupied a prominent place among the musical benefactors of mankind. The story of his life is told with unaffected simplicity by M. Barbedette, and is not only interesting but instructive. The criticisms of M. Barbedette appear to many readers the most valuable portion of the work. Musicians and amateurs find in them a treasury of valuable comments, and enjoy the performance of Stephen Heller's charming musical poems with new zest after perusing the sympathetic and masterly analyses contained in this delightful book. The

* *Stephen Heller: His Life and Works* (from the French of H. Barbedette), by Robert Brown-Borthwick, Vicar of All Saints, Scarborough. London: Ashdown & Perry, Hanover Square.

translation has been well executed, and the publishers have spared no pains in bringing out the handsome little volume which, with its admirable photographic portrait of Stephen Heller, and lithographic facsimile of one of his *Préludes à Lili* will be a desirable addition to every library.

King Robert's Hymn.

BY J. VILA BLAKE.

(From the Christian Register.)

The beautiful hymn of King Robert (A.D. 997) is deservedly famous and valuable among mediæval Latin hymns, for its great sweetness and beauty, and its melodious composition. Trench speaks of it as "the loveliest,—for, however not the grandest, such we call it,—of all the hymns in the whole circle of Latin sacred poetry." The Archbishop quotes also the high appreciation of a Latin hymnologist (Clichtoveus), who says the hymn is beyond all praise, for its wonderful sweetness and flowing facility, and for its succinct brevity, joined with a copious fertility of ideas; and exclaims, "I could easily believe that the author, whoever he was, when he composed this hymn, had a certain heavenly sweetness poured through his inner being, by which, the Holy Spirit being the author, he was able to utter so great beauty in so few words."

Though well-known and often read, it is always a source of pleasure and profit. I transcribe it entire:—

Veni, sancte spiritus,
Et emitte coelitus
Lucis tue radium.
Veni, pater pauperum,
Veni, dator munerum,
Veni, lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
Dulcis hospes animæ,
Dulce refrigerium;
In labore requies,
In aestu temperies,
In fletu solatium.

O lux beatissima,
Reple cordis intima
Tuorum fidelium!
Sine tuo numine,
Nihil est in homine,
Nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
Riga quod est aridum,
Sana quod est saucium;
Flecte quod est rigidum,
Fove quod est frigidum,
Rege quod est devium!

Da tuis fidelibus
In te confidentibus
Sacrum septenarium;
Da virtutis meritum,
Da salutis exitum,
Da perenne gaudium.

In the fifth stanza, *sacrum septenarium* (literally, the sacred septenary) refers to the seven gifts of the Spirit (Isaiah 11: 2), which, in connection with the seven beatitudes and the seven petitions of the Lord's prayer, are a frequent theme in mediæval theology.

Translations of this exquisite hymn are said to abound in many languages. Without looking for any, I have met four. A version by Ray Palmer is contained in Martineau's "Hymns of Praise and Prayer." It is a very poor translation; indeed, is hardly to be called more than an abbreviated paraphrase. The metre is entirely altered; many lines, and even a whole stanza, are omitted, and lines substituted which have nothing corresponding in the original. Its best rendering is from the second stanza:—

"Rest which the weary know,
Shade 'mid the noontide glow."

In the little book called "The Seven Great Hymns," there is a translation by Catherine Winkworth, but whether directly from the Latin or through the German (*Lyra Germanica*) I cannot say. It is far better than Palmer's, though like his it departs entirely from the metre; as the *iambus* is substituted for the *trochee*, not only is the line longer, but it loses the beautiful fluency of the original. The best rendering is a portion of the first and of the second stanza; and these lines will show also how impossible it is for this iambic measure to convey the melody of the Latin:—

"Come, Father of the poor, to earth;
Come, with thy gifts of precious worth;
Come, Light of all of mortal birth!

Come, Thou in whom our toil is sweet,
Our shadow in the noonday heat,
Before whom mourning flesh fleet."

Worsley has a version in his "Poems and Translations." It retains the trochaic motion of the original, and, so far as number of syllables goes, the entire metre. But it is, in my judgment, fatally deficient in the *accent* (of which more presently), and the author resorts occasionally to a line or expression which has no counterpart in the Latin. The best rendering is from the fourth stanza:—

"Wash to whiteness every stain,
Slake the thirsty soul with rain,
Heal the hurt that needs thy care;
Bend the stubborn to thy sway,
Cheer the cold with genial day,
Make the crooked straight and clear."

Dr. Hedge is the author of a version, printed in the "Hymn and Tune Book," hymn four hundred and forty-four. I think this much the best of the four. It is strong and elevated, and is a good translation, almost line for line, though in the third stanza it is a little free. It lacks in that inimitable grace and music which probably no version can attain. But I think a different method would gain a nearer approach. The metre is treated as a *trochaic dimeter catalectic*, but, regarding the Latin quantities, this is obviously not correct. In the mediæval verse quantity ceased to rule, and *accent* took its place. I think no English verse can approach the beauty of the original unless each line end with a dactyl, according to accent. For example, in the first stanza of Dr. Hedge's translation (an admirable rendering, except that the third line has nothing for it in the Latin)—

"Holy Spirit, Fire Divine,
Send from heaven a ray of thine;
Lighten our obscurity.
Come, thou Father of the poor;
Come, thou Giver and Renewer,—
Fountain of all purity."

all the lines should have the movement of the third and sixth.

The temptation to translate is irresistible; and I will add my version, which aims (1) to be an exact rendering, as close as possible, especially neither adding nor omitting anything; (2) to retain the flow and rhythm of the original according to accent, and reproduce its music so far as the English may do it; and (3) to preserve rhyme so far as consistent with the previous objects:—

Holy Spirit, visit us;
From thy heaven of blessedness
Send thy ray enlightening;
Come, O Father bountiful,
To the poor man merciful,
Come, the heart illuminating.

Best Consoler, pitying
Guest the soul inhabiting,
Sweet refreshment offering;
In our labor, quietness;
In the hot day, temperateness;
Solace in our sorrowing.

Fill, Light beatifical,
The deep heart's receptacle
Of thy faithful worshippers;
Without thy divinity,
Naught is in humanity;
All is ill and perilous.

Wash away unholiness,
Water every aridness,
Heal the hurt injurious;
Bend what groweth rigidly,
Warm what goeth frigidly,
And make straight the devious.

Give to us who faithfully
Trust in thee confidingly
Gifts of grace and sanctity;
Give to virtue victory,
Give in death immunity
And a blest eternity.

Theodore Thomas.

(From the New York Tribune, August 26.)

HE IS TO LEAVE NEW YORK.

APPROACHING DISSOLUTION OF THE ORCHESTRA—
THOMAS GOES TO CINCINNATI AS DIRECTOR OF A
CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC.

New York is about to sustain an irreparable loss. Theodore Thomas, after fifteen years of hard and unrewarded labor, has abandoned a thankless task amongst us, and has accepted a position as director

of a Conservatory of Music to be established at Cincinnati, in the new Music Hall. He has made a contract with the originators of the enterprise to give his whole time to it for a period of five years, at a liberal salary, and he will remove to Cincinnati on the 1st of October. To him the change is probably a piece of good fortune, but to New York, if not to the nation at large, it is an incalculable injury. The orchestra will be broken up. A part of it will doubtless accompany Mr. Thomas to the West, and will play under his direction there. But the New York concerts which have been for so many years not only the most important of all our musical entertainments, but the most valuable influences of musical culture and intelligence, will be stopped. There will be no more symphony evenings at Steinway Hall. There will be no more Garden entertainments after the end of this month. The New York Philharmonic Society is left without a conductor, and will doubtless lose some of its best performers. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society loses both conductor and orchestra, and nothing remains of it but a board of directors.

This disaster to the interests of New York is chargeable not merely to the enterprise and liberality of Cincinnati, but to the strange indifference of our own people. "The truth is," said a Western gentleman the other day, "you New Yorkers have been sitting down with your hands folded and a smirk on your faces, and allowing Theodore Thomas to entertain you at his own cost." It is no secret, to those who are familiar with musical affairs that in spite of occasional seasons of brief and spasmodic prosperity, the noble enterprises of Mr. Thomas have been a heavy tax upon his own slender purse; that it is only with the greatest difficulty that he has succeeded in paying the salaries of his musicians; and that he has never received any compensation for his personal services.

It remains to be seen exactly how far his removal will affect the coming season in New York. The Philharmonic Society, which has survived so many vicissitudes, will go on as usual, but who will be the conductor is not yet determined. The directors just now seem to be all at sea, bewildered by their sudden misfortune. An informal meeting, at which nothing was decided, was held on Saturday, and another will take place to-morrow, when some course of action will probably be recommended to the society. Dr. Damrosch is spoken of in connection with the conductorship, but whether he would accept the position if it were offered to him, nobody seems able to say. The directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society have held no meeting. The only arrangement which seems possible for them is to engage the orchestra of the New York Society, with whatever conductor may be at the head of it. One of the directors of the Brooklyn Philharmonic last evening suggested that possibly it might be better to go out of the country for a conductor. Several names are mentioned, that of Dr. Von Bülow being apparently the favorite. It was thought that if some concerted action could be had with the New York Philharmonic, some first-class conductor might be engaged abroad, who would possess the attraction of novelty which Dr. Damrosch, in spite of his unquestioned ability, lacks. It is earnestly hoped by the Brooklyn directors that no final conclusion may be come to by the directors of the New York Philharmonic until an opportunity shall have been offered for a conference between the two societies. It is thought, and with perfect reason, apparently, that by combining, sufficient money might be raised to tempt some artist of the very first rank in Europe to assume the charge of the two organizations, which would be at any rate greatly to the advantage of art in this country.

THE CINCINNATI COLLEGE OF MUSIC.

The idea of establishing a College of Music in Cincinnati is not a new one. From the time of the first of the great Cincinnati Musical Festivals, in 1873, the thought has never been absent from the minds of the founders and promoters of these festivals of making Cincinnati a great art-centre in America, to correspond, as far as the widely differing conditions of the countries would admit, with such cities as are Leipzig and Stuttgart in Germany. How this was to be accomplished did not appear until the overwhelming success, both artistically and pecuniarily, of the festival last Spring—a success utterly unprecedented in the history of music in either this or any other country—indicated the direction in which an effort might be made, and the way in which success might most easily and surely be obtained. The Festival of 1875 un-

doubtedly did much to remove the doubts of those who had this scheme at heart. The local pride of the citizens of Cincinnati was stimulated to the highest point; it was shown that the West was interested in art work, and that musical enterprises, conducted in the proper way, could be made self-sustaining; and when Mr. Springer came forward with his generous gift, which was met with equal generosity by the public at large of Cincinnati, the way seemed plain. Still, it was deemed best to wait, not only till the completion of the great Music Hall, which more than any other one thing has made the establishment of the Conservatory a possibility, but still further, till it could be shown that the interest of the West in music was not a temporary, but an abiding one. How clearly this was manifested by the great May Festival of 1878, the readers of the *Tribune* well know. Cincinnati then gave what was, beyond peradventure, the greatest Musical Festival on record; it placed itself in the front rank of art supporters; those who had helped so generously toward the success of the earlier Festivals were more than willing to continue their benefactions, and many even of those who cared nothing for music, were keenly alive to the benefit such festivals conferred upon the city, and were ready to do their part in carrying the work much further. The time was ripe for the establishment of a Conservatory unlike any other in this country; and if money and zeal and energy and good sense could make it so, inferior to none in Europe. Most admirable quarters had been provided in the new Music Hall, which could be secured at a mere nominal rent; public confidence in the undertaking had been assured by the success of the last Festival, and it was certain that all the money needed could be had for the asking.

Colonel George Ward Nichols, a gentleman eminent in Cincinnati for his interest and well-directed energy in all matters pertaining to music, assumed the labor of organizing the scheme, and in an incredibly short time the whole matter was arranged. The College of Music of Cincinnati was incorporated under the laws of the State of Ohio, on the 17th inst.; Messrs. R. R. Springer, John Shillito, George Ward Nichols, Jacob Burnett, jr., and Peter R. Neff being the directors. Colonel Nichols was chosen President. On August 16 a large number of the representative men of Cincinnati, men not less distinguished for their interest in art than for their wealth and social standing, addressed a letter to Mr. Theodore Thomas, requesting him to assume the musical directorship of the new enterprise.

To this Mr. Thomas sent a letter of acceptance, and a contract was signed on Thursday last by which Mr. Thomas receives a handsome salary for five years, and undertakes the absolute direction of the college. No professors will be appointed without his nomination, and his supervision will extend to all branches. In consequence of this arrangement, Mr. Thomas will leave this city about the 1st of October, shortly after the close of the present season at Gilmore's Garden, and take up his residence in Cincinnati, where he will at once devote himself to the work of organizing the new College of Music.

The college will be situated, as is stated in the first of the above letters, in the new Music Hall. The building contains, besides the large hall, where the Festival took place, a smaller hall which is in every respect fitted for concerts of chamber music, or for small concerts by pupils of the college. Besides these two halls, there are a number of rooms of all sizes, situated in different parts of the vast building, most of them so far apart that persons practicing or taking lessons in them will not interfere with each other. The building is, moreover, easy of access.

SCOPE OF THE CONSERVATORY.

So far as the purposes of the school are now marked out, it is designed to make it a complete musical university. The ordinary branches—singing, piano, the theory of music, harmony, thorough bass, etc., the practice of different instruments—will, of course, be taught; but something more than all this is contemplated. Most important of all, perhaps, it is intended to organize a full orchestra of from 100 to 150 performers, and to institute a school for the orchestra. The need of such a school in this country has been severely felt; the great majority of our orchestral performers are players, but not musicians, and it will be the aim of this school to make them musicians. There is nothing which would have a more direct or more decided influence on musical taste and culture than this. The personnel of the staff of professors is not yet arranged; but Mr. Thomas will have under his

hand one or two excellent masters in Cincinnati. Among these is Mr. Otto Singer, who, by his excellent work at the last two Festivals, has proved himself a chorus master of remarkable ability; he is known as a composer of no small learning; he is a pupil and warm friend of Liszt, and he has a firmly established reputation as a teacher of the piano. It was he who was selected to compose the music of the "Dedication Ode" at the opening of the new Music Hall last Spring, an honor which his untiring devotion in the interests of the Musical Festivals richly merited. The details of the organization of the college are, however, entirely uncertain as yet, and it will be some time before anything can be decided.

THE ORCHESTRA.

One of the first things which will claim Mr. Thomas's attention is the organization of the orchestra. It is part of the plan of the trustees of the college to give each Winter a series of ten or fifteen subscription concerts. As Mr. Thomas goes so early to Cincinnati, there is every reason to suppose that the course will begin during this coming Winter, for which it will, of course, be necessary to form an orchestra. Mr. Thomas expects to be accompanied by many of the best members of the present band, and those of them who are properly qualified will be invited to accept professorships in the college. The officers of the institution were anxious at first that Mr. Thomas should bring his entire orchestra, but this plan was abandoned because it would be impossible, at least for the present, for so large a body of musicians to earn a living in a city like Cincinnati. The grand orchestra which Mr. Thomas intends to organize in his new home must be built up by degrees. The pupils of the college will play in it as fast as they acquire sufficient skill.

The institution is not to be a free school in any sense; the directors are confident of making it self-supporting almost from the start.

A musical atmosphere is essential to the full development of young musicians, is indeed such an important aid to study that a high art life is hardly possible without it. For the creation of such an atmosphere Cincinnati is well suited. The place is not too large, and the attractions are not so numerous or so strong as to divert the minds of the students from their work, and there is a large German population, which is very friendly to music.

THEODORE THOMAS'S CAREER IN NEW YORK.

Theodore Thomas was born in the Kingdom of Hanover in 1835, and learned the violin from his father, who was himself a violinist and an excellent musician. The family came to America in 1845, when Theodore was brought forward occasionally as a boy violinist, applying himself, however, no less to the scientific branches of his profession than to the practice of his favorite instrument. He was still a mere lad when he joined the orchestra of the Italian Opera, and he was only fifteen when Benedict made him first violin of the fine orchestra which he selected to accompany Jenny Lind in her earliest American concerts. He held the same position in various opera companies, and by the time he was twenty he was conducting both the Italian and German operas. An amusing story is told, by one who was a member of the orchestra at the same time, of the way in which he happened first to become conductor of opera. He was playing principal first violin in an orchestra conducted by Maurice Strakosch. At rehearsal one day, disapproving of the tempo in which Strakosch took one of the movements (the opera was "Don Giovanni," if we are not mistaken), Thomas expressed his dissatisfaction somewhat strongly. Strakosch a few minutes afterward, making some excuse to leave the orchestra, asked Thomas to take his place and conduct. Thomas obeyed, but conducted without leaving his own seat, making the other men follow the movements of his bow. The improvement was so marked that Thomas was thereafter installed regularly in the conductor's chair. Adelina Patti, when she sang here, would have no other conductor. On one occasion when Thomas had gone to Philadelphia to play in some concert, Patti, not discovering his absence until the last moment, absolutely refused to sing, and the opera had to be changed. In 1855 Thomas began the soirées of chamber music at Dodworth Hall, with William Mason, Mosenthal, Matzka and Bergner, and these were kept up for fourteen years, without much pecuniary return, perhaps, but with excellent results artistically, and to the great delight of the small audience which gathered monthly in Dodworth's old rooms. Thom-

as was also a member of the Philharmonic Society, and for some time its assistant conductor. In 1861 he broke off his connection with the opera, and began the formation of an orchestra. For a few years the public only heard of him now and then as the leader of occasional performances, popular matinee concerts, or little affairs of that kind. In 1864 he had made such headway that he was able to give his first series of Symphony Soirées, at Irving Hall, in which venture he had the help of Mr. F. L. Harrison, a manager who was associated with many of the best musical enterprises of that day. The concerts were not only successful, but Thomas persevered in them until the Spring of 1869, when they were interrupted, although they had been steadily growing in the public favor. In the Summer of 1866, Thomas began at Terrace Garden on Third-ave., the experiment of open air concerts, and met with abundant success. In these entertainments, as indeed at the earlier Symphony Concerts, the programmes were marked by very large concessions to the public taste for light and trivial music, but as fast as the audiences could understand something better—faster, almost—the character of the programmes was raised. In 1868 the orchestra removed to the Central Park Garden, and there the concerts were kept up each year until the close of the Summer of 1875. In 1869 began those annual tours which have carried the knowledge and love of orchestral music from one end of the country to the other, and have made Thomas's name a household word; but, though the orchestra visited New York occasionally, and treated it to a week of concerts now and then, it was not until the Winter of 1872 that the regular series of Symphony Concerts was resumed. It was in the course of this Winter that Thomas gave the remarkable concerts in connection with Rubinstein and Wieniawski; and in April, 1873, at the end of the season, he induced 400 members of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society to spend a week in New York, and join him in a festival which culminated in a memorable performance of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. From that season to the Spring of 1878 the Symphony Concerts continued regularly. In 1876 the Summer-nights' concerts at the Central Park Garden were discontinued, Mr. Thomas going to Philadelphia for the Centennial year. Last Summer he was in Chicago.

Go West, Young Man, Go West!— And He Went.

(From the Music Trade Review.)

A representative of the *Music Trade Review* picked up the *Tribune* on the morning of Monday, August 26th, and read with astonishment its pathetic cries of distress over the proposed removal of Theodore Thomas to Cincinnati. "Is it possible," he said, "Has Thomas risked his all upon the hazard of a single die at Gilmore's Garden, this summer, and has the Hazard been too much for him? Is New York about to sink into the depths of musical infamy in consequence of his departure? I will go forth and learn what the wise men have to say upon the subject." He had not far to seek, for an eminent musician, well known in this city, and but recently returned from Europe, consented to express his views.

"But," he said, by way of introduction, "do not mention my name, for, as I shall speak candidly, motive might be misinterpreted."

"In the first place," he remarked, "I do not consider Mr. Thomas—whatever may be his ability as leader of an orchestra—fitted to be the director of a great school for musical instruction. Such an institution should have a man of great literary ability and refined tastes. He should be an intellectual man, and that Mr. Thomas is not. Moreover, it may be assumed that Mr. Thomas' actual knowledge of the theories and the art of music is limited, from the fact that he has never yet composed anything worth mentioning, and that all arrangements for his orchestra of other people's compositions are made by Mr. Dietrich, who will probably accompany him to Cincinnati to perform the same kind of office there."

"In your opinion, should Mr. Thomas feel aggrieved at the treatment he has received in New York?"

"Not at all. I have just returned from Europe, where I made an extended tour of the country, but I found there no large private band which could play throughout the year in a city equally important with New York. There is an orchestra in Berlin which plays for seven-and-a-half months nightly in one place, under Bilse, but he gives trashy mu-

sic five times a week, which brings in so much money to the box office that he is enabled to give symphony concerts, on which he loses, twice every week. In the smaller cities, the orchestras are supported by the city government, and obliged to furnish music for balls, operas, and concerts. Leipzig has one of the most renowned orchestras in Germany, the members of the Gewandhaus, and these are at the same time members of the operatic band. If people say that New York ought to have done more for Theodore Thomas, I must reply that practical America should not be expected to accomplish more for classical music than idealistic Europe has ever done. If the public at large would support anything, it would support an opera company, because for one person who likes classical music, there a thousand who prefer opera."

"Do you consider Mr. Thomas' departure a 'catastrophe' or a 'disaster,' as the *Tribune* would have us believe?"

"It is no disaster at all. Of course I do not mean to take anything away from the merits of Theodore Thomas, assisted by an excellent manager, who helped him to establish his reputation. Without a doubt he has done a great deal to elevate the taste for good music in America. He leaves New York, but others will come after him and follow the track he has beaten, and it is my firm belief that in three years from now everybody will remember Theodore Thomas with kind feelings, but nobody will regret him. There was Carl Eckert who came to America with Sontag. He was considered the best conductor for symphony concerts in Vienna, yet when he left that city he was forgotten, and two years after John Herbeck was the popular man."

Another musician, when asked: "Has Mr. Thomas reason to complain of the financial results of his efforts hereabouts?" replied:

"I should estimate that Mr. Thomas ought to make in the winter \$10,000 out of the thirty symphony concerts he gives here, which includes his six symphony concerts at Steinway Hall, his Brooklyn Philharmonic concerts, and his New York Philharmonic concerts. He is frequently engaged, with his orchestra, to play at profitable rates at the Cambridge concerts, at the Cincinnati Musical Festival, and at many miscellaneous concerts in this city and vicinity. To be sure he has made no money this summer by his season at Gilmore's Garden, but if his programmes there had been different, might not the financial result have been different too?"

Mr. Jacob Gosche, Mr. Thomas' business manager, was next encountered.

"I will tell you, he said, the very reason why Mr. Thomas goes to Cincinnati. It is wrong to suppose that it is merely because he feels aggrieved at his treatment here. He is a married man, with a family growing up about him; yet in the winter when they are at home he is travelling about the country with his orchestra, and in the summer, when he is in town, they are in the country. He wishes to lead a home life, and this offer from Cincinnati seems to give him an opportunity; besides," said Mr. Gosche, smiling, "he may not be altogether lost to New York. Who can say but that in the course of time he may give his series of winter concerts in New York, as usual?"

"And," broke in a friend of Mr. Thomas, "if he has made a mistake, he, not New York, will be the loser by it. We are all very fond of him, but do you think that we will go without good music because he leaves us? The matter does not rest with him, but with us, and if we really want the music you may be sure we will have it."

"At any rate," said Mr. Gosche, "the whole affair is so sudden that there is little that is definitely known, or to be said, beyond the fact that Mr. Thomas has been offered and has accepted the musical directorship of the College of Music of Cincinnati, to be established in the new Music Hall in that city."

Theodore Thomas' New Departure.

(From the Chicago Tribune, Aug. 26.)

Cincinnati has drawn the grand musical prize in inducing Mr. THEODORE THOMAS to make that city his home and future locality of work. The auspices under which he will remove there at the close of his present engagements are very flattering, and promise to bring him honor, money, and troops of friends.

Several of the solid men of Cincinnati,—and it is the pride of that city that her millionnaires are gentlemen of taste and culture,—among them REUBEN E. SPRINGER, JOHN SHILLITO, JOSEPH LONGWORTH, and others,

have organized themselves into an association and already subscribed the money to establish in that city a musical institution or college which shall teach music in all its branches, from the rudiments to the very highest point of culture. Mr. Thomas has not only consented to give his advice in the establishment of this college, but to lend to it his name and experience and identify himself with it, probably as the professor of instrumental music, and the solid men of Cincinnati have agreed to support and sustain him. He will also be assisted by the same gentlemen to organize an orchestra out of the best material in New York and Cincinnati, and to maintain regular orchestral concerts. Cincinnati, as is well known, has excellent material for such an orchestra, which has long needed a leader and proper organization. The locality of the college is already provided. It will be the elegant Music Hall, with its superb suites of rooms, and its large organ will also be used for purposes of study and concerts. The departments of teaching will be filled with professors from abroad, and it is the intention of the founders that a diploma from this institution shall carry with it as much weight as a diploma from the conservatories of Paris, Stuttgart, Leipzig, or Milan.

Those who have been most intimately acquainted with Mr. Thomas and his work will be the first to congratulate him. They know how hard he has labored and what obstacles he has had to meet. He has worked for years with as good an orchestra as there is in the world, and with the purest devotion to his art. No amount of opposition could make him recognize what was trivial or false, and no popular clamor, however loud it might be, has been able to swerve him from his high musical standard. He has never consented to lower his work or degrade his mission. Slowly but surely he has led the people up to him. The three Cincinnati Festivals, and the new College of Music, which is to be placed upon an enduring basis, are the indications of his triumph. They eloquently testify to the results the great conductor has accomplished. Hitherto he has performed this work without reward. It is no secret that he has not been sufficiently remunerated. Men who are true to a high purpose and will not cater to sensation and humbuggery very rarely are. He has spent his best years in trying to elevate the taste of the people and to educate them up to an appreciation of the best and highest in his art, and in doing this has always had to struggle against the lack of proper financial support. The Cincinnati scheme will relieve him from this embarrassment. That city has done for him what New York ought to have done long ago. He will be free to go on with his great work without any anxiety as to the future. New York has plumed herself on his achievements, boasted herself over his incomparable band, taken all the credit, and done nothing for him, leaving him to eke out a living by travelling through the country and giving concerts in what it contemptuously calls the provinces. It is a fit retribution that she has lost him and his orchestra, and one of those provinces has secured him and will reward him for his worth.

Cincinnati also will find that the engagement of Mr. Thomas will make her the musical centre and authority of this country. Her own resources will be developed, and her musicians will have new incentives for work. We believe she will produce, under Mr. Thomas' direction, an orchestra stronger than any he has yet had. Her future festivals will gain in importance and dignity, and their results will be proportionately enhanced from the fact that the conductor will be upon the ground in active and immediate co-operation with his trusty lieutenant, Mr. OTTO SINGER. With two such men at the helm, co-operating with liberal citizens and utilizing all her remarkable musical resources, Cincinnati not only will be the musical centre of this country, but one of the great centres of the world that affect and direct musical progress. Both Cincinnati and Mr. Thomas are to be congratulated.

"THE FLANEUR" of the same *Music Trade Review* writes:

So New York sits in ashes, for of all misfortunes conceivable, to be robbed of her Thomas is the most poignant.

In such moments of abject sorrow it is folly to reason.

If it were not, I should venture to suggest that our Thomas has done a good deal of coquetting with Cincinnati, and Boston and Chicago of late years.

Whatever Mr. Thomas is—New York has made him. The record does not show that he was made when he came here. The Philharmonic was where he went to school and there are half a score of capitalists who know what it has cost to educate him.

The press of New York has fixed his status. A select band of literary musicians hoisted him with their erudite pens into continental notoriety. The earnest desire of a few educated musical writers, like Mr. Hassard, to have classical music sustained and appreciated, was enough to blind them to a great many of Mr. Thomas' faults, and they made a pet of him for politic reasons. No musician ever lived who has been so ingeniously and bravely

bolstered with moral, pecuniary and intellectual support.

But all through it Mr. Thomas has invariably shown a disposition to taunt New York with the superior taste of Boston, the superior enterprise of Chicago, or the superior resources and liberality of Cincinnati.

And all because New York would not guarantee him, independently of his own exertions, against all failure and loss.

Unfortunately, that is not the habit of New York with anybody. Such a thing as a subvention to art is unknown in this democratic community.

I do not say that it would not be better for New York if it were otherwise.

But that is not the question. Every worker before the public must, in some measure, adapt himself to the conditions of his environment.

That is what Thomas never would do here. His attitude to the New York public was continually that of a worker, who said: "I'm a little too good for you." And the mistake of his best friends was that they got to believe it.

The result now is that New York, when put to it, will become serious long enough to enquire if Mr. Thomas is too good for us.

If he gets weighed in the cool balance at last, let him thank himself.

And it is *prima facie* evidence to this practical community, aside from all art casuistry, that the maestro who abandons the metropolitan field to go into a Cincinnati conservatory is satisfied in his own mind that the quiet and routine of the conservatory are better fitted to his talents than the responsibility and struggle of a public career.

The best thing that I have seen written, *apropos* of the retreat of Thomas, is from the pen of the young man who loves the Preludes and hoped Mr. Thomas would put nothing else on his programme. He says that "the glory and honor of Thomas is that he worked for art and not for money, in New York, and New York failed to see it."

Then why does he go where they offer him more money and secure it to him for five years?

Perhaps, if this kind of logic is followed out, it is because the glory and honor of Cincinnati "is" that she has more money than art—that's what they is.

The young man of the preludes also says that Thomas belongs to the "inner consistory of æsthetic potentates."

Well, that's the reason, perhaps, why he goes in and shuts the door after him.

The *Times*, a most discreet and thoughtful sheet, when art matters are to be discussed, offers us these conundrums. I put them in tabular form, with the hope that the *Trade Review* will answer them officially:

1. What are the qualifications of a good conductor?
2. Must he not be a composer?
3. Must he have a practical knowledge of all the instruments in an orchestra?
4. Must he have enthusiasm and personal magnetism?
5. Must he not have ideas?

When you have answered these questions satisfactorily, you will have the proud consciousness of knowing that every third novice accuses you of attacking Thomas.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 14, 1878.

Our New Arrangements.

As already stated, DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will continue to be issued, as heretofore, once a fortnight by Messrs. Oliver Ditson & Co., until the close of the present volume, which will end with the number for December 28. That number will contain title page and index for the past two years (minus three months), paged continuously for binding.

With the first number of Volume XXXIX (Jan. 7, 1879) the publication and business care of the Journal will be assumed by the house of Houghton, Osgood & Co., so well known through their admirable editions of the best books, as well as their

"Atlantic Monthly" and other first-class periodicals. Under their auspices this oldest and most respected (here and abroad) of all American musical journals will preserve its identity in editorship, in spirit, principle and purpose, as well as in general outward form and style. It will still be the uncompromising foe of false pretention and of shallowness in Art,—of all attempts to turn Art into Advertisement,—making its appeal mainly to an audience somewhat select, to persons of taste and culture, lovers of the *best* in Music, rather than courting the widest popularity as such, and relying for appreciation more on quality than quantity of matter. Loyal to the masters, the classical, enduring models for all time in Music, it will nevertheless welcome every sign of wholesome progress, every appearance of fresh individual genius. The Editor will be assisted by an able corps of contributors and correspondents, both musical and literary, who will treat the æsthetic problems of the day from various points of view, some of them seeing with young eyes. These new elements, with the improved position of the Editor, will, it is hoped, put new life into the old Journal, and make it more interesting than it ever has been since it began in 1852.

The Journal will be issued fortnightly; price of subscription \$2.50 per year, payable in advance, from January 1, 1879. The terms of Advertising will be essentially the same as heretofore. Subscriptions (or notices of intention to subscribe) and advertisements, for the new Volume may be sent to Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 Devonshire Street, or directly to the Editor, J. S. DWIGHT, 12 Pemberton Square.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES will kindly address hereafter, until further notice: "J. S. DWIGHT, 12 Pemberton Square, Boston, Massachusetts."

New York—Thomas—Cincinnati.

Between the two centres of activity the popular Conductor—his face always set toward the new, the Future—has decided quickly. The great metropolis is cast down and bereft; the directors of the Philharmonic Society (that of Brooklyn also) seemed dumfounded and perplexed; the newspapers are full of wallings and gnashing of teeth, and likewise exuberant with eulogies more unqualified than are usually pronounced over a hero dead and not merely gone. The sudden news came only in season for the merest mention in our last number. But now we have brought together for our readers quite a number of the most striking editorial comments with which the startling event was first greeted. Particularly have we copied largely from the chief mourner and chief glorifier, the *New York Tribune*. Its Chicago namesake, in like lofty numbers, dwells upon the great gain to Cincinnati and to Music in America; while the *Music Trade Review*, in the courage of its convictions, mingles with the all-pervading jubilee (or funeral hymn) of praise the first few notes of that still, small voice of critical discrimination which will more and more be heard, wherever there are wise and thoughtful music-lovers who are not swept away with any noisy crowd.

1. Now as to New York "sitting in ashes," doubtless her loss is great; but we would ask, as we did of Boston, may it not be turned to greater gain? Is it well that the great city, swarming with German musicians, most of them good ones, many of them superior, and more than one of them probably superior in general musicianship in the large sense, in taste and culture, in deep, true musical feeling, in ideas, as well as some creative gift, if not in mere conducter-ship, to Thomas, should become

musically so dependent on one man, that she need drop her hands in despair when he is called away? Depend upon it, New York will find other conductors who, with the same support of public and musicians, will make good his place; she has such doubtless in her midst; and, after all, the only healthy musical condition is that in which a musical community thrives on its own resources and does not have to borrow from abroad, nor lose its life, its whole prestige, with any single leader.

2. Besides, unpalatable to popular prejudice as the confession may be: While we have never been slow to admire much in Theodore Thomas from the first; while we have joined always in the praise of his admirable orchestra, yet we do believe his musical character and influence to be greatly over-rated. We humbly beg to differ from the assertion that his concerts have been our "most valuable influences of musical culture and intelligence," and for this among other reasons, that, in concentrating the attention of the public upon the splendor and precision of the execution of whatsoever music, he has led so many people to imagine Raff, and Berlioz and Wagner, and all the "disciples of the newness" to be of equal consequence with Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, etc. Want of taste, of a true sense of symmetry and fitness has been shown too often in his programmes, not to speak of a certain "heaviness" in the massing together of the ever-loud, extravagant "effect" works of the new composers, far outweighing any ever felt in concerts purely classical. Then again, it has been matter of common complaint among the best musicians and best judges, that in the interpretation of classical Symphonies, for instance, especially these of Beethoven, he has so often shocked the sensibility of those who love and know those works by heart, through exaggerated contrasts of tempo, taking slow movements too slow and fast movements too fast. This, with the other exaggerations of loud and soft, are, when technically so precisely executed, sure arts of *effect* with the half musical multitude, but they offend the cultivated sense and judgment. Thomas, in his programmes, though he has given more space to Beethoven Symphonies of late than formerly, yet gravitates mainly toward the new composers, and would have us read the old from the standpoint (as he evidently thinks, the vantage-ground) of Liszt, Wagner, Raff, etc. Now we think this is not good taste, and not good influence for culture. We cannot hear without protest that he has never "catered to sensation;" he has put the serene stars of heaven (the Beethovens, etc.), between such pyrotechnic coruscations that their sweet light and poetry with many passed for nothing!

3. We heartily congratulate Cincinnati on having won the hero of her choice. All honor to her rich men, who so believe in Music that they nobly dedicate a good share of their fortunes to the endowment of its institutions and the erection of its halls. We would that their example might strike out some spark of like devotion in our own men of superabundant means; that they may have born in them the same good impulse, and that it may speedily prove fruitful, first in furnishing the first thing wanted, which is a fund for the support of a permanent orchestra to give plenty of Symphony and other concerts; and then, regarding this as the first pillar or first section of the temple, to complete the plan by founding a full, true School of Music under the wing of Harvard University, upon an equal footing with its other schools.

We sincerely hope that the new College of Music in Cincinnati (which is to open on the first of October) will prove a great success. In one department at least, a very important one, we cannot but feel sure

that it will: namely as a school for orchestra musicians; here Mr. Thomas has it in his power to do a great work; here he will surely be at home, and easily master of the situation; and the whole country may reap the benefit; although we think that every important city ought to have its own orchestral training school.

For the rest we must watch the gradual developments of time. Mr. Thomas, it appears, is to have the exclusive nomination of all the Professors, and we are curious to see what sort of a Faculty he will have appointed; judging from his idiosyncracies and tastes, we rather look for a queer lot. The head of such a College ought to be a musician in the largest, fullest sense, and not one whose whole experience, whole education almost, has been that of orchestral conductorship. The ideal head of such a school would be a sort of Sebastian Bach, and such come but once; or a Mendelssohn, also beyond our reach, although the spirit of them both still haunts the Conservatorium and Gewandhaus of old Leipzig. It wants a man of deep musical learning, of some genius, some creative faculty, of large general culture, of address and tact. If Mr. Thomas has all this, we and all the world will be glad to see it manifested in a position of such ample opportunity. But it is well, while hoping much and striving earnestly, not to anticipate too much all at once. Beginnings must be modest. It is not and it will not soon be time to talk of Cincinnati as "a great Art centre in America," "like Leipzig and Stuttgart" (which? pray); to dream of a new Cincinnati College "inferior to none in Europe," "its diploma to carry as much weight as that of Leipzig, Paris," etc. And it is idle to imagine that "a musical atmosphere" can be imported into a new place, without any musical traditions, in a country which has as yet produced no first-class musical composer,—(just as idle and as childish as it was to speak of the late Cincinnati Festival as "beyond peradventure the greatest Musical Festival on record.") All these fine things may lie in the womb of the not very far Future, but we must not count our eggs, etc.

Good Advice for Singing Clubs.

The President of the Cecilia, Mr. S. LOTHROP THORNDIKE, has presented his Second Annual Report, which is printed for the benefit of the members Active and Associate. The Report is a model of its kind, significant, concise, practical and full of suggestion. Speaking first of the active membership of the Club (which numbers 127 voices: 27 soprano, 30 alto, 27 tenor and 33 bass) and of the not quite satisfactory average attendance at rehearsals, which is made the text for a little wholesome exhortation, the report proceeds to review the past year's work, which is summed up as follows:

The Club has during the season practised and performed three works of considerable length and importance,—Hofmann's "Fair Melusina," Mendelssohn's "Athalia," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea;" also, part-songs for mixed voices by Hauptmann and Schumann; part-songs for female voices by Gade and Rubinstein; Schumann's "Gypsy-Life;" English glees by Stevens, Webbe and Leslie; and one Bach choral. Our programmes have also been diversified by some instrumental numbers, including overtures by Beethoven, Bach and Mozart, and variations by Saint-Saëns.

These various performances are then reviewed in brief detail with candid critical discrimination. One of the chief works, the *Athalia* of Mendelssohn was repeated with orchestra, and, as we all remember, with very brilliant and convincing effect, not only proving that the pure, well-balanced voices of the Cecilia "would hold their own against a full orchestra," but justifying the President's suggestion

that "by this concert, and by a magnificent performance of the *Antigone*, by the Apollo Club" (male voices) "the point was settled, to the conviction of both singers and listeners,—that when a composer has made an orchestral accompaniment an integral part of his work, a rendering with piano or organ is colorless and unsatisfactory,"—"like a photograph of a brilliant picture."—In the case of certain music, of the most important character, the unsatisfactoriness relates to more than color,—to the intrinsic musical essence of the composition,—to design as well as color; here read Mr. Apthorp's excellent article in the last *Atlantic* on Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Handel's scores.

After some sentences of grateful and just recognition of the services of the Conductor, Mr. Lang, and of the various singers of the Club who have taken part as soloists, the Report closes with serious suggestion and advice, so sound and profitable, and so well expressed, that we think it ought to be taken to heart by all the choral societies and clubs both here and everywhere. That it may be the more widely read and pondered, and, we hope, practically followed, we copy the whole of this portion:

The thought which always comes most forcibly to my mind at the end of a season is this: How little ground we have gone over! Can we not in each succeeding year gain some familiarity with a far greater number of compositions of acknowledged excellence?

It will be said that we need most of the time which we have for rehearsal to acquire the correct reading and vocalization—to say nothing of the artistic rendering—of the few things which we are to perform in public. This is still in a certain degree true, but every year it is becoming less true. By discarding useless and developing useful material we are following the Darwinian rule of the survival of the fittest. Every year we are better able to take the conditions of satisfactory reading and vocalization for granted, and better able, not perhaps to give more public performances, but to study more standard works for our own gratification and improvement.

Moreover, the practice of a greater number of works would lead, better than anything else, to the desired conditions of correct reading and artistic performance; and, if it would make any difference in the excellence of our public concerts whether we spent our private study upon one thing or upon a variety of kindred things, the probabilities would be all in favor of variety of employment. It need surely be only stated to be admitted,—(1st) that for mere vocal exercise, one part-song or one chorus is as good as another,—the constant practice together of the same voices being the sole essential; (2d) that nothing better insures quick and correct reading than the constant reading of new things; and (3d) that nothing conduces more to the artistic rendering of one work than familiarity with other works of the same sort.

I am therefore convinced that the best means for singing one thing well in public is to do much of practising upon other things in private. We should, besides, gain vastly in mere enjoyment, by avoiding the tedious iteration of the same choruses, evening after evening, for two mortal months; and the preparation for our concerts, instead of being a constantly increasing bore, would be an ever fresh recreation.

To sum up the whole matter, we have two duties to perform: one, to take care that our associate members, by whose kindness we live, shall have full compensation for all the aid, moral or material, which they give us; the other, to secure for ourselves the greatest possible amount of cultivation and experience. If we are not, one and all, more musical at the end of every season than at the beginning, if we have not acquired a deeper insight into the divine art than ever before, then surely our time has been well-nigh wasted.

My other suggestion is, that our main duty is to learn and perform classical music; by which I mean music whose intrinsic quality appeals to the most cultivated taste, and is approved by the best authority. No one of us can say that his individual taste is fully formed as it should be or as he would have it. Here, beyond ourselves, is the model upon which to form and refine it. This mu-

sic may be old or new, but it is never "old-fashioned" or "new-fashioned;" for it has no concern with fashion. Its foundation is deeper and its standard higher than the fancy of a day, of a person, or of a set. It is of value for all times, and should be of value for all persons,—a possession forever.

Our "mission," if we have one, is the musical improvement of ourselves and our associates. The real question, to guide the selection of our studies, is not so much whether a certain piece is what we like to sing and they to hear, as whether it is what we ought to like to sing and they to hear. I state this position more baldly perhaps than I need; but it is the true position, of which we should never lose hold, whatever concessions the circumstances of our existence may sometimes require.

And, moreover, it is certain that our very existence demands something beside amusement. The period is past, if there ever was a period, when a club could live upon mere pastime. There are too many rivals in the field doing serious work. The public requires of its orchestral and vocal societies something more and better than "variety-concerts," and if we do not give our "little public something more and better we shall surely die.

Do not suppose that I would have our work altogether serious. If I should present so startling a prospect, I fear that the shock would be fatal to the Club. We must have amusement besides; and while I trust that we shall learn next year something more of Handel, something of Bach, a part, at least, of Schumann's "Faust," and something more of Mendelssohn, I am also glad to announce that we have upon our list pieces by Rheinberger, Liszt, Brahms and Hauptmann, as well as part-songs, glees, and madrigals. We shall also undoubtedly repeat Gade's "Crusaders," and this time we must give it with orchestra.

The President could not close without paying a graceful and deserved compliment to another most successful club of mixed voices in which our city feels just pride; this is the true and mutually helpful spirit that should prevail between generous rivals:

I alluded in my last report to another vocal society of this city, occupying the same ground with ourselves. I am sure that you will join me in taking this occasion to pay our compliments to the Boylston Club, to whose admirable concerts most of us have listened with delight. We owe each other the debt due from every one to an able rival. Each club has done better from having the other in the field. In such contests both sides are the winners.

THE twenty-first annual festival of the Worcester County Musical Association will be held at Mechanics' Hall, Worcester, during the five days beginning September 23, under the direction of Carl Zerrahn. Among the solo vocalists engaged are the following: Mrs. E. A. Osgood, Mrs. E. R. Dexter, Miss Fanny Kellogg, Mrs. J. K. Barton, Miss Zilla L. McQuesten, Mrs. O. T. Kimball and Miss Laura Schirmer, sopranos; Miss Annie Louise Cary, Mrs. Flora E. Barry and Miss Ita Welsh, contraltos; Messrs. C. R. Adams, Ch. Fritsch, Walter Kennedy and Dr. J. W. Clarke, tenors; and Messrs. A. E. Stoddard, G. Tagliapietra, D. M. Babcock and B. T. Hammond, baritones and basses. The Temple Quartette, the Schubert Quartette, Madame Camilla Urso, Mr. C. N. Allen, Mr. Wulf Fries, the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, the German Orchestra, Henshaw Dana, E. B. Story, B. D. Allen, Miss Amy Fay, G. W. Sumner, S. B. Whitney and E. F. Howe (the last named seven artists, pianists and organists) are also engaged. Handel's *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* will be performed on the afternoon of the 26th, and Mendelssohn's *Eljal* at the closing concert Friday evening, the 27th.

AUGUST WILHELMJ, whose advent here will be one of the musical events of the coming season, will be accompanied by Mlle. Faustina, a youthful and gifted prima donna. Mlle. Faustina is a pupil of the Brussels Conservatory of Music, to which institution she was recommended by the king of the Belgians. Maurice Strakosch having heard her sing, offered her an engagement for five years. Mlle. Faustina completed her musical education under his care, and a year later, under his management, made a concert tour through Norway, Sweden and Denmark, where she met with great success. Mlle. Carlotta Patti and her husband, Mr. Ritter, the pianist, are also engaged. Mr. Maurice Strakosch will himself accompany Wilhelmj to this country. They arrive about the 15th of the month.

Foreign Notes.

LONDON.

THE arrangements are now nearly complete for the musical entertainments of the winter season. As usual, the Crystal Palace concerts will be the earliest in point of date, beginning on October 5, and continuing every Saturday till December 15. Brahms's second symphony will be one of the earliest novelties. Apart from the Italian opera, which will begin on October 21, with the programme already announced, and the Rivière promenade concerts at Covent Garden on October 5-28, the next fixture will probably be the re-opening of the freshly decorated St. James' Hall, with a recital on the new organ now being built by Messrs. Bryceson Bros., and Ellis. The Monday Popular Concerts will begin on November 4, and Mr. Arthur Chappell proposes to make a leading star of the pre-Noel season Mdlle. Janotha, a pianist who appeared with very great success towards the close of the last Popular Concert season; Madame Néruda, Mdlle. Mehlig, and others, will, as usual, appear. Mr. John Boosey's Wednesday evening "London Ballad Concerts" will begin at St. James' Hall on November 6 with a strong list of artists, and the new "Saturday Evening Concerts" will begin on November 16. The Sacred Harmonic Society's season will begin November 22, and one of the experiments to be attempted in the course of the winter will be a Saturday afternoon concert on January 11, at Exeter Hall, by the famous choir. On Tuesday, November 19, Dr. von Bülow has consented to conduct the orchestra at the concert to be given at St. James' Hall for the Normal College for the Blind. The scheme will be composed in great part of "the music of the future," and Dr. von Bülow will also play a concerto. Dr. von Bülow's pianoforte recitals have been arranged by Mr. N. Vert at St. James' Hall on Wednesdays, November 20 and 27, and the same agent has concluded arrangements for Bülow pianoforte recitals at Glasgow, Nov. 22, Edinburgh, Nov. 23, Liverpool, Birmingham, Torquay, Newport, Brighton, (Nov. 30), and other places. In the course of November Madame Viard-Louis' winter concerts will commence under the conductorship of Mr. Weist Hill. For the first concert a programme consisting exclusively of novelties will probably be arranged. The oratorio concerts by the Albert Hall Choral Society will begin in October, and Mr. W. Carter will also give oratorio concerts at South Kensington. Mr. Carl Rosa will not give performances in London before Christmas, but the list of musical arrangements is already strong, and critics and amateurs seem likely to have plenty of work before them.—*Figaro*.

THE provinces, too, will have abundance of music during the autumn and early winter. Festivals will be given in September at Worcester, and in October at Norwich, besides the ordinary Glasgow orchestral and choral concerts in November and December, the conductor for which has not even yet been selected. There will also be the Her Majesty's opera tour in Ireland in October, the Carl Rosa English opera tour in England and Scotland from September 2 to December, the Nilsson tour in mid and north England in September, and the Von Bülow recital tour in England and Scotland in November and December. A concert party, with Madame Patey, Messrs. Lloyd, Maybrick, Ould, and Thoulless, will go the rounds in October; another concert party, with Misses Robertson and De Fonblanque, Messrs. Guy, Wadmore, Albert, and Randegger, will start in October; and another concert party, with Madame Edith Wynne, Miss Helen Dalton, Messrs. Vernon Rigby and Lewis Thomas, will start in October. Messrs. Harrison and Harrison, of Birmingham, have engaged for their first concert (October 23) Madame Patti and the Patey-Lloyd concert party; Mr. Hallé will have his usual orchestral and chamber concert in Manchester; the Liverpool Philharmonic Society, under Sir Julius Benedict, is getting up a strong programme, and a festival will be given by Mr. Walter Newport, at Belfast, October 24 and 25, with Mr. Santley as chief vocalist, and Mr. Charles Hallé's orchestra.—*Ibid*.

THE *Athenaeum* says that a truly great pianist has been playing this week at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts. Madame Montigny-Rémanry, a pupil of Herr Rubinstein, was first heard in England at Professor Ella's Musical Union Matinée, and she reappeared last season with signal success. The lady is accepted in Paris as the most accomplished lady pianist in the French capital; but she must be classified in the first rank of performers, be they male or female. With a highly electric touch she combines a refined style, and her mechanism is attended with a surety which enables her to attack any amount of intricacy which in modern practice is spread over the key-board. If in the classical concertos promenade amateurs cannot appreciate her attributes, she has at command solos of a popular kind to delight her hearers.

THE celebrated "Three Choir Festivals," held triennially by the choirs of Worcester, Gloucester and Hereford Cathedrals in accordance with the custom of a century and a half, will be held this month in Worces-

ter Cathedral. In 1875 some change was made in the mode of giving these festivals. Instead of full oratorios with complete band, chorus, and principals in the cathedral, full choral services were substituted; there were no evening secular concerts at all, and the ball, which had always been one of the attractions of the Festival was abolished. It is true that, owing to extraordinary exertions, the diocesan charities, which have always benefited greatly by the Festivals, did not suffer by the limitation of the musical attractions, but the choral displays were most dull and depressing, and many of the advocates of the attractions became convinced that sympathy and support could no longer be extended to a mode of action dictated by what was considered clerical intolerance. This year there will be a revival in the popularity of the Worcester Festival. It will be again under the patronage of the Queen, who has been present at one of the meetings, and who, as a good musician, is fully capable of understanding the difference between a choral service accompanied only by the organ, and a proper performance of oratorios by Handel, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Spohr and others, and the devotional compositions of Mozart, Cherubini and Rossini. The festival will begin September 10, when the opening sermon will be preached by the Lord Bishop of Worcester. As regards the oratorios and other sacred compositions announced, there are Haydn's "Creation" (the first part), to be followed by Mozart's "Requiem Mass" and by Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise," on the morning of the 10th; the "Elijah" of Mendelssohn on the 11th; and the "Messiah" of Handel on the 13th of September. The scheme of the 13th comprises the only novelty, namely, the oratorio "Hezekiah," by Dr. Armes, of Durham Cathedral, a work produced at Newcastle-on-Tyne musical festival recently. Mendelssohn's anthem, "Hear my Prayer," and Spohr's "Last Judgment" will also be executed on this day. At the special closing service, September 13 (Friday evening), an Anthem by Dr. Stainer, of St. Paul's Cathedral, and a Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis by Sir F. G. Onseley, the Oxford Professor of Music and Precentor of Hereford Cathedral, will be given for the first time. Moreover, in the other services works of Purcell (the grand "Jubilate Deo," in D), of Handel (the Deutinger "Te Deum," of Mendelssohn, of the late Dr. Wesley, of the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, of Sir G. Elvey (of Windsor), are to be given. At the two secular evening concerts in the College Hall, the principal pieces are the late Mr. Chorley's cantata, "The May Queen," music by Sir W. Sterndale Bennett; Mozart's Symphony in G minor; four overtures, Weber's "Euryanthe," Rossini's "William Tell," Beethoven's "Egmont," and Nicolai's "Merry Wives of Windsor;" the first movement of Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, with M. Sainston as executant; and Sterndale Bennett's Concerto in F minor. There are also madrigals and part-songs, to show the efficiency of the choralsists. The solos are, as usual, chosen by the leading singers, whose names are Madame Albani (Mrs. Ernest Gye), Miss Anna Williams, and Miss M. Davies (soprano); Miss Bertha Griffiths (of Cheltenham) and Madame Patey (contralto); Messrs. E. Lloyd and H. Guy (tenors); Mr. Wadmore and Signor Foli (basses).

At a concert given in London by Mdlle. Marie Macca-Rowa, a new vocalist, Signor Tito Mattel, the well-known song-writer, gave some original piano solos, which inspired the following comments: "They were excellent examples of one of the later developments of the art of musical writing. The idea of illustrating natural, moral, or sentimental phenomena by means of music cannot be said to be a new one; but in nine cases out of ten its reduction to practice turns out an utter failure. Beethoven's *Pastoral Symphony*, Mendelssohn's *Midsummer Night's Dream* overture, and a few other works are noble exceptions; but the fashion thus set has been followed with scant success. When a tenth-rate composer tries to represent in notes *The Cucurbit*, *Washing-day*, or *The Village Pump*, he does it perhaps as well as does his rival when seeking to portray *Magnanimity*, *Philoprogenitiveness*, or *Lumbago*; but were it not that *Washing-day* is *allegro* and *Magnanimity*, *adagio*, for the life of me I could never distinguish between the pieces. Now Tito played a lively solo, which before I looked at the programme I thought must represent a Jingo war-dance, certain recurring discords typifying the interruptions of the peace party; but it turned out to be a *Harvest-moon Melody*. All I can say is that I should really like to know where the moon came in."

GILMORE STILL LIVES. The Berlin correspondent of the *London Globe*, writing under date of August 21, says: "Gilmore's American Band had quite a success last week when they gave at Kroll's a number of concerts very numerously attended. The musical critics not only praise the precision and perfection which marked the rendition of the most difficult compositions, but acknowledge that the tones which they produce on brass instruments almost rival the melodious strains of stringed instruments. In view of the high eulogy accorded Gilmore's Band by such musicians as Ferdinand Hiller, (!) Franz Abt and others, it is quite inconceivable how the rumors were set afloat in Europe of the band's failure. Before returning to the United States the band is likely to visit Russia."

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Come, Let us Fly. (Viens Fuyons.) (Nuit d'Amore.) Duet. A minor and Bb.
5. f to a. Lucantoni. 50

"No star in Heav'n's dominions,
On earth, no sound, no light."
"Le ciel n'a pas d'étoiles,
La terre pas de bruit."

A charming duet, whether sung in French or English, and either way will possess its rare Italian melody.

Little Feet that gently patter. Song and Chorus. F. 2. c to E. Danks. 30

"Angels, droop your radiant pinions,
Stoop to earth with snowy wing,
And the dreamless rest of heaven
O'er my darling's slumber fling."

A sweet "mother" song, which every mother will like to hear.

Poor Sailor Boy. (Povero Marinar.) G minor and major. Millotti. 40

"Presso la riva aspetta,
La bruna tua barchetta."
"Thy oars unused are lying,
Thou heed'st them not for sighing."

An effective and pleasing affair, that agreeably illustrates the truth that a song may be of the best, without being too difficult for any one to sing.

The Sparrows are Calling. Song and Chorus. F. 2. c to D. Danks. 30

"O mamma, the leaves are all falling,
And down in the valley below
The poor little sparrows are calling."

Now for a home concert! Let little "Golden-hair" or one of the others, sing the solos, and all join musically in the chorus.

The Way thro' the Wood. C. 4. d to a. Madame Dolby. 50

Also already noticed in the key of Bb. A most charming ballad.

Know'st Thou, oh Maiden? (Ad una fanciulla.) G. 4. F to F. Millotti. 40

"E l'oro sparso del tuo bel crine
Sembra l'ocaso d'un di seren."
"And the bright gold of thy tresses, seeming
Like sunset radiance that lights the west."

It is to be hoped that the Italian ladies will not be made vain by Italian songs, which almost universally praise them as one grade above mortals. Beautiful song.

Instrumental.

Victory Galop. Eb. 3. Pratt. 40

Has some reference to recent races on the water, and is full of the rush of the rowers, and the tumult at the moment of victory.

Secret Love. Gavotte. 4 hands. Illustrated title. G. 3. Resch. 40

A nice name for a capital little duet.

Color-Guard March and Chorus. F. 3. Morris. 75

"And the trumpets will be sounding,
And the merry cymbals play."

All sorts of a March;—that is, all sorts that are good. The march movement is spirited and bright, the piece is long enough to last a few squares without repetition, and there is a pleasing vocal chorus in the middle with which the "boys" and the band together, may make the streets harmonious.

Crystal Waltz. D. 3. Wilson. 35

In playing this, the idea comes out as clear as crystal, that it is an unusually bright and pleasing waltz.

Nonpareil March. Eb. 3. Boyd. 30

Spirited march, with full harmony.

Gazotte No. 2. G. 3. Roeder. 30

Three pages of well-constructed and pleasing music, excellent for practice.

Sweet Bye-and-Bye. Bb. 3. Pratt. 35

This is a very musical arrangement of the world famous melody, with another fine air alternating on the second page. Players will notice on the title page the names of no less than *twelve* arrangements, all based on the same air—two by Pratt, and one each by Harris, Sousa, Navarro, Mack, Himan, Warren, Hoffman, Slier, Wyman and Grobe. All are good, and worth examining.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 977. BOSTON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 28, 1878. VOL. XXXVIII. No. 13.

The Berlin Congress.

The following Latin poem, from the pen of the well-known German poet, Gustave Schwetschke, was distributed by Prince Bismarck's special request among the Plenipotentiaries immediately after the last sitting:

GAUDEAMUS CONGRESSIBILE.

Gaudeamus igitur,
Socii Congressus;
Post dolores bellicosos,
Post labores gloriosos,
Nobis fit decessus.

Ubi sunt, qui ante nos
Quondam consedere?
Viennenses, Parisienses,
Tot per annos, tot per menses,
Frustra decidere.

Mundus heu! vult decipi,
Sed non decipiatur,
Non plus ultra inter gentes
Litigantes et frementes
Manus conferatur.

Vivat Pax! et comitent
Dii nunc congressum,
Ceu Deus ex machinâ
Ipsa venit Cypria
Roberans successum.

Pereat discordia!
Vincat semper litem!
Proxenetae probitas,
Fides, spes, et charitas,
Gaudeamus item!

G. S.

On the publication of the above in the London *Standard*, the *Pall Mall Gazette* gravely suggested doubts as to the authenticity of the text, and offered the following as a more appropriate, if not more probable, reading:

Rideamus igitur,
Socii Congressus;
Post dolores bellicosos,
Post labores bumplicosos,
Fit mirandus messus.

Ubi sunt qui apud nos
Causas litigare,
Molde-Wallachæ frementes,
Græculi esurientes?
Heu! absquatulare.

Ubi sunt provincie
Quas est laus pacasse?
Totæ, totæ sunt partitæ:
Has tulerunt Muscovitæ,
Illas Count Andrassy.

Et quid est quod Angliæ
Dedit hic Congressus?
Jus pro aliis pugnandi,
Mortuum vivificandi—
Splendidus successus!

Vult Johannes decipi
Et bamboosulatur,
Io Bacche! Quæ majestas!
Ostreæ reportans testas
Domum gloriatur!

This version, which is shown by internal evidence to reflect the true spirit of the Congress, may be roughly Englished thus:

Let us have our hearty laugh,
Greatest of Congresses!
After days and weeks pugnacious,
After labors ostentatious,
See how big the mess is!

Where are those who at our bar
Their demands have stated;
Robbed Roumanians rampaging,
Greeklings with earth-hunger raging?
Where? Absquatulated!

Where the lands we've pacified,
With their rebel masses?

All are gone; yes, all up-gobbled;
These the Muscovite has nobbled,
Those are Count Andrassy's.

And what does England carry off
To add to her possessions?
The right to wage another strife,
The right to raise the dead to life—
Glorious concessions.

Well, let John Bull bamboozled be,
If he's so fond of sells!
Io Bacche! Hark the cheering!
See him home in triumph bearing
Both the oyster shells!

—Home Journal, N. Y.

For Dwight's Journal of Music.

The Genesis of Music-Thinking.

BY W. S. B. MATHEWS.

The great out-come of American music-fuss (meaning thereby talk, study, and composition) is *barrenness*. This I may say without offence, the fact is so very patent. We have a few players who execute very much; and a few artists. We have many who are cultivated in music to the point of appreciating, *e. g.*, Beethoven above Gottschalk; and a few who really know music in such a way as to make it impossible for them to mistake between these two composers. We have a few who prefer "Fidelio" to "Martha," and know why they do so. And we have, too, a few composers who are at least respectable; and one or two who have written works in a high sense creditable. Nevertheless considering the vast number of players we have and the extremely few who can improvise, the many composers, and the few who write anything worth while; the great company of singers, scarcely one of whom ever sings a good song unless forced to do so by a committee or manager; and the multitude of pianists and the very little of the choicest literature of the piano a student can find opportunity to hear;—considering all these, it is evident that our practical studies and our hearing, in a majority of cases, stop short of the point where they give rise to the ability to *think music*. Of course this shows most patent when our young sprouts come forward with books and original productions. We find there emptiness, void, base imitation, or once in a great while a good idea imperfectly expressed and not carried out to any satisfactory conclusion. But the same imperfect education undermines the efforts of our teachers, singers, and players,—making them comparatively insensible to the distinction between the musical *ought* and *ought not*, and permitting them to become in music *immoral* agents rather than moral.

Still it would be unjust to our country not to recognize the fact that musical education has made great advance here within a few years. One sees this in the programmes and catalogues of the boarding-schools; for while it is no doubt true that many advantages exist on paper which cannot be found in concrete form, or only feebly and imperfectly

hinted at in the actual class-room work, it still remains true that the performance of a certain class of desirable pieces in the concerts, and the mention in the catalogues of such and such proper studies for music-pupils, amounts to a recognition of certain desirable ideals in quarters where only a very few years ago no ideal of music existed. With a view, therefore, of doing my mite towards helping on music-study, I proceed to offer a few suggestions in regard to modes of awakening the ability to *think music*,—an ability which must exist as a foundation of a rational taste. For I hold it to be, clearly, just as much of an absurdity to expect a valid appreciation of musical master-works without the ability to follow in the mind the course and development of the musical thought, as to expect discriminative taste in poetry from a person unable to put together three sentences coherently.

We are not without a beginning. Our great American composers of psalmody and Sunday school songs have not left us without a witness in the matters of tonic, subdominant and dominant,—not, indeed, that they introduce all three of these great departments of harmony with such reckless improvidence as my language would indicate, but, rather, sparingly, with discreet reserve. As, *e. g.*:

Tonic, Dominant, Tonic;
Tonic, Tonic, Dominant;
Tonic, Tonic, *Subdominant*;
Dominant, Dominant, Tonic.

Perhaps some of my readers of Moody and Sankey affiliations may recognize a few scores of the melodies fitted to these sublime harmonies of the Ages! But after all, it is a great work these composers are doing; to thoroughly ground a whole nation in these the corner-stones of Harmony! I had occasion lately, in pursuit of bread and butter, to examine critically (if I may be allowed so ambitious a term) some eight hundred and fifty new compositions for Sunday School, sent in as competitors for some eighteen prizes (five to twenty dollars) offered by Mr. David C. Cook of Chicago. These pieces were submitted to five judges who marked separately, the composers' names being entirely unknown, and about six hundred of the pieces being lithographed, leaving us nothing to go upon but the music itself. Now passing over the remark that after a few hours of this kind of a thing a musician feels like "a chimera revolving in a vacuum," I noticed that, although nearly all the Sunday School writers were represented, the music was singularly alike, and remarkably wanting in freshness. Some of it was positively bad,—*vile* would perhaps be a better word; some of it was very good—of its kind. But throughout the entire mass, with one or two exceptions, one saw the evidence that the writers had pursued the study of musical theory only through the rudiments of Harmony,

and enough farther to discover that the simple period should contain eight measures. If it had been my sad lot to examine a book of psalmody or of glees, the nakedness of the land would equally have appeared in its unrighteous deeds.

Again, I have several times observed pupils who have pursued the study of Harmony to the extent of writing smoothly the exercises in Richter's manual, who yet had not arrived at the ability of thinking in music, even as it respects the fitting sequence of chords. This would plainly appear as soon as they undertook original composition. And so in one way and another I have been led to inquire by what theoretical studies music-thinking is to be awakened in pupils.

So far I find no answer better than the following: First, HARMONY; To begin with, a simple manual such as might be made by re-writing Richter's, preserving the practical exercises intact. The pupil who works out these exercises under a good teacher learns the externalities of the proper connection of chords following in a prescribed order. But they do not learn to *think harmony*. The inner perception of chord-relations is not reached. To reach this something different is necessary. That something is found in exercises on the general plan of Sechter's. Instead of a given bass, a pupil has it for his problem to connect a certain chord with a certain other chord in the key, and then to proceed by a natural progression (cadencing) until a close on the tonic is reached. Thus if one begins with the tonic chord, he has at first to connect it properly with the chord of the second degree, and thence to proceed by proper progression to a close; next, to connect the same chord with the chord of the third degree, and proceed to a close. And so on until every chord in the key has been connected with every other one, and each such progression followed out to the close. This completion of the exercise, according to its own inner necessity, very much sharpens up the pupil's perception of the inner significance and the implications involved in every harmonic motion. After more or less of this sort of a thing, a pupil may be trusted to harmonize a given melody.

Second, COUNTERPOINT; The peculiar barrenness of American musical composition arises from the composers' ignorance of counterpoint. The American student best versed in this art has produced the most significant and valuable works that have yet appeared in this country. The works are Professor John K. Paine's "St. Peter" and Symphony (which Theodore Thomas pronounces by far the best thing yet from an American). Another American student of counterpoint is Dudley Buck, whose works are so widely and appreciatively known. Or look over such a pianoforte piece in the free style, to be sure, as Wm. Mason's "Berceuse" (or any other of his pieces in fact) and see how neatly he "ties up his loose ends," how finished the workmanship in every part. It is counterpoint that forms the foundation of that sort of a thing. Or look at J. A. Butterfield's "Ruth" and "Belshazzar;" counterpoint is the platform which they have stepped upon in order to over-tower psalmody the way they do. There is great need of an

intelligible manual of counterpoint. Cherubini and Albrechtsberger are too blind, too long, not clearly enough analyzed. Eddy's Haupt is insufficient both in precept and example. Nor do I like Richter (translated by Taylor). Richter begins with four-part counterpoint, whereas in America one can count on the pupil having had more or less practice in harmony until he has become confirmed in looking at music as a succession of chords, not seeing the flow of voices. To bring him to perceive this it is of the highest use to cut loose from chords and exercise him thoroughly in two-part counterpoint in strict style. In this way he learns to appreciate smooth conveyance of voices, and also exercises his melodic invention, and that, too, under restrictions which necessarily press him toward the agreeable and the truly melodious. For counterpoint, after all, is only the art of *smoothness and flow* in music.

Third, FUGUE and FORM; into these I have not space to enter.

These theoretical studies (or rather, these *practical* studies in theory) must occupy a considerable time, and go along with practical studies in playing, and especially studies in interpretation of the best works.

Another department of musical knowledge which is already beginning to receive more attention, is musical history. There is too much disposition to make this a side matter, an affair of dates and particulars of the lives of composers. Whereas what is wanted is an inner comprehension of the changes in music-thinking itself, from Bach to Brahms and Bach again. Whoever shall be able to clearly unfold (in so far as it can be unfolded in speech) the ways in which Bach, Beethoven, and Schumann thought music, and unfolded musical ideas according to the inherent laws of music and the nature of the ideas themselves, and yet arrived at so diverse results,—will have done something to be proud of. But this is something too large to sum up in a sentence.

Then, too, how few learn to *feel* music properly, that is, according to its real nature. This is something that depends on openness and repose of spirit, and above all, frequent hearings of one great work after another until each one becomes comprehended and felt, and their true interior nature perceived.

It is not alone by practice, or theoretical study, or hearing music, that musical thought arises in the student, but by the intelligent and definitely co-ordinated pursuit of all three, and a continuance therein for a considerable time. As studies go, harmony is insufficiently pursued, counterpoint postponed too long and not mastered, musical form overlooked, and music heard too little and too vaguely. Whatever the great Cincinnati College may accomplish to correct these lacks will certainly be highly appreciated.

Additional Accompaniments to Bach's and Haendel's Scores.

[Here is the conclusion of Mr. WM. F. ANTHONY'S interesting and instructive article on the question of "Additional Accompaniments." But we would advise any of our readers, who have become at all interested in the subject by the extracts we have made, to look to the September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* for the entire essay with the illustrations in musical notation.]

Having discussed the manner in which the additional accompaniments to Bach's and Händel's scores are to be written, the next question is, Upon what instrument, or instruments, are they to be played? Difficult of solution as the first question was, this one is still more so. Indeed, it has not yet been solved to the reasonable satisfaction of any one. If we look at the matter from a purely historical point of view, the fact stares us in the face that, in all probability, Bach and Händel used the organ and harpsichord. So far as the latter instrument is concerned the sound of a piano-forte (which is the modern equivalent of the harpsichord) in combination with the orchestra, the contrast between its short, sharp notes and the sustained tones of the voices and other instruments, is peculiarly ungrateful to the modern ear; so much so that anything more than a very sparing resort to it is to be deprecated. For let us not lose sight of the fact that, in filling out old scores, the main desideratum is to preserve the *spirit* of the original works, which is in general far more dependent upon purity of musical outline than upon mere effects of quality of tone. In this particular Bach's and Händel's works differ diametrically from the greater part of the music of the present day, which is to an overweening extent dependent upon the sheer physical (what Hauslick calls the *pathological*) effect of strongly contrasted, harsh, mellow, powerful, or sensuous qualities of sound. If archaeological accuracy were the only object in view, the pianoforte, or even the old harpsichord or spinet, could certainly be largely employed for purposes of accompaniment; but this would result, in most cases, in a mere quaintness of sonority (to our ears), utterly at variance with the purposes of the music. What we should have most at heart is to enable the music to produce, as far as practicable, the same effect upon our *organization* that it did upon the listener of the day in which it was composed. Who would wish the broad stripes of bright paint, which antiquarians tell us once adorned the *Agina* marbles, restored? What æsthetic end would be gained by it? The use of the piano-forte in Bach and Händel scores would be a piece of historical accuracy of very much the same artistic value. As for the organ, I have already hinted at one objection to its use; but as that objection is based merely upon the ground of the scarcity of organs in concert rooms, and has no direct bearing upon the musical side of the question, it cannot be considered as final. In fact, the whole question is at present in such an undecided condition that it is not worth while to go into it here at great length. I will only give some significant facts. The historical party are naturally in favor of the organ, and the organ only; their claim to the title of historical party rests mainly upon this preference. That Bach and Händel used the organ is not to be questioned; but where, how, and how much they used it is by no means so certain. In Bach's case it is not even certain why he used it; that is, whether he used it entirely from preference, or partly from necessity. Bach wrote his church cantatas at very short intervals, and copied out many of the parts himself. It is easily conceivable that he was often much pressed for time, and seized upon the make-shift of a figured bass, to be played upon the organ, either by himself or under his own supervision, simply to save time. The lack of proper orchestral means may have been another reason. The following quotation from the preface to the first volume of the Bach Society throws some light on this matter: "While Händel brought out his sacred compositions by means of elaborate concert performances, with large masses of the best-drilled executants, in a metropolis where a numerous public were interested to pass judgment upon them, S. Bach* wrote solely for the church service, and had at his disposal but very limited means of performing his music for Sundays and holidays. Judging from what we know of the demands made by Bach upon his executants, the performance cannot have always been a euphonious one, much less such a one as could reveal all the intrinsic wealth of the composition. Even if the choir, well trained to sing with precision, was fully equal to its task, it is hard to believe that the solo singers could have been equally competent to grapple with S. Bach's airs,—those airs of which the peculiar and not always convenient vocal style is to be mastered and rendered with musical freedom only by finished artists. . . . Among his MS. parts for strings and chords we never find more than a single copy for each voice or instrument; the chorus parts also contain the solo passages for

* Bach is commonly known in Germany by his middle name, Sebastian.

their respective voices. From this fact alone it might be concluded that both stringed instruments and chorus singers at these performances were very few in number; and a MS. letter of Bach, still preserved in the archives of the Leipzig common council, containing complaints of the insufficient means offered him for performing his church music, together with an enumeration and description of the same, leaves no room for further doubt on this head.* Another fact to the point is that in Bach's and Handel's day such a thing as a conductor, marking time with a *bâton*, was unknown. The organist led the performance. In Philip Emanuel Bach's treatise on the art of accompanying, we find: "The organ is indispensable in church matters, on account of the fugues, the loud choruses, and in general for the sake of establishing a firm connection [that is, between the various voices and instruments]. It increases the splendor and preserves order." Now it is one thing to use the organ as a reinforcing agent, to strengthen certain vocal or instrumental parts, and thus add power to the volume of sound; but it is quite another thing to use it as an independent element in a composition. It has been found that the organ loses much of its noble individuality in a rectangular hall; the irregular surface of walls and roof, the pillars and vaulted arches of Gothic church architecture, have much to do with the tone of this mighty instrument. On the use of the organ in connection with the orchestra, the following opinion of Berlioz (who may be considered a high authority in all matters connected with the effect of combinations of different qualities of sound) is of great value. He says, "We must recognize the fact that its [the organ's] even, equal, uniform sonority never blends perfectly with the variously characterized voices of the orchestra, and that there seems to exist a secret antipathy between these two musical powers. The organ and the orchestra are both kings,—or rather the one is emperor, and the other pope; their interests are too vast and too divergent to be confounded. Thus, on nearly all occasions when this singular combination has been tried, either the organ proudly domineered over the orchestra, or else the orchestra, forced to an immoderate pitch of energy, well-nigh extinguished its adversary." The intrinsic incompatibility of the organ with the orchestra is peculiarly felt in the accompaniment of airs, and concerted music for solo voices, where there can certainly be no question of reinforcing weak parts. Of course, in such cases, only the softer stops can come into play; and just these stops so greatly lack decision of utterance and accent that their contrast with the orchestral instruments is especially unfavorable to the full effect of polyphonic writing. In the concert room, moreover, both organist and organ pipes are at such a distance from the singer and the accompanying instruments in the orchestra that anything like a sympathetic performance is rendered well-nigh impracticable. There is good historical evidence for the belief, entertained by many persons, that both Bach and Handel accompanied many of the airs in their works on a *Rückpositiv*,* or a *Regal*,† placed directly by the singer's side. Franz has suggested supplying the place of an organ, in cases where that instrument is not used as a reinforcing agent, by a quartet, composed of two clarinets and two bassoons; in some cases, by the strings in the orchestra. The quartet of reed instruments has much the quality of tone of an organ, and has the advantage of a far greater power of accent and dynamic variety. These instruments are to be placed, together with a double-bass and 'cello, close beside the singer, and consequently directly under the conductor's eye. This arrangement has proved eminently successful in many instances; in others, it is not so satisfying. The union of the second bassoon with the double bass and 'cello, especially when the part runs low, often sounds thick and muddy. This difficulty might perhaps be obviated by substituting a bass clarinet for the bassoon in some passages, but I believe this has not yet been tried. At all events, it is well known that both Bach and Handel were not at all averse to a very solid bass to their works. But even if Franz has been unsuccessful in some passages,—for his surpassing skill in counterpoint and his fine musical instinct have nothing to do with his possible lack of knowledge in orchestration,—he and notably Mozart have been so thoroughly successful in many of their arrangements of Bach and Handel scores

for orchestra without organ that the possibility of its being well and satisfactorily done has been convincingly demonstrated. But, upon the whole, this subject has not yet been made clear by sufficiently exhaustive experiments, and no one can have come to a rational final conclusion about it. It must also not be forgotten that this question is, after all, one of secondary importance. Whether a musical phrase is played on the organ or on a clarinet, it still remains one and the same phrase. Whatever opinion one may hold of the condition of the art of instrumentation in Bach's and Handel's day, it must be very evident to any one who takes the trouble to examine those masters' scores that instrumentation *per se* was a far less integral element in the art of musical composition then, than it is now. The prime question in this matter is, *What shall be played? not, By what instruments shall it be played?*

Concert-Rooms.

BY H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.

(From the London Musical Times.)

Although there is metaphysically considerable relation between architecture and music, inasmuch that the former has been fancifully but not inaptly termed "the music of the eye," and the latter is habitually criticized in regard to its "construction," they seem materially to have great difficulty in getting on together. Perhaps it may be said that very little definite attempt has been made to bend architecture to the service of music. When a new theatre is built, there is every endeavor made to secure for it acoustic properties, and the convenient placing of the audience, so that all can hear and see as well as economy of space will permit; and with these practical advantages to combine a brilliant effect, though too often in a somewhat over-showy and vulgar manner. But there is little evidence of the same kind of thought in the case of most of our concert-rooms. Generally a concert-room is simply, as far as regards shape and arrangement, a ball-room with a larger orchestra. There is little attempt made (if we may judge from results) at considering how an audience may be best placed in regard to the performers, and what is the best shape or plan of room for hearing; and it cannot be denied that a great deal of enjoyment of music is obtained in rooms which would seem to include every drawback to satisfactory hearing which could well exist in the same apartment. But though the listeners know what their enjoyment of the music is under these circumstances, they hardly know what it might be in a more favorably arranged and constructed room. A remarkable example of this, in the experience of the present writer, was the comparison of the effect of one of the greatest passages in orchestral music—the *crescendo* leading to the introduction of the final march in Beethoven's C minor Symphony—as played in two different rooms by the same orchestra on two occasions. In the one case the effect was magnificent, in the other it fell perfectly dead, though the playing was just the same. The difference was that one performance was in a very echoing room, bad for some things, but splendid for this particular effect; in the other case it was in a room much deadened by superfluity of upholstery. This was an extreme instance of the influence of the room upon the music; but in a general way it may be said that the room is to the music what the body is to the strings in a violin, or the sound-board to the piano; upon its material and construction depends much of the effect of the sounds produced. But in addition to this, there is all the question of comfort to the executants and to the audience, and the planning of the room so as to bring them into the best possible relation with each other, and to realize the greatest happiness of the greatest number at a concert. Important as the concert-room thus becomes in regard to the art of music, it has received comparatively little attention of a practical kind. In London it cannot be said that there is one good concert-room; and the finest musical performances, not exactly in London, but for the benefit of London audiences, are given in two of the worst and most comfortless rooms that can well be imagined—St. James's Hall and the Crystal Palace concert-room. The latter, of course, is only a makeshift in a place not specially built for music; but the former is a somewhat sad specimen of what it seems the best available skill was able to produce in the way of a concert-room at the time it was built.

When a new concert-room is built now there will frequently be a great deal more consideration given,

or at all events a great deal more scientific talk about it, with the object of producing a good result; but the misfortune is that theory is of less value in the matter than practical experience, and that few of the architects are sufficient musicians to have been in the habit of regular concert-going and of forming a judgment as to the success or non-success of the music in any particular room. When an architect is going to build a concert-room he generally talks a great deal about acoustics for some time beforehand, and has theories of rhythmic proportions between height, breadth, and length. All this notion of proportions is utter nonsense when it comes to practice. You can get as far as general principles, such as that a room must not be too high in proportion to its width; that it must not have a ceiling or an end-wall that will produce disturbing echoes, etc.; but the idea which has often been put forth, that a room should be planned in certain arithmetical or harmonic ratios of dimensions, could only result (if anything) in this—that such a room will reinforce one particular note, just as a pipe with a certain length and breadth gives one particular sound. Acousticians are fond of remarking on the fact that a room has one particular note to which it responds—so it often has, but so far from that being any advantage to a musical performance, it is a drawback; the object should be to get rid of any tendency in the room to reinforce one sound more than another. Every one knows the annoyance often resulting from the pedal-pipe of an organ to which the room responds, and which suddenly and unreasonably asserts itself by setting everything rattling and shaking. What acoustic science can do for us is in regard to the neutralization of echo by the arrangement of surfaces, and the effect of various materials in assisting or deadening sonority; and even this is more a matter of observation and common sense than of scientific theory.

The conditions of success in a concert-room may be considered in regard to size, shape, material employed, and arrangement of the audience and executants in relation to each other. Architectural effect is a separate matter, hardly, perhaps, to be discussed in these columns, and only to be looked to when the practical requirements are all satisfied. It is, of course, very desirable that a concert-room should be a beautiful and impressive room architecturally; but any preconceived idea in regard to its architectural treatment is apt to interfere with its proper treatment practically, as we see in the case of the Albert Hall, which was started with the idea of the Roman amphitheatre in view, and thus is deliberately planned as if it were a place for a spectacle, though really intended as an auditorium. And this is a part of the subject which may be left to the architects; the object here is to suggest what is wanted from a musical point of view; more especially because the musicians and concert-goers seem to have no very definite idea themselves as to what they want, and to create a demand for the right thing is one of the most important steps towards getting it.

Now in regard to size, the well-known laconic form of advice may be given to those who propose to build very big concert-rooms—"Don't." It is quite a mistake to suppose that we want larger rooms than we have.* As a general rule music cannot be really enjoyed in rooms above a certain limit of size—certainly not music requiring delicacy of execution and expression. It may be doubted whether it is possible to enable more than 2,000 persons, at the outside, to hear an orchestral symphony with full enjoyment and realization of the intended effect. I have heard old subscribers to the Philharmonic object even to the size of St. James's Hall, and profess that they did not enjoy the symphonies nearly as much as in the old quarters. But there is perhaps a little of the *laudator temporis acti* about this. The present Philharmonic band requires a room as large as that; and on the whole it can hardly be said that there would be an advantage in reducing the numbers of the band, for Beethoven's limit of sixty performers referred to a period when execution was not carried to so high a point as it now is, and a band of eighty or ninety performers are probably able to play with as much delicacy and finish as the sixty of his day could; and the effect of the numerous string force in brilliant passages is undeniable. But this size of band and concert-room is about the limit for real enjoyment. If the room is much enlarged you reach the point when there is a perceptible interval between the origination of the sound and its reflection (which can never be wholly oblit-

* *Rückpositiv* (Ger.) a back choir organ; that is, a choir organ which is behind the player, the connecting mechanism of which passes under his feet. (Stainer and Barrett's Dictionary of Musical Terms.)
† The *Regal* was a small portable organ.

* The Italics are ours.—Ed.

erated), and there is at once an element of confusion; besides which the force of the effect of a certain number of performers must be impaired, or their number must be increased and delicacy lost; and even by increasing their numbers the force of effect is not proportionally increased, there is not the same precision and sharpness of enunciation.† The obvious reason of this is that, however the number of performers and the size of the room are increased, the velocity of sound and the force and *timbre* of individual voices and instruments remain unaltered; and unless we could accelerate the velocity of sound and increase the power of lungs and catgut, with each enlargement of the area of the concert-room we necessarily produce a perfectly different balance of effect.

The Albert Hall, the most remarkable experiment in monster concert-room building in recent times, has taught us a good deal in this respect—much more conclusively than the Handel Festivals, because in the case of these latter the conditions are really so unfavorable as to afford no fair test. But the Albert Hall, though radically and almost absurdly wrong in its plan and the method of seating the audience, is by no means a failure acoustically. On the contrary, considering its size, the degree in which voices and instruments are supported and sustained by the building (all but the organ, of which a word just now), joined with the comparative absence of echo, is really remarkable. Yet it may be said without fear of contradiction that no experienced and *exigent* auditor can enjoy the higher and more elaborate forms of music there, for the simple reason that the place is too big, and the proportions, balance, and delicacy of a great work are lost there. This reasoning applies with even more force to performances of chamber music in large concert-rooms. No doubt the "Monday Popular Concerts" have been an immense agency in raising and educating popular taste by bringing many to a knowledge of one of the highest forms of the art who might otherwise have known nothing of it, and we must be glad that so large a public have had this opportunity: but the said public are quite under a delusion if they imagine that in hearing Mozart's and Beethoven's quartets played at the end of a room ninety feet long they hear them with the effect contemplated by the composers. The whole scale of the compositions is really destroyed by bringing them into a place so much too large for their proportions. Among the initiated there is a rather strong feeling getting up on this point: and two beautiful concerts were given a little while ago (very badly attended) in the Tenterden Street Rooms, at the instance of some amateurs who wished practically to draw attention to the superior effect of this class of music in a smaller room, and to enter a protest against the system of bringing all chamber-music to lose itself in large concert-rooms. By degrees the musical public generally will find this out, and then the Monday Popular Concerts will perhaps have done their work (and a great one) in bringing chamber-music to the knowledge of the people, and lead to an effort for its more frequent performance under the conditions contemplated by its composers.

The questions of the shape of room and of the seating arrangement may be taken together, since the one depends to some extent upon the other. The first thing to be emphatically said about a room for hearing music is that it should never have a flat floor. Theoretically, it is true, acousticians will say that sound diverges equally in all directions from the point of origination. Practically it is perfectly certain that (whether it ought to be so or not) sound has a tendency to ascend rather than descend, and that any one at the further end of the room from the platform will hear far better in a gallery than on the ground floor of an ordinary concert-room; indeed, more than this may be said, for I can testify from repeated experience that at the Crystal Palace concert-room the band can be better heard in the end gallery than from a point on the ground-floor only half the distance from the orchestra. There is also the serious disturbing influence of the interposition of the heads or bonnets of the auditors between those behind them and the performers. This not only affects sight but hearing, for *sound casts its shadows just as much as light; and whenever you cannot see the performer,*

or at least the instrument, you may be quite sure you are not thoroughly hearing the music. Every consideration therefore calls for an arrangement of concert-rooms with a floor rising from the point nearest to the performers to the extreme limit of the audience; and those who are concerned in the building of music-rooms should insist upon this as a *sine quâ non*—otherwise, however good the room may be for promenading, it cannot possibly be a good concert-room. As to the general shape of the room it should be recognized that this may advantageously be varied in accordance with the use to which it is to be put. As a general rule a concert-room is required to provide for singing as well as for instrumental music; and as singing can only be heard well in the direction in which the singer is facing, the arrangement of an end orchestra facing the audience must be the most generally useful. Whether the usual oblong parallelogram or the theatre form would be the best for a large audience may be matter for question, but probably the result for a large concert-room will be in favor of the long form of room. The theatre form brings all the audience more equally near the performers; but it is a form in which it is very difficult to avoid echo, unless the auditorium is arranged in galleries as in a theatre, and then there are caverns produced which, while they break up and destroy echo, have the disadvantage of presenting an obstacle to the free passage of sound, for sound never traverses freely from a large open space to a more confined one; moreover the theatre form brings a certain number of the audience appreciably nearer to one side of the orchestra than to the other, so as to hear one portion of the band or chorus more loudly than the rest, which is always most disadvantageous. Another objection is that the theatre or horseshoe form, with its large central space, does not concentrate the combined sounds and drive them in one direction so much as a longer and narrower shaped room. For the larger class of concert-rooms, therefore, the best form seems to be a long room with the seats rising in a gradual curve from the orchestra end to the back; and experience shows that in such a room the sound, confined in an onward and forward direction, will travel a long way without losing much of its initial force; the room becomes, in fact, a kind of sound-conducting tube. To provide against a return echo from the end-wall is then the point; its surface requires to be broken up at various angles and planes to prevent this. At this point a small gallery across the end may be a real advantage in this way, provided it does not project too far or come too low down over the audience beneath so as to stop out sound from them; or the echo might even be sufficiently neutralized by hanging curtains at the end to absorb the sound; anything absorbent being quite in place at this extreme end of the room, while at the orchestra end everything should be resonant and non-absorbent, so as to start the sound wave on its journey with all the advantage possible. The ceiling must not be a flat expanse, for the same reason, that it will produce an echo or reflection downwards; nor must it be a semicircle, for though the echo will thus be limited and concentrated, it will be very strongly felt in the part of the hall upon which it is concentrated.* A horizontal ceiling, with the angles at the joining with the walls canted off obliquely, and the surface broken up with beams and panels, seems therefore to be the most desirable form; and the ceiling should not be higher than is really necessary for appearance and for breathing space, otherwise the intensity of the sound is lost and scattered by being dispersed into empty air-space.

In the construction of the orchestra itself there is often much to be desired. In the case where a chorus and band are to be combined on the same orchestra, there should certainly be a sound-board behind the band, throwing forward its sounds, and at the same time masking them to some extent from the chorus, who are by no means assisted in their part by the sounds of individual instruments close to them. The sonority of the band, besides, is very much impaired by the immediate contiguity of a large body of chorus singers, whose dress forms a mass of absorbent material. In a paper on music-rooms read by the writer before the Institute of Architects in 1878 (to be found in their "Transac-

tions") a suggestion was made as to the construction of the orchestra, so as to place the band and chorus more effectively, and also another proposition, which may be repeated here, viz., that in concert-rooms for large performances there should be some space of floor between the orchestra and the front row of the audience, to be laid with boarding with air-space beneath; since no one ever desires to sit close up to the orchestra for music on a great scale, which can never be adequately heard except at a certain distance. The floor-space thus left would be an assistance to resonance, and could be utilized as a *foyer* before and after the performance, being connected with the main entrances in such a way as to avoid draughts in the neighborhood of the orchestra.† It is true that such an arrangement would presuppose that concert-audiences should be much more civilized than they are at present in England, and not leave during the performance of a piece: but perhaps we shall get to that in time, and to plan a room so as to render an improvement in this respect more imperative might even have a salutary educational effect on the British concert-goer.

But where it is intended that instrumental music alone should be provided for, it is unnecessary to assume the end of the room as the only or the best position for the players. In England, it is true, we hardly ever have concerts of unmixed instrumental music; but at the Monday Popular Concerts it may be said that the singing is so subordinate and often so unsatisfactory a part of the entertainment that it would be hardly necessary to consider it specially in the arrangement of the room; and at the Musical Union it has always been dispensed with, and the performers placed in the centre of the room. This arrangement, even in St. James's Hall, is a vast improvement on the end position, but the room is still too large for the class of music. We very much want one or two rooms planned for chamber-music, with the object of bringing as large a number of listeners together as can be accommodated without making the room too large for such music to be heard under its proper conditions. Such a room would take the form of a circle with seats rising all round from the centre, and a centre platform slightly raised for the players, with a sound-board over it to drive the sound laterally over the expanse of the room and prevent it rising to the ceiling and returning in the form of echo. With such a form of plan the same number as generally form the audience at the Musical Union could be accommodated in a room about half the area of St. James's Hall, where a good deal of space is thrown to waste on these occasions; and on the same plan a room might be built accommodating as large an audience as the Monday Popular Concerts draw, and bringing them, at all events, far more within reach of the adequate hearing of the music than they are at present. Perhaps it would hardly be a safe investment to erect a large building with a central orchestra, with the idea of depending for a return entirely on orchestral music. But it may be suggested that this is the way in which such a building as the Albert Hall could really be best utilized for music, by raising the absurd "arena," in which no one can hear anything, so as to be to a certain extent above, instead of below, the level of the amphitheatre barrier, and placing a large band there, which would at least be much more effectively heard than any band ever is at present in that hall. And it is very probable that a large organ would be better heard if placed in the centre of such a building than it ever is at the side or end; and it might in that case be made an opportunity for a most brilliant effect of architectural design.

As to the materials for concert-rooms, there can hardly be a doubt that wood is the most valuable as an internal finish, as almost the only material which sympathizes with sound and strengthens it without sharply reflecting it. All materials that are hard and brittle in character produce sharp and confusing echoes; fibrous materials in general assist and sympathize with sound; woollen and other stuffs absorb and deaden it, and are therefore most useful to counteract the effect of echo; but for the same reason it is desirable to guard against filling a concert-room too much with cushions and curtains. It must always be remembered too that the audience bring a large amount of this absorbent element into the room; and that a room which appears entirely satisfactory (in regard to absence of echo, etc.), when empty, will almost certainly be

† The Handel Festivals have afforded a convincing instance of this. There is a magnificent effect produced by some of the more massive choruses, but the superiority to ordinary performances even in these, is by no means in proportion to the numbers employed; and the more brilliant fugued choruses have not nearly so much effect as they have with a chorus of 300 in a smaller place.

* The circular ceiling of St. James's Hall is thus a mistake to begin with; but the echo which there doubtless would be from it, is probably, I think, cut up and destroyed by the perpendicular stalks of the hanging gaslights. These, however, were not put with this object, but to attain an effect of diffused light, so that the amelioration, if owing to this cause, is accidental.

† A sketch plan was given in the Institute of Architects' "Transactions," showing how this could be arranged.

found too dead when filled with people. One of the best ways of lining a music-room was that adopted, after much consideration, in the construction of the Albert Hall—a thin lining of wood with an air-space behind it.* It is curious that the same constructors who originated this successful treatment of the walls should have made such a mistake as to put a concave glass roof, the deleterious effect of which might have been foreseen by the mere exercise of common sense. Large windows of every kind are to be avoided in a concert-room as much as possible, as glass is one of the materials which only echoes sound without helping it. The Albert Hall, however, affords a curious instance of the difficulty of providing for various kinds of music in the same building, in regard to the organ, before alluded to as an exception to the success of the room. When the building was first talked over the organ builder wished to persuade the authorities to fill it with hard material, such as tiles and cement. To those who knew how utterly the large organ at Liverpool by the same builder is spoiled for all intricate music (such as fugues) by being placed in a room formed of the same class of materials, and echoing and reverberating every note, the advice must have seemed suicidal. As a rule, however, organ-builders do not care about hearing music, but only about hearing pipes; and the result proves that from the organ-builder's point of view the advice was correct, for the Albert Hall organ is utterly deadened by the building, in comparison with its brother instrument at Liverpool; so much so that, although the heavy 32-feet and 16-feet pedal-pipes sound tremendous when close to the instrument, they do not travel into the building the least, and the effect of the full pedal organ from the amphitheatre is like a gigantic harmonium. This is partly, perhaps, from the want of a flat floor, which greatly promotes the travelling power of the big pipes, but it is also owing to the fact that the comparative absence of echo destroys the "roll" of the organ. Apparently, in the case of large organs, we must choose between a grand effect of tone on the one hand or clearness of definition on the other hand. We find the same dilemma in our cathedrals, where the roll and echo of the organ is a grand effect, but where definition is, for that very reason, extremely imperfect. The contrast between the effect of Mr. Willis's two instruments in Liverpool and in London is just the same as that between the two performances of Beethoven's Symphony mentioned at the commencement of these remarks, and arises from just the same cause. In massive plain passages of full harmony the echo of the building makes an organ sound very grand, but it is at the expense of all clearness of definition in more intricate music, so that it is necessary to choose between the two; and on the whole, there can be no doubt that definition is the most valuable quality.

The arrangement of convenient cloak-room accommodation in connection with concert-halls is only a matter of ordinary requirement in all places of public meeting, though it is worth remark that in London there is not a single concert-room properly provided in this respect; wherever one goes to hear music the ingress and exit is connected with draughts, confusion, and discomfort. But the accommodation for performers is a matter for special consideration, and is often very much neglected, as any one will discover who asks a leading vocalist for his or her experience of "green-rooms." It is not only most important for singers to avoid draughts, but it is important for musical executants in all branches, unless they are blessed with iron nerves, to be out of the way of disturbance, confusion, or discomfort of any kind just before coming on the platform. Their rooms should be spacious, comfortable, and cheerful (which last point is not unimportant, for it is depressing to a sensitive organization to be in a gloomy ill-lighted room just before performance), and should open direct on the platform on the same level, so as not to entail the annoyance and exertion of running up and down steps every time the concert-room is entered and quitted; at the same time the connection with the platform should be so arranged with two doors and an immediate vestibule, that conversation may be freely carried on in the green-room without its being heard in the music-room. Most performers can probably testify that it is very rarely that a green-room is arranged with even these

simple and self-evident provisions for comfort and convenience; and we demand so much of the musical executants, and are so ready to be cross with them if they do not do all we expect, that it is only bare justice to give them every comfort that may conduce to their coming before the public in the best condition, mental and physical, for their arduous duties.

Managerial Trumpeters.

BY GEORGE T. BULLING.

It is pretty well known that when Jenny Lind came to this country and gave concerts, the number of persons who went to see her was much larger than that portion of the audience which especially went to hear her sing. This may seem strange, nevertheless it is that truth which is stranger than fiction. The evergreen showman, who speculated in the great European reputation, as well as the transcendently sweet notes of this singer, understood the art of advertising, and practiced it in quite an original way. He managed it in such a manner that people flocked to see as well as to hear Jenny Lind, until the strong box in his ticket office grew plethoric, and filled his own heart with joy. Our operative and concert managers of to-day are striving to imitate the example set by the irrepressible showman. And what example might this be? you say. Why, by means of newspaper paragraphs, and other methods of exciting public curiosity, get the people personally as well as musically interested in the singer. Even were this course pursued in a true and fair manner, it would be, to say the least, a very despicable method of introducing an artist to the public, inasmuch as art alone should claim public attention for the singer.

Unfortunately for music and musicians, there are innumerable methods of deceitful advertising practiced by dollar-seeking managers. Nor are the managers alone guilty; all through the musical profession there is a thirst for undeserved praise, and unearned reputation; but, mark you, this morbid desire is almost altogether confined to the uneducated and arrogant persons who assume to be members of the worthy profession of musicians. True merit never seeks a bolstered reputation. The talented musician scorns unmerited praise; he is willing to wait and earn that good name which, if harder to attain, is far more satisfactory and durable. The musical quack, who has no merit whatever, artfully goes to work to make people believe that he has superb genius. Of course, the musical quack invests largely in advertising matter. Besides his dealing in printer's ink, he studies all the other little methods of gaining notoriety.

Returning to our friend, the musical manager, and his stock-in-trade, we are forced to remark the wonderful vicissitudes in life through which has passed the precious prima donna who happened to be in his charge. Of course, we read of these events in the daily newspapers; that is nothing remarkable, but it is remarkable that they should appear in our city newspapers so soon before the advent of "the greatest living prima donna." Then, again, since these anecdotes relate to a public personage, they would not make such uninteresting reading if there were not so many of them, and if even a few of them were reliable. The majority of these little stories about sweet singers find birth in the imaginative brain of the manager or his advertising agent. They consider it a clever thing to construct a taking paragraph of this description. The whole story is related, quite confidentially, you know, to a newspaper reporter. Thus is the ball set rolling. The little story travels to almost every corner of the globe, gaining additions and amendments as it runs. What columns of gratuitous advertisements does the manager thus picture for his singer; advertisements, too, in a form that everybody reads. Nine persons out of every ten who read these anecdotes of public singers, thoroughly believe them. Shortly before the appearance of a prima donna in a town, her manager usually takes means to interest the citizens with newspaper paragraphs relating to the personal as well as to the artistic career of his charge. Public curiosity is set ablaze, people talk about the singer, long to see her and hear her sing, then conclude to gratify their inclination, much to the joy of the mercenary manager.

There are many species of the genus prima-donna-anecdote. The lady's love affairs, you may be sure, occupy a prominent place in the category. How surprised she must be when she hears or reads of some of them for the first time; and she is so innocent, you know, that not happening to remember

their occurrence, she feels certain that they must have occurred, and that she has forgotten all about them. Some of the paragraphs about herself, although of great value as advertisements, give her much annoyance; she is quite certain that these are not true. Of course, she reads that "when she was quite young a very wealthy gentleman, having heard her sing, fell in love with her, and threw himself, his fortune, and his title—he was a prince, I think—at her feet. Then she arose, queenly, determined, and calm, placed her hand over her heart, and said: "I can love nobody or anything but my dear Art; this is my life, my only comfort!" How noble, how sincere! Then there is the other story, diametrically opposed to the preceding narrative. It is where our singer loved, and was not loved in return, or perhaps, her little love died before she could hint to him that she loved him. Then, it were better that he should die than not reciprocate her burning love. Perhaps she used to go to school with him, and always secretly loved him; if he loved her he never showed it. Then here was the question. Did he really love her? This is the question which puzzles the reader of the story, as it is found in the newspapers. The person whom it is supposed to trouble it never does annoy, and that is the prima donna; she reads it and laughs in her sleeve. Then the people, as they sit in the vast auditorium and hear her sing, believe that, despite the homage paid to her by the audience, her heart is far away from the brilliantly lighted hall and applauding multitude—far away with the gentle young man whom she loved at school, and loved ever since. How truly affecting is this simplicity! Sing on, sweet woman, with trust of hearts and trust of voices.

Coming to a later date in the prima donna's reign, we meet with the wealthy, but foolish old gentleman who goes almost wild with what we are told is love for our heroine. He presents her with gifts of all kinds, some of fabulous value, attends every performance, dreams of her night and day, haunts the hotel where she stays, and would pay an immense money price for the possession of a slipper of hers, or for one of her gloves. Whether such a foolish old man actually exists, is a question which I do not propose to discuss. Of this I am certain, and you are, too, good reader; we read about him in the newspapers. Another phase of the art of advertising musical artistes, is to get up a quarrel between rival prime donne. Put them at it hot and heavy, spare no personalities. The public become intensely interested, get enthusiastic about it, attend the operas or concerts, and take sides with either one of the combatants concerned. This pays; the war lasts for some time. Ultimately we learn that the rivals, having become reconciled to each other's deficiencies, shake hands, and pretend to be happy.

All these evils are the outgrowth of the reprehensible "star" system. The prima donna of our day reigns too exclusively supreme. One phenomenal voice is worshipped to excess. The greatest voice in the world cannot, by itself, represent an opera to us, because it cannot give all the qualities of tone by which the various pitches of the human voice interpret to us the universal language of the human feelings. People are too prone to worship a singer's high notes and facility of mere mechanical execution. All this unearned praise is injurious to musical art. People worship the means, not the end of the art.

Who has not read the advertised announcements of operas and concerts? What expressive adjectives the advertiser brings forward with ridiculous extravagance to praise his musical wares. Each and every artist is announced as the "greatest living" performer, and is lauded to excess with praises, of which not one-half are merited. Perusing some of these advertisements one is forcibly reminded of the emblazoned announcements put forth by the travelling circus and menagerie.

Somebody will say this style of advertising is necessary to introduce to the public a genuine artist. But it can be said in reply that there is a legitimate method of advertising, and that no inferior artist has made a true and durable success by having been illegitimately advertised. A false reputation is soon discovered by the people, who become highly incensed when they learn that they have been victimized. Mediocrity always finds its level—so does genius. Therefore, in the long run, extravagantly worded advertisements will help neither mediocrity nor genius. Better that the tone of an advertisement should lead the reader to expect little and receive much, rather than it should promise much and give little or nothing.

* An interesting account of the various considerations gone into in scheming the construction of the Albert Hall will be found in a paper by General Scott, in the "Transactions" of the Institute of Architects for 1871-72.

Much of this free advertisement business and exaggerated praise is due to the over-good naturedness of the newspaper press. A personal experience will prove to anybody that few men are more willing to do their duty nobly and impartially than are the members of the journalistic profession. The journalist feels as proud to give credit to true merit as he does to expose shams and quackery. By reason of the modest goodness of his heart, there is one mistake which the journalist is prone to make, and that is that he does not at all times recognize the important power which is his to manipulate, or rather, he does not take into account the power which printers' ink and the circulation of a journal give to his opinion, whether such opinion be of value or otherwise. This omission is not due to a careless neglect, but it comes of that innate modesty, amounting almost to self-depreciation, which is characteristic of the cleverer members of the press. The operative agent sends a press telegram stating that such and such a prima donna has arrived by the last steamer, together with many notabilities, who, however, have not the good fortune to belong to the galaxy of stars in the musical world. Here follow, in quasi-advertisement form, twenty or thirty lines of information anent the plans of the sweet singer and her agent. The newspapers open their heart and give all this a place. Exchanges come containing unreliable stories of prime donne; the good-hearted journalist clips them out that he may lay them before his readers, erroneously thinking that he is helping the cause of true musical art. The manager comes to the newspaper man, and, with tears in his eyes, implores to be spared such severe criticism; the newspaper man, having a good human heart, but without a keen sense of justice, remains honestly inexorable, but does try to administer the necessary punishment with as light a hand as is possible for him to do in fairness. The true journalist may be compared to a skillful surgeon; if the former metaphorically amputates a manager's limbs, he does so with an earnest sense of well-doing; if the manager succumbs and dies from the effects of the operation, the journalist feels no compunction, having done all for the best. The average journalist has too high a sense of honor to give unmerited praise to managers or prime donne in return for flattery or solid compensation. If black sheep have been occasionally discovered in the very respectable flock, these have been branded and banished forever. If the journalist sometimes gives unmerited praise, it is because he does so unconsciously—because he is not sufficiently alive to the weight of his opinion, and to the important effect of its circulation; to be sure, this is rather a creditable fault; nevertheless, it has its bad effects.—*Music Trade Review.*

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, SEPT. 28, 1878.

Our New Arrangements.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC will continue to be issued, as heretofore, once a fortnight by Messrs Oliver Ditson & Co., until the close of the present volume, which will end with the number for December 28.

With the first number of Volume XXXIX (Jan. 7, 1879) the publication and business care of the Journal will be assumed by the house of HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., so well known through their admirable editions of the best books, as well as their "Atlantic Monthly" and other first-class periodicals. Under their auspices this oldest American musical journal will preserve its identity in editorship, in spirit, principle and purpose, as well as in general outward form and style. The Editor will be assisted by an able corps of contributors and correspondents, both musical and literary, who will treat the æsthetic problems of the day from various points of view, some of them seeing with young eyes. These new elements, with the improved position of the Editor, will, it is hoped, put new life into the old Journal, and make it more interesting than it ever has been since it began in 1852.

The Journal will be issued fortnightly; price of subscription \$2.50 per year, payable in advance, from January 1, 1879. The terms of Advertising will be essentially the same as heretofore.

Subscriptions (or notices of intention to subscribe) and advertisements, for the new Volume may be sent to Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 Devonshire Street, or directly to the Editor, J. S. DWIGHT, 12 Pemberton Square.

OUR FOREIGN EXCHANGES will kindly address hereafter, until further notice: "J. S. DWIGHT, 12 Pemberton Square, Boston, Massachusetts."

Shall We Have any Symphonies?

II.

The certainty of having every year a series of conservative, sound, classical concerts of orchestral music is quite as important to every music-loving city, as the possession of an Art gallery, or Museum, where the immortal masterworks of sculpture and of painting, originals or faithful copies, may always be accessible, so that their influence may never cease among us, so that we may run as little risk as possible of ever forgetting them, or having our attention drawn away and all absorbed by the loud appeals of every new fashion and its still louder advertisements. For in truth what we really want is Art for Art's sake, and not the show of Art for showmen. Art versus Showmen is a case of long standing in all the courts of culture. The defendant in this long suit has innumerable advantages in clouds of witnesses, ready to swear to anything, in unscrupulous advocates, crafty devices, and even corrupt judges. It is the modest, honest few who have to bear the burden of the righteous cause. This is precisely what the Harvard Musical Association, with hopeful fervor—some may think, with more zeal than discretion,—undertook to do when it began to give Symphony Concerts fourteen years ago; and it has pressed the suit with varying success from year to year. We closed our first brief article upon this subject with these words: "Let us have our good old Symphony Concerts again, if it be possible. For, who can say, or who imagine, what turn for the worse musical matters in Boston may soon take, should such a vacuum occur as their omission for a single season!"

Now there seems to be not a little danger that the suit, after so many hard-won victories, may be abandoned. A turn for the worse is already patent in our musical body politic. It chiefly takes the form just now of apathy. The public has for a few years grown so apathetic to its higher privileges in music—as well as to its duties in regard to music—that the torpor has even begun to creep through many of the members of the concert-giving Association itself, till it is much harder than it used to be to rouse a sufficient number to a sense of the importance of spending a few dollars to sustain the noble cause and purchase for themselves and families some sure opportunities of exquisite enjoyment which is at the same time culture, treasure laid up in the soul.

What then? Are we less musical here in Boston than we once were? Doubtless we have had more credit than we ever claimed; have we also had more than we had a right to? There are some outside appearances against us, it must be confessed; we trust, however, they are only superficial, only of the moment. We do not support the highest class of concerts as we did; we talk Beethoven, but do not go to hear him; we all do homage to the great names of Bach and Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and the rest, yet, when we have a chance to listen to their best, we stay away as if they were not worth our dollar or our time; it looks as if the cigar in the armchair, the drive in the suburbs, the dress call or "kettledrum" were metal more attractive.—Then again, how hard it is to keep the good musicians with us! They aver that they must seek their bread and butter farther off; they band them-

selves into travelling quintet clubs and spend the winters playing in the West and South and Canada to audiences such as they cannot draw together here and within easy reach of the "Hub." So, in the first place, to the great loss, and to the disgrace too of so musical a centre, one of the most essential, vital means of culture and refined enjoyment,—*Classical Chamber Concerts*, string quartets, quintets, etc., have for some seasons almost utterly died out in Boston; and in the second place, our best violinists, cellists, etc., are not here when we want them to make up the Orchestra we ought to have. The Chamber Concerts have died out; the bright, refreshing springs have shrunk into the ground and vanished at our feet,—betaken themselves as it were subterraneously to other places, far away, where they leap and foam up in the sunshine of less fickle favor. The Symphonies, the Orchestra itself, will die out unless more devotion, more willingness to work and pay for a good thing shall manifest itself right quickly.

Still we believe these signs and dangers superficial. It is not that musical taste and culture are at a low ebb among us. On the contrary, there is more taste, more appreciation, more knowledge, shared by more persons, and there are more well taught in music, than there ever were before. Our social atmosphere is really more musical. But it is just here the danger has crept in. It is your educated, thinking man who feels he can put off the reading of a good book; for occupation he does not need it, he is always occupied; he has his study and his thinking and his ecstasies of fresh suggestion or of classical association in himself; he takes it easily and gets into the habit of not troubling himself to go out and get or buy such treasures, which he would be the last person in the world to undervalue. On a desert island, all alone, you would read every word of every book that came to hand; in your comfortable home, amid libraries full of books, you think you can read this or that at any time, and so unconsciously neglect it for a long time. This is just the difference between Boston and those new fields out West, which the Quintets find it so much more profitable for them to cultivate. It is not taste, or love, or culture that we lack; it is devotion, it is painstaking, it is zeal. And zeal means money, as well as time, cheerfully, eagerly spent to keep alive, and on a permanent footing, those institutions, which are the true Conservatories of Musical Art and taste among us. You or I may not always personally need them, just as some religious people think they do not need to go to church. But the very fact that we have grown more musical, that we can have very good music in our houses, that we can recall the Symphony for ourselves through four or eight-hand arrangements, that the social zest of a musical party is so much more tempting than the sitting in a crowd in Music halls,—this very fact accounts in a great measure for the sort of apathy that we complain of. It is that we grow selfish in our luxury of culture; that we forget to pay the price of what we would perpetuate among us; that we too carelessly allow the institutions to take care of themselves; and thus we throw the whole thing into the hands of showmen, always on the watch to rush in and fill the vacuum with the things which they like, since they catch the curious crowd, and soon crowd out the better things that we like.

III.

Why are all appeals to the public for the support of Symphony Concerts, and for the building up of a fine Orchestra *en permanence*, to be a blessing and an honor to our city, met with such lukewarm and inadequate response? Is it natural that it should be so? Is it worthy of the good name we bear for

musical culture and enthusiasm? For several years past a reason could be found: We had frequent visits from another Orchestra far more thoroughly trained than any we can furnish. But no, it must be our own local orchestra or none. There is but one chance for concerts, and that is offered by the Harvard Musical Association. And there is but one condition wanting to complete success, and that is—money. For in that single word lies the open sesame commanding all the conditions. Do you doubt it? Run your eye over the whole list of criticisms, complaints, suggestions,—a bewildering Babel of confused and contradictory voices to be sure—which season after season have appeared for and against these concerts. They are too many even to enumerate, but most of them, at least the most important, readily fall under a few heads. And probably, if the worthy critic, the uneasy or mistrusting public, had been privy to the counsel of the managing committee, they would find that every one of these criticisms and these suggestions had been anticipated there,—yes, long ago,—and had been considered and discussed over and over in Committee with the most earnest endeavor to do full justice to them all and meet the wishes of the largest number,—that is to say the largest number of believers, really interested in the object of the concerts from the first.

1. Nothing calls forth such a variety of opinions as the programmes. They are too classical for some, too mixed for others; too long, too short; too light, too heavy; some are for more of the new music, while some will none of it; some, (and a pretty large class too) would like nothing so well as to hear one continual round of Beethoven. In no way can a programme be made up, that some will not complain of it; and there is no way of obviating one complaint without meeting its counterpart staring you full in the face.—Now let us not forget the original prime object of these concerts; we have already pointed to it in the analogy suggested between such concerts and the rooms devoted to the model masterworks of Sculpture and Painting in Art Galleries and Museums. The purpose which these serve in their way, such concerts ought to serve in Music. Not that there should be nothing else admitted, but only that we might be sure of finding these, of hearing the great Symphonies from year to year, so that we never may forget them. But if we have them, the rest of the programme must be made up in some artistic harmony with them; there must be symmetry and balance of the several members; the contrasts (of light and serious, etc.), must not be out of all relation; the bouquet must not be merely miscellaneous and accidental. Put in everything that people call for, try to combine all their favorites, and what a senseless, heterogeneous, ill proportioned jumble you would make of it! If you want variety of styles and schools, of light and classical, it is practicable only to a very limited extent in a single concert, or in a short series of concerts, without crowding out the very feature most essential to the whole plan from the first. But "seek first the kingdom of righteousness, and then shall all these things be added." That is, first secure our stated opportunities of hearing the great masters; and then have plenty of concerts, so that we may gratify curiosity to hear new works, and even concerts of a light and miscellaneous character. But this again requires money; this requires an orchestra in constant practice, with plenty of occupation in the way of concerts. And all this we certainly should have, if the public support would only hold out. So long as we cannot have all this, is it not wiser to secure the best, and not compromise and spoil its influence by ill-assorted combinations?

Well, all this is merely to convey some inkling of the many and great and irreconcilable difficulties which beset the programme problem; and to show there is no satisfying all these opposite demands except by several times as many concerts as we have been in the habit of having—by trying the experi-


ment in a much broader field; and this, reduced to simplest terms, means a well-supported permanent orchestra,—in short, money. Every unfavorable criticism withdraws money, and so far postpones the solution of the problem.

2. Next to the programmes (which, by the way, no person of much musical experience and intelligence can read over from the beginning and not acknowledge that no better programmes on the average were ever given in this world), the Orchestra has been the constant theme of criticism. The complaint is two-fold: 1. that our orchestra has neither been large enough (for our great Music Hall), nor made up of the best musicians. But this we have already answered: We have all the musicians that the public seems disposed to pay for; and if they would pay better, if they would give us audiences of 1,500 or 2,000 people, then we could keep our finest violinists, etc., at home and have them in the band. 2. That such orchestra as we do have is not sufficiently well trained; the performances show lack of rehearsal; to this, again, the answer is the lack of money; the Association would rejoice to have as much rehearsal as the most liberal support would pay for. If you would see improvement, O ye critics, seek not to turn people away from the concerts, but seek to draw them in. The sins of war are also those that Harmony requires.

3. Of many minor difficulties and causes of complaint, we mention this one only. The members of the Association, who have always borne by far the largest portion of the burden of these concerts, and have practically guaranteed them, have been accustomed, not for themselves so much, but by way of inducing their friends and neighbors to subscribe, to offer the first choice of seats to such early private applicants. This has drawn down upon the Society the accusation of exclusiveness. There can be no ground for this objection in the following heading to the subscription papers, which have been placed at the Music Hall, and at the principal book and music stores, simply to test the public demand for another series of concerts during the coming winter.

The HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION will give its Fourteenth Series of Concerts if a sufficient public demand be expressed.

Subscriptions for the season of *Eight Concerts*, at Eight Dollars, are invited. The lists will be open until October 15.

 No preference will be shown to members of the Association in the choice of seats.

Due notice will be given of the time and place for the selection of seats, the dates of the Concerts, and further important particulars.

J. S. DWIGHT, CHAS. C. PERKINS,
J. C. D. PARKER, S. L. THORNDIKE,
B. J. LANG, WM. F. APTHORP,
AUGUSTUS FLAGG, B. W. CROWNSHIELD,
S. B. SCHLESINGER, ARTHUR W. FOOTE,
CHAS. P. CURTIS,

Concert Committee.

Boston, September 18, 1878.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB, true to the quick impulse of humanity, anticipated the musical season and, on Wednesday evening, September 18, gave a concert for the relief of the sufferers at the South. The public too was quick to respond. The Boston Music Hall was very nearly full, and the Relief Fund made richer by a thousand dollars and more. The programme was made up of course of favorite familiar pieces of the Club's extensive repertoire, as there was short time for rehearsal:

Ave Verum.....	Mozart
The Twenty-Third Psalm.....	Schubert
Female Chorus.	
Piano Solo— <i>a. Etude in C sharp minor.....</i>	Chopin
<i>b. Tarantelle.....</i>	Gustav Schumann
<i>Mr. W. H. Sherwood.</i>	
<i>a. Welcome. b. Night Song.....</i>	Rheinberger
The Song of the Summer Birds.....	Rubinstein
Female Chorus.	
Songs— <i>a. Widmung.....</i>	Schumann
<i>b. Im Herbst.....</i>	Franz
Forsaken.....	Miss Fanny Kellogg.
Male Chorus.	
May Song.....	Franz
How sweet the Moonlight Sleeps.....	Lealie
Piano—Faust Waltz.....	Gounod
(Arranged by Liszt.)	Mr. Sherwood.
The Ruined Chapel.....	Becker
Male Chorus.	
Song—Just as of Old.....	Pease
Oh, My Love's like a Red, Red Rose.....	Garrett
For His is the Sea (Finale to the 98th Psalm).	Mendelssohn

The singing was on the whole admirable, though naturally not up to the highest mark of Mr. Osceola's choir. Nearly every number was encored, lengthening out the programme beyond the patience of many for so hot a night; but people seemed to drink in the music as the parched soil drinks rain after a protracted drought. Miss FANNY KELLOGG sang finely, and was well accompanied by Mr. J. A. PRESTON, Jr.; and Mr. SHERWOOD's piano solos were among the things most vehemently welcomed.

BROOKLYN PHILHARMONIC. The following has the right healthy tone for any musical society in such circumstances,—and we are glad to print it. Twelve hundred subscribers every year for a series of Symphony Concerts! Will not the example stir old Boston to redeem her credit?

Editor Journal of Music.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of the 14th inst., you speak of the Brooklyn Philharmonic as "dumb-founded and perplexed" over the departure of Thomas. The remark is doubtless suggested by the statement in the article re-printed from the *Tribune*, that the "Brooklyn Philharmonic Society loses both conductor and orchestra and nothing remains of it but a Board of Directors." (The statement, by the way, would have been nearer the truth if it had added that the subscribers—about twelve hundred each year—are members of the Society, and that these can be relied upon for the most part to renew their subscriptions under any good conductor.)

The Society is "perplexed" to find a worthy successor to Theodore Thomas, but it has never, for a moment, thought of disbanding. Of necessity, we secure our orchestra from New York, and we shall have this winter substantially the same orchestra that Mr. Thomas has used for several years past. He will not take any considerable number with him. Indeed, I have not heard of one who has been engaged to accompany him, if I except Mr. Jacobson, formerly in his orchestra, but for a year past a member of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, of your city.

The Brooklyn Philharmonic has so firm a hold on the public and has been so successful in all respects, I do not like to have it appear that the loss of any man, however talented, can affect its usefulness.

It will have a conductor in a few days, and we have no doubt of the usual cordial support of the public.

Very truly yours,

HORATIO C. KING,
Chairman of Music Committee.

DECAY OF OPERA BOUFFE. All lovers of sincere and healthy Art will read the following with an earnest hope that it may prove true:

"The visitor to Paris in 1878," writes a correspondent from London, "who was also a visitor to Paris in 1867, cannot but be struck by the difference of tone in the programmes presented for his consideration by the theatres of Paris at the two epochs. That form of theatrical entertainment which seemed so abundantly and so accurately to reflect the folly and the extravagance of the imperial days, opera bouffe, is now wholly invisible to those who have accepted the invitation of the Republic. During my stay of four weeks in Paris not a single opera-bouffe appeared on the bills of any Paris theatre. *Orpheus*, it is true, was revived at the Gaite's as a spectacular piece a few days after I left. The Palais Royal and the Varietes were playing vaudevilles. The Bouffes was closed. At the Renaissance the successful *Petit Duc* of MM. Melhac and Halévy, the authors of the *Grande Duchesse* and of the *Belle Helene*, is avowedly an opera-comique, and M. Lecoq's music is altogether within the limits set by Auber and Herold; and at the Folies-Dramatiques the even more successful *Cloches de Corneville* has, as we know in New York, far more of the characteristics of the opera-comique than of its extravagant younger sister. Whether this change, this real reform, is due to the advent of the Republic and of a consequent austerity of manners or not, it is welcome; and, although the *Timbale d'Argent* and a few other outrageous indecencies have come into existence since the fall of the Empire, it does seem as though the play-going Parisian public had experienced a change of heart. And, strange to say, when the visitor crosses the Channel he finds something of the same sort in England. Ten years ago most of the theatres in London were given up to loud sensation. Now the most exciting drama to be seen anywhere is the ubiquitous *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, in its new phase, with imported Jubilee singers and banjoists, fresh, I fancy, from New York. The merely sensational play has not wholly disappeared—it satisfies a certain portion of the theatre-going public too well to vanish utterly—but it has sunk to the subordinate position which it deserves. The most successful theatres in London are those aiming at the proper all-round presentation of comedy, and taking as their model the Gymnase or the Vaudeville of Paris.

Music Abroad.

VIENNA. The Imperial Operahouse re-opened with Meyerbeer's *Prophète*, Mdle. Gindele singing the part of Fidès, Herr Labatt that of Jean de Leyde, and Herr Scaria that of Oberthal. Herr Gericke was the conductor. Several old operas, not performed for a considerable period, are to be resuscitated. The list includes Méhul's *Joseph* and Lortzing's *Waffenschmidt*, supported by Mdles. Braga, Gindele, Herren Müller, Scaria, and Bignio. The first-named young lady will also shortly appear for the first time as Zerlina in *Don Juan*. The following is the cast of Herr R. Wagner's *Siegfried*: Siegfried, Herr Glatz; Mime, Herr Schmidt; Fafner, Herr Hablawetz; Wotan, Herr Scaria; Brünnhilde, Mdme. Materna; Alberich, Herr Beck; and Erda, Mdme. Reicher-Kindermann. Herr Glatz recently visited Munich to see *Siegfried* at the Theatre Royal. M Anton Rubinstein's *Nero*, written for the Grand Opera Paris, figures among the novelties promised by Herr Jauner for a later period of the season, and the permission to represent which he obtained by agreeing to bring out the composer's earlier work, *Die Maccabæer*. The latter failed to impress the Viennese, and will probably not be heard again. Negotiations are going on with Mdme. Adelina Patti.—Herr Teweles has secured the following novelties for the Carltheater: *Le Petit Duc*, Leococq; *Boccaccio*, Suppé; *Marjolaine*, Lecocq; *Le Educando di Sorrento*, Usiglio; *La Guala dell' Emir*, Dubois; *Die Verfallene Mauer*, Johann Brandl; and *La Petite Musette*, Suppé.—A short time ago Professor Rudolph Willmers suddenly gave signs of mental aberration, and by order of the district Police Surgeon was ordered to be taken to the Supervision Room of the General Hospital. The unfortunate man was suffering, it appears, from religious mania. One day, as he was crossing over St. Stephen's Square, he was met by an old woman, eighty years of age, named Agnes Breisch, the inmate of an almshouse, and gave her his diamond ring, making at the same time a present of his well-filled purse to a charwoman, with the words, "That is true religion!" In the Hungarian Crown Hotel, whither he then proceeded, his strange behavior and wild discourse soon showed the state of his mind. It was in consequence of this that he was conveyed to the institution mentioned above, where he died on the 24th inst. He was in his fiftieth year, a widower, and father of one child, who survives him. Another recent death here is that of Franz Schubert's sole surviving sister, Theresia, wife of Matthias Schneider, Head Master at St. Ulrich. She was seventy-seven years of age, and a daughter by her father's first wife. The sole remaining member of a family of nineteen brothers and sisters—out of whom, however, nine only grew up—are now Andreas, member of the Imperial Board of Accounts, and Hermann, preacher at the Schottenkirche, both sons by the second marriage. Hermann performed the burial service for the deceased in the church of St. Ulrich. It is a remarkable fact that no one thought of informing any of the musical associations, including the Männergesangsverein, of Mdme. Schneider's death. The last-named society would certainly have sung a funeral chorus at her grave.

STUTTGART.—Never-ending festivities and lavish hospitality have marked the stay of the Vienna Männergesangsverein in this capital. All along their road, at Ulm, Gelaslingen, Göppingen, and Esslingen, the visitors were most warmly welcomed. The great feature in the rejoicings here was the uncovering of the Schubert Monument, presented to the Liederkreis by Dr. Otto Eiben, editor of the *Schwäbischer Mercur*, who himself delivered the address when the monument was formerly handed over to the Society. He gave a sketch of Schubert's life and of his artistic development, characterizing Schubert as a master of the *Lied*, unequalled by any one either before or after him. The monument is a thorough artistic success. The pedestal rests upon a broad plinth. The principal ornament on the front is a five-stringed lyre twined with laurel, and the name "Franz Schubert" in raised letters. The visitors, numbering 170, played a prominent part in the vocal portion of the proceedings, and created a profound impression by the wonderful beauty and accuracy of their singing. During the banquet given after the ceremony, a telegram was received from Schubert's two surviving brothers at Vienna, expressing their thanks for the honor done to the illustrious composer.

CASSEL.—Last year a great treat was afforded the public by the historical operatic performances at the Theatre Royal. This season, the management opened a special subscription for Mozart's seven operas, which it was announced would be performed between the 26th August and the 10th September in the following order: *Idomeneo*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail*, *Die Hochzeit des Figaro*, *Don Juan*, *Così fan Tutte*, *Titus*, and *Die Zauberflöte*.

BERLIN.—The Royal Operahouse was re-opened with Herr Ignaz Brüll's *Goldenes Kreuz*, instead of Weber's *Oberon*, as previously announced.—Herr Hans von Bü-

low, who has not played here for a considerable time, will give, at the end of October, a "Beethoven Evening" for the benefit of the Bayreuth Patronage Association.—*Das Glöckchen des Eremiten*, *Martha*, *Die weiße Dame*, *Fra Diavolo*, and *Guillaume Tell*, have been drawing good houses at Kroll's Oper.

MILAN.—The ex-king Fernando, of Portugal, recently visited this city, but has since left for Paris. Among the artists with whom he spent some time, was Signor Schira, for whom his Majesty professes particular esteem. His Majesty's wife, who, as Mdle. Hensler, sang with much applause in 1855-56 at the Scala, begged her old singing master, Signor Sangiovanni, to call on her, receiving him in the most courteous manner, and introducing him to her husband, the ex-king.

STOCKHOLM.—A. F. Lindblad, the well-known composer, surnamed the "Franz Schubert of the North," has just died aged seventy-four.

An interesting festival was recently celebrated by the eminent music-publishing firm of Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig, the occasion being the fiftieth anniversary of the entry of the present senior partner, Herr Raimond Härtel, into the business. Among the numerous commemorative gifts of which Herr Härtel was the recipient, one of the most interesting was that presented by the personnel of his office, consisting of a handsome portfolio, adorned with the crest of the firm, and containing a photographic copy of the first official document written by the veteran member of the house, viz., a letter directed to the still flourishing firm of F. Lucca at Milan. Congratulatory addresses (delivered either personally or through the medium of the telegraph) continued to arrive from all parts during the festive proceedings of the day.

LEIPZIG.—Concert in memory of F. von Holstein (July 12): Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Scenes from Schiller's "Braut von Messina;" Sonata (Op. 28) for pianoforte; Airs from "Rattenfänger von Hameln" and "Häideschacht;" Songs for mixed chorus (Holstein).

THE *Deutsche Bade-Zeitung* vouches for the accuracy of the following anecdote emanating from Kissingen: "Since the arrival here of Prince Bismarck the town is swarming with enterprising concert-speculators. One of their number, a certain Herr Julius Grauer, petitioned the prince on the very first day of his stay here to accept the patronage of an orchestral body which he was about to organize for the sole purpose of producing at the Kurhaus on four successive evenings a 'Sinfonia attentiva' (sic), of which Herr Grauer confessed himself the author. The 'symphony' in question is composed of three movements only, of which the opening one embodies the murderous attempt of Kullmann at Kissingen as the 'Leitmotiv,' while the two remaining parts, with the device of 'Unter den Linden,' illustrate in tones the two subsequent attempts made upon the life of the Chancellor at Berlin. It need scarcely be added that some pistol-shooting is likewise included in the score of this interesting work." Prince Bismarck has, it is added, "not yet vouchsafed a reply to the petition," being probably already sufficiently well acquainted with the original "leading-motive" of the pistol-shooting, alluded to in the above "symphony," to be able to dispense with its artistic interpretation at the Kurhaus.

PARIS.—Exhibition Concert, Sweden and Norway (July 24): Sonata for pianoforte and violin (Grieg); Octet for strings (Svendsen); Trio in E flat (Berwald). Concert Officiel of Chamber Music (August 2): Trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Lacombé); Quintet: D minor, Onslow; Quartet, Op. 41 (Saint-Saëns). Grand Concert Officiel (August 8): Overture, "La Muette" (Auber); Fragments from a Mass (Ambroise Thomas); Symphony Romantique (Joncières); Marche Nuptiale (Wider); 6th Psalm (Lefèvre); Andante and Finale from "Carnaval" (Guirand). Concert Officiel of Chamber Music (August 9): Trio (Op. 1) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Auber); Stringed Quartet in A minor (Boëly); Quintet in D minor for pianoforte and strings (Boisdeffre). Concert Officiel of Chamber Music (August 16): Quartet, Op. 15 (Léon Kreutzer); Concerto capriccioso for pianoforte (Dubois); Intermezzo for stringed quintet (Tandon); Trio (Op. 41) for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello (Lacombé). Grand Concert Officiel (August 22): Fragments from Symphonie Gothique (B. Godard); Scène Fantastique for orchestra and chorus, "Le Rêve d'Hoffman" (H. Salomon); Symphony for organ and orchestra (Guilmant); Airs de danse d'"Herculanum" (F. David); Fragments from "Sept Paroles du Christ," for chorus and soli, orchestra and organ (Dubois). Concert Officiel of Chamber Music (August 23): Quartet, Op. 6 (A. Luigini); Quintet No. 3 in G for wind instruments (Reicha); Andante in F for stringed quartet (Altès); Quartet for pianoforte and strings (Chaine).

BADEN-BADEN.—Concert of the Curcomité (August 20): Overture "Ruy Blas" (Mendelssohn); Violin concerto (No. 2), with orchestra, unpublished (Joachim Raff); Violin solos (Bach and Rubinstein); March from "Die Folkunger" (Kretschmer); Vocal soli.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Speak not a Word of coldness. Ab. 3. E to F. Keens. 30

"Let not the chain that binds us,
Ever be broken apart!"

A very sing-able melody and effective song.

The Way through the Wood. Eb. 4. d to g. Mme. Sainton-Dolby. 50

"Shall I go with you? Somebody said,
Somebody saucily tossed her sweet head."

The little "tiff" of the two "somebodies" is made the occasion of a most delightful song.

Draw near, O holy Dove. Quartet and Solo. D. 3. d to E. Brush. 30

She haunts me like a happy Dream. G. 3. c to E. Musgrave. 30

"As ocean holds a starry gleam,
Altho' the star be gone forever."

A cheerful "haunting." Welcome such spiritual presence!

Come unto Him. F. 4. F to g. Leslie. 35

"His yoke is easy, and his burden is light."

As sung by Sims Reeves. It is a solo in the Oratorio of "Immanuel," and is of the same character as some of the well known solos of the "Messiah."

Faithful Love. A. 3. d to E. Karl. 30

"For thee, my heart is yearning,
For thee, my love, for thee."

Melody full of expression, and well interprets the devotion of this faithful lover.

Nazareth. F. 4. c to g. Gounod. 50

The well-known and grand Christmas song, raised one degree in pitch: from Eb to F. Now it is available for Treble and Tenor as well as for lower voices.

Dew-Drops and Roses. Bb. 3. d to F. Pratt. 30

"A maid with tresses bright as gold,
I chanced to meet upon the way,
She blushed; her eyelids downward fell,
A dewy rose lay at her feet."

A very sunshiny little ballad, with a chorus in waltzing time.

Instrumental.

Bright Flowers. Six Easy and Melodious Pieces. H. Lichner. Each, 30

No. 1. Carnation. C. 2.

Six useful contributions to the stock of pretty pieces for beginners.

La Belle Brunette Galop. G. 3. Stuckenholz. 40

Very bright, of course, as a Galop must be;—

but, in addition, is a good octave exercise.

Boston Schottisch. D. 3. Karl. 30

A good, original air, and a Schottisch that will please in any city, including the one complimented by its name.

Longing for Home. F. 3. Lege. 40

If one were thus longing, and should hear this beautiful melody, he would not hurry away until it was finished and repeated.

Grand Procession March. C. 3. Clark. 40

Fine march for full band, for organ or piano.

Dance of the Gnomes. Concert Polka. F. 3. Steinhagen. 40

The Gnomes, as every one who has seen them will testify, are first rate dancers, and this is worthy of their best kind of prancing.

Fair Bingen on the Rhine. Waltzes. 3. Karl. 40

May be played as one continuous Waltz, in various keys, or divided, at pleasure. Fine Waltzes for "fair Bingen" or the fair anywhere.

Night Winds Tale of the Past. Morceau de Salon. F. 4. Karl. 40

A most interesting "tale" which needs quantities of flowing melodies, graceful and bright arpeggios, &c., for its narrative.

Books.

THE REQUIEM. By W. O. Perkins. 50

This supplies a much-felt need, as it contains a goodly number of hymns and tunes appropriate for Funeral occasions. It is conveniently bound, and of such a moderate size that a sufficient number for use may be carried in the hand. As the occasions when such a book is needed, are sure to occur, it may be well for Choirs to keep a set on hand.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 978.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCT. 12, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 14.

"Minne-Song" and "Minne-Singers" Called also Swabian Poets.*

BY THEODORE RODE.

Minne, from the root *man*, "to remember," "think of," "recollect," originally signified "remembrance," "recollection." The old Germans were accustomed, at sacrifices and banquets, to quaff a goblet to the gods as well as to absent or dead friends, and this they termed "*Minne trinken*," "drinking remembrance." Thus, in pagan times, they drank the *Minne*, or "remembrance" of Wotan, Donar, and other gods; after their conversion, they drank that of Christ, the Virgin, the Saints, etc. But, at a very early period, there grew up in Germany for the word *Minne*, a second meaning, since then the only accepted one, of personal and more especially sexual partiality—as opposed to hate; while *Liebe*, "love," expressed pleasantness, satisfaction, contentment, as opposed to suffering. The deep respect paid by the Germans to the softer sex from the earliest times was by the spirit of chivalry, by the lasting influence of certain romances, and by the reciprocal effect of the worship of the Virgin, carried to the wildest lengths of extravagance, the consequence being that the German lyric poets of the 12th and 13th century selected *Minne*, which they frequently personified as "*Frau Minne*," and devotion to woman as the principal subjects of their works, while the name of *Minnesänger*, or *Minnesinger* ("Minne-Singers") was bestowed on themselves. When Minne-worship degenerated into immoral error, and paid homage to sensual enjoyment alone, the word *Minne* received a secondary and reprehensible meaning, its primary and more noble signification being transferred to the word *Liebe*, until at length the poets of the 15th century re-invested it with its former honorable dignity and again adopted it in the language of poetry.

By Minne-Singers, in the strict acceptation of the word, we understand lyric poets and singers of love-songs, as written and sung by the chivalry of the 12th, 13th, and commencement of the 14th century. These Minne-Singers, nearly all of whom wrote, set to music, and sang their own songs, since true lyrics—that is, the perfect expression of an emotion or a thought in its most musical form—and genuine natural feeling presupposed this triple group of arts, consisted of knights and nobles, whom the poetic life of knighthood, divided among love, respect, adoration, and war, had inspired to make themselves heard in song. They resided and sang more especially at the courts of German princes, lovers and promoters of art, particularly during the period of the Emperors belonging to the house of Swabia. In Upper Austria, German lyrics first struck root, regarded from a religious as well as a worldly point of view, in the Minne-Songs of the 12th century.

Shortly afterwards there came from France the Troubadours with their determinative influence. For centuries, the German people had sung their epic, narrative songs of past deeds, of present circumstances and events. It was thus that there sprang up their songs for marriages, dances, pilgrimages, crusades, and war, and, side by side with these, their songs for the adoration of the saints and for divine service. The contact with the present afforded scope for the expression of subjective views and feelings and gradually led to the lyrical

compositions, which in a mixed garb, half Latin and half German, were supplied by wandering ecclesiastics. These persons travelled from one prince's court to another, and, desirous to please, wrote worldy songs. Such was most certainly the origin of the oldest poems which have been preserved of Dietmar von Eist (1148-70) of the wandering singer, Spervogel, etc. They gave with ancient epic simplicity, in their verses and strophes, descriptive narratives of *Minne*, summer-joy, winter-pain, and so on. While these beginnings of the new art of song were rapidly rising up into bloom in Upper Austria, fresh lyrical models arrived from France, but did not so much affect form as musical accompaniments and musical instruments, on which factors they exerted a marked influence. German poetic art, by natural-poetical aptitude and depth of conception far superior to the French, transformed with its creative power the foreign elements into its own property, and, as regards both purport and form, pursued unfettered its further course.

From this time forth, a stricter construction of the verse and a richer organization of the strophes were to be found in German poems. The Alexandrine no longer held sole possession of the field; decasyllabic and hendecasyllabic verses were associated with it. The epic element with its exclusively *Minne* subjects had to yield before the purely lyrical mode of conception. Heinrich van Veldeken (that is, Feldchen, "Little-Field,") called, also, Veldege, born in 1150, on the Lower Rhine, near Spalbeke, in the neighborhood of Maastricht, brought about, as father of the knightly epic properly so called, this transition. Gottfried von Strassburg says of him that he grafted the first shoot upon the tree of courtly German poetry. Heinrich von Veldeken transplanted the new art from the Lower Rhine to Central Germany, when he followed his patroness, the wife of the Landgrave Ludwig of Thuringia, a lady who previously to her marriage was Countess of Cleves, and for whom he wrote his *Enoit* (*Aeneid*). The lyrical episodes therein are admirable, teeming with beauty of language and grace of thought. His portrait, very cleverly and pleasingly executed, is in the Manesse manuscript collection of songs. His art soon obtained a firm footing in Thuringia, so that Eisenach with its Wartburg became one of the principal factors and points of attraction for courtly German poetry. The Thuringian, Hugo von Salza; Friedrich von Hausen, a native of the Palatinate; the Saxon, Heinrich von Morungen; and the two Swabians, Heinrich von Rucke and Ulrich von Gutenberg, followed in Veldeken's footsteps.

Before the end of the 12th century, lyric art had spread gloriously over all Germany. The 13th century saw it attain the height of its perfection, which was unfortunately of short duration. From the union of German lyrics with new French lyrics there resulted a rich variety of the most harmonious rhymes, verses, and strophes. Amatory poetry, with the French rather a matter of mind than aught else, was treated more profoundly by German feeling, and the essentially social life at the courts of the various sovereigns supplied a most grateful impetus to the poetic worship of the fair sex. But it was not this worship alone which occupied the attention of the poets, though some of the most eminent amongst them, such as Heinrich von Veldeken and Heinrich von Morungen, above named; Neidhart von Reuenthal, a knight at the court

of Vienna in 1210, who was peculiar for taking his subjects from the life of the people; Reinmar, the elder; Gottfr. von Neifen; Ulrich von Lichtenstein; Konrad von Würzburg; etc., who tried their skill at songs, sang only of *Minne*. As intellects of the first class, who in their songs, touched on other things in life: who treated matters of morals, religion, and politics; celebrating the favor of princes, censuring their niggardliness, and lamenting their death, we must mention Hartmann von der Aue (1200), a pleasing, mild poet; Wolfram von Eschenbach (died about 1238), the most earnest, the most profound, the most original, and the most German of all poets; Master Gottfried von Strassburg, Wolfram's junior, who in his poems exercised undisputed sway over form, and belonged to the burgher class, being never designated by his contemporaries as *Herr* (*miles*) but invariably as *Meister* (*Magister*), a title bestowed on learned citizens; and Walther von der Vogelweide (1165-1230) born in the Tyrol, and died at Würzburg.

Walther von der Vogelweide wrote during more than forty years, and for melodiousness, deep poetic purport, variety, and dignity of sentiment, as well as for the number of his compositions still preserved, holds indisputably the first rank among all the song writers above mentioned. The entire range of subjects of which the writers treat may be divided into three categories, devoted respectively to the fair sex, to religion, and to the sovereign or superior lord. Connected in a certain degree with this arrangement were the three principal forms then in use of lyric poetry, *Lieder*, *Leiche*, and *Sprüche*. Under the head of *Lieder* was classed a series of strophes of the same construction, mostly three-part, and of the same melody. They were employed more especially for *Minne* purposes, though also in the service of religion and that of temporal superiors, and to accompany the dance. Each *Lied* required a differently constructed strophe called a "Tone." A string of different strophes, mostly two part, with different melody—what would now be called in German, *durchcomponirt*—was named *Leiche*. At first they were used only to accompany dances, but subsequently for religious purposes likewise. *Sprüche* were longer independent strophes, mostly employed in the service of the church and that of temporal superiors, and not necessarily consisting of symmetrical parts. They were often merely recited, and needed, therefore, no melody or musical accompaniment. We may here mention the "*Tageweise*," or "*Taglied*," a peculiar sort of *Lied*. It portrayed the bitter parting of two lovers at day-break. Dietmar von Eist and Heinrich von Morungen, already mentioned, wrote some; Wolfram von Eschenbach improved on their productions by introducing after the French model a third personage, the admonishing Watchman, at variance, of a certainty, with actual life.

All the lyric effusions of the masters named displayed perfect technical skill, combined with delicacy and with strictness in the construction of the verse, and naturally presupposed instruction according to the rules of art. But the instruction was only according to the rules of art, and not according to those of schools. There were as yet no masters of song and no schools of poetry. Sons of knights and the younger sons of the interior official nobility learned from their spiritual teachers or from musicians, besides the other items of a court-like training, the art of singing, music, and poetry. The frequently recurring designation,

* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*. (Translated in the London Musical World).

"Master," meant at this period, not a teacher of the poetic art, but a poet who exercised his art in a masterly fashion, intended to serve as a model for others. The pupil could, and, indeed, was bound, therefore, to exhibit in his own productions a methodical dependence on his teacher. He was expected to contribute independent invention for each *Lied* and for each *Leich*, words (text and purport) as well as "*dön*" (metre) and "*wise*" (melody). That this, as a matter of course, must lead to artificiality, might have been predicted. Every poet was accustomed to employ even his own "*dön*" and "*wise*" once only, for one *Lied* or one *Leich*; as already mentioned, the repetition of a "Tone" was admissible in the *Sprüche* alone. The poet sang his own *Lieder* and *Leiche* to a string accompaniment, most frequently the fiddle or the violin. From him the poems were learned by the travelling musicians, who made a profession of reciting such productions. These musicians carried the verses from castle to castle, and transmitted them, far beyond the limits of the German Empire, to posterity. The verses were scarcely ever committed to writing, or at least very seldom.

When the art fell into decay towards the end of the 18th century, and erudition occupied in it a larger and larger place, it became more usual to write the *Lieder* down. We know that Wolfram von Eschenbach and others were unable to write. The travelling musicians were obliged to learn how to do so, for their memory no longer sufficed to retain the poems confided to them. They made written collections, and from these were derived, partly not till after the decline of "Minne-Song," several of the comprehensive MSS. still preserved, and to which alone we are indebted for our present knowledge of the poems in question. The most important are: the Heidelberg MS., edited by Franz Pfeiffer, Stuttgart, 1844; the Benedictbeurer MS. at Munich (*Carmina Burana*), edited by Schmeller, Stuttgart, 1847; and the Weingartner MS. at Stuttgart, edited by Pfeiffer and Fellner, Stuttgart, 1848; while the most copious is the Manessi MS. This name was given by Johann Jakob Bodmer—a German poet and prose writer, born at Greifensee, near Zurich, the 19th July, 1698, and died there the 2nd January, 1788—to a "Minne-Singers" MS. preserved in the Great Library, Paris, the name having been chosen on account of the collection's containing a *Lied* by the Zurich poet, Johann Hadlaub, in which he praises the two Manesses (Rüdiger Manesse, Knight and Common-Councillor in Zurich, 1280-1285, and his eldest son, named after him, canon at the great cathedral, first Custos, and afterwards master of the cathedral-school, 1296-1328) for their love of native poetry and their zeal in collecting *Lieder* books, of which more were to be found in Zurich than in the whole German empire. The singers whose *Lieder* are included in the collection come down to the time of the Manesses themselves. By modern Germanists, however, doubt has been cast, without sufficient grounds, on this designation: "The Manessi MS.," and the title has been almost entirely superseded by that of "The Paris MS." The Manessi MS., in which a large number of Hadlaub's *Lieder* are inserted, was written in the 14th century by several hands, but certainly in Switzerland; if not the oldest or the most reliable among the middle high German MSS. which have been preserved, it is at any rate the most copious. It contains, upon 429 parchment folio pages, above 7,000 strophes of 140 poets and 187 pictures, each occupying a page. About 1600 it was in the possession of the Baron von Hohen-Sax, at the fortress of Forstegg, near St. Gallen; was purchased in 1607, through Marquard Freher, for the Elector's Library at Heidelberg; and, during the Thirty Years' War, was carried, not—with the other abstracted MSS.—to Rome, but, in some unknown and unexplained manner, to Paris. Repeated offers to get it back by purchase or

exchange have been obstinately refused by the French Government. In 1888, Herr von der Hagen brought out at Leipzig a complete issue of the "Manessi MS." in the first two parts of his *Minne-Singer*.

The number of lyric poets in the 18th century must have been almost unlimited. Besides the MSS. of *Lieder* collections already mentioned, over 150 names of other collectors of such compositions are given us. The art of the "Minne-Singer" was most flourishing and prolific in Swabia, at the Court of the Austrian Dukes in Vienna, of the Thuringian Landgraves at Eisenach, and, when near its end, at those of Denmark, Pomerania, Brandenburg, Bohemia, and Silesia. At the close of the 13th century, "Minne-Song," properly so called, was silent, while courtly lyrics and the folk-like lyrics of court had faded away. The more refined culture of the sovereigns and the knights had, in times full of anxiety and danger, to give way to rougher inclinations and amusements. But the dying art had already shot its fertilizing roots over the Alps, and from those roots sprang the beginning of lyric and vocal art in Italy. Nor was the soft sinking to rest of the "Minne-Song" attended with ruin to the land of its birth, for it was cultivated subsequently, with touching devotion to art, though the inmost sanctity of the latter was hidden from their eye, by honest mechanics and burghers as Mastersingers. Towards the end of the Middle Ages, sacred song, blossoming into greater magnificence, was often fond of leaning for support on the mundane folk-song—on the *Volklied*.

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

(Continued from Page 291.)

We now arrive at the British Isles, where, especially in Scotland, we meet with numerous printed collections. Indeed, the Scotch can boast of possessing nearly as many publications of the kind as the French or the Germans; but whether their tunes are as judiciously edited is another question. A considerable number of them are arranged for the pianoforte with the omission of the words of the songs, and with the introduction of embellishments, brilliant passages, and variations. However, with these we have not to concern ourselves in our present inquiry. The following certainly deserve attention:

"A Collection of Original Scotch-Tunes (full of the Highland Humours) for the Violin: Being the first of this kind yet Printed: most of them being in the compass of the Flute. London: Printed by William Pearson, in Red-Cross Alley in Jewin-street, for Henry Playford, at his shop in the Temple-Change, Fleet-street. 1700" (oblong 4to). Henry Playford was the second son of the well-known music publisher John Playford. The book, which contains thirty-nine tunes, is interesting inasmuch as it represents the oldest published collection of Scotch national tunes properly so termed.

"Orpheus Caledonius; or, a Collection of the best Scotch Songs, set to Musick by W. Thomson (London). Engrav'd and printed for the Author, at his house in Leicester Fields" (folio). This publication bears no date, but the editor entered it at Stationers' Hall on the 8th of January, 1735. It contains fifty songs, preceded by a dedication to the Princess of Wales (afterwards Queen Wilhelmina-Caroline), and followed by a notation of the same songs for the flute. In the index Thomson has marked seven songs with asterisks, and he says "the songs mark'd thus were composed by David Rizzio" (*sic*). They are "The Lass of Patie's Mill," "Beattie Bell," "The Bush aboon Traquair," "The Bonnie Boatman," "An' thou were my ain thing," "Auld Rob Morris," and "Down the burn, Davie." Mention is made of W. Thomson in Burney's "History of Music" (vol. iv., p. 647) and in Hawkins's "History of Music" (vol. iv., p. 7). Hawkins evidently mistook the second edition of this work for the first. The second edition, which is in two volumes, octavo, was published in the year 1753, and has not the asterisks referring to David Rizzio, the musician of Queen Mary Stuart.

"The Scots' Musical Museum; consisting of upwards of six hundred songs, with proper basses for the pianoforte; originally published by James

Johnson, and now accompanied with copious notes and illustrations of the Lyric Poetry and Music of Scotland, by the late William Stenhouse. New edition." (Edinburgh, 1853; 8vo, four volumes). The first edition (London, 1787-1803) is in six volumes, 8vo. An edition with notes and illustrations of the lyric poetry of Scotland, by W. Stenhouse, and with additional illustrations by David Laing, was published in Edinburgh in the year 1839, and is likewise in six volumes 8vo. The introduction to the present edition contains the titles and description of a large number of published collections of Scotch airs. There is also a list of ninety-seven published collections and eight manuscripts in the introduction to "The Dance Music of Scotland," arranged and edited by J. T. Surrenne; second edition (Edinburgh: Wood and Co., 1853; royal 8vo).

"Ancient Scottish Melodies, from a manuscript of the reign of King James VI.; with an introductory enquiry illustrative of the history of the Music of Scotland," by William Daune (Edinburgh, 1838; 4to).

"The Songs of Scotland, adapted to their appropriate melodies, arranged, with pianoforte accompaniments, by G. F. Graham, T. M. Mudie, J. T. Surrenne, H. E. Dibdin, Finlay Dun, etc.; illustrated with historical, biographical, and critical notices, by G. F. Graham" (Edinburgh: Wood and Co., 1856; royal 8vo, three vols.). It is indeed difficult to praise the pianoforte accompaniments in this publication, however much one may be disposed to judge them leniently; nevertheless, as the beautiful Scotch tunes are preserved intact, or have at any rate only occasionally been slightly tampered with, the student will find this publication useful for his purpose, especially on account of the annotations.

"The Songs of Scotland prior to Burns, with the Tunes," edited by Robert Chambers (Edinburgh, 1862; small 8vo). A carefully compiled and very interesting little book.

"The Jacobite Relics of Scotland; being the Songs, Airs, and Legends of the Adherents to the House of Stuart," collected and illustrated by James Hogg (Edinburgh, 1819-1821; 8vo, two vols.).

"Scottish Songs, with the Music," by Joseph Ritson (London, 1794; 12mo, two volumes); a second edition (Glasgow, 1869; 8vo, two volumes). The work contains an historical essay on Scotch songs.

"Ancient Scottish Ballads, recovered from Tradition, and never before published; with Notes, and an Appendix containing the Airs," by G. R. Kinloch (Edinburgh, 1827; 8vo).

There is a large publication of "Scottish Airs and Songs," by George Thomson (London, 1793-1841; folio, six volumes), who engaged Pleyel, Kozeluch, Haydn, Beethoven, Hummel, and Weber, to write pianoforte accompaniments to the melodies.

As regards the beautiful Irish airs, it may suffice to notice the following publications:—

"A General Collection of the Ancient Irish Music; containing a variety of admired Airs never before published, and also the compositions of Conolan and Carolan," by Edward Bunting (London, 1796; folio).

"A General Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Pianoforte; some of the most admired Melodies are adapted for the Voice, to poetry chiefly translated from the original Irish songs by Thomas Campbell, Esq., and other eminent poets; to which is prefixed a Historical and Critical Dissertation on the Egyptian, British, and Irish Harp," by Edward Bunting (London, 1809; folio, vol. i.). Only one volume has been published.

"The Ancient Music of Ireland, arranged for the Pianoforte; to which is prefixed a Dissertation on the Irish Harps and Harpers, including an account of the Old Melodies of Ireland;" by Edward Bunting, (Dublin, 1840; 4to). In the preface, E. Bunting remarks that before the year 1796, when he published his first collection, "there had been but three attempts of this nature—one by Burke Thumoth, in 1730; another by Neill, of Christ Church-yard, soon after; and a third by Carolan's son, patronized by Dean Delany, about 1747."

"A Favorite Collection of Irish Melodies, the original and genuine compositions of Carolan, the celebrated Irish Bard; arranged for the pianoforte, violin, or German flute; dedicated to the Irish Harp Society of Belfast" (Dublin, no date; folio).

"Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, inter-

persed with anecdotes of, and occasional observations on, the Music of Ireland; also an historical and descriptive account of the musical instruments of the Ancient Irish; and an Appendix containing several biographical and other papers, with select Irish Melodies," by Joseph C. Walker (London, 1786; 4to).

"A Selection of Irish Melodies; with symphonies and accompaniments by Sir John Stevenson, Mus. Doc., and characteristic words by Thomas Moore, Esq." (London: J. Power, 1807-34; ten parts, folio). There have subsequently been brought out some smaller editions of this work. Moore's fine poetry adapted to Irish airs has much contributed to make the Irish national music more widely known among the educated classes in different countries. The "symphonies and accompaniments" in the work, while containing much which is hardly desirable, leave much to be desired.

"The Petrie Collection of the Ancient Music of Ireland arranged for the pianoforte; edited by George Petrie, under the superintendence of the Society for the Preservation and Publication of the Melodies of Ireland" (Dublin: Gill, 1855; folio, vol. 1.). Of this work the first volume only has been issued. It is rather diffuse, being overburdened with prolix introductory remarks and annotations; and the pianoforte arrangement is too elaborate to be in character with the tunes; otherwise the work is interesting.

Respecting the songs of Wales, there requires to be noticed first a curious publication which claims to be the earliest printed collection of Welsh tunes. I shall insert here its whole title, as I have done with some of the Irish books, because its character and purpose are therein so fully set forth, that it obviates the necessity of any further explanation. It is:—

"Antient British Music; or a Collection of Tunes, never before published, which are retained by the Cambro-Britons, more particularly in North Wales, and supposed to be the learned to be the remains of the music of the ancient Druids, so much famed in Roman history; Part I. containing twenty-four Airs set for the harp, harpsichord, violin, and all within the compass of the German flute, and figured for a thorough-bass. To which is prefixed an historical account of the rise and progress of Music among the Antient Britons; wherein the errors of Dr. Powel and his editor, Mr. Wynne, on that subject, in their history of Wales, are pointed out and confuted; and the whole set in its true and proper light. London: printed for and sold by the Compilers, John Parry, at his House in Jermyn Street, near St. James's Market; and Evan Williams, at Mr. Mickleborough's, in New Bond Street, near Union Street; and are to be had at the Music Shops. MDCCLXIII." (am. folio). Only the first part appears to have been published.

The following works ought likewise to be consulted by the student:—

"British Harmony; being a Collection of Antient Welsh airs, the traditional remains of these originally sung by the Bards of Wales; carefully compiled, and now first published with some additional variations, by John Parry; inscribed with all due esteem and gratitude to Sir Watkin Williams Wynn, Bart." (London: Hodgson, 1781; folio). This work, which contains forty-two airs arranged for the harpsichord, without the words of the songs, antedates the publications by Edward Jones, who has adopted a similar plan in his arrangements with variations.

"Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards, preserved by Tradition and Authentic Manuscripts from very remote antiquity, never before published. To the Bardic tunes are added variations for the harp, harpsichord, violin, or flute, with a select collection of the Pennillion and Englynion, or epigrammatic stanzas, poetical blossoms, and pastoral songs of Wales, with English translations. Likewise a General History of the Bards and Druids from the earliest period to the present time, with an account of their music and poetry; to which is prefixed a copious dissertation on the musical instruments of the Aboriginal Britons. A new edition doubly augmented and improved, by Edward Jones" (London, 1794; folio). Respecting the first edition (London, 1784; folio), Edward Jones, "Bard of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales," observes, p. 123, "A few years ago I published a similar work; but, having since collected very important and more considerable documents on the subject, I thought it more judicious, instead of giving an additional volume, to blend the chief matter of the former publication with the present."

"The Bardic Museum; or Primitive British Literature, and other admirable Rarities, forming the second volume of the Musical, Poetical, and Historical Relicks of the Welsh Bards and Druids; drawn from authentic documents of remote antiquity, with great pains now rescued from oblivion, and never before published; containing the Bardic Triads, Historic Odes, Eulogies, Songs, Elegies, Memorials of the Tombs of the Warriors of King Arthur and his Knights, Regalias, the Wonders of Wales, &c. &c., with English translations and historic illustrations. Likewise the Ancient War-tunes of the Bards. To these national melodies are added new basses, with Variations for the harp or harpsichord, violin or flute. Dedicated by permission to His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, by Edward Jones, Bard to the Prince" (London, 1802; folio).

"A Selection of Welsh Melodies with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by John Parry; and Characteristic Words, by Mrs. Hemans" (London: J. Power, 1821; folio, two vols.). The first volume appeared some years earlier than the date here given, and was republished for the present edition, newly arranged, and with the poetry expressly written for it by Mrs. Hemans. It appears that the publisher, J. Power, instigated by the success of the Irish Melodies by Moore and Stevenson, to which, also, Sir Henry Bishop supplied some accompaniments, resorted to a similar expedient with the present Welsh Melodies, to only the first volume of which, however, it was extended. Perhaps more noteworthy to musicians is John Parry's statement in the preface: "I have purposely avoided all extraneous modulations and chromatic passages, that the accompaniments may be performed on the harp as well as on the pianoforte. I was strongly urged so to do, and requested to render the arrangement as simple and familiar as I possibly could, so that the melodies might not lose any of their character, or be disfigured by gaudy trappings."

"Ancient National Airs of Gwent and Morgannwg; being a collection of original Welsh melodies hitherto unpublished, which obtained the prize at the Eisteddfod, held in celebration of the fifth anniversary of the Abergavenny Cymreigyddion, October, 1838, to which are added the words usually sung thereto. Collected and arranged for the harp or pianoforte, by M. Jane Williams, of Aberpergwm" (Llandovery, 1844; folio). Most of the tunes in the preceding publications were evidently collected in the northern and central districts of Wales. The melodies contained in the present volume, Miss Williams says, "have been collected among the peasantry of the districts of Gwent and Morgannwg, especially in the Vale of Neath, one of the most romantic and secluded parts of the Principality of Wales, where the inhabitants retain much of their ancient pastoral and simple character, and the songs which suited the peaceful avocations of their forefathers are still to be heard in the farmhouse and the cottage. . . . In printing the present volume the collector disclaims all feelings of musical or literary ambition. The songs are given as she obtained them, in their wild and original state; no embellishments of the melody have been attempted, and the accompanying words are those sung to the airs." Considering how seldom even professional musicians have succeeded in writing appropriate pianoforte accompaniments to national airs, the short-comings in the present arrangements may be easily excused, especially as we are told that the more important task of rendering a faithful notation of the tunes has been carefully attended to. Several of the tunes are remarkably beautiful.

"Y Caniedydd Cymreig; the Cambrian Minstrel; being a collection of the melodies of Cambria, with original words in English and Welsh, together with several original airs," by John Thomas [Jeuau Ddu] (Merthyr Tydvil, 1845; 4to). "Pencerdd; Gems of Welsh Melody; a selection of popular Welsh songs, with English and Welsh words; specimens of Pennillion Singing, after the manner of North Wales; and Welsh national airs, ancient and modern, set in a familiar manner for the pianoforte or harp, with symphonies and accompaniments," by John Owen [Owain Alaw] (Ruthin, 1860; folio).

Here may also be noticed "The Mona Melodies; a collection of ancient and original airs of the Isle of Man, arranged for the voice with a pianoforte accompaniment by an Amateur; the words by Mr. J. B., edited by C. St. George (London: Mitchell, 1820; folio). The editor states in a preface that the melodies are genuine, but that "the words adapted to them are entirely new, as the subjects of

the Manx ballads were not esteemed to be of sufficient general interest to warrant their translation," which is to be regretted.

It seems rather singular that England should not possess any printed collection of its national songs with the airs as they are sung at the present day; while almost every other European nation possesses several comprehensive works of this kind. One or two small publications, such as "The Cheshire Melodies; provincial airs of Cheshire," by Edward Jones (London, about the year 1808), and "A selection of the most popular Melodies of the Tyne and the Wear, consisting of twenty-four original airs peculiar to the counties of Durham and Northumberland," published by Robert Topliff (London, folio), are too insignificant to supply the desideratum. Besides, they are too old to serve for illustrating the English national songs of the present time. Some musical inquirers have expressed the opinion that the country-people in England are not in the habit of singing while at their work in the fields, or when toward evening they are returning to their homes; and that those social gatherings during the long winter-evenings, in which the Germans and other continental nations delight in singing their favorite songs, are unknown to the English rustics. However, this opinion would probably be found to be only partially correct if search were made in the proper places. Large towns are not the nurseries for the growth and preservation of national songs; and the circumstance of England possessing many large towns may be the chief cause of the apparent dearth of such songs in this country. Still there are in some of the shires rather isolated districts, in which the exertions of a really musical collector would probably be not entirely resultless. We have indications of this in several of the descriptions of English counties which have been published during recent years, and in which some tunes of the country-people are given, with explanation of the peculiar manner in which they are sung on certain occasions. Likewise several collections of popular poetry relating to different English counties, which have appeared in print since about the middle of the present century—as, for instance, "The Popular Rhymes, etc., of the county of Berwick," by G. Henderson (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1856; 8vo); "Ballads and Songs of Lancashire," by J. Harland (London, 1865; 8vo), etc.—suggest that there must be, belonging to the ditties, airs which have never been written down, and are only orally preserved by the people. We have seen that Miss Williams succeeded in bringing out a number of remarkably fine airs, hitherto unknown but to the villagers in the south of Wales, from whose singing she committed them to paper. The same might perhaps be accomplished in central and eastern England; and if the airs, as appears very likely, should prove less beautiful than those of Wales, they might be in every other respect equally interesting.

Of songs which were popular in former centuries, England possesses, as is well known, several old collections of considerable comprehensiveness. As they may be supposed to exist in the libraries of many English musicians, I shall not try the patience of the reader by enlarging upon them. Suffice it to point out two or three by way of example.

"The Dancing Master," a collection of dance-tunes, has already been alluded to. Its first edition was published by John Playford, in London, in the year 1651. Many of the tunes which it contains are airs of popular songs of the time when the book was brought out.

"Wit and Mirth; or Pills to purge Melancholy; being a collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, old and new; fitted to all humors, having each their proper tune for either voice or instrument; most of the songs being new set," by Thomas D'Urfey (London; 1719; 12mo, six vols.). An exact reprint of this work was published by Chatto and Windus, London, 1872. Not all the tunes which it contains are English, many are Scotch, others Irish, etc. Moreover, the original tunes are not unfrequently distorted to adapt them to the poetry written to them by D'Urfey.

"A Select Collection of English Songs," by Joseph Ritson (London, 1788, 8vo, three vols.); with an "Historical Essay on the Origin and Progress of National Song." The third volume contains the musical notation of the airs. There is also a second edition with additional songs and occasional notes by Thomas Park (London; 1813, 8vo, three vols.). However, the great majority of the airs printed in Ritson's "English Songs" can evidently not be regarded as national airs in a strict sense of the term,

although the tunes may have been for some time in popular favor. The same remark applies to the airs in almost all the English collections of old songs. The difference between a national song (German, *Volkslied*) and a merely popular song (German, *Volksliedliches Lied*) is not always distinctly observed by the English musicians, and the two terms are often used indiscriminately.

"Musical Illustrations of Bishop's Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry; a collection of old ballad tunes, etc., chiefly from rare MSS. and early printed books; deciphered from the obsolete notation, and harmonized and arranged according to modern usage," by Edward F. Rimbault (London: Cramer, Beale and Co., 1850; royal 8vo).

"Popular Music of the Olden Time; a Collection of ancient songs, ballads, and dance tunes, illustrative of the National Music of England. With short introductions to the different reigns, and notices of the airs from writers of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; also a short account of the Minstrels," by W. Chappell. The whole of the airs harmonized by G. A. Macfarren (London: Cramer, Beale, and Chappell, no date; royal 8vo, two vols.).

(To be Continued.)

Musical Festival at Worcester, England.

September 10.

The great preliminary to the Festival of 1878—the special opening service in the nave of the cathedral—was all that could have been desired.

The opening voluntary was a concerto by Handel, with orchestral accompaniments, played by Mr. C. H. Lloyd. Handel composed very many such concertos, some with, some without accompaniments; but no better could have been found to display the qualities of the new presentation instrument than the one selected by the organist of Gloucester Cathedral. That the "Preces and Responses" were from Thomas Tallis's Cathedral use may be taken for granted. The Psalms (50, 51, 52) were sung to double chants by Dr. Elvey in F-major, and Morley in D minor; to Dr. Elvey being assigned the first and last, to Morley the more plaintive strain ("Have mercy upon me, O God") that separates one from the other. The preceding "Venite" was sung to what is conventionally styled "The Grand Chant." The "Te Deum Laudamus" was Handel's magnificent "Dettingen," composed to celebrate a commemoration (in 1784) of the "famous victory" of George II. Among the five settings of the Hymn of St. Ambrose the Dettingen "Te Deum" claims the highest place, which, indeed, by musicians and cultivated amateurs generally, has always been awarded to it. Purcell's "Jubilate" in D, sounded a little primitive after the inspiration of the Saxon colossus. It is, nevertheless, instinct with beauty, and contains many passages of wonderful vigor, which, if Purcell had possessed a mastery of development such as Handel's, might have formed material for a work which Handel himself would hardly have disdained to acknowledge as his own. Witness, for example, the final chorus, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost," with which, remembering a certain chorus in *The Messiah* ("Let us break their bonds asunder,") Handel must have been more or less acquainted. The "Apostles' Creed" was marvellously impressive. The anthem after the third Collect—"Blessing, glory, wisdom, and thanks"—the choral "To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost" excepted, bears very few signs of the handwork of J. S. Bach, to whom it has been "attributed." About the "Old Hundredth" with the late Dr. Wesley's ingenious but somewhat over-elaborated arrangement, which makes one long for the fine tune in its undisturbed simplicity, it is unnecessary to say a word.

The leading singers in the "Te Deum" of Handel were M^{me}. Patey; Messrs. Gay, Wadmore, and Santley; Miss Bertha Griffiths, a young contralto, who has a career of real promise before her; Messrs. Guy and Wadmore taking part in the "Jubilate" of Purcell. Had it been a concert instead of a service in the church we might have dwelt with satisfaction upon the various efforts of these artists; and, indeed, allowing for certain inevitable shortcomings, upon the whole musical performance, conducted by Mr. Done, the Worcester organist. We may say in conclusion that the musical part of the ceremonial could scarcely have been otherwise than satisfactory to the congregation which filled the sacred building in every part. The sermon,

preached by the Bishop of Worcester, was simple moderate, and to the purpose. The learned prelate dwelt first upon the origin and history of the meetings of the Three Choirs, advocating their usefulness from the beginning. He then touched delicately upon the recent controversy which in 1875 entirely changed the old method of procedure, balancing with extreme fairness the not to be disregarded because thoroughly conscientious scruples of the one side against the sufficiently intelligible prejudices of the other for the preservation of a long-standing order of things, looking forward with hope to the time when further concessions might be asked, and, for the interests of all, accepted without difficulty.

The weather has been of the brightest, and all Worcester may be said to be out of doors, except those fortunate individuals who were able to obtain free access to the cathedral, or those who can afford to purchase tickets for the brilliant evening concert in the College Hall. All the way from Foregate Street and High Street to the cathedral was densely thronged, and at certain points almost impassable. That the Worcester people exult in the revival of their festival more or less upon its old basis must strike every visitor in the city. Witness the flags and streamers from house to house in most of the principal thoroughfares, which look all the flatter and gayer under the influence of the sunshine; witness, in short, the whole aspect of the city, which never looked more full of teeming life.

The performance in the cathedral to-night was attended by a vast concourse of lovers of sacred music, which, the programme taken into consideration, is no matter for surprise. The first part of *The Creation*, with M^{lle}. Albani and Mr. Santley in the leading parts, was enough to account for it. *The Creation* is always an attraction at these provincial Festivals, and with singers who can give "Rolling with foaming billows," as can Mr. Santley, or "With verdure clad," as can M^{lle}. Albani, becomes doubly so. No audible expressions of approval are permitted on these occasions, but the sensation created by these genuine artists could not be mistaken. The tenor part was assigned to that promising young singer, Mr. Guy, who acquitted himself well, and, indeed, the whole performance, under the direction of Mr. Done, was highly creditable. *The Creation* was followed by Mozart's immortal *Requiem*, in which the leading parts were admirably sustained by Miss Anna Williams, M^{me}. Patey, Messrs. Edward Lloyd and Santley, the execution generally being good. The concert, unusually and unnecessarily long, terminated with Mendelssohn's superb *Hymn of Praise*.

The orchestral introduction was played with great spirit, while the choral parts showed the Worcester conglomeration of singers at their best. The principal vocalists in this great work were M^{lle}. Albani, Miss Anna Williams, and Mr. Edward Lloyd, who all distinguished themselves as artists thoroughly conversant with the music.

September 11.

The oratorio of to-day was *Elijah*, which has taken a place so near to *The Messiah* that for the most part, during a long series of years, no festival programme has been considered wholly complete without it.

The performance, for the most part under the direction of Mr. Done, was one of the best that has ever been heard at any of the meetings of the Three Choirs. When it is stated that the whole of the music which Mendelssohn has put into the lips of the Prophet was allotted to Mr. Santley, it will be at once understood that the grand central figure in this sacred musico-Biblical drama (for drama it undoubtedly is, just as much as many of the oratorios of Handel) was powerfully represented. Since Staudigl, the original, no artist has declaimed the recitatives or sung the airs belonging to this arduous character so admirably as Mr. Santley. Some Elijahs (as, for instance, Herr Formes, the late Mr. Weiss, and Herr Stockhausen) have distinguished themselves in the delivery of the recitatives, others (like Signor Belletti) in the more florid parts, but our English baritone combines both requisites, and it is hard to decide which he renders best, the slow airs, "Lord God of Abraham" and "It is enough," or the furious denunciation, "Is not His word like a fire?" which calls for a sustained rapidity of utterance by no means easy to acquire. The soprano music in the first part was divided between Misses Anna Williams and Mary Davies, the largest share of it in the second devolving upon M^{me}. Albani, who, in the pathetic admonition, "Hear ye Israel," with its emphatic sequel, "Be not afraid"—the

first impressed with genuine feeling, the last noticeable for the enthusiasm which the accomplished songstress threw into her task—created, not for the first time, a profound impression. Miss Anna Williams did herself high credit, both in the duet (with chorus), "Bow down Thine ear to our prayer," in which she was associated with Miss Bertha Griffiths, the very promising young contralto of whom we spoke yesterday, and in the beautiful duet, "What have I to do with thee, O man of God?" which Mendelssohn found so much difficulty to shape so as to satisfy his exacting self-criticism. Here her partner was Mr. Santley. The more important music appertaining to the contralto voice was assigned to our reigning queen of contraltos, M^{me}. Patey, who gave to the grand scene with Jezebel and the people—the climax of which is that superb after-thought, the chorus, "Woe to him, he shall perish"—all the requisite force and vigor, while imparting to the peaceful and melodious homily, "O rest in the Lord," the true devotional expression upon which its persuasiveness mainly depends. Nevertheless, an opportunity of winning distinction was vouchsafed also to Miss Bertha Griffiths, in the plaintive apostrophe of the Israelitish woman; and of this she took fair advantage, justifying the hopes entertained of her. The fresh young voice of Miss Mary Davies, too, was favorably heard in the scene where Elijah sends forth the boy, repeatedly, to look for signs of coming rain—the prologue, as all musical readers know, to the chorus, "Thanks be to God," which brings the first part of the oratorio magnificently to an end.

The tenor music was divided between Mr. Guy and Mr. Edward Lloyd. Mr. Guy gave with excellent taste the admonition of the Prophet Obadiah, "If with all your hearts ye truly seek Me;" Mr. Lloyd creating a more than ordinary sensation in "Then shall the righteous shine forth," the consolatory announcement to true believers of the joy and eternal happiness that await them. Never, perhaps, has the popular tenor been happier in his delivery of this, in its way, incomparable song.

Nearly all the concerted music in which the artists enumerated variously took part, including Mr. Wadmore, a thoroughly capable musician, was well and effectively rendered. The quartet, "Cast thy burden upon the Lord," and the unaccompanied trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," the former allotted to Miss Anna Williams, M^{me}. Patey, Mr. Guy, and Mr. Wadmore, the latter to M^{me}. Albani, Miss Mary Davies, and M^{me}. Patey—each a gem in its way—were cases in point. These, like the solo air, "O rest in the Lord," had the old custom remained when the bishop or any other dignitary in his place had but to make a sign which was equivalent to a command, would surely have been repeated. So, in fact, would certain of the choruses, but happily no such *ex officio* authority is enforced in these days of innovation and reform. Thus *Elijah* was heard from one end to the other without interruption, the only way that enables us to appreciate it properly. The choral singing was in several instances far above the average of Festival performances. Here Mendelssohn is as strong—stronger, indeed, if that were possible—than in his airs, duets, trios, and quartets, which give such charming variety to his oratorio. Nothing could have been much better than the choruses of the Baalite priests, "Thanks be to God," "Woe to him," etc., on the one hand; or than those more tuneful and placid choruses, "Blessed are the men that fear Him," "He watching over Israel," and "He that shall endure to the end shall be saved," on the other. Not less to be commended was "Holy, holy, holy is God the Lord," a "sanctus" which in simple grandeur has never been surpassed. The orchestra was almost irreproachable from the overture to the conclusion; and, in short, the performance altogether left very little to desire. The first evening concert brought a very large audience to the College Hall. The programme included Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*; the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, splendidly played by M. Sainton; Mozart's Symphony in G minor, and the miscellaneous selections, in which M^{me}. Patey, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Edward Lloyd, and other leading singers took part.

September 12.

Dr. Philip Armes, organist of Durham Cathedral, a young musician, from whom much is to be expected, was lucky in finding a place for his sacred cantata, or "short" oratorio, *Hesekiah*, in the programme of the Worcester Festival, and still more lucky in obtaining so satisfactory a performance as

that given, under his personal direction, this day at the Cathedral. The late Mr. Pierson and our admirable song composer, Mr. J. L. Hatton, had each written an oratorio to texts derived from the same source, the first of which was produced at the Norwich Festival of 1869, the last in 1877, at the wisely-managed Sydenham concerts in the Crystal Palace, where so much that is new and tentative, as well as so much that is old and religiously venerated, may be heard. Thus Dr. Armes is the third English musician of our time who has chosen a part of the reign of the good king Hezekiah for his theme. The words, from Isaiah, are in a great measure a recapitulation of what is to be found in the Second Book of Kings. The Durham organist, who, we believe, is answerable for the selection of these sentences, which, though used more or less at random, are chiefly indebted to chapters 26, 27, and 28 of the book of the great prophet, unlike Mr. Pierson and Mr. Hatton, has made no attempt to arrange his materials in what is conventionally termed, even when oratorios are referred to, a "dramatic" shape. On the contrary, he is content with the simple narrative, appropriate illustrations, and comments on the events occurring from the invasion of the Assyrian monarch, Sennacherib, to the deliverance of Judah, Hezekiah's devout prayer and the prolongation of his life for fifteen years, by the mercy of the Almighty, whose wrath was excited because the King of Judah had despoiled Jehovah's temple of its treasures and ornaments, in order to pacify Sennacherib and be quit of that ruthless and powerful foe. That anything in the dramatic style could be made out of this is improbable, and the reticence of Dr. Armes was not only modest but prudent. Another word about his book, or rather compilation of texts, would be superfluous. In his music the young composer exhibits a like discretion, neither aiming too high, nor descending too low. It is, in fact, of level merit throughout, here and there displaying certain evidences of power, and here and there a command of contrapuntal devices which, never to be acquired without diligent and unremitting study, is a proof that he who has succeeded in acquiring it, to a more or less extent, reverences the art in which he aspires to excel, disdaining the example of too many, who, looking at it as a mere plaything, either degrade it by trivialities, or, worse still, disregarding the foundation upon which all must be built, vainly attempt soaring upwards with untutored wings, forgetful that that "scorner of the ground," Shelley's Skylark, a born singer, having nothing to learn beyond what Heaven had given, could—

"In profuse strains of unpremeditated art"—

improvise tune not the less enchanting because to our human understanding formless. Dr. Armes does not belong to this class of ambitious enthusiasts, who (to drop the metaphor of wings) would fain run before they have learnt to walk. He is, beyond doubt, an earnest, assiduous student, resolved to do the very best with such aptitude as he owes to nature. This is clearly pronounced throughout his oratorio, which, if revealing nowhere any absolute signs of originality, is marked by not a few passages that at once strike by their vigor and interest by their genuine and unobtrusive expression.

As we have suggested, he was fortunate in obtaining a performance calculated in every respect to give due significance to his work. Orchestra, chorus, and leading singers—Miss Anna Williams, Mdme. Patey, Messrs. E. Lloyd and Wadmore—did their utmost for the music of the English composer, to whose grateful acknowledgments they are well entitled. This day's performance included Mendelssohn's exquisite setting of the 55th Psalm, with Mdme. Albani's no less exquisite interpretation of the solo part, and finished up with Spohr's *Last Judgment*.

September 13.

That this most brilliant and successful meeting came to an end with *The Messiah*, the only work of the kind to which Handel himself applied the denomination of "Sacred Oratorio," will be taken for granted.—*London Times*.

Music in Leipzig.

[Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.]

LEIPZIG, Sept. 9th, 1878.—During the Summer, as mild, though wet, here, as unusually dry and severe in America, your correspondent was rusticated in a retired corner of Saxony, away from music and musicians, fondly

recalling the many pleasant and interesting incidents of last Winter's sojourn in Leipzig. Since his return, glaring announcements have been posted all over the city, telling an astonished people that the present Fall will witness the continuation of Richard Wagner's Trilogy, *The Nibelung's Ring*, in the performances of *Siegfried* and *Gotterdammerung*, which were preceded, as may not be forgotten, by *Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* last Spring. The undersigned must confess, with all meekness and due respect for the distinguished poet, that he contemplates the coming performance with a feeling akin to horror. To sit in a closely packed theatre from 5 to 1 o'clock, listening to what is certainly not a drama, nor an opera, endeavoring or pretending to be both and is neither, cannot be called a pleasure; inasmuch, however, as "*Gotterdammerung*" for instance, will show what patience and energy may accomplish, especially on the part of vocalists and instrumentalists, as well as prove to what extent an author may go without being indignantly repulsed as an arrogant charlatan, it may readily be accepted as worth hearing and seeing; but are not those to be pitied who, for these reasons, and in order to have an own opinion of these much-spoken-of *tone-dramas* (tone-executions, in one sense, would be more pertinent), must submit to all the torture and agony inseparably linked with the gaining of this questionable satisfaction? Only a raving Wagnerite, or one blunted to all that is beautiful in art, accessible only by the hugely abnormal, will differ from the fore going.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist in regard to the plays themselves, all must agree that Marie Wilt, Unger and Schelper, as "*Brunnhilde*," "*Siegfried*," and "*Der Wanderer*," will be grand interpreters and representers of their respective parts. The orchestra, also, second to none in the world, and conducted by Sucher, a devoted disciple of Wagner, is sure to take care of its part even to the satisfaction of the most exacting. There is every reason to believe that the performances here will, in many respects, at least, equal those of Bayreuth, which were given, it will be remembered, under the most favored circumstances possible, and leave in the shade completely those of Munich and other cities. Rehearsals have been going on for some time, whose severity cannot be mistaken from the fact that all operatic representations have been suspended for the time being. In due time I will refer to the results and success of the performances.

With longing pleasure the Gewandhaus Concerts, beginning in October, will be looked for by all true lovers of music. Capellmeister Reinecke, with browned features and in excellent health, has just returned from the Tyrol. From him the subscriber has learned that Mr. S. B. Mills, the New York pianist, will be the soloist of the first concert, and it is to be hoped, with a success commensurate with his great abilities; but audiences are fickle, often spoiled, and not seldom ill-humored; hence, applause is not the safest standard by which to measure an artist's merits or demerits. Luckily Mr. Mills has a too substantial reputation to be easily shattered and he comes more favoring than to be favored. Mills is probably the first American representative of music who will have presented himself as an artist before a Gewandhaus audience; therefore, if from no other, at least from a patriotic point of view, I wish him the fullest measure of success.

Leipzig, at present, harbors two other prominent American artists, Perabo and Dresel, both from Boston. Mr. Richard Zeckwer, of your city, was here for a few days during July. His pressing duties at home, in connection with the Musical Academy, unfortunately prevented him from delaying his departure until the opening of the musical season.

The Enterpe Institution has not yet made any announcement of its usual concerts. It would be a matter of deep regret if they should have to be missed; but there is such a thing as making a virtue of necessity, and such a necessity might just possibly make itself felt this year more than ever before. Purely as a matter of, perhaps, general interest, and in contradiction of certain rumors concerning Gilmore's Band, it may be stated that it gave three Garden Concerts in this city in July, before audiences numbering upwards of two thousand.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC. A correspondent of the *Chicago Tribune* (Sept. 26) writes:—

By the time this reaches you Theodore Thomas will have concluded his musical labors in the metropolis, and be free to enter upon his five years engagement in the West. He has rented his house, consigned his furniture to the shippers, and has labeled his goods and himself to Cincinnati. The talk about raising ten thousand a year or so to keep him here proved to be, like several former grand schemes for a Thomas music-hall and endowment fund, all talk. The Brooklyn Philharmonic Society seems to have taken the only actual step in testing the willingness of the Cincinnati directors to allow Mr. Thomas to come East every winter to conduct the Philharmonic concerts. The willingness was not manifest enough to encourage the inquirers, and new talent will probably at once be sought. The New York Philharmonic Society is in a ferment of excitement over the recent election. It had been predicted with

confidence that Dr. Damrosch, whose popular concert venture last season was very attractive, if not very remunerative, would be chosen to succeed Mr. Thomas as Philharmonic conductor. It turned out, however, that there was a strong opposition to Dr. Damrosch. His ability as a musician was not questioned, but his qualifications for leadership were not equally admitted. It was urged that he had tried his hand at conducting the Philharmonic, and without the success desired by the society and attained by Mr. Thomas in a single season. Mr. Adolf Neuendorff, who had gained reputation as a skillful conductor, was put forward by the opposition, and elected by a clean majority, much to the confusion of Dr. Damrosch's adherents. Since this quiet stroke, discontent and dissatisfaction have been brewing, and it is rumored that a break in the membership of the society will result. This would be more deplorable than the loss of Mr. Thomas. With the Philharmonic society strong and harmonious, New York is certain of good music, independent of the coming or going of any individual. Without this society there is no assurance beyond the field of opera.

CHICAGO.—The second concert given at the Tabernacle last evening by the Kellogg-Cary Troupe, if that is the name of it, was, in every essential respect, a duplicate of the first. The audience was about the same in numbers. The programme was of the same popular and miscellaneous character. The main point of difference was in the encore business. At the first concert the audience got ten encores out of sixteen numbers. Last night the crowd, reinforced by some enthusiastic rural visitors from Michigan, put in a little sharper work, and got eleven encores out of sixteen numbers.

Miss Kellogg and Miss Cary were the central figures of the entertainment, but, judged by the encores, Levy was the lion of the evening, and blew himself further into the good graces of the audience than the two singers could carry themselves with the voice. They took a single encore for each number, but Levy carried off one for his first number and three for his second, in the course of which he succeeded in getting through with English and Scotch ballads, the "*Sweet Bye-and-Bye*," "*Robin Adair*," "*Yankee Doodle*," the grand aria from "*Robert*," and several variations. Miss Kellogg substituted the "*Fors e lui*," from "*Traviata*," for Eckert's "*Swiss Song*," and for her encore sang "*The Old Folks at Home*," upon the basis of the color-line in music which Nilsson established. For her second number, she sang a very captivating Gypsy song from the new opera of "*Carmen*," which she has been studying this summer with a view to its performance this season. It is a dainty little jingle, full of bright color, and very characteristic in rhythm, and she sang it delightfully, receiving, of course, the inevitable encore, to which she replied with a ballad which shall be nameless, but is full of very excellent advice to those whose fancies lightly turn to love. Miss Cary was very warmly received, and sang for her programme numbers the "*Tempo passato*," a romanza of Gordiniani, and Pease's ballad, "*Just as of Old*," and for her encores, Claribel's "*We'd better bide a wee*," and "*The Lowland Lassie*." The other artists, Rosnati, Conly, Ljelling, and Mme. Maretsk, lent very efficient assistance in filling out the programme, and were handsomely rewarded by the audience.—*Chicago Tribune*, Oct. 2.

MR. JOSEPH BIRD, whose death at the age of sixty-nine years occurred in Watertown on Monday, was a teacher of music well known in Boston and its suburbs for the last forty-five years. Self-taught in the elements of the art while engaged at the blacksmith's forge, he early left his trade to teach others, forming classes in churches and halls in nearly all the towns within a radius of twenty miles of his home. Probably no man not in public life was better known than he, and thousands will gratefully acknowledge him as the first to awaken in them an interest in singing as a pastime. Of commanding presence, genial manners, full of anecdotes illustrative of his teachings, his presence with his deep bass voice was always welcome in the villages where his schools were formed. As an organizer of church choirs his services were in great demand for more than a quarter of a century, during which time he was a prominent member of the Handel and Haydn Society. He was the first official teacher of music in the schools of Cambridge and several of the surrounding towns, and was the pioneer in many reforms effected in the government of his native place. Public-spirited in the highest degree, he gratuitously devoted the last years of his useful life to improving the facilities for extinguishing fires, advocating and illustrating the importance of attacking fires in their incipency with single hand apparatus. Though ridiculed by the firemen of the day as he approached a burning barn or dwelling with his simple bucket and hand pump, his success in a good average of instances in demonstrating the practicability of his theory has led to the general introduction of apparatus since variedly improved for the safety of the stores, dwellings, and shipping of this and other countries. His persistency in pursuing this idea was characteristic of the man in his other undertakings, and his pointed writings upon the subject, in press and pamphlet, showed a practical knowledge that carried conviction with it. He lived to see his pet scheme carried to a successful issue, though without pecuniary profit to himself. Mr. Bird leaves a widow and a large family of adult children to mourn the loss of a generous and large-hearted husband and father.—*Transcript*, Oct. 2.

THE CAMBRIDGE ART CIRCLE. In the hope of combining entertainment with instruction, says the *Literary World*, this club was formed about two years ago. It is divided into the Musical, the Historic, the Literary, and the Art Departments, the latter including Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture. A committee of four, two ladies and two gentlemen, have charge of each division. The chairman or chief of each committee, and the president of the Circle constitute the executive committee, to whom is intrusted the power to receive new members and to arrange most of the business matters. The entertainments are given by the four departments in turn, the meetings of the club being held once a fortnight at the residence of some member. The Circle numbers about one hundred, and is particularly rich in musical and artistic talent. The Art committee has followed from the first a definite plan, presenting by essays, conversations, and illustration, a history of the fine arts from the earliest times. For instance, the programme of one evening was a paper on Egyptian temples, another upon Egyptian painting, followed by an informal talk about the sculpture of the time, illustrated by stereoscopic views. We have now reached the history of medieval art, and find our interest increasing as we progress. The Historic committee have pursued a similar course, having considered the Greek, Roman, and German drama. One of their recent choice programmes was devoted to Goethe and Schiller. Reminiscences of Weimar, given by one who had lingered there with reverent step, were followed by a biographical sketch of each author, and admirably read selections from Faust and Wallenstein. The Musical entertainments have followed no particular plan, but have always been of a high order. Sometimes a first-class concert of vocal and instrumental music; occasionally an evening with one author, an essay upon his life, illustrated by some of his most famous compositions. One holiday meeting was given to Handel's *Messiah*, the leading choruses being rendered by a double quartet of fine voices, and the solos given by members of the Handel and Haydn Society, whom we are so fortunate as to count among our members. The Literary committee has not heretofore kept to any chronological order in the authors it has considered, but has usually given us a pleasant surprise.

A. L. H.

AUGUST WILHELMJ. The great violinist's debut in New York, on Thursday evening, September 26, seems to have been only moderately well attended.

The *Times* gives the following description of the artist and his playing: "The violinist is, perhaps, somewhat over six feet in height, well-built and has a head which recalls somewhat that of Beethoven. The pose is of the easiest and most natural kind. The body hardly sways at all. When the violin calls for some coup d'archet of extraordinary vigor, it is the artist's head and arm which move alone. Endowed with a singularly powerful physique, Herr Wilhelmj is enabled to draw from his instrument its utmost vibratory power. The volume of sonority pours out in amplest measure. There are no strident sounds, no sacrifice of delicacy. Complicated movements, where the fingering must be perfectly just, are never impaired by a false vigor, but are given with crisp accuracy. Apart from mechanical excellence, that mere *maestria de l'archet*, Wilhelmj's musical art is pervaded with a broad and noble feeling. Those exceeding difficulties which are known to exist in the Paganini concerto seemed to play themselves, so little perceptible were they. It was in the paraphrase of the *Prelied of Wagner* that *ampleur* and noble sentiment were most distinguishable. It was masculine art in its grandest conception which took this theme and, without false ornament or a single trick, brought it superbly through to its conclusion. Applause here was given without stint, for the best musical interpretation we have ever had of Wagner was now heard for the first time. Ernst's better known "Airs Hongrois," replete with quaint melody, though bristling at times with difficulties, allowed the artist to give that true sad and pensive style which distinguishes these touching melodies. What can we say of the tone Herr Wilhelmj produces from his violin? His is not a school of violence. The vibrations are so true, must be so acoustically correct, that their purity alone gives them their perfect intensity. The bow movement, the returning of the *arco* on the strings, is imperceptible. The great distinguishing trait of this master is the truthful, unexaggerated sentiment which he possesses."

The *Tribune* critic is rapturous in his comments: "No such scene as that of last night has been witnessed in Steinway Hall since Rubinstein stormed the town, six years ago. Even that memorable triumph has been surpassed by the overwhelming success of Wilhelmj. The great violinist has captured us all. He has dazzled us by his brilliant and perfect technique; he has excited us by his fiery spirit; he has awed us by an indescribably serene sense of force, and he has seized upon our sympathies. . . . When he stands before us, tall shapely, nobly poised, with a magnificent head, a fresh, open, handsome, winning face, a clear blue eye, a genial smile, a manner that is majestic from its very simplicity, we cannot help thinking of a beautiful and lovely giant." (1)

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, OCT. 12, 1878.

How Chorus Parts ought to be Printed.

Every person who has ever taken part in, or been present at, the rehearsals of an Oratorio or of any formidable choral composition—at all events every earnest and hard-working musical conductor, knows too well the numerous drawbacks and annoyances that always waste a very solid portion of the few and precious hours in which it is possible to bring together several hundred singers for such practice. The continual stoppings to correct an error, whether in the singers or in the copy that they sing from; the losing the place, and the long time it takes for all to find it; above all, the difficulty which the conductor has of making his singers understand at just what measure and what note he wishes them each time to recommence; the wandering away of those in rank and file while others are drummed back; the time wasted also in correcting a false accent or expression, made through ignorance, but which might just as well have been avoided by some clear indication in the notes,—these, and fifty other little petty plagues eat up the time which ought to be kept whole for real practice and for solid movement of the whole mass onward.

And it seems not a little strange that, after such long and uniform experience of these hindrances, some simple method has not been devised, some system of little signs and warnings on the printed part in every singer's hand, whereby he may never fail to understand, in every single measure, the precise relation he sustains to the whole choir. Any group of experienced conductors, who should talk the matter over, would at once agree upon the points requiring to be met; they would all have the same experience to report; how easy then to settle on some method for, so to speak, the stoppage of these leaks!

Now this has been done, at least in one instance, nearly twenty years ago; but we do not learn that the example has been generally followed. In April 1859, Bach's famous Mass in B minor was performed in the Thomas Church, at Leipzig, by the choral society called the "Riedelsche Verein." CARL RIEDEL, from whom the society takes its name, having painfully noted in his experience with his choir the difficulties referred to, went to the trouble of carefully arranging and getting printed the voice parts of the Mass, in such a way that, while the exact score as Bach left it was clearly distinguishable, each page was full of useful signs and expression marks of his own invention, embodying the results not merely of his own, but of every intelligent conductor's experience in the bringing out of such music by means of a great choir. The principal points are these:

1. *Every bar (measure) of the piece is numbered.* This saves at least one quarter of the time given to rehearsal, which otherwise would be lost in blind efforts to find the place, whenever a repetition from a certain point is ordered. Without this, however ready the rest may be in finding the place, one or two slow ones may keep the whole choir waiting.

2. The insertion of *leading notes* (or *cues*, theatrically speaking); i. e., before each new entrance of a part, the last note or two of the other parts, which lead into it, are noted down in small characters, so as to obviate the difficulty of hitting the absolute pitch of a starting note. To be sure, one may learn his part all through mechanically; but that costs time and does not at all improve his faculty of reading.

3. *Short marks or strokes over certain notes*, to warn the singers of their peculiar difficulty of intonation, and that they are to be taken with the sharpest accuracy.

4. *Phrase marks*, showing how the words are to be grouped and separated, independently of mere punctuation. A point over the last note of each phrase indicates that it is to be lightly dropped, to allow of taking breath for the next phrase and of attacking the next note in season. Every director knows what unity and clearness this imparts to chorus singing.

5. *Points over notes*, indicating a light and clear enunciation of the syllables, and not any staccato effect.

6. *Accents.* The usual bar lines merely show the singer the relation of the notes to one another. But were he to regulate his accent solely by the strong and weak parts of the measure, he would achieve, especially in polyphonic composition, a very stiff and unartistic result. (The chorus parts of the 16th and 17th centuries contain no bars.) The accent depends: 1) on the weight of the notes; 2) on their position relatively to surrounding notes; 3) on their harmonic importance; 4) on the natural accent of the syllables. The marks relate to all these points. For instance, it is a well-known rule that dissonances must be accented. Accordingly, when a prolonged note forms a dissonance with an entering note, the former (to be held and accented) is marked with a swell, thus — and, at the point of the dissonance, with the additional little accent, thus $>$ or V .—These signs do not aim at "effects of execution," but only to secure the purity of choral singing.

7. Marks relative to the clear coming in of the themes, etc., etc.

8. *Strengthening of one part by voices borrowed from another.* A most useful device. Suppose the second sopranos have to enter, on a low pitch, while all the other voices are in full blast; you bring to their support a portion of the altos. (Bach meant the part for boys, whose voices are stronger on the low notes). The director, of course, must judge of the applicability of this means, according to the materials of his choir.

9. Finally, some remarks, (applicable to all singing of Masses, "Stabat Mater," "Lauda Sion," etc.,) about the Latin and German (or English) text. Herr Riedel's remarks are worth quoting on this head. He says: "Unquestionably the Latin is more easy to enunciate with accuracy; it also has more sensuous euphony, although the German [English] has many words superior in sonorous beauty to their Latin equivalents. For singers and hearers, who can understand and feel the Latin, this language is altogether to be preferred. But such singers and hearers form by far the smallest number. To most of them the Latin is a dead language, and with them it would be a matter of indifference if for the Mass text were substituted other Latin words, equally manageable, but not in the least suited to the spirit of the music. A translation on the programme helps but little, however close to the original, since single words and phrases still remain unclear, and the music rushes by before their sense is caught. But the German [English] word tells upon Germans [Americans] immediately and quickens the right feeling, so that the singer can sing with understanding and sympathetically, and the hearer follow undisturbed the course of the music. But if our singers, who have no knowledge of the Latin, do prefer this tongue in singing, the reason lies, first in the greater convenience of enunciation, and then in the prevailing thoughtlessness which too many bring to their singing. To them choral singing can be nothing more than vocalized instrumental music."

We have thus given most of the substance of Herr Riedel's preface to his edition of the chorus parts of Bach's Mass. He ends with expressing the hope that these hints may help to the study of that difficult, but noble work. And why, we may ask, shall they not do the same service in regard to the "Messiah," the "Israel in Egypt," the "Elijah," Mozart's "Requiem," etc.? Why will not our conductors agitate the matter, and make or cause to be made, with utmost care, by competent authorities, similar part-copies of the works practiced in our various societies? And why should not some of our leading music publishers find their account in issuing the voice parts of several oratorios, etc., on this plan?

HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The subscription list for Eight Concerts is lengthening apace, while the time is growing short. By the middle of next week the lists, which may now be found at the Music Hall, at Ditson's, Pruffer's, Little and Brew's, Chickering's, and other book and music stores, will be closed, and it will then appear whether the public has expressed a sufficient demand to enable the Association's Committee to announce the concerts. Persons who are looking forward to the pleasure of hearing some good Symphonies, and other works both old and new, must consider that it depends upon their own prompt action (within less than one little week) whether the concerts can be given.

MEANWHILE a rival enterprise is also open to subscriptions—not as usual Theodore Thomas, but a sort of Thomas' shadow—the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra, conducted by Herr Dietrich. Mr. Gosche, always heretofore the business agent of Mr. Thomas, is to bring them here for five concerts if the subscription warrant. We shall be glad to see such a revival of interest in, or rather zeal for good orchestral music, as shall not only provide for what ought always to come first in order,—the keeping alive of our own local orchestra,—but also overflow for the encouragement of visiting artists from whatever quarter.

OPERA. Manager Mapleson's troupe arrived a fortnight ago in New York, bringing a goodly company of artists, including the prime donne, both soprano and contralto: Gerster, Sinco, Lido, Robiati, Lablanche, Pisani, and last, but not least, the American girl, Minnie Hauck; the tenors, Campanini, Tecchi, Brignardi, Balli and Frapolli; the baritones, Del Puente, Francheschi and Galassi; bassi, Thierry, Pyatt and Foll; besides the well-known conductor Arditi, and a large chorus. The manager has issued the following announcement:

"The first performance will be given on Wednesday evening, October 16th, on which occasion will be performed Bellini's opera, 'La Sonnambula,' with the following cast:

Elvino.....Signor Campanini
Il Conte Rodolfo.....Signor Foll
Lisa.....Mlle. Robiati
and
Amina.....Mme. Etelka Gerster

"Mr. Mapleson's repertoire selected for the American season embraces the following operas:

"Carmen," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Don Juan," with.....Combined company
"Don Pasquale," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Faust," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck or Mme. Gerster
"Fidelio," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Fille du Regiment," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Flauto Magico," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Freischütz," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Huguenots," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Lohengrin," with.....Mme. Gerster or Mlle. Hauck
"Lucia," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Nozze di Figaro," with.....Combined company
"Rigoletto," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Robert le Diable," with.....Mlle. Minnie Hauck
"Sonnambula," with.....Mme. Etelka Gerster
"Talisman,".....Mme. Etelka Gerster
Ballet.....Papillon and others."

"Amongst the productions of young composers we hold the best to be a string quartet by Mr. GEORGE CHADWICK, from Boston, of which two movements, allegro and adagio only, were given. In style, form, and contents it contains the best work produced by the pupils of the establishment during the present year."

We clip the above from an account of the annual examination concerts (in June last) at the Leipzig Conservatory, contained in the correspondence of the *London Musical Record*.

Musical Festival at Worcester, Massachusetts.

(From an Occasional Correspondent.)

The equinoctial gale of the political conventions has been followed in Worcester by the fresh autumn days of a musical festival. The Heart of the Commonwealth, as our friends are fond of calling their fine city, has had time to beat under gentler emotions than those of party strife. The air of the music-hall is sweetened again, and the notes offered there have been better tender than green-backs.

This annual festival at Worcester seems to be the best specimen of one of our popular institutions, the "musical convention." This institution is a thing quite by itself, differing entirely from the choir-gatherings which occur in the English cathedral-towns, and not less from such occasions as our own Handel and Haydn triennials, which receive months of preparation. One needs little musical experience to see at a glance both the capabilities and the short-comings of the system.

The short-comings, to take the ungracious side of the subject first, arise from the very differences, just alluded to, between this and other great choral assemblies. A New England "convention" does not bring together several organized choirs, which have had constant practice by themselves, nor does it have opportunity for special preparation. The whole thing has an impromptu air. A great number of singers assemble, of various degrees of proficiency, not subjected to careful examination, nor, we suspect, provided with competent vouchers; but only willing to do what they can, and to pay a small fee for the privilege. They have a few hurried rehearsals, and the performance comes off. The wonder is that they can do so much and so well.

The capabilities of the system are equally manifest. A great musical interest, even enthusiasm, is excited in a whole county. The singers carry away a desire to study at home the sort of music which they have to sing once a year at the festival. It must follow that each town and village will soon have its local club; and then by very simple organization the convention will be what it should be, a gathering, not of individuals, but of practised choirs.

A very great advantage, at present perhaps the greatest, which these occasions offer, is the opportunity to hear singers and players of acknowledged excellence. The Worcester festivals appear to be financially successful. Money enough comes in from far and wide to warrant hiring many of the best artists in the country. No musical centre would need to be ashamed of the collection of talent which has been domiciled in Worcester during the festival week.

We heard only the last four performances of the week; the *Allegro and Pensieroso*, two miscellaneous concerts, and the *Elijah*. Handel's lovely cantata has been too seldom heard in America, and of late in England. I think that the performance a few years ago, under Dresel's lead, for the benefit of Robert Franz, was the only one that Boston has had; and when the work was given in 1872, at the English Worcester festival, the *London Orchestra* lamented that "to many of the audience the music was absolutely new, and very few opportunities occur of hearing it well done." This, by the way, "is true, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true," of most of Handel's shorter works. It was a happy thought of the Worcester Association to give this cantata, and withal a brave one, for the work was sure to fall a little heavily, as it did, on a considerable part of the audience. The capacity to recognize a classic, whether in art or literature, is for the most an acquired one. It implies cultivation. Those are the best teachers who give their pupils the best chances to acquire it; and the Worcester Association, in this and other instances, is doing a good work in the education of its audiences. The performance was very interesting. Mrs. Dexter, the

only soprano, (there should, in fairness to both singer and music, have been two), sang her music admirably. It is a great pleasure to hear one sing Handel so *con amore*. Mr. Fritsch struggled manfully under a severe cold. Miss Welsh sang excellently, as she always does; but her time was not quite steady; or rather it did not always move with the stately sweep of "gorgeous tragedy." The chorus did as full justice to their numbers as was possible considering their short time for rehearsal. The accompaniment seemed unsatisfactory, and this notwithstanding the careful and artistic performance of the several players. The combination of string quintet, piano and organ produced a monotonous and tiresome effect, sounding like a mere unsuccessful attempt at orchestral color. For such work, if a full orchestra is not attainable, a four-hand piano arrangement, giving the musical form, without attempt at color, is the best resource. The leading was dull. Mr. Allen, admirable musician that he is, is surely not at his best with a bâton in his hand; and Handel's *L'Allegro* requires the best powers of the most experienced conductor.

On Thursday evening there was a variety concert. The chorus sang an anthem of Gounod and one of Dr. Elvey, both excellently. The Quintette Club played in good style a string-sestet by Fuchs and Mendelssohn's quartet in E flat. Mrs. Osgood, Miss Cary, Mr. Adams and Signor Tagliapietra all had songs to sing, and all received the inevitable encore, which they all deserved. Mrs. Osgood's voice is certainly lovely, and Miss Cary, as the *Journal* once said, "is always at her best." Perhaps the most interesting number was one of three charming little songs written for Charles Adams by Otto Dessoff, a capellmeister at Vienna, and charmingly sung. There was, besides, the quintet from Verdi's "Ballo in Maschera," which was turned unexpectedly and funnily into a trio by two of the gentlemen not being able, apparently, to find their place during the whole piece.

On Friday morning the orchestra had arrived, and there was a rehearsal of *Elijah*, and in the afternoon a symphony-concert. The instrumental pieces were Schubert's "Rosamunde" overture, Haydn's Symphony in G, and Beethoven's piano concerto in B flat. The latter was played by Miss Amy Fay in a very musician-like and satisfactory manner. The chorus were by turns "sacred" with Gounod and patriotic with Wagner. Mrs. Barry sang one of Gounod's songs delightfully. Charles Adams was quite splendid in the aria from *Oberon*, and Mrs. Dexter gave us another bit of Handel,—"Let the bright Seraphim."

Friday evening was the oratorio night, and the oratorio was *Elijah*. The chorus knew their music, the orchestra played finely, and all the solo parts were admirably filled. One rarely hears the concerted music done so well, or the whole work done better. The only trouble was that Mr. Stoddard sang *Elijah* as he might have played Spartacus or Metamora. He was nothing if not bolsheroous.

And so ended a most pleasant and profitable week, both for our Worcester friends and for all their visitors. The Musical Association seems firmly established, morally and materially, and evidently has within itself the germ of much good work to come.

So far our Correspondent. For an account of the first half of the Festival we must draw from the handsomely printed pamphlet programme, and from newspaper correspondence. Suffice it to say:

The twenty-first Annual Festival of the Worcester County Musical Association, held in Mechanics Hall, during five days (Sept. 22-27) was a great success. Every ticket had been sold some days before the opening. The first concert (Monday

afternoon) had the following miscellaneous programme:

- Overture to William Tell (transcribed for the organ by Dudley Buck).....Rossini
Mr. Howe.
Quartet—King Witla's Drinking Horn.....Hatton
Schubert Quartette.
Song—Heaven hath shed a tear.....Kücken
Miss McQuesten.
Song—Oh! hear the wild wind blow.....Mattel
Mr. Harlow.
Song—The Mexican Nightingale.....Giorga
Mrs. Kimball.
Quartet—Forsaken.....From the Carinthian.
Schubert Quartette.
Variations for two pianos, upon a theme of
Beethoven, Op. 35.....Saint-Saëns
Messrs. Sumner and Allen.
Song—My own, my guiding Star.....Macfarren
Mr. Warr.
Songs of the Pyrenees—(a) A stala manna;
(b) Teresita Mia; (c) Bolero.....From the Spanish
Miss McQuesten.
Quartet—(a) In absence.....Buck
(b) The Chaffer and the Flower.....Veit
Schubert Quartette.

The Second Concert, (Tuesday Afternoon), also miscellaneous, presented the following artists: Miss Laura Schirmer, Mrs. O. T. Kimball, Dr. W. J. Clarke, Mr. S. B. Whitney, *Organist*; Mr. C. N. Allen, *Violinist*; Mr. Wulf Fries, *Cellist*; and Mr. Henshaw Dana, *Pianist*. This was the programme:

- Organ Solos—(a) Prelude.....Gounod
(b) Finale.....Lemmens
Mr. Whitney.
Cavatina—Regnava nel silenzio—(Lucia).....Donizetti
Miss Schirmer.
Violin Solos—(a) Air on Fourth String,
Bach-Wilhelmy
(b) Polish Dance.....Wienlawski
Mr. Allen.
Song—The soft Southern Breeze.....Barnby
Dr. W. J. Clarke.
Piano Solo—Scherzo in C sharp minor.....Chopin
Mr. Dana.
Song—(a) Marguerite,
(b) A bird was singing clear, one day, } Dana
Miss Schirmer.
Violoncello Solo—Sonata from the Alps.....Lee
Wulf Fries.
Duet—L'Aveu.....Millet
Mrs. Kimball, and Dr. Clarke.
Trio for Piano, Violin and Violoncello.....
S. B. Whitney
(Two movements.)
Messrs. Dana, Allen and Fries.

On Wednesday there were two concerts. That in the afternoon was wholly vocal, with the exception of an organ duet. The singers were Miss Fanny Kellogg, *Soprano*; Miss Ita Welsh, *Contralto*; Mr. Walter Kennedy, *Tenor*; Mr. B. T. Hammond, *Bass*, and the Temple Club, of Boston, (Messrs. Fitz. Fessenden, Cook and Ryder).

- Vocal March—"Hurrah for the field,".....Schmoelzer
Temple Quartette.
Scene and aria—"Ah, perdidio!".....Beethoven
Miss Kellogg.
Song—"Nancy Lee".....Adams
Mr. Hammond.
Aria—"He was despised,".....Handel
Miss Welsh.
Organ duet—Andante from the Surprise Sym-
phony.....Haydn
Messrs. Allen and Sumner.
Aria—"As when the dove," from "Acis and
Galatea".....Handel
Miss Kellogg.
Recitative and aria.....Dana
Mr. Kennedy.
Song—"She wandered down the mountain side,"
Clay
Miss Welsh.
Quintet—"Whence comest thou?".....Aht
Miss Kellogg and Temple Quartette.

The *Advertiser's* correspondent writes:

The Boston Temple Quartette sang without accompaniment, and in a smaller hall would have been very successful, but Mechanics' hall is no parlor, and the third of the audience at the rear lost entirely even the sound of the voices in the piano passages, which are a chief attraction in the "Hurrah for the Field." Miss Fanny Kellogg followed with a scene and aria, which was extremely long and difficult. Her voice was sweet and well shaded, but the exacting nature of her situation induced a consciousness of effort which detracted from her full success. In her second aria she was more successful, showing the sweetness and flexibility of her voice, while both selections in their rendering proved that she had abundant reserve power and has enjoyed judicious training. Miss Ita Welsh, of the choir of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Boston, was more fortunate in her selections. She gave "He was despised," from Handel, with ease and grace, in which the fulness and purity of her voice were conspicuous. In a sentimental ballad, in answer to an encore, and in the song which was her second selection, there was a feeling and tenderness which quite captivated the audience.

Two Worcester gentlemen had place in the programme. Mr. Ben. T. Hammond was correct but cold, as his singing lacked color and brilliancy. He was recalled and gave Moore's "Believe me, if all these endearing young charms," but he failed to infuse any sentiment into his expression. Mr. Walter Kennedy gave a recitative and air, "O Lord, I have heard thy speech and was afraid," the music by Mr. Henshaw Dana, with spirit and energy, his warmth concealing in some degree the mannerism which he brought from Italy. In response to the warmest encore of the afternoon he gave Mr. Dana's pretty song, "Mine," in which the sentiment was fully expressed. The closing number, a quintet by Miss Kellogg and the Boston Quartette, was marked by the same lack of force which marked the opening number. A novelty in the programme was an organ duet by Messrs. B. D. Allen and G. W. Sumner. It was a passage from a German symphony, delicate and tender, and the air, which was a common one,—"Haste thee, winter, haste away," was made doubly attractive by its pretty setting of variations. These gentlemen, with Mr. Dana, were the accompanists of the afternoon, and each is entitled to credit for discrimination and tact.

From the same source we learn that:

The audience at the evening concert was if possible even larger than that of the afternoon. The chorus and audience together made up one of the most brilliant spectacles ever seen here. The grand chorus made its debut this evening in two selections, a motet by Hauptmann and Mendelssohn's XLIII. Psalm. From their first note there was manifest the result of Mr. Zerrahn's vigorous drill at the rehearsals. The several parts, aggregating full 500 voices, were well balanced, and there was a marked confidence and consequent independence in every sentence. The delicate shading in the softer passages was a marked and pleasing feature.

Mrs. Emma R. Dexter won hearty applause in her two selections,—Mozart and Venzano,—her execution and somewhat florid method catching the popular fancy. The Temple Quartette had two numbers; in the first, Dudley Buck's spirited composition, they overcame in a great degree the pianissimo fault of the afternoon. In response to a recall they sang "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth" with admirable expression and effect. Their second number, H. M. Dow's popular and somewhat worn "Beware," was even more successful.

Madame Camilla Urso is too old a friend and acquaintance to need introduction or remark, except to say that her playing has lost none of its freshness and delicacy, and her welcome here was never more hearty. Both her selections were encored, and her responses were gracious and satisfying. Mrs. J. M. Barton of this city, sister of Mrs. Mary Stone McDonald, a pupil of Madame Rudersdorf, fairly won the honors of the evening. She has a strong, clear voice, with a generous physique to support it, and she sings without apparent effort. Her recall on her first number was marked by the presentation of an elegant floral basket from the audience. Mr. A. E. Stoddard won great applause by his robust song, his voice balancing both organ and piano accompaniment with ease. His second number was equally well received, and he has established himself as a favorite here, and will be warmly welcomed hereafter.

The full programme was as follows:

- Motet—Thou, O Lord, will ne'er forget. Hauptmann
Aria from The Magic Flute—Non paventar..Mozart
Mrs. Dexter.
Quartet—Hark! the trumpet calleth.....D. Buck
Temple Quartette.
Violin Solo—The Devil's Sonata.....Tartini
Madame Camilla Urso.
(a) Recitative and Adagio from Maria di Rohan,
Donizetti
(b) Waltz—Ah che le speme.....Cohen
Mrs. Barton.
Song—Les Rameaux.....Faure
Mr. Stoddard.
Piano solo—Polonaise Heroique, Op. 53.....Chopin
Mr. Story.
Arietta and Valse.....Venzano
Mrs. Dexter.
Quartet—"I know a Maiden".....M. M. Dow
Temple Quartette.
Violin solo—Waltz-caprice.....Tabronski
Madame Camilla Urso.
Cavatina from Traviata.....Verdi
Mrs. Barton.
Song—Im Herbst.....R. Franz
Mr. Stoddard.
Sextet from Lucia.....Donizetti
Mrs. Dexter, Mrs. Barton, Messrs. Fitz, Fessenden,
Stoddard and Ryder.
The Forty-third Psalm.....Mendelssohn.

Special Notices.

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LATEST MUSIC.
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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Ring down the Curtain. Song and Cho. F. 3. E to F. Pratt. 40
"Ring down the curtain! Oh! sweet be the sleep
That waits the kind-hearted on high."
Beautiful tribute to a lost friend and public favorite. Has a fine portrait title.

This bonny Lass o' mine. Bb. 3. b to F. Roedel. 30
"But, O, she has the bluest eyes,
This bonny lass o' mine."
The ancient Scotch songs are the perfection of melody, and this is of the same stamp.

The Rainy Day. Bb. 3. d to g. Behrend. 35
"Be still, sad heart, and cease repining."
Well known words to a new and good melody.

Because I lift aff dhrinking Whisky. Song and Cho. C. 2. d to E. Clement. 35
"The children all washed, and are looking so nate,
And Biddy appears, smiling through tears."
Worthy of special commendation, as an unusually good Temperance song.

Night in Spring. (Frühlingsnacht). F. 4. F to g. Jensen. 35
"Are those tears of joy or sorrow?"
"Jauchsen möcht ich, möchte weinen."
A well made German-English song, on a beautiful subject.

Awake, glad Heart! Ab. 4. E to F. Gugliemo. 30
"Awake, glad heart, arise and sing!
This is the birth-day of thy King!"
Very spirited, and will be acceptable at any time, but may be learned in anticipation of the Christmas season.

Shall I? F. 3. F to g. Compton. 35
"Shall I stay, or shall I go?
Can I? May I? Dare I? No!"
A most singable lay, truly poetic and musical.

Instrumental.

Beauties of "Carmen." By C. Bizet.
No. 1. Waltz. 3. Strauss. 50
" 2. Fantasia. G. 3. Croisez. 35
" 5. Fantasia Brillante. Ab. 4. Leybach. 75

Carmen is an opera which has come slowly into favor, but is likely to hold it for a long time. Better become familiar with its best features at once!

Bright Flowers. 6 Easy and Melodious Pieces. By H. Lichner, each 30
No. 1. Carnation. No. 4. Tulip.
" 2. Rose. C. 3. " 5. Heliotrope.
" 3. Mignonette. " 6. Jessamine.
An easy and pretty set of instructive pieces.

Songs of the Waves, (Wellenspiele). Eb. 3. Schönburg. 60
Beautiful piece, and capital practice.

Nebulenses. (Daughter of the Mist). Valse Brillante. Eb. 4. Leybach. 75
Brilliant and graceful.

Smiles of the Morning. Rondinetto. A. 3. G. D. Wilson. 50
Unites simplicity and beauty in the way Mr. Wilson has such rare skill in doing.

Over Land. March. (Ueber Land). E. 3. Faust. 30
Very brusque and bright throughout. Will carry you "over land" with ease and celerity.

Children's Quadrille. 4 hands. 3. Tutschek. 50
Nice piece to play or dance by.

La Chasse. Impromptu. (Die Jagd). Eb. 3. Rheinberger. 35
Has the usual fiery characteristics of music of the chase, and can hardly fail to please.

Fairy Story. (Märchen). G minor. 4. Raff. 75
"Romance" would perhaps be a better name than the one above. Good practice, and a great deal of good music.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Eb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 979.

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Etelka Gerster.

Translated for this Journal from "Namenlose Blätter."

* * * Austria, the "land of voices," was the birthplace of ETELKA GERSTER. Her more immediate home is Hungary; Hungarian likewise is the name Etelka, in German Adelheid. The cradle of the child stood in the old Episcopal Residenz and "royal free town" Kaschau. Here she was born now three and twenty years ago, and passed her childhood in the lovely Hernad valley, full of vineyards, with no thought of any famous and artistic future, until the veil was lifted accidentally, and the parents, after long efforts, were persuaded to prepare and actually achieve this future for their child.

The accidental occasion offered itself in a concert that had been arranged in a narrow circle in Kaschau, of which the programme contained also the name Etelka Gerster. She was then twelve years old, and it was merely for amateurish amusement that the thoughtful little girl with her pretty childlike voice was allowed to sing before the invited company. But out of play grew real earnest: the Viennese director and professor Hellmesberger, who happened to be staying in Kaschau, was moved to such a lively sympathetic interest in the young Etelka's singing, that he persuaded the parents to consent to the professional musical education of their daughter.

And so it came to pass. She left the paternal house and the restricted opportunities of Kaschau, in exchange for the imperial city of Vienna and its abundant means for artistic development and culture, the most important of which for her was the Conservatorium, and the instruction in it of the celebrated singing teacher, Mme. Marchesi.

Her progress was most rapid and most brilliant; and when Mme. Marchesi found it admissible to present her pupil, in a concert arranged for this special purpose, before the artists and the leaders of society in Vienna, the result was for the young novice a success, such as has seldom been allotted to an artistic debut in like circumstances.

Proud of her pupil, Mme. Marchesi now prepared the way for Etelka Gerster's first engagement on the stage at the Fenice theatre in Venice. On the 8th of January, 1876, she made there her first public trial on the actual boards; it was in *Rigoletto*; *Hamlet* and other pieces followed. The director, Carlo Gardini, now the husband of the artist, was in raptures with the young new-comer, and he soon resolved: This jewel must not hide its rays within the narrow local limits of a particular stage and city, but must be shown to the world, so that this whole Art-loving world may find delight and inspiration in its starry splendor and its pure fire.

He made a contract with Etelka Gerster, by which the youthful artist surrendered herself

to the experienced guidance of one so intimately acquainted with all the relations of the theatre. He went first with her from Venice to Marseilles, and thence to Genoa, where in the Carlo-Felice theatre there was a repetition of the full and grand enthusiasm which the new "star" had already excited in the places before named. One man who joined in the acclamation of her audience at Genoa, was one whose tribute was of especial weight and value for her: Maestro Verdi, who for her Queen in the *Huguenots*, and for her Sonnambula, had only words of most unlimited praise and most sincere delight.

The third station on the artistic tour on which Signor Gardini was taking his jewel Etelka, was Berlin, the first German city in which she had sung, and—need we speak any further of the success which clung to the shining track of this child of fortune?

Young as she is, Etelka-Gerster is already a mistress of the technics of her art. But it is not this that makes her a "star" of the stage; at least, it is not this alone or chiefly. Nor is it the voice so lovely, tender, pure and chaste. The main thing always is the soul of her singing; and of her holds good what Schiller says:

Ein Schön'res find ich nicht, so lang' ich wähle—
Als in der schönen Form die schöne Seele!

"Nunquam Dormio."

Richard Wagner has uplifted a wailing voice at Bayreuth. He is not happy, and in the columns of the *Bayreuther Blätter* he tells us why. As usual, it is the condition of art that vexes him. Personally, no man has less right than he to urge that this is not the best of all possible worlds, for, assuming him to be the personification of truth, he conspicuously proves that the truth is great, and must prevail. Time was when this artistic Hercules had to fight hard, not so much for victory as for existence. But he has come triumphant out of great tribulation, and forced his way through a dark and tangled wilderness into a Paradise of sunshine and flowers. Emperors and Kings have journeyed far to do him honor, though they may have been glad to get away from his music; a large part of a great nation—indeed, of many nations—has acclaimed him as an apostle of light; and his theories, if not yet accepted in full, exert a mighty and world-wide influence. The old man—for such he now is, albeit the fire of youth seems still to burn in him—might well believe that he has done enough for honor; and if he spent the rest of his days in peace, varied only by sitting to photographers in more and more gorgeous dressing-gowns, nobody would be surprised or have a right to blame. Wagner, however, has always been a militant man, and militant he will remain while his capacity for fighting exists. Zealous for art according to his notions of what constitutes its well-being, he is also conscious of power. He knows that his club is as heavy as Giant Fafner's, and his spear as potent as God Wotan's. So he is always on the alert for somebody or something to annihilate. Yet now, we fear, the redoubtable champion has met his match. Looking round on the world of art, he sees it wholly

given up to the Mediocre, the vast and ponderous mass of which prevents all uprising into the region of the Good. Here is something to be put down, and Herr Wagner, having buckled on his armor, and inscribed his banner with the "strange device" of an Indian proverb, which says that the Mediocre is worse than the Bad, because it is liable to be mistaken for the Good, now comes forth to war. We shall see presently whether he is not attacking an old and detested enemy under cover of a great cause.

He properly takes care to define what is meant by the Mediocre. It is, as a rule, "that which does not offer us what is unknown and new, but, in a pleasing and agreeable form, what is already known." In short, the Mediocre is the production of talent as distinct from genius, and our champion agrees with Schopenhauer in considering that talent consists in "hitting a mark which we all see but cannot easily attain, while genius, or the Genius of the Good, hits a mark which we others do not perceive." It is this Mediocrity, or the offering of the already known in a pleasing and agreeable form, which dominates the situation, and drags the Good down to its own level. We are glad to find that Herr Wagner in the midst of his pessimism admits the existence of the Good—an admission, however, he, as an artistic creator, could not avoid without stultifying himself. The Good does exist, in, for example, the form of *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, but, unhappily, when presented to the public, it is good no longer. Wagner is most precise in setting out this depressing circumstance, and says, "I have now in my eye the present state of public art among us when I assert that it is impossible for anything to be really good if, from the outset, intended to be presented to the public, and if such intended presentation floats as a modifying element before the author's mind while he plans and carries out his work." This sweeping dictum disposes of nearly everything in the catalogue of artistic productions; but how as to the works which, like *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, were created of "unconscious necessity," and without any reference whatever to a great stupid public? Alas! they also become mediocre when the common eye rests upon them. Their very presentation is called by Wagner "a demoniacal stroke of Fate," upon which some may inquire why the writer assisted the infernal power at Bayreuth, and, under more positively diabolic conditions, at the Albert Hall. Herr Wagner prudently anticipates the question, and, never at a loss, represents the "demoniacal stroke" as "founded in the deep necessity urging to their" (the works') "conception; a stroke by which the work must in a certain degree be relinquished by its creator to the world." So relinquished, he contends, the Good necessarily becomes Mediocre. It is presented in the same form as the Mediocre, on the same stage, by the same performers; and therefore, since what is equal to the demands of the one cannot satisfy those of the other, it is presented badly. Nevertheless, we are told, some spectators may be able to discern the Good in spite of its distortion. All such, however, are by that very fact disqualified from ranking among the ordinary theatrical public. And yet Herr Wagner admits some germs of capacity in the theatrical public, because it hears, sees, and experiences, as well as reads. It is liable to be led astray, but "it knows how to raise itself out of its sunken position, and invariably does so immediately it is offered something good,"

as when, for example, a "well-to-do inhabitant of a small town" attended the Bayreuth Festival under an impression that it was a swindle, and returned loudly stating his resolve to lose no subsequent performance. But this perceptiveness is of small avail. The theatrical public can never have the Purely Good set before it, and the whole theatrical world revolves in a vicious circle.

Under these circumstances, what is to be done? Herr Wagner has no difficulty in deciding, and lifts the club of Fafner against the newspaper press, which he declares to be the cause of all the mischief, because it panders to the taste of the public instead of correcting it. Did not the editor of a popular journal, for example, refuse insertion to a letter vindicating Wagner himself, on the plea that he had to consider his public? And such a public;—one concerning whom the Bayreuth master says that, in common with all mere newspaper readers, "their character is sluggishness, which, with easy-going wisdom, spares itself the trouble of thinking and judging, and this more zealously as the habit of long years has finally put the stamp of conviction on the exercise of sloth." Wagner has only contempt for press readers; but for press writers he has weapons, wielded with the animosity engendered by long years of bitter warfare. Men like Hanslick are the Mordecais of this favorite of kings, who, had he the power, would order a gallows for them, and shunt his eyes to the sinister precedent of Haman. As it is, he gibbets them in print with a smartness as worthy the admiration of the victim as ever were the jokes of Petit-André, or the homilies of Trois-Echelles. Opening with a loud laugh at the very idea of a man becoming a virtuoso in language when the language is German, he goes on to sneer at the German "gutter-feuilletonists," who ape the clever and artistic utterances of the French. As virtuosity is talent, these men "of printed German intelligence" cannot be even talented. "Nor is it surprising," continues Wagner, "that they entertain an uncommon hatred for the Good, the work of genius, if only because it disturbs them so much. And how easy it is for them to find sympathisers in their hates! The whole reading public—nay, the entire nation—degraded by reading the papers, backs them up." We are told, further, that the press must attack something to assert its power and keep up its influence. It is like a feudal baron, the very number of whose men-at-arms compelled him to set upon and plunder his neighbors. For objects of attack the scribblers are never at a loss. "All are illiberal," says the angry master, "and hate anything uncommon, especially anything pursuing its own course without troubling itself about them. The more rare such prey is, the more unanimously do they fall on it when it does present itself." For anything better, he contends, they are impotent; but after all Wagner entertains towards them somewhat of pity. They are a numerous band, it seems, and each wants to live—a process which the German public assist by their partiality for indolence, their inherent leaning to rejoice at others' misfortunes, and their "sorry delight in warming themselves at a straw fire." By way of comment upon all this, we can only say that, although the literary Wagner is much more entertaining than the Wagner of music, his friends should not let him touch a pen save under bond to avoid pamphleteering. What a sorry picture of a great man have we here! Though successful beyond most, though his fame and influence have filled the world, "all this is as nothing" while some stubborn knees will not bend. Hence these sweeping denunciations of the public, and these bitter onslaughts on those who have the public ear. "Ambition," says Burton, "is described by various authors as a gallant madness, a pleasant poison, a hidden plague, a secret poison, a caustic of the soul, the moth of holiness, the mother of hypocrisy, and, by crucifying and disquieting all it takes

hold of, the cause of melancholy and madness." This is a poor prospect for Wagner; but comfort remains for those who are expecting successors to *Der Ring des Nibelungen*. The master's followers often set up a parallelism between him and Schopenhauer, whose philosophy of life, their leader tells us, is summed up by the ignorant German nation thus: "We ought to shoot ourselves." While sneering at the absurd conclusion, it is not likely that even the pessimism of Bayreuth will drive Wagner to such an extremity.—*Daily Telegraph*, (London).

The Literature of National Music.

BY CARL ENGEL.

(Concluded from Page 316.)

There are still the collections of songs of extra-European nations to be enumerated. This task will soon be accomplished, since there are comparatively but few publications of the kind worthy of consideration. The specimens of airs given in some treatises, which will later be mentioned, are the most reliable, and are certainly worthy of careful perusal. For instance, useful specimens of songs of the Arabs are given in an elaborate essay on the musical system of the Arabs, written by G. A. Villoteau, and printed in "Description de l'Egypte." Villoteau was a member of the scientific expedition which accompanied Napoleon Bonaparte to Egypt, in the year 1798. As regards separate collections, the student ought to make himself acquainted with the following:—

"The Oriental Miscellany; being a collection of the most favorite Airs of Hindustan, compiled and adapted for the Harpsichord, etc.," by William Hamilton Bird (Calcutta: printed by Joseph Cooper, 1789; folio). This interesting publication, which is scarce, contains thirty tunes, preceded by a short introduction in which the editor explains the characteristics of the different kinds of songs of Hindustan. To some of the tunes the editor has added variations of his own composition; nevertheless, the work deserves the special attention of the collector of Hindu music. Similar, but less important collections are: "Hindeostanee Songs, dedicated to Mrs. Bristow," by C. Trinks, organist of St. John's Church (Calcutta; folio); contains fifteen tunes. "Twelve Original Hindeostanee Airs, compiled and harmonized" by T. G. Williamson (London, about 1797; folio). "Second Collection of Twelve Original Hindeostanee Airs, compiled and harmonized" by T. G. Williamson (London, 1798; folio). "Twelve Hindoo Airs with English words adapted to them" (London: Birchall; folio), etc.

"The Hindustani Choral Book, or Swar Sangrah; containing the Tunes of those Hymns in the Git Sangrah which are in Native Metres;" compiled by John Parsons (Benares: printed and published by E. J. Lazarus and Co., 1861; 8vo). In the instructive preface the editor remarks: "This collection of tunes has been made in the hope that it may render the collection of hymns entitled Git Sangrah, to which it is adapted, more generally useful to the native congregations where those hymns are usually sung. The natives of Hindustan having no system of musical notation current among them, the native Christians are only able to learn the tunes of the hymns published for them by hearing them sung. In this volume melodies for the hymns in native metres in the Git Sangrah are given in the usual musical notes; and if missionaries or others, who have the requisite skill, will acquire these tunes from the notes, and then sing them to the native congregations, they will find that they will learn them with much greater facility than English tunes, and sing them with particular pleasure. The air only of the tunes has been given, because it is not customary with the natives to sing more than one part. Almost all the melodies have been taken down as they are sung by the persons who either composed them or first sang them to Christian hymns, and no attempt has been made to improve or modify them. Those tunes which are distinguished by an asterisk are standard Hindu tunes taken down from professional singers."

The Chinese airs which have been brought to Europe are not published in a separate collection. The same remark applies to the airs of the Siamese and Burmese. A number of Japanese airs, which P. F. von Siebold noted down during his sojourn in Japan, have been arranged for the piano-forte by J.

Küffner (Leyden, 1836; oblong 8vo). Persian airs are contained in "Specimens of the Popular Poetry of Persia," by Alexander Chodzko (London: Allen and Co., 1843; 8vo). Airs of songs from Tunis and Algeria have been collected, and arranged for the piano-forte, by Salvador-Daniel (Paris: Richault; folio).

In America we have to notice the songs of the Canadian boatmen, who are hunters and fur-traders, and are of French extraction. Several collections of these songs have been published in Canada and in the United States, such as "La Lyre Canadienne," "Chants de Voyageur Canadien," "Chansons Canadiennes," etc. Many of the airs are old; some, which were brought to Canada by the French settlers about three hundred years ago, are still sung to the original French words. A selection of them which has appeared in England is entitled "Canadian Airs, collected by Lieutenant Back, R.N., during the late Arctic Expedition under Captain Franklin; with Symphonies and Accompaniments," by Edward Knight (London: J. Power, 1823; folio, two volumes). These airs have English poetry substituted for the original French poetry of the *voyageurs*.

In the United States we find among the popular songs several which evidently were imported into the western hemisphere by the German immigrants. The country is too young to possess old tunes of its own growth, if we except the airs of the Indian aborigines. No doubt, the ultimate characteristics of the national airs of the United States will depend much upon the songs which the children at the present time are taught to sing. A melody which we have learnt in early childhood, and with which pleasant recollections are associated, remains to us endeared through lifetime. The song-books for children, of which many have appeared in the United States, are therefore suggestive to the student of national music. As a curious specimen may be noticed "School Melodies; containing a choice Collection of Popular Airs, with original and appropriate words," by J. W. Greene (Boston, 1853; oblong 12mo). In the preface the editor says: "The leading characteristics of the present work are that the airs are almost exclusively popular;" and of one of the songs he remarks: "It has long been a favorite in the Boston schools." This little song, called "John Brown," is evidently intended to teach little children to count as far as ten. The tune to which it is sung is almost identical with the air of "O, dear! what can the matter be?" which was rather in vogue in London towards the end of the last century. However, the words are the most characteristic feature of the American ditty; for the children, before they have learnt to count their ten fingers, are led by it to regard an Indian child as if it were a puppy:—

John Brown had a little Indian—
Had a little Indian boy.
One, two, three little Indian—
Four, five, six little Indian—
Seven, eight, nine little Indian—
Ten little Indian boys.
John Brown had ten little Indian—
Ten little Indian boys.

The initiatory lesson embodied in this song perhaps explains certain conceptions which occur in a particularly noteworthy book entitled "Slave Songs in the United States" (New York: Simpson and Co., 1867; royal 8vo), which affords an insight into Negro music. The greater number of the songs in this book were written down from the lips of the colored people by its editors, W. F. Allen, C. P. Ware, and L. M. Garrison. A few of the songs were composed since the emancipation of the slaves; all the others are old. Most of them are sacred songs, the poetry being in the Negro dialect. Funny as this corrupted English may appear in certain humorous songs which one occasionally hears by so-called Negro minstrels in England, the impression it produces in the touching hymns and sacred songs is very different; there will probably be but few readers among those who peruse these artless and sincere effusions who will not be deeply impressed with the words as well as with the airs. In an annotation to the touching song called "Nobody knows de trouble I've had," we are told by the editors: "Once, when there had been a good deal of ill-feeling excited, and trouble was apprehended, owing to the uncertain action of the Government in regard to the confiscated land on the Sea Islands, General Howard was called upon to address the colored people earnestly and even severely. Sympathizing with them, however, he could not speak to his own satisfaction; and to relieve their minds of the ever-present sense of injustice, and prepare them to listen, he asked them

to sing. Immediately an old woman on the outskirts of the meeting began: 'Nobody knows de trouble I've had,' and the whole audience joined in. The General was so affected by the plaintive words and melody, that he found himself melting into tears, and quite unable to maintain his official sternness."

Turning to Mexico, we have especially to notice: "Coleccion de 24 Canciones y Jarabes Mexicanos, arreglados para Piano" (Hamburg: Böhmé; folio), a publication which contains interesting specimens of those little Mexican airs in which an unaccented note of the bar is emphasized. To appreciate fully these charming melodies, one must imagine them sung, with the accompaniment of the guitar, by a sentimental serenader on a serene Mexican night. An attention to such associations is indispensable in order to ascertain exactly the true spirit of national songs. An inquirer who has no lively imagination, and is deficient in poetical conception, probably will not experience a high degree of enjoyment in the examination of these treasures.

In "Zwölf Brasilianische Volkslieder, herausgegeben von J. H. Clasing" (Hamburg: Cranz; oblong folio), we have a selection of Brazilian airs resembling the Portuguese *modinha*, from which they are evidently an off-spring. The "Alyra Pernambucana," by M. J. R. Vieira (Pernambuco; folio), consists of a series of popular pieces. Here may also be mentioned: "Seis Canciones Españoles del Perú y Chile," edited by G. de la Perdiz (London: Peck, 1846; folio), which contains an English translation of the original words. Airs of the Indian aborigines in South America have been published in a Supplement to "Reise in Brasilien," by Spix and Martius (Munich, 1823; 4to), and in "Voyage dans l'Amérique Méridionale," by Alcide d'Orbigny (Paris, 1839-48). Twelve songs of the South American Indians, arranged for the pianoforte by C. E. Södling, have been published in Sweden (Stockholm: A. Hirsch; folio).

There remains a word to be said concerning the so-called transcriptions of national airs by eminent pianists. Some of these are very interesting. F. Liszt, for instance, has rendered the characteristics of the Hungarian music most faithfully; perhaps he succeeded in this all the better since he is himself a native of Hungary. However, the present division of our research is already so long, that I am loth to enter upon any topic which is of secondary importance for the object in view.

J. B. Cramer.

Mr. Edward Dannreuther, in Part IV. of Grove's admirable *Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, which has just come to hand, speaks thus intelligently of the piano-playing and the compositions of the famous author of the "Studies."

J. B. Cramer's playing was distinguished by the astonishing even cultivation of the two hands, which enabled him, while playing legato, to give an entirely distinct character to florid inner parts, and thus attain a remarkable perfection of execution. He was noted among his contemporaries for his expressive touch in adagio, and in this, and in facility for playing at sight, he was able when in Paris to hold his own against the younger and more advanced pianists. His improvisations were for the most part in a style too artistic and involved for general appreciation. Cramer's mechanism exhibits the development between Clementi and Hummel, and is distinguished from the period of Moscheles and Kalkbrenner which followed it, by the fact that it aimed more at the cultivation of music in general than at the display of the specific qualities of the instrument. All his works are distinguished by a certain musical solidity, which would place them in the same rank with those of Hummel, had his invention been greater and more fluent; but as it is, the artistic style, and the interesting harmony, are counterbalanced by a certain dryness and poverty of expression in the melody. It is true that among his many compositions for pianoforte there are several which undeniably possess musical vitality, and in particular his 7 concertos deserve to be occasionally brought forward; but, speaking generally, his works (105 sonatas, 1 quartet for pianoforte, 1 quintet, and countless variations, rondos, fantasias, etc.), are now forgotten. In one sphere of composition alone Cramer has left a conspicuous and abiding memorial of his powers. His representative work, '84 Studies in two parts of 42 each,' is of classical value for its intimate combina-

tion of significant musical ideas, with the most instructive mechanical passages. No similar work except Clementi's 'Gradus ad Parnassum' has been so long or so widely used, and there are probably few pianists who have not studied it with profit. It forms the fifth part of Cramer's 'Grosse praktische Pianoforte-Schule' (Schubert, Leipzig), and has appeared in numerous separate editions. Of these the earliest is probably the lithograph edition of Breitkopf & Härtel, of which the second part appeared in 1810; next in importance ranks the last that was revised by Cramer himself, viz., the original English edition of Cramer & Co., which contained, as op. 81, '16 nouvelles Etudes,' making in all 100; and finally an edition without the additional Nos., revised by Coccia, and published a few years later than that last mentioned, by Breitkopf & Härtel. A selection of '50 Etudes,' edited by von Bülow (Aibl, Munich), is especially useful to teachers from the excellent remarks appended to it, though, on the other hand, it contains a number of peculiarities which may or may not be justifiable, the editor having transposed one of the studies and modified the fingering of them all to meet the exigencies of the modern keyboard. The above edition in 100 numbers must be distinguished from the 'Schule der Geläufigkeit' (op. 100), also containing 100 daily studies, and which forms the second part of the 'Grosse Pianoforte Schule,' and should be used as a preparation for the great 'Etudes.'

If it is asked, When did Cramer flourish, and what does he represent to us? the answer usually returned is that he was born after Clementi and died after Hummel, and that he forms the link between those two great players and writers for their instrument. But no pianist with his eyes open would commit himself to such a statement, which rests solely upon two dates of birth and death, and leaves out of sight every spiritual connection, every indication of mental paternity and relationship. The truth is that Cramer does not surpass Clementi as regards the technical treatment of the pianoforte, but stops considerably short of him; Cramer's best sonatas are as much mere tame and timid than Clementi's best, as his most valuable études are technically easier and less daring than the chefs-d'œuvres of Clementi's *Gradus*. Spiritually, though not mechanically, Cramer occupies a field of his own, which all pianists respect. Many of his études are poems, like Mendelssohn's Songs without words. But in his sonatas, etc., he moves in a restricted groove of his own, near the highway of Mozart. The name 'J. B. Cramer' really signifies Cramer's Etudes—let us say some forty or fifty out of the hundred he has published. These certainly are good music—a few, perhaps a dozen, even beautiful music, and always very good practice. But pitted against forty or fifty out of the hundred numbers of Clementi's *Gradus*, which are equally good music, and decidedly better practice, they sink irretrievably.

The treatment of the pianoforte as distinct from the harpsichord, if pursued along its plain and broad high-road, does not necessarily touch upon Cramer. It stretches from Clementi to Beethoven on the one side, from Mozart to Hummel on the other; from Mozart *vis à vis* Hummel, and Clementi *vis à vis* Field, to Chopin; and from Hummel, *vis à vis* Chopin and Beethoven, to Liszt. Cramer, like Moscheles after him, though not of the first authority, must be considered one of the fathers of the church of pianoforte playing, and worthy of consultation at all times. [E. D.]

THE DILETTANTI OF THE LAST CENTURY. The dilettanti of the last century were more thorough musicians than are most of ours, besides having had the advantage of learning, not from teachers who are mere performers who have failed, but very often from first-rate composers, Leo, Porpora, Jomelli, Galuppi, who did not disdain by any means to give private lessons. The pupils were usually worthy of their masters, and Dr. Burney heard excellent performers, vocal and instrumental, at the private concerts he attended at Milan, Venice and Rome, in the dull, bare parlors of the upper middle classes, and in the gorgeously stuccoed and gilded saloons of the aristocracy; for in that day music belonged equally to all classes, being a fruit not of special culture, but of general civilization. Round these dilettante performers, whether dressed in broadcloth or in embroidered satin, was congregated the far larger class of merely appreciative amateurs, who neither sung nor played, nor composed, but for whose benefit, singers, violinists and composers were produced. Some of these were of the oracular sort, others of the disputative, others of the ecstatic. The oracular ones were old gentlemen, senators, *monsignori*, lawyers and doctors, who gave

advice to young musicians; and, as the singer Mancini tells us, taught well-endowed but slightly rigid sopranos and tenors how to move their arms and legs gracefully and expressively, and how (as the malicious Marcello adds) to take snuff and blow their nose without impeding the dramatic action; the disputative were younger men, men of fashion and wit, who discussed musical matters under the hands of their hairdresser, like Farini's young gentleman, wrote indecorous sonnets against admirers of rival musicians, and occasionally waylaid and thrashed them with sedan-chair sticks; the ecstatics, on the other hand, were mainly ladies, or effeminate *cavalieri serventi*—descendants, and worthy ones, of those noble dilettanti, who sallied out a whole mile outside this town of Bologna to meet the singer Baldassare Ferri, and heaped his carriage with roses, somewhere about the year 1650. In the soberer eighteenth century, when great singers became more plentiful, the ecstatics remained at home, but were none the less ecstatic, the ladies wearing portraits of great performers, fainting, like Beckford's Paduan lady, from musical rapture; in short showing their love of music in a hundred absurd fashions, at which satirists either shook their heads like Parini, or Gossel, or laughed like Passeroni and Marcello; and foreigners looked amazed, and remarked that the Italians had become a nation of children.—*Fraser's Magazine*.

The New Conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society.

At a meeting, held by the members of the New York Philharmonic Society, on Tuesday, Sept. 24th, Mr. Adolf Neuendorff was elected for the position of conductor, left vacant by the departure of Mr. Theodore Thomas for the West. Two candidates were in the field, Mr. Neuendorff's opponent being Dr. Leopold Damrosch. The election gave to the latter only 29 votes, while Neuendorff carried the victory with 46 votes. As it is generally the case after an election, there are parties who are proud of their victory, and others, who, being defeated, mourn over the result. Fortunately, we do not belong to the partisans, who praise or condemn for the sake of personal reasons. We acknowledge willingly the merits of everybody, without overlooking faults. What Mr. Neuendorff will do, what he might accomplish with the New York Philharmonic Society, future times will show. He finds a material, which neither Bergmann nor Damrosch could boast of. Through the coalition of Thomas's orchestra with the Philharmonic Society, the City of New York has an orchestra which leaves very little to be desired. Mr. Neuendorff will command a splendid musical organization, and we do not doubt that he will do all in his power to keep up the standard of the Society. Of course, Neuendorff is not free of faults. But who else is? We think that he lacks a certain delicacy of feeling, a refined manner of musical expression, but he amply compensates for these shortcomings by an unbounded energy and the fire of youth. People say he is led by vanity; but it is not good nor wise to confound the terms: vanity and ambition. Of course, Neuendorff is ambitious; but this ambition can only be of advantage to the Philharmonic Society. Formerly, when Neuendorff was led into speculation by vanity, he lost money, and hardly gained anything but the approbation of some Germans. In this case, speculation has nothing to do. He considers the position of conductor of the New York Philharmonic Society an honor, conferred on him without any mercenary views, and this feeling ought to insure the artistic success of the concerts. As to the financial point, we are not too sanguine, and give the members of the Philharmonic Society the advice to follow our example. Nobody can say, that Dr. Damrosch is not a musician of the highest ability, of great talent and remarkable intellectual powers. When he conducted the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, the dividends of the members fell down to a trifle, which was quadrupled when Thomas took the *bâton* in hand. The name of Theodore Thomas has been amalgamated in New York with symphony concerts, to such a degree, that his name alone made the prospects of the Philharmonic Society last season look bright and more cheerful. Mr. Thomas has resigned, and his successor cannot expect to show the same financial results at the end of the season. We consider Mr. Neuendorff's first season nothing but a trial; he might show what he is able to do, and when, after a successful season, the public of New York has full confidence in him as conductor of the first musical organization in our city, the financial success will speedily follow his efforts. As in political life, so among artists, it is too often to be found that the minority which has been defeated is ready to abuse the successful candidate of the opposition, even after the election. This would be a grave mistake on the part of the mem-

bers of the Philharmonic. They all ought to stand, like one man, and support the newly-elected conductor with all their power. They would act against their own interests if they should behave with a certain animosity against Mr. Neuendorff. We speak about this point, because we hear that such feeling has already taken root, and only madness could justify it. Mr. Neuendorff has been elected; now give him the chance of developing the strength of the organization to its full extent. He is full of energy and a steady worker, and it is the duty of all the members of the Society to lend him their aid by showing good will and friendly feelings.—*Music Trade Review.*

The School of Vocal Art.

MADAME EMMA SEILER has removed her "School of Vocal Art" from Spruce street to the much larger and more convenient house, No. 1104 Walnut street. The constantly increasing usefulness and influence of Mad. Seiler's institution are proved in many ways among the students and their friends. The enthusiasm which is inspired by study under such favorable conditions has already given the school a great reputation. Mad. Seiler has the assistance of the very best instructors in the various branches connected with the art of music, and such names as Mr. M. H. Cross and Mr. Hugh Clarke add largely to the strength of the corps of instruction. The new building, in which alterations have just been completed, supplies room for the instruction of a very large number of students, but the indications are at present that within a very short time its capacity will be fully taxed. The arrangement of the various study-rooms, concert-room, offices, etc., as well as the complete system followed in every department, attests the thorough knowledge and long experience possessed by Madame Seiler in every branch of her profession.—*Philadelphia Bulletin.*

More About Concert-Rooms.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical Times.")

SIR,—The question raised by Mr. Statham in this month's *Musical Times* of how to build rooms having good acoustic properties is so important that it ought not to be allowed to drop without discussion, for though little appears to be known of the subject at present, *laus must exist* by the obeying of which a room good for sound is produced, and by the infringing of which a room is deprived of sound-carrying power. Mr. Statham is, I believe, like myself, an architect, and he is also evidently a keen and thoughtful musician, so that he is possessed of a double qualification for pursuing the investigation of this most important subject; and it is in the hope that he, and many others who have studied the subject, will join in trying to elucidate the laws which, as I said before, must exist, that I venture, though with great diffidence, to lay before you my view of the case. To begin, I must say that I am entirely at issue with Mr. Statham as to the analogy of the organ-pipe and the uselessness of rhythmical proportions in rooms. Firstly, *except in length*, the proportions of an organ-pipe have nothing to do with the fundamental note produced, for a 16-foot violon, of small scale, and a 16-foot open diapason, of large scale, produce the same fundamental note, and are only different in quality. Secondly, the fundamental note of even any ordinary-sized room—say 18 ft. x 15 ft. x 10 ft. 6 in.—is never heard, as the note according to the organ-pipe theory would be given by its length, and would be somewhere about AAA; but the note that is heard is, as I believe, a high harmonic of the fundamental note given by the length of the room, reinforced by sympathetic harmonics given by the other proportions of the room, if it be acoustically good. What I have so far said should be understood to apply only to the note of the room produced by mere noise, such as the dropping of a hammer or a smack on the wall. Now, as I at present believe, in a room that is acoustically good the harmonic predominating differs with the different notes sung or played, and is that nearest to the note produced that is common to all three dimensions of the room. If the near harmonics common to the two greater dimensions only are sympathetic, then the room is indifferent for sound; and if the harmonics of all three dimensions are unsympathetic one with the other, they contend with and destroy each other, and the consequence is that, instead of hearing a musical tone from voice or instrument, you only hear a bald note "as tasteless as pure water," its own proper harmonics being swallowed up almost immediately by the conflict of unsympathetic harmonics going on; the result feeling to the singer like a veil before his mouth, and to the violinist as if his strings were strung over a solid block of wood.

The deduction I would draw is that the best proportions for concert-rooms, churches, or any other places required for music or speaking, are those which will give the greatest number of near harmonics common to all three dimensions, so that each note produced may select, as I believe it will, and be reinforced by its first harmonic that is common to the proportions of the room. I have noticed curious instances of this reinforcing power in certain rooms that have galleries, and I will instance one that I know well, as I have both sung and played in it frequently. On the orchestra, to the performers, everything sounds wooden and dead, the sound does not seem to be able to get away, and there feels to be a lack of tone in both voices and instruments; in the body of the hall and in the galleries the feeling of the audience is that of hearing with difficulty and almost painfully, and the fullest music sounds thin and lacking *timbre*; but under the galleries, and at the most distant points under them, the sounds that to the intervening occupants of the body of the hall had seemed so thin and dead came out with a full musical quality and with a power that is not felt near to the performers. Now it is quite certain that the initial sound does not increase in volume as it gets more distant from its point of production, but I think Professor Tyndall has shown (I am speaking from memory, as I have not his lectures by me) that sound may be spaced out, as it were, into alternating areas of sound and silence by conflict of sounds. Is it not probable then that in the case I am referring to the aisles formed by the galleries have their proportions in some harmonic relation to each other, whereas the whole of the rest of the room has no such relation, and is consequently an area of harmonic silence? I have already made the letter too long, or I should have something to say on echo and undue reverberation in rooms. I hope Mr. Statham will forgive me for having expressed an opinion so diametrically opposed to his own, for he is manifestly to me a much more learned musician than myself. I have only ventured into the arena of discussion with him in order that, whether he or I be on the right track, something may be done to solve a question the want of a solution of which has led to so many lamentable failures in the acoustic properties of buildings specially designed for hearing in.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
CHAR. NOEL ARMFIELD.

9, Broomfield Terrace, Whitby,
Sept. 19, 1878.

[I am very glad that my remarks on concert-rooms should have called forth so interesting a letter as that of Mr. Armfield; but as I have had an opportunity of reading it before publication, perhaps I may be allowed space at the foot of it to point out that his first point of difference from me is entirely an imaginary one. If he will look at my article again, he will see that I said not one word about an analogy between an organ-pipe and a concert-room, nor did I even imagine such an analogy to exist. I referred to the fact that a concert-room which reinforces one particular note is very disagreeable, and I then remarked how strongly this was illustrated sometimes by an organ in which one special pipe set the whole room shaking; merely adducing this as a disagreeable effect which every one must have noticed.]

The rest of Mr. Armfield's letter appears very practical and suggestive, and I should certainly keep it in mind in any future study of the subject, as at all events indicating some important points in regard to which observations should be made. I must confess, however, that at present I am sceptical as to the possibility of building rooms for music in accordance with an rigidly scientific theory with anything like a certainty of success; because, though proportions can be measured and arranged accurately, so many accidental influences which cannot be calculated come in to affect the result—even the varying numbers and position of the audience, or the position of the performers on a crowded orchestra, may have an important effect on the music. My impression is that more practical good is likely to be done by systematic observation of the effect of music in various rooms and under various circumstances (towards which Mr. Armfield gives one or two valuable facts) than by framing a mathematical theory by which the room *ought* to be right. I am the rather inclined to this view from having observed that some of the most unpractical schemes for concert-rooms have come from scientific acousticians who knew nothing of music nor of the conditions under which concerts must be

carried on. Now, whatever may be the value of acoustic science in the matter, musical knowledge is absolutely necessary in order to form a judgment of the results; for without it how can the acoustic theorist know whether he is hearing what he ought to hear or not? An amusing instance of this occurred when the Albert Hall was opened, when a very eminent scientific man complimented the constructor of the hall on his entire success, and the constructor had the compliment recorded in the papers, although every musical man knew that the result was not satisfactory.—H. HEATHCOTE STATHAM.]

Minnie Hauk.

(To the Editor of the London "Musical World.")

SIR,—It is not so very many years since the majority of the so-called educated classes in England used to laugh at the idea of art in America. Readers of *Sam Slick* and of books written in imitation of that work of fiction gave our Transatlantic cousins credit, it is true, for ingenuity in producing wooden nutmegs, clocks without insides, wringing machines, lawn-mowers, and egg-beaters, but obstinately denied that they would ever make themselves a name in general literature, poetry, painting, or music. Such incredulous persons persistently ignored the circumstance that America is a young country. Yet, young as she is, men like Washington Irving, Longfellow, Bryant, Power, not to mention a host of others, went far to prove even then that Americans were not quite such a mere mechanical, matter-of-fact race as was asserted. In these days of railroads and electric telegraphs, nations move rapidly forward on the road of civilization and culture; a lustre now suffices in many things for them to advance further than their fore-fathers advanced in a century. Were examples wanting, I might point to the strides made in the matter of music by those whom purblind and, I am afraid, prejudiced, critics, derided and stigmatized as possessing no sentiment for aught of the sort. It is true that the Americans have not produced a Bach, a Handel, a Mozart, a Mendelssohn, a Rossini, or an Auber. But they are learning to love and honor those great masters more and more every day; they study and perform those masters' works with increasing zeal and frequency, thereby elevating their own taste and strengthening their own judgment. Devoted and enthusiastic scholars not unfrequently become masters in their turn. Those who sneer at the idea of an artistic America should remember that it is but very lately that the parrot-cry about England's not being a musical nation has been proved to be as stupid as it is false.

More especially in one of the practical branches of music has America reason to be proud and hopeful. Her vocalists are steadily becoming more numerous and more highly esteemed every day, and their reputation is no longer confined to the country of their birth. I could go through a long roll of them, had I time and space, but, as both fail, I will restrict myself to mentioning Miss Minnie Hauk as a bright example of the artists to whom I allude. Her career is an instructive one, and I will briefly give some of its most salient and interesting points, which may be new to your readers.

In 1866, a young girl, not over fifteen, was brought to Max Maretzek. He looked at her; he listened to her; she had a bright, soprano voice, and a certain unconscious and spontaneous grace of action and utterance that impressed him. He sent her to a singing-master named Errani, whom he paid to give her lessons. She was an apt scholar, and in six months had possessed herself of two or three of the higher *roles* of the Italian repertory. In the winter of '67-8 she made her *début* at the Winter Garden, New York, in the *Sonnambula*, under Mr. Maretzek's *baton*. It was a fair success. Few more youthful Aminas had ever presented themselves to an American public, and the unpretentious girlishness of this one produced a favorable impression. Still, no one thought at that time little Minnie Hauk was wonderfully precocious. It was not even claimed for her by her manager, as has been claimed for so many immature singers since, that she was a second Patti. Mr. Maretzek's opinion was that she would, with training and judicious management, make a popular and acceptable light soprano. He is not known to have predicted anything phenomenal of her. Minnie Hauk, however, possessed one trait that no manager could very well detect at that time. She had in her blood persistence and patience, qualities not generally accredited to the American temperament, and it is to them that much of her after success is attrib-

utable. There was no operatic star in New York at the time except Miss Kellogg, who patronized the girl a little, and allowed her to sing on the same evenings with herself. Thus, in *The Carnival of Venice*, Miss Kellogg took one soprano part and the fair tyro the other. An influential critic wrote of the performance as follows:—

"It may not be out of place to say of these charming singers thus brought fortuitously together, that while they appeared so evenly to the admiration of the public they are essentially unlike in temperament, talent, and tendency. One is peculiarly a vocalist. The other is a singing actress. Miss Kellogg's voice is the most extensive in range and the largest in tone, but lacks the brightness and easy volubility of the other. Miss Kellogg sings with skill, Miss Hauk with natural impulse. When experience has ripened these girls into accepted *prime donne*, it will be said of one that she is an admirable artist, of the other that she is a charming singer and actress."

The next advance Miss Minnie made in public favor was due to her impersonation of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni*, with M^{me}. Parepa and Miss Kellogg in the two other leading female characters. Then came a ruinous season at the Grand Opera-house under Lafayette Harrison. When it reached its close Max Maretzek determined, if possible, to save Minnie Hauk for the future. Her parents were poor, and it was necessary for her, if she was to become a sterling singer, to be sent out of the country. The manager stated the case to a gentleman of the name of Lawrence Jerome, who, after hearing her sing, most generously undertook the responsibility of her education.

She came to Europe, where she at once ran the risk of wrecking all her future. Instead of settling down, in pursuance of the plan agreed on ere she crossed the Atlantic, to quiet and persevering study, she listened to the voice of the charmer, as personified in a certain speculative *impresario*. This gentleman endeavored to try what puffery might do. He announced the young lady in Paris by means of a series of marvellously romantic anecdotes, one more wonderful than the other. She was described as a kind of half-civilized Pocahontas, riding a mustang barebacked, and worshipped by all the aborigines of the continent as a dusky daughter of the Sun. The *Gaulois* and the *Figaro* spun the most brilliant biographies. One of them told how a New York millionaire, while travelling on the plains, had been attacked by Indians, who proceeded to torture him in the approved fashion. While thus engaged, they were startled by the apparition of a beautiful maiden dressed in wampum polonaise and buckskin train, and singing "Batti, batti," who soothed their savage breasts and rescued the millionaire. In sheer gratitude he built her a marble opera-house in New York city, and poured his fortune at her feet. *La Mode Illustrée* gave an account of the effect the American miracle produced on Auber when she sang for him. He was represented as throwing up his arms convulsively at the first note, and exclaiming "*Mon Dieu! It is a crystal bell struck with a velvet hammer!*" and then becoming insensible.

This, however, may remind some readers of a slightly similar performance of Rossini's, when Mrs. Moulton was taken to him. If we are to believe the Parisian journalists, he listened to her opening notes, pressed his hand upon his heart, and, as his head sank upon his bosom, muttered, "Ah, yes! it is the voice that sings to me in my dreams when I am composing." Despite, however, the manager's preliminary puffs, Minnie Hauk did not achieve a triumph. The day after her first appearance one of the critics wrote: "All the songstresses not on duty were at the Italian Opera last night, to hear Minnie Hauk. They observed her. They studied her. All of them slept well. The serpent of envy did not bite their hearts."

This was in January, 1869. Minnie Hauk had been exposed to a great peril, but fortunately was not crushed by it. On the contrary, she is probably indebted to it for the position she now occupies and the fact that her reputation is European. Her eyes were opened. The truth, convincing and irresistible, flashed upon her. On leaving the French capital for Germany, she determined to put her trust in unflinching, conscientious hard work alone. She steadfastly carried out her determination. For years she continued the most zealous of students, even after she had begun to reap the reward of her efforts. We know the result. Despite of opposition and intrigue, she became the popular favorite at Berlin and Brussels; in Vienna, her name was a

household word; in London, she was a revelation. Who can ever forget her Carmen!

Ere long she will once more appear in New York. But under what altered circumstances! She left the Empire City a promising girl. She returns a consummate artist. Her countrymen should be proud of her, for she is one of those who represent their art-progress, of which I spoke in the commencement of my letter. That Minnie Hauk will achieve a triumph is certain; I only hope her success will not cause her to make as long a stay in America as she has made in Europe. We cannot wait so long before hearing her again.

X.

Brahms's Second Symphony.

"Chernobino," in the *London Figaro* (Oct. 12) reports as follows:—

The first performance in this country of the second symphony of Brahms necessarily attracted a crowd of music-lovers to the first Crystal Palace concert on Saturday last. The symphony was, it is well known, written very shortly after the success of his symphony in C-minor revealed Brahms in a new light, and it was produced at Vienna last Christmas Eve. There has been considerable competition both in Germany and England for the possession of the score, but until its recent publication by Simrock, of Berlin, its performances on the continent have necessarily been few. Here, directly the printed score was received, it was at once placed in rehearsal by several of our London and provincial orchestral societies for production at their earliest concerts. At the Crystal Palace, Mr. Manns has been able, thanks partly to the fact that his concert was the first in point of date, but chiefly to his own indomitable energy and determination, to carry off the palm in this art rivalry. For the past three weeks portions of the symphony have been heard at nearly every ordinary daily concert, and Mr. Manns has thus been able to produce the work with the great advantage of numerous rehearsals for the nucleus of his band. Abroad a general consensus of opinion among foreign critics places the symphony in D as a work of thought as high as any composition of its sort which has appeared for many years, and this judgment, it is said, applies especially to the second movement, which at first hearing certainly seems anything but clear. To the first movement, however, no such objection can be advanced. Its themes are broad and excellently conceived, the orchestration is more easily comprehended than in the first movement of the symphony in C-minor, the contrapuntal writing is excellent, and a lofty purpose prevails throughout. If it show less the composer's individuality than other works we have heard from the same pen, and if it betray evidences of the influence of Brahms's surroundings in Vienna, these facts need not detract from the impression it made. In some points, and particularly in the coda, which is a masterly specimen of instrumentation, and in the working out after the repetition of the first part, this movement stands probably unrivalled by anything Brahms has yet given us. Of the second movement no judgment can yet be formed. Foreign critics who have heard it more than once declare it improves upon acquaintance, and that its intricacies and difficulties become comprehensible as the score is more familiar to the hearer. This may be the case, and we must be content to wait. First impressions, however, are as to the movement somewhat disappointing, and the feeling seems to generally prevail that all this ambiguity and darkness are to little or no purpose. If, however, the first two movements are pitched in a lofty strain, the last two are in entire contrast. The third, an *allegretto grazioso*, in place of the scherzo and trio, is purely Haydnian—light, gay, and charming. The movement was, Mr. Grove slyly reminds us, accorded the rare honor of an encore at its first performance by the Vienna Philharmonic Society, and although an attempt was made to repeat the compliment at the Crystal Palace, Mr. Grove's delicate little hint proved of no avail. The last movement has been declared by the foreign critics to be Mozartian, and although Mr. Grove cannot see they are right, there is not likely to be any serious disagreement on the point. Like the third movement, the finale is brilliant and even gay, the coda being again an admirable specimen of scoring. The public will doubtless proceed to draw comparisons between Brahms's two symphonies, but however much such comparisons may be desirable, it would be unsafe to do so after the comparative inexperience of a single hearing. This much may, however, be said, that whereas the first symphony was pure-

ly abstract, or, as the Germans would say, "absolute," music, written by its composer for himself and for fame, in the D major there are more abundant signs that Brahms wishes to conciliate the favor of the public. Whether, too, the gaiety of the last two movements does not form an anti-climax to the grandeur of the first and the intricacies of the second, is another question which cannot be decided now. Meanwhile, many heads are at work to enable us to form a judgment. Mr. Weist Hill will produce the symphony at the first of Madame Viard-Louis's concerts at St. James' Hall in November, and Herr Tausch will perform the same service at Glasgow. Mr. Joseph Bennett is engaged in analyzing it for the St. James's Hall performance, Mr. George Grove has already done so for the Crystal Palace, and these are altogether apart from the masterly review contributed by Dr. Franz Hueffer to the *Times*, the first analysis written by Mr. Frost for the *London and Provincial Music Trades Review*, and other criticisms, reports, and analyses. All this shows the great interest taken in a genuine novelty, an interest which does credit to our music lovers, and affords proof of the strides the art has made in this country within the last few years.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19. Wilhelmj opened our season by a concert and matinée performance on the 4th and 5th inst., with the assistance of M^{me}. Carreno, piano solo; Miss James, Soprano; Lazzarini, Tenore robusto; Tagliapietra, Baritone. The interest of the occasion, notwithstanding the merit of others of the party, was centred in Wilhelmj, who made a most favorable impression on our *cognoscenti* without, however, creating a *furor* with the general public, who were attracted in large numbers by the great European reputation of the artist.

Wilhelmj reveals all the peculiarities of the Leipzig school; that is to say his *technique* is faultless; bowing, fingering, stopping, *et cetera*, are all that can be asked; yet there is a certain *je ne sais quoi* which you feel for, but do not get; no enthusiasm is created, and you are left in fullest admiration but are not carried away. The fact is, the violin admits of no mediocrity, or the slightest approach to it, and, at the same time, demands imagination, poetry of feeling, breadth of style, largeness of tone, and all those great qualities, not forgetting the *feu sacré*, which are rarely found combined in one human being. Viotti used to say that the violin required the strength of a porter; this muscular power seems, by his physique, to be in Wilhelmj's possession, but it is apparently kept in reserve. To quote Viotti again, a solo violin must be heard at a distance for the enjoyment of a large round tone, near neighborhood giving the rasping bow and rattling string in too pronounced vibrations for the appreciation of that grand *timbre*, without which stringed instruments are only to be tolerated. I sat but four feet from the performer—not by choice I assure you—and yet his tone was just as sweet as when I was in a distant seat. This is doubtless a fault of the school, not of the individual. If we may believe the traditions, this reproach could not be made against Tartini, Nardini, and the long line of *virtuosi*, which probably passed away with Viotti. Do not let it be inferred from these remarks that Wilhelmj is not a great artist, or that he is not appreciated. Were it otherwise a single line would suffice to dispose of him. I feel that he may safely be named in conjunction with Joachim, to whom in certain artistic features he bears a family resemblance, quite honestly come by too, for they both enjoyed the valuable instructions of that eminent master, Ferdinand David, who, with Mendelssohn, made the Leipzig Conservatorium what it has been, and what it would not have been without their superior ability, theoretic and practical, in the divine art.

"The Mapleson Concert Combination" opened a series of local entertainments, very popular, here,

in which were heard an indifferent orchestra, a soulless pianist, and a toneless violoncellist. M^{me}. Roze, Messrs. Brignoli and Carleton were the vocalists, and sang with their usual ability. This concert was a good pecuniary speculation, but contributed nothing to the interests of art. This was followed, in the same subscription course, by "The Kellogg-Cary Grand Concert Combination," which was another money success. Miss Kellogg sang some trashy music, for which she ought to blush, but she did not, for I was near enough to see any "cautionary signal" of the approach of that beautiful quality called shame, that might inadvertently appear, even if unbidden. Miss Cary retired after her first song, which was beautifully rendered. Messrs. Rosnati and Conly gave great satisfaction. M^{me}. Maretzek supplied some numbers for the harp, and Mrs. King performed the inevitable "Rhapsodie" by Liszt, and a *Fuga* by Guilman, in a manner to merit the warm applause which she received.

AMERICAN.

BALTIMORE, OCT. 8.—The Hess English Opera Company opened here last night with *Freut*, at popular prices and with only a fair but enthusiastic attendance. Miss Abbott acted *Gräfin* well, especially in the closing scenes, but her high passages were thin and ineffective, and her trills woefully crude and unscholarly.

Miss Seguin sang and played most perfectly what little she had to do as *Siebel*. Mr. Castle made an acceptable *Freut*, and sang well except when he attempted to soar into the upper regions. Mr. Bragan made a poor soldier and, owing possibly to his nervousness, did not improve perceptibly later on in the duel and dying scene. Mr. Ryse looked and acted the legendary *Mephisto* with repulsive devilry sufficient to please the most fastidious, but his singing was unsteady and very often badly out of tune. In the *Serenade* he committed the unpardonable blunder of coming forward to the footlights and singing his sulphurous sarcasms at the audience instead of serenading *Gräfin*.

The chorus, what little there was of it, was execrable, and the orchestra, probably from want of sufficient rehearsing with the additional pieces from the Opera House Orchestra, was in bad trim. On the whole it was as poorly gotten up an opera, even for an English company, as your correspondent has ever witnessed. There was nothing in the whole performance to justify even a small part of the inordinate advance-puffing with which its advent was heralded, and I regret to say there was but one paper that came forward this morning with a really just, impartial criticism. Despite the statements of a portion of our press to the contrary, the opera on Monday night was but meagrely attended. The lower floor was comfortably filled; that was all. The balcony and gallery were almost empty.

It is announced to-day that "in the second act of the 'Bohemian Girl,' to be played Wednesday night, Miss Abbott will wear a necklace of turquoise and rubies, which were presented to her by Adelina Patti, and in the third act a 'river' of diamonds valued at \$28,000." What a pity this little episode was not arranged for Monday night! The Company remains during this week.

Mr. Max Maretzek is exhibiting his "Metropolitan" orchestra in the Autumn Garden Concerts at the Academy of Music, to small audiences. It was a mistake to bring so many expensive pieces with him while our own material was plentiful. He will be succeeded next week by the Roze Concert Combination.

The Peabody concerts during the coming Winter are to be organized on a new basis; of the particulars you shall be advised later. The plan has every appearance of assuring the usual number of Symphony Concerts. The trustees are not at present in a position to render much assistance to the Musical Department, owing to the bad standing of the Tennessee bonds, constituting a considerable part of the Fund. The new wing to the Institute has been completed, and the entire old wing, consisting of a large hall and retiring rooms, with suitable class-rooms above, is now devoted to the Conservatory. Mr. Hamerik has returned from his European tour and, besides attending to his regular duties, is busily at work on his *Sixth Norse Suite*, and some minor compositions.

OCTOBER 21.—The past week here was marked by two very happy musical events:—the appearance of Wilhelmj and the departure of the English Opera Company. For some unaccountable reason the latter protracted

its stay for another week, the attendance going from bad to worse, despite the continued puffing on the part of our daily press.

Wilhelmj played on Wednesday evening, before a fine house, two movements of Mendelssohn's Concerto, Hungarian airs by Ernst and his own paraphrase on Walther's "Preislied;" and as encores, an Air by Bach in C (on the G string) and a transposition of a Chopin *Nocturne*, by himself. Expectation had been screwed up to the highest pitch, by the glowing reports of his performances abroad and in New York; all came prepared for great things. They were not to be disappointed.

Expression, technique, and manner of performance—all are of the highest artistic order, and exceed the most sanguine expectations. Tall, handsome, dignified, with an agreeable smile playing about a mouth, the lines of which denote great depth of feeling, he stands the ideal German *Künstler*. Modest and unassuming, he makes no effort to produce effects, except the lofty effort to learn the real intention of the composer and interpret it truthfully.

Wonderful is the contrast of tender expression and great power, and the melody is never lost even in the most difficult passages. Other violinists have handled the same difficulties in which Wilhelmj excels, but how often was not melody sacrificed to technique? Wilhelmj's runs, for instance, in thirds, octaves and sixths, are all made so melodiously and with so little evident exertion, that the ordinary observer loses sight of the astounding technical difficulties.

Ole Bull has certain tricks, one might call them, of technique, in which many have tried in vain to equal him, and he delights in showing them. Wilhelmj's great trick is to hide all technical difficulties as much as possible.

Two other points of excellence, which must strike even those unacquainted with the difficulties of the violin, are his "flageolet tones" (always clear, never a single note lost), and his *staccato*. His display of the capabilities of the Violin in Ernst's Hungarian airs, once heard, will never be forgotten.

The support was what might have been expected—rather mediocre. M^{me}. Theresa Carreno played a Beethoven Sonata with much power, but little artistic expression. She was more fortunate in her performance of a *Nocturne* by Chopin. Miss Kate L. James has a good mezzo-soprano voice with considerable scope, but it lacks cultivation.

It is understood Wilhelmj will appear here again next month.

Next week Max Strakosch's Italian Opera.

MUSIKUS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, -OCT. 26, 1878.

DWIGHT'S JOURNAL OF MUSIC.

ESTABLISHED IN 1852.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1879.

On the first of January, 1879, this oldest of the many American musical journals will pass from the business management of Oliver Ditson & Co., into the hands of the well-known Boston publishing firm of Houghton, Osgood & Co. It will remain under the editorial charge of JOHN S. DWIGHT, its founder, and will preserve its identity in spirit, principle and purpose, as well as in general outward form and style. It appeals first, and mainly, to persons of taste and culture, lovers of the *best* in Music,—seeking to deserve *their* sympathy, instead of court-ing an indiscriminate "popularity," and relying for appreciation more on quality than quantity of matter. Loyal to the masters, the enduring models in the Art, it will yet welcome every sign of wholesome progress.

Regarding this change of publishers as the entrance upon a new era in the Journal's life, the Editor may properly refer to his original prospectus in the first number of the paper (April 10, 1852). These were the chief features promised then, and he renews the promise now:—

Its contents will relate mainly to the Art of Music,

but with occasional glances at the world of Art and polite literature; including, from time to time:

1. Critical reviews of Concerts, Oratorios, Operas; with timely analyses of the notable works performed, accounts of their composers, etc.
2. Notices of new music published at home and abroad.
3. A summary of *significant* Musical News, from English, German, French, Italian, as well as American sources.
4. Correspondence from musical persons and places.
5. Essays on musical styles, schools, periods, authors, compositions, instruments, theories; on musical education; on music in its moral, social, and religious bearings; on music in the Church, the Concert-room, the Theatre, the Parlor, and the Street.
6. Translations from the best German and French writers upon Music and Art.

This was an aspiration; much of it remains yet to be fulfilled. But in these six and twenty years the Journal of Music has won and held a reputation for its high tone; for the independence and considerate justice of its criticism; for the solid value of its contents, varied, readable, instructive; for its earnest and not wholly unsuccessful efforts to raise the musical taste and standard of our people, and to make the masterworks of genius more appreciated; and for its impartial survey of the whole field of musical Art. It has been much quoted and respected as an authority in Europe and at home.—Now it begins a new life with some positive advantages:—

1. Having no connection, no appearance, even, of identity of interests with the music trade in any of its representatives or branches, the Journal offers a new guaranty—were any needed—of impartial, independent, and sincere expression of opinion.
2. The Editor will be assisted by an able corps of fresh and bright contributors, musical and literary, who will treat the aesthetic problems of the day from various points of view, some of them seeing with young eyes.—For the present may be named: WM. F. APPELTON; A. W. TRAYER (the biographer of Beethoven); Dr. F. L. RITTER, of Vassar College; W. S. B. MATHEWS, of Chicago; etc.
3. The Journal will take more frequent notice than heretofore of what is passing in the world of Art and Literature in general; and can now promise book reviews and short papers from F. H. UNDERWOOD; poems, letters, essays, from JULIA WARD HOWE, C. P. CRANON, FANNY RAYMOND RITTER, "STUART STERN" (authoress of "Angelo," and others; Art notes, by WILLIAM M. HUNT, THOMAS R. GOULD (of Florence), THOMAS G. APPLETON; etc.

4. Though not disdaining dry or humble topics, it is not proposed to make this a *school* journal, nor to enter much into the grammar, or the mathematics, or the pedagogy, of the Art. These have their proper organs and their primers.

5. While increasing the proportion of original matter, as much room as possible will still be given to one feature always valued in our Journal,—at least by those who have preserved its volumes, namely: the bringing together of important papers upon Music from all sources, with translations of notable pamphlets, biographical notices of composers and musicians, etc. The mass of valuable matter, critical, historical, biographical, theoretic and aesthetic, stored up in these volumes, has been and is a help to many musical inquirers,—a library in itself.

These attractions, with the better opportunities of the Editor, will, it is hoped, put new life into the old Journal, and render it more interesting than it ever has been. But, for the realization of so comprehensive a programme, *many subscribers are essential*.

The Journal will be issued fortnightly; price of subscription \$2.50 per year, payable in advance, from January 1, 1879. The terms of advertising will be essentially the same as heretofore. Subscriptions (or notices of intention to subscribe) and advertisements, for the new volume, may be sent to the publishers,

HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co.,
220 Devonshire Street,
Boston.

The Promise of the Season.

Boston is likely, after all the long uncertainty, to have a fair share of musical enjoyments during the next six months. Several artistic virtuosos of the first distinction are sure to take us in our turn after they have "done" New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, etc. Numerous travelling "Combinations," in which shine "stars" differing in glory, usurp nearly the entire season's programmes of the Lecture Bureaus, the shrewd managers having discovered that cheap music pays much better on the whole than platform oratory. The Vocal Clubs are in their very heyday of enthusiasm and of public favor, and they increase in number; they are preparing each a series of interesting concerts for their crowded audiences of associate members and invited guests. Our best pianists—some of the best of whom will be sadly missed—will see to it that the piano works of Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, Chopin, and others old and new, will offer frequent and abundant invitation. Would that we might anticipate as much of other Chamber Music,—of Violin Quartets, etc., in which exquisite department we have fished of late years! And, in all probability, we shall have to famish, until Boston music-lovers shall support a permanent local orchestra, so that the best violinists may be able to live among us and not have to travel all the winter in Quintet Clubs.—The Handel and Haydn Society we have always with us; the Oratorio season knows no drought, and does not even need "Elijah" to intercede for rain this year.—We may have something in the way of Opera before the trees bud out again; possibly the Mapleson troupe, which seems to have made a fine beginning in New York; but all is in the vague as yet.

One thing, however,—and the most important of the elements which constitute a musical season—seems to be out of doubt: *We shall hear some Symphonies!* So far, to be sure, the response of the public to the appeal of the HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION has been far less assuring than it ought to be, to warrant the preparation of the concerts on a liberal and worthy scale. Yet the Committee have taken courage and determined to go on. The Eight Concerts will undoubtedly be given, commencing a month later than usual,—on Thursday, December 5. The other Concerts will probably succeed on the following dates: December 19; January 9 and 30; February 13 and 27; March 13 and 27. The Orchestra will be the best available under the circumstances. It has been impossible to lay out any scheme of programmes, while so much doubt hung over the continuance of the concerts. There will certainly be eight good Symphonies: at least two by Beethoven; one (in C) by Schumann; probably two or three of the least familiar ones by Haydn, and Mozart; certainly the new Symphony in D, (No. 2) by Brahms; and possibly one we have not yet heard by Spohr, or Gade, or even one of our own composers. But let this be borne in mind: *The excellence of the Concerts, the richness and the freshness of the programmes, and the perfection of interpretation must depend very largely on the gain of additional subscribers between this time and December.* Subscription lists may still be found at Mr. Peck's

office, at Ditson's, Pruefer's and Schmidt's music stores, at Chickering's, or with any member of the Concert Committee.

There is also a prospect of five Symphony Concerts at Cambridge, in the Sanders Theatre, and of another five in Boston,—both sets by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Orchestra under Herr Dietrich, and both dependent on the result of a seemingly reluctant, slow subscription, as in our own case of the Harvard Concerts.—And then, looming far ahead, beyond the close of the regular season, say in April, are certain misty but imposing outlines of a whole week's festival of orchestral music to be given by the full New York Philharmonic Orchestra (one hundred men) under their new Conductor, Neuendorf.—Here are three chances; may they "pool their issues" (to borrow a slang phrase) in one mutual general success!

ORATORIO. Our old Handel and Haydn Society hold up before us a truly grand prospectus for the sixty-fourth season, from November to Easter. Some of the principal soloists are announced already, namely: For Verdi's *Requiem*, November 24, Madame Rosa Skelding, of New York, said to be a dramatic singer of great power, Miss Adelaide Philipps, Mr. Charles R. Adams and Mr. John F. Winch; for the *Messiah*, December 22, Mrs. Emma R. Dexter, of Cincinnati, (who made so good an impression in the first Symphony Concert last year, and in the recent Worcester festival), Miss Ita Welsh, Mr. William Courtney and Mr. Myron W. Whitney. Negotiations are in progress for competent artists for the subsequent concerts, namely: February 9, Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, a portion of Berlioz's *Childhood of Christ*, and another short work not yet decided on; April 11 (Good Friday), Bach's *St. Matthew Passion Music*, entire for the first time, Part I. in the afternoon, Part II. in the evening; finally, April 13 (Easter), Handel's *Judas Maccabaeus*.—Season tickets for these six concerts cost but six dollars each, and are now selling at the Music Hall.

VOCAL CLUBS. The CROTLIA, B. J. Lang, conductor, is earnestly engaged in its weekly rehearsals and will give six concerts, in the Tremont Temple, the first pair in November. The season's programme includes: *L'Allegro ed il Penseroso*, by Handel; *Toggenburg*, short cantata, by Rheinberger; *Manfred*, Schumann; *The Crusaders* (probably with orchestra) Gade; *Miriam's Song of Triumph*, Schubert; Chorus of Reapers, etc., from *Prometheus*, Liszt; choice madrigals, glees, part-songs, etc. And better still, there is some chance that a short Cantata by Bach may be taken in hand, as well as a "New Year's Song" by Schumann.

The APOLLO CLUB, Mr. Lang, director, (as we learn by the *Courier*) will give the first concert of its eighth season in Tremont Temple, December 6. Subsequent concerts will be given in Music Hall, December 9, February 19 and 24, and two in May. The committee make no announcements of the works to be presented. But the associate members may rest assured, had they the need of that assurance, that the programmes will be made up with the care that has thus far been expended on them, that the rehearsals will be thorough, and the performances quite up to the club's high standard. The list of applicants for associate membership now numbers over three hundred names.

Of course the BOSTON CLUB, under George L. Osgood's direction, will not be behind with its rich offerings, of which we shall soon have a foretaste.

—And now a new society, the MENDELSSOHN CHORAL UNION, with numerous members of both sexes, has begun rehearsals in the spacious hall of the Young Men's Christian Association. Mr. Stephen A. Emery has been secured as conductor, and Mr.

Alfred D. Turner as pianist. We have not learned whether it is their intention this season to give public concerts.

PIANO RECITALS. Of these we may be sure there will be no dearth. The first announcement is that of Mr. W. H. SHERWOOD,—a series of *ten*, by subscription, to be given at his music rooms, 21 West Street, beginning early in November. The programmes will be choice and of especial interest to students.—That charming young pianist, Miss WINSLOW, will no doubt let herself be heard again; and so will Miss AMY FAY, who now resides in Boston, and who took part in a Concert of the N. E. Conservatory at Wesleyan Hall last Tuesday noon, together with Miss S. C. FISHER, vocalist. The programme included works by Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Liszt, Reinecke, Gounod, Jensen and Franz.—Mr. J. M. TROVAY will give six free musical soirées at his house this winter, beginning the first Wednesday in November. He will be assisted by several well-known vocalists. The music will be of a high character, but not strictly classical.

—We have only to count up our competent pianists, some mature and others full of promise and of perseverance, to be assured of many such recitals; they must do something to relieve the drudgery of daily lessons.

VIRTUOSOS. The first to visit Boston will be the great violinist, AUGUST WILHELMJ, about whom our Philadelphia and Baltimore correspondents are eloquent today, and of whom our pages have contained glowing accounts during several years past. Two concerts are announced for Monday and Wednesday evening, Nov. 28 and 30. On Monday he will have the assistance of Mme. Teresa Carreno, Miss Kate L. James, Miss Maud Morgan, Sig. Tagliapietra, Mr. Max Liebling, and an orchestra conducted by Carl Zesraln, in this programme:

Grand Sonata.....Beethoven
Mme. Teresa Carreno.
Aria—"Ernani, involami," from "Ernani"...Verdi
Miss Kate L. James.
Aria—"Il balen," from "Il Trovatore,"....Verdi
Signor Tagliapietra.
Grand Concerto for Violin.....Paganini
Herr August Wilhelmj.
Harp Solo—"La danse des sylphes".....Godefrid
Miss Maud Morgan.
Violin Solo—Paraphrase on the Prelied, from
Wagner's "Meistersinger".....Wilhelmj
Fantasia on airs from "Le Prophete".....Meyerbeer
Mme. Teresa Carreno.
Aria—"Roberto, tu che adori," from "Roberto
il Diavolo".....Meyerbeer
Miss Kate L. James.
Violin Solo—Alta Hongroise.....R. Ernst
Song—"La stella confidente".....Reubardy
Signor Tagliapietra.

On his way to this country is another famous violinist, the Hungarian, EDOUARD REMENYI, about whom there has been such a *furor* at the Paris Exposition, and of whose wonderful performance Liszt has written with enthusiasm, while some have called him "the Liszt of the violin." While waiting to learn how soon he will appear in Boston, it may be worth while to read what we here reprint from the *Transcript*:

Edouard Remenyi is about forty years of age, and was born at Miskolc, Hungary. His master on the violin at the Vienna Conservatoire was John Bohm, the same who instructed another Hungarian violinist—Joseph Joachim. His artistic career, which he began very early, was interrupted by the Hungarian rising in 1848, in which Remenyi, then quite a boy, took an active part. After the defeat of the insurgents he had to fly his country, and resolved to go to England. But on his way to that country he made the acquaintance of his celebrated countryman, Franz Liszt, who at once recognized his genius, and became his friend and artistic adviser. In 1854, the young artist went to London and was appointed solo violinist to the queen. In 1860, he obtained his amnesty and returned to Hungary, where some time afterwards he received from the emperor of Austria a similar distinction to that granted him in England. In the meantime he had made himself famous by numerous concerts in Paris and other European capitals. After his return home, he seems for a time to have retired from public life, living chiefly on an estate he owned in Hungary; but three years ago he resumed his artistic career in Paris, where he has been living since. Remenyi's great power seems to lie in the fiery, passionate character of his nature, which has the faculty of carrying his hearers away, and making them scarcely less excited than himself, while he appeals to the intellectual side of his listeners far less than does the great German, to whom he seems to be not inferior in technique. His repertory is very large, covering apparently almost the whole field of violin music, from the severer works of Bach, Beethoven, Mozart, and Mendelssohn, down to the works of the later violin composers. Besides these he plays a number of transcriptions of his own of all sorts, Chopin's nocturnes, mazurkas and waltzes, Field's nocturnes, Schubert's songs, and a vast number of selections from operas of all sorts, from Mozart to Wagner.

THE BEETHOVEN MATINEE, given on Friday afternoon (October 11) at Wesleyan Hall, under the auspices of the Boston Conservatory, was essentially the first classical chamber concert of the season. The programme, as announced, was made up exclusively of compositions by Beethoven, including two of the great composer's songs, to be sung by Mr. Carl Pfeuffer. On account of sudden illness, however, Mr. Pfeuffer was unable to appear. Mr. S. Liebling and Mr. Albert von Raalte played the lovely sonata for piano-forte and violin in C-minor, Op. 30, No. 2, in a manner which allowed everyone whose mood was attuned to the spirit of the music to enjoy it greatly. Mr. von Raalte draws a pure and sympathetic tone from his instrument, neither of great fullness, nor great breadth, but incisive, searching and musical. In his style and phrasing, he reminds one forcibly of his excellent teacher, Mr. Julius Eichberg. In fact Mr. Eichberg has too marked a musical individuality to make it easy for an intelligent pupil of his not to reflect it in his playing. It is not reasonable to look for marked individuality of style in so young a man as Mr. von Raalte, and happy is the young violinist who can give evidence of so much musical sensibility, and such pure musical perception as he does, influenced by such a thoroughly musical mind as that of his teacher. It is not every young, untried musician, just on the point of snapping his leading strings, and beginning to look into the world of music with his own eyes, who can rely upon such sound teaching, and feel that in following his master's guidance he does no dishonor to his own self. Mr. Liebling played the ever beautiful Sonata Op. 27, No. 2 with a young man's intensity of feeling, seconded by the technical ability of a well-trained pianist. If he did not sound all the depths of that well-nigh unfathomable work—a composition to which all the rhapsodies of writers on music have fallen far short of doing justice, and which even the greatest pianist approaches with religious humility and awe—he played it honestly, with heart-felt fervor and singleness of purpose. In the *Andante con moto* from the Sonata Op. 57 (*appassionata*) he showed more poise and maturity of conception than he has yet done. The final *Allegro*, however, seemed somewhat hurried, and recklessly played. The rendering was full of fire and intense verve, but these intoxicating qualities displayed themselves somewhat at the expense of artistic reserve, and that keen insight into the finer musical characteristics of the movement, without which a wholly satisfying rendering cannot be realized. Yet Mr. Liebling's playing was, as it always is, sincere, heartfelt, and free from unworthy trickery.—*Courier*, October 13.

Opera at Pompeii.

A somewhat startling announcement recently appeared in a Naples paper, to the effect that "the theatre of Pompeii, after having been closed for eighteen centuries, and being fully repaired, will soon be opened by Signor Luigi with a performance of 'La Figlia del Reggimento.'" The new manager at the same time bespoke the favor of the public, which had so generously patronized his predecessor, Marcus Quinius Martius; and assured it that there was no reason to fear a repetition of the deplorable accident by which that enterprising *impresario* had lost his vocation, and his audience their lives. It is, of course, quite possible to give a performance in the hoary old amphitheatre where the people of Pompeii had crowded to witness a contest of gladiators, when the showers of Vesuvian lava-dust overcame them. The edifice was so well preserved by the lava that, having now been excavated, it is still almost intact; and the modern Neapolitans may as easily throng upon its long, semicircular rows of stone seats as did the contemporaries of Sallust, Pliny, and Diomedes. As we think of the old theatre of Pompeii once more alive with a throng of pleasure-seekers, attired for the most part in the homely and unnoticeable every-day costume of our time, with here and there an oasis of brilliant color afforded by the showy dress of a Neapolitan peasant, we cannot help conjuring up the last scene witnessed there in the olden time: the white, looped up togas and the narrow filets of the patricians, Diomedes in his sandals and with his big gold rings, and the rows of dark-eyed, diabolically beautiful daughters, in their waistless robes and daintily coiffed tresses. The *opera bouffe* and the pantomime, which one may see now and then in full career in the very tomb of the imperial Augustus at Rome, and which will, perhaps, replace the legitimate lyrics at Pompeii, are, indeed, the descendants of very ancient dramatic performances; but very different are they from the fierce and barbaric pastimes which made the fairest women of Southern Italy scream with delight from the Pompeian tiers eighteen centuries ago. The "Tragic Theatre," as it was called—and tragic, verily, it was!—was the favorite resort of the rich Romans who flocked to Pompeii as a summer watering-place. Its audiences will now consist of the motley throng of foreign tourists who go to see the most impressive ruins in Europe, and of the not less motley gathering of Calabrian peasants, who, thoughtless or ignorant of the historic memories of the spot, will go simply to be amused and laugh.—*Appleton's Journal*, Editor's Table.

MINNIE HAUCK AND SIGNOR FOLI. A gossiping reporter of the *New York Herald*, who went forth to meet the Mapleson troupe on their arrival, says:

Miss Minnie Hauck was a very goodly sight to behold, clad in a close-fitting blue travelling dress. Her face is decidedly pretty and lacking little of being handsome, with laughing grayish brown eyes, a good nose, full, well-shaped lips, that when parted showed very white

and regular teeth, and a rich, warm complexion. She went away from New York nine years ago to study music, a tall, sixteen-year-old girl. She returned for a brief visit in 1876, a large and too stout young woman. She now appears fresh from her foreign triumphs, neither a slim girl nor a stout Fräulein, but an elegant, self-possessed lady. In Vienna she was very successful. In Berlin the emperor was good enough to take a liking to her. The emperor's favorites were "Mignon" and the "Daughter of the Regiment." The emperor in his box was always the first to begin the applause. "In Brussels I appeared in 'Carmen,'" she said. "I sang it in the French. You know it is a French opera. It is called an opera comique, but it is not at all like the American idea of an opera comique. The music is essentially Spanish, and the opera is very tragic. I was fortunate in being able to sing it in French, for I got a great many ideas and situations that are not in the Italian at all. I don't know whether New Yorkers will like 'Carmen' at first. It's unlike any other opera; it grows upon an audience. The first night in London people did not know what to say. They looked at each other, as much as to say, 'Shall we like it?' But after the first night it grew steadily in favor. It is a very trying opera, and, musically, very ungrateful. I am on all the time from the time the curtain goes up until the end. Other characters have single, beautiful arias, and gain more applause than I with my whole evening's singing. But all my music is charming, and the treatment is splendid. Signor Foli, the basso, is sure to be a prime favorite. He is an Irishman by birth, and an old resident of Hartford, where he worked at his trade of carpenter and builder. He had a fine bass voice, and his friends persuaded him to go abroad and study. He decided to do so, and was about to start when the war broke out. He immediately set about enlisting a company, and had fifty men enlisted, but his friends brought all their entreaties to bear, and got him off for Europe, so the country lost a good soldier in Lieutenant Foley, and gained a fine basso in Signor Foli. "You see," he said, "I found that these Italians couldn't get my name right. They called me Foley and the like. So I just changed the 'y' to an 'i,' and they had it all right. Nature was good to me, and I worked hard. Anyhow I've made a good bit of money. Let me tell you I am the longest-legged basso on the stage, and I get twice, yes, three times, as much money as any other basso."

MUSICAL STRIFE. Johann Patlik, a musician, and Josef Kammerger, a journey-man tailor, occupy rooms on the ground floor opposite each other in the courtyard of a house in the Barichgasse, Vienna. Josef Kammerger is a member of what is called a "Veterans' Association," and on festive occasions discharges the indispensable duties of drummer. It is true he has never been a soldier, but this is a fact which, in the case of many such associations, in no wise acts as an obstacle to one's becoming a member. At his leisure hours, Josef used to practise in his room on the drum, while Herr Patlik, on the opposite side of the courtyard, worked away at his double-bass. Every time, however, that the zealous Veterans' Drummer began his deafening exercises, the musician used to burst forth in strong invectives; he could not hear what he was himself playing, and was compelled to leave off until the other had finished. Last May, the double bass's rage reached its culminating point, for, contrary to his expectation that Kammerger would practice less assiduously as he grew more efficient, Kammerger did nothing of the sort, but, after thoroughly mastering the signals and marches, went on beating the unoffending drum more savagely than ever. One day, the musician, unable to contain himself any longer, hurled an empty beer bottle with such violence into the drummer's room that the vessel was dashed into a thousand fragments, which fell in a shower over and around the assiduous drummer. The drumming ceased and the next moment, Kammerger, looking much startled, appeared at his window, peering about after the person who had fired the missile. At the opposite window he caught sight of Herr Patlik who, evidently glorying in what he had done, and armed with his double-bass, was making the most hideous grimaces as though he wanted to annihilate the drummer. This sent the valiant Kammerger into a furious rage. Snatching up a heavy music book strongly bound in pig skin he sent it with all his force at the aggressor. This was the signal for a regular bombardment. Patlik had another empty beer bottle handy; this he forthwith despatched after the first, while Kammerger answered incontinently with a pomatum pot that happened to be in the window. Patlik now seized a petroleum can, which, without stopping to consider, he threw at his adversary; Kammerger's reply was a flower pot, sent flying with such force that, passing through Patlik's window, it continued its course, until it exploded in a hundred fragments on the door at the opposite side of the room. Both combatants indulged in language of a highly personal and uncomplimentary kind, while the persons who, attracted by the hubbub, had hurried to the spot, kept at a respectful distance so as to be out of reach of the missiles that were following each other in such quick succession through the air. A few days ago, Herren Patlik and Kammerger appeared at the police-court. They had each taken out a summons against the other. The whole story was gone through by principals and witnesses, the former working themselves up to such a pitch of excitement that, had such objects been ready at hand, empty beer-bottles, pomatum pots, music books, and so on, would have been flying about the court. Eventually, the magistrate succeeded in effecting a reconciliation and the two cross summonses were discharged.—*London Musical World*.

Special Notices.

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Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

- Oh! to be home again! Eb 4. c to F. *Reden*. 40
"Mother is calling,—calling, calling, calling."
Very pathetic, and portrays the agitated thoughts and speech of the dying one who so longed for home.
- The Everlasting Shore. G 4. d to g. *Pinsuti*. 35
"I am waiting for the music
Of a voice heard long ago."
- Upon one stormy Sunday. G 3. E to g. *Carlton*. 30
"Coming adoon the lane
Were a score of bonnie lasses."
One of the sweetest of Scotch ballads. Sing it and believe it!
- Forget or die. Bb 3. b to E. *V. V.* 30
"What is left then, to the heart,
But forgetting, or else dying?"
Quite effective and full of feeling.
- My Mother's Bible. Song and Chorus. G 2 d to E. *Rosewig*. 35
"My mother's hands this Bible clasped."
Well known words, to new and simple music.
- Nora Macarty. Bb 3. d to F. *Boott*. 30
"She's the completest
Of girls, and the neatest."
Merry, "neat," and very pretty Irish ballad.
- Daschinka, or The Star of the North. G minor and major. 3. d to F. *Pinsuti*. 30
"When you do come, will you stay?
Will you smile and fade away?"
Pretty Russian or Swedish Song, quite original.
- Will we never meet again. Song and Cho. C 3. E to g. *Speck*. 30
Pleasing love song, in popular style.
- I am waiting Essie. for thee. Aria for Guitar. C 3. E to E. *Brown*. 35
Well known popular song. Nearly all such are arranged for Guitar, as well as Piano, and may be so ordered.
- The Star. (L'étoile). D 4. E to A. *Faure*. 35
"Choose we, my best beloved,
One from the bright stars gleaming."
Charming alike in words, sentiment and music.

Instrumental.

- Rakoczy Overture. 4. *Bela*. 1.00
Overture to the Hungarian Drama "Rakoczy in Prison," and includes the celebrated March.
- Artist's Joy Waltz. (Wiener Kunstler Abende.) 3. *Dubez*. 75
Some of the bright Vienna music that keeps the world from stagnating.
- Greeting of Spring. (Frühlingsgrüss). G 4. *Schultze*. 35
Expressive of the thoughts and the music accompanying the genial season.
- Along the Shore. Op. 99. Reverie. Eb. *G. D. Wilson*. 60
Mr. W. then, has been idyllic by the Sea-side, and to good purpose. Very melodious.
- Wandering Brook. Ab. *Morris*. 60
The same vein of thought as that in Tennyson's poem, but musically expressed.
- Red Bird Waltz. Fine Lithograph title. C 2. *Becht*. 40
Just the piece for a young pupil.
- Paul et Virginie Waltzes. 3. *D'Albert*. 60
This is the Virginie of the story, and not the more modern one that "never tires." Nor should we tire very soon of the dance or the music.
- Potpourri from Babes in the Wood. 4 hands. 3. *Maylath*. 75
Six melodies, all very popular.
- Original Composition for the Organ. By Dr. Henry Stephen Culler. No. 1. Andante. A 5. *Culler*. 35
Dr. C. as we know, is a "born organist," and a master of his instrument. The Andante is for Manual and Pedal, and is a good beginning to a somewhat extensive set of similar pieces.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus, "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 980.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 9, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 16.

Virtuosity versus Art.

The more extended the horizon of a man's musical knowledge becomes, the more firmly rooted will grow his conviction that virtuosity for its own sake has no true place within the domain of pure Art; and the deeper and more earnest his studies of the records of the past, the less will he think of himself and his own importance as compared with the advancement of his art. The time has not long since passed away when art was in almost every department sacrificed to display, and when a player or singer was admired, not for his power to expound great music, but for his cleverness in using his voice, or manipulating his instrument, and for his pertinacity in putting and keeping his cleverness, or "virtuosity," before the public. Indeed, this sort of appreciation is far from being, even now, entirely a thing of the past; and there is a considerable section of the so-called "musical public" which thinks far more highly of a show of "execution" in the shape of a cadenza, than of the work of genius which such cadenza is intended to "improve." But this section is, we are glad to believe, growing "small by degrees and beautifully less;" and year by year, as musical culture advances, and public taste improves, attention is attracted more and more to the music itself, and to the manner in which it is performed, rather than to the executive abilities of the performer, except so far as those abilities are rendered subservient to a nobler purpose than mere personal display.

This advance in public opinion is a healthy sign of the times, and as the winter concert-season is now commencing, we would offer a word of advice to all who are likely to appear before the public as interpreters of the works of the great masters. Advice is, we know, plentiful; but it is too often the case that the people who have most need of it are least disposed to take it, from whatever quarter it may come. We think, however, these lines will be read by some who will be inclined to act upon suggestions made with no other object than to maintain a high standard in all that pertains to music as an art.

The advice we would offer to artists is this—*keep self in the background entirely, and bring all your powers to bear upon the true rendering of your composer's work.* Banish "virtuosity," as such, from your vocabulary. Do not forget that, while executive powers of the highest order are absolutely necessary to convey to your audience a true idea of the works of the classic composers, those powers are to be employed *only to interpret your author, and not to exalt yourself.* The artist is the medium of conveying the composer's ideas to the listener, and, like the clear glass which lets in a flood of sunlight to an otherwise dark room, the performer of a piece of music should, metaphorically speaking, be invisible. Without obtruding himself upon his hearers' attention, a true artist conveys to them the thoughts embodied in the composition he is playing or singing—without a single note being added to or taken from that composition. Virtuosity, in the sense of a mere display of executive power, is quite out of place in the interpretation of other people's music. If you are singing or playing a piece of your own, ornament it by all means, if you are so inclined—put in your turns, your arpeggios, your chromatic runs, your chords, etc., *ad libitum*; the piece is yours, and you are at liberty to "do as you like with your own." But you have no right to do this with the music of others. It is an insult to your audience; and, what is even

worse, it is a ruthless trampling under foot of the mighty men of the past, if, while you pretend to play their works, you are "executing" something of your own, to show the public what you can do. If you can, after careful and reverent study of your author, throw any light upon his meaning, or, by your manner of performing his music, help the public to understand him, do it by all means; for in so doing you honor him, instruct them, and render true and loyal service to art. But do not degrade yourself and art too by climbing to the shoulders of the composer whose works you profess to play, in order to show how nimble are your fingers, how retentive your memory, how flexible your throat. You may have the fingers of a RUBINSTEIN, or the throat of a PATTI or an ALBANI; but your powers, be they ever so great, are none too great to do honor to our classic composers; and if you render to them full justice, you will be in the only legitimate way of gaining honor for yourself.

There is nothing which makes an artist more fit for his public duties than this concentration of the whole soul upon his author. Such complete self-abnegation will make his nerves like iron; and if he has any fear at all, it is not that he will "break down," and disgrace himself, but lest he should fail to tell his audience what the composer meant to say.

People who go to hear music—whether organ recitals, pianoforte recitals, instrumental or vocal solos, or what not—have this matter, to some extent, in their own hands. We fear there are not many artists who care so much for art as to be entirely indifferent to popular applause; but there will, we are sure, be many more of this class when audiences learn to appreciate the spirit which actuates the true artist. When people know that the singer or player to whom they listen does not want to display himself, but to expound his author; that the most demonstrative or noisy performer is not always the best musician; that the artist who startles least by his own powers frequently conveys most instruction, and although he is well able to gain applause for himself by a few showy tricks, he prefers to serve art by a faithful performance of good music,—when, we say, audiences remember these things, then, and then only, will art and "virtuosity" change places in general estimation.

The whole tendency of a musician's life, both private and public, will be influenced most powerfully by his views of art. If art is to him a platform on which he stands to attain an eminence which would otherwise be beyond him, he is, and will ever remain, a charlatan; but, if he regards himself as only an instrument (albeit, an intelligent, studious, and appreciative instrument), to set forth good music, and win for it from others the love and admiration he himself feels, then his mission is a noble one, and the good will of those who are able to value his real merits at their proper worth will be a greater and more lasting compensation than any "popular applause" he may fail to obtain.—*London Musical Standard.*

Brahms's New Symphony.

OPINIONS OF THE LONDON DAILIES.

The Times.

Brahms occupies a peculiar position in the history of modern music. Proclaimed to the world as the coming hero of music by Schumann nearly five-and-twenty years ago, he at first seemed doomed to disappoint this splendid prognostication. His early works showed the distinct influence of the composer who had first

acknowledged him; soon, however, an original vein of high quality became apparent, and the first Serenade for orchestra in D proclaimed to the world the rising of a star of the first magnitude. By that time Brahms had shaken off all dependence on Schumann. He had settled at Vienna, and the traditions of the earlier masters of the Viennese school had become part of his being. Wherever, especially in his orchestral works, the influence of other composers is shown, it is that of Haydn and Mozart, at least as much as of Schumann or Mendelssohn, and, in spite of his *début* under "romantic" influences, he is at the present day the stronghold of "absolute musical form and of classicism in its wider significance."

The new symphony in D shows distinct traces of the various elements above alluded to. The beginning of the first movement, *allegro ma non troppo*, somewhat reminds one of the serenade in A, especially as far as the grouping of the wind instruments is concerned; and the second theme, in F sharp minor, beautifully intoned by the 'celli and viola cantando, is still to a certain extent in Brahms's "Viennese" manner. But the working out which ensues, and to which the flutes give a quaint coloring, is pitched in a more passionate key, and especially the fugato passage after the repetition of the first part shows the contrapuntist of the first order. As a whole, the first movement of Brahms's symphony may be called a masterpiece, and worthy of its composer's fame. The contrapuntal writing is excellent, the themes are broad and powerful, and the whole is pervaded by a sustained feeling of strong though occasionally gloomy passion. The last-named quality is again discovered in the second movement, *adagio ma non troppo*, in B. The themes here, however, are less graphically defined, and beyond a general impression of noble intent and consummate workmanship it is almost impossible to judge of this movement from a first hearing. In the two ensuing movements, *allegretto grazioso* and *allegro con spirito*, on the other hand, everything is plain sailing. The composer has thrown off all sadness, and follows his humor whither it may lead him. In the *allegretto* there is the simple *gaieté de cœur* which we have previously called Viennese, and which is also that of Haydn. There is also in the presto something like the merry dance of peasants to the sounds of the flute and the clarinet and the "loud bassoon." In this movement a deviation from the classical form may be noted. For although a presto intervenes between the opening *allegretto* and its final repetition, the customary forms of scherzo and trio can hardly be recognized. The finale has, by the consensus of foreign critics, been characterized as "Mozartian," and in this judgment we are bound to agree, although the affinity does not amount to anything like plagiarism as far as the melodies are concerned. But the spirit and general structure of the piece certainly remind one of the great master. The *allegro* is worthy of its name, bright and brilliant from beginning to end. In such circumstances much comment is unnecessary beyond the remark that the second theme for strings, *largamente*, is of greater depth than the somewhat boisterous first, and that the final coda is, like that of the first movement, admirably written. That the lighter measures of the third and fourth movements appear as an anti-climax after the mighty strains of the earlier portions it would be vain to deny. But for that reason the work itself ought not to be depreciated. In his first sym-

phony Brahms had taken Beethoven for a model. Everything, including even one of the themes, recalled the last and greatest symphonic work of that master. Here Brahms is perfectly himself, and in consequence the various elements of his artistic nature, detailed by us, find their adequate expression. Hence the piece gains in character what perhaps it may lose in unity of design. It is in all respects representative of the greatest symphonic writer now living.

The Standard.

Herr Brahms's No. 2 is, in point of technical workmanship, skilful orchestration, and rigid adherence to the orthodox rules of construction, not a whit inferior to the No. 1; while it possesses the advantages of clearness of plan and an amount of melodic expression which is not generally found in this author's writings. We have no doubt that the symphony in D will prove more popular than the C minor, with the exception of the second movement, *adagio non troppo*, which, though a veritable marvel of technical skill, is too learned and labored to prove universally acceptable. As we have before remarked, the form of the composition is in accordance with the precedent laid down by Haydn and Mozart, and followed out by Beethoven, Schubert, Mendelssohn, etc., and consists of the usual four movements—*allegro non troppo* (D major), *adagio non troppo* (B major), *allegretto grazioso quasi andantino* and *presto ma non assai* (G major), and *allegro con spirito* (D). What will immediately strike the observer is the absence of the scherzo and trio; but Herr Brahms, although electing to depart from the more customary style, has not replaced the scherzo with anything outside the pale of admitted symphonic form. What is most remarkable in the first *allegro* is the "infinite variety" of thematic workmanship, the unexpected changes in the scoring, and the abrupt transitions from *forte* to *piano*, and *vice versa*. So full of change and surprise is this section of the work that the auditor is held fascinated, as it were, throughout what otherwise would seem a very long movement, spellbound by the inexhaustible fertility of the composer's invention. Here we have plenty of tuneful, unaffected expression, contrasted with passages of a more dramatic character, or others that are purely scholastic. Occasionally we are reminded in the more placid portions of Mendelssohn; but it is not for long, and then the individuality of Herr Brahms comes out all the stronger. The coda, with its long syncopated passage for first horn, accompanied by the wind and pizzicato strings, is singularly beautiful, and the *allegro* comes to a quiet but most effective finish. Of the *adagio* we shall make no attempt to speak in detail; it is deeper in sentiment, and perhaps more vague in construction, than the rest of the symphony, and is noteworthy both for the prevalence of syncopated passages and time-changes. The workmanship is highly elaborate, and the instrumentation masterly, but no correct estimate of its worth can be obtained from a single hearing. The *allegretto grazioso*, which does duty for the scherzo, is a charming and dainty little movement, constructed with great simplicity, as to the main theme, and abounding with delicate Schubert-like alternations between the major and minor modes. Again, we have some extraordinary time-changes (a favorite device of Herr Brahms), the measure altering from 3-4 to 2-4, thence to 3-8 and 9-8, and so back again to the original 3-4. It is full of interest and attraction, and possesses a flow of melody such as one does not frequently encounter in modern German compositions. Of the finale it is as difficult to speak with accuracy, after hearing it but once, as of the *adagio*; but we are inclined to place its pretensions upon an inferior rank to those of the remainder of the composition. Unbounded vitality, energy, and spirit the *allegro con spirito* undoubtedly possesses; but it is not always as clear or concise as might be desired,

and is spread perhaps over a greater extent than the thematic substance warrants. Taken all in all, however, the Symphony in D is the work of a master-hand to whom there are no secrets in the treasure mine of music that have not come beneath his notice, to find a ready solver. It is well that Germany can boast such sons of Apollo as this, and it is well for the world of music that there is an active power now amongst us which gives us incontestable proof that the laws of structure which governed art in the bygone era do not necessarily militate against the march of progress at the present day.

Daily Telegraph.

The German master's new work, like the corresponding one of Beethoven, is in the key of D, and differs widely as to general character from the first. Consciously or otherwise, Brahms thus emulates his great predecessors in the art of, so to speak, shifting his ground and taking up fresh standpoints in the inexhaustible region of thought and feeling which belongs to music. An air of idyllic simplicity pervades the new symphony, save in the slow movement, and, on reaching it from the previous composition, we seem to have passed out of a zone of tempest into one of repose. This idea is strongly impressed upon us by the character of the opening *allegro*, which, though not wanting in vigorous contrasts, mainly suggests pastoral quiet and gentleness. We cannot, however, say that the result is due to particularly novel methods. The *allegro* is, in fact, the least original portion of the work, and we do not assert this merely because some passages in it might have been inspired by Mendelssohn. Due weight should, no doubt, be accorded to the frequency with which, in listening to this music, the name of the most fascinating, if not the most profound, of modern composers rises to the lips; but it is of more importance to observe that throughout the movement we cannot but be conscious of a pervading conventionality. The individual composer stands out plainly enough in the details of treatment, and, looking on any page of the score, a student of Brahms recognizes the mark of his hand. But the thoughts and the outlines of their expression are all familiar to us. So far the movement must be regarded as disappointing. Because originality is rare, we almost fiercely expect it from men like this accomplished master. The lack of it, however, should not blind us to merits which are not wanting, and the very movement now spoken is, in all other respects, a *chef d'œuvre*. Its form, closely following accepted models, is perfect; its workmanship that of consummate art, and the inflexibility of purpose which turns to advantage every scrap of thematic material and every figurative device cannot be too highly praised. Musicians, therefore, will hear the *allegro* with delight. They may regret the absence of originality; but must dwell with pleasure upon the excellence of the workmanship. Concerning the slow movement—an *adagio ma non troppo* in F sharp minor—the belated critic might well speak with diffidence after but one hearing. Though certainly not formless, its form is unique; while its purport by no means lies on the surface. Hasty observers might even say that the meaning is obscure, and the expression, wanting a clue to the underlying thought, sometimes unpleasing. Others, less rash, withhold judgment in suspense till familiar with an utterance which, coming from a man like Brahms, cannot be mere vanity and vexation of spirit. The composer does not style his third movement a scherzo, nor, if fun be deemed essential to scherzi, can it fairly claim a place in the family. Brahms has little or nothing, as far as we yet know, of the humor which is so charming a quality in Beethoven, and we find no evidence of it here. But the movement, which takes us back to the idyllic region of the *allegro*, has abundance of beauty and life. Consisting of two divisions—*allegretto* and *presto*—there is in it much happy variety; nor do we think the less of the movement because throughout we recognize the author's strong individuality. For the rest, its structure is as simple and obvious as the sternest opponent of modern complexity and foggieness could desire. The last movement, *allegro con spirito*, has been likened by German critics to Mozart, but this, we venture to think, is a superficial opinion. Its straightforward diatonic themes, occasional unison passages, and sustained animation no doubt recall the finales of the older masters, but beyond this the two have little in common. The movement shows, however, with what happy results a

modern composer can still cherish the spirit of his predecessors. Brahms, without ceasing to be himself, or stooping to direct imitation, here proves the vitality remaining in long-accepted traditions, which those only now reject, perhaps, who are unable to do more than slavishly reproduce without developing. Well wrought, sustained with splendid strength and admirable judgment, the finale rushes on to the end, carrying with it inevitable sympathy and admiration.

Daily News.

The symphony opens with an "*Allegro non troppo*" (in D major), the leading theme of which is a genial melodic phrase (somewhat trite, however), given out first by the horns, then by some of the wood wind instruments. After being well developed, a second subject is introduced, also in the original (?) key, in which the violoncellos and violas have a prominent share, this theme being more striking and important than the leading subject of the movement. Other episodic passages occur, some of which are distinguished by melodic grace, others by impulsive energy, a fine coda bringing the first division of the symphony to an effective close. The following "*Adagio non troppo*" (in B major), is far less interesting, both in subject and treatment, than the preceding movement. It is, indeed, vague and unsatisfactory in development, and owes what effect it produces to some ingenious variations of rhythm, and some very skilful contrasts in the instrumentation. The *allegretto grazioso quasi andantino* has much of the character of a scherzo, although not so entitled. This movement produced a special effect, and was encored in the Vienna performance—results that did not follow its hearing on Saturday. It possesses much piquancy and impulse, with some strongly contrasted rhythmical effects, but leaves a general impression of strained effort after originality. The finale—*allegro con spirito*, in the original key—is the best sustained and most coherent movement of the whole symphony. The themes are striking and melodious in themselves, and their treatment is fluent and masterly; a tone of jubilant brightness running throughout the entire finale, which winds up with a truly splendid coda. In proportion as the composer would seem here to have been less under the influence of a craving after originality than in the other movements, the result has been more successful. Not that the finale is marked by plagiarism, either in subject or treatment, but that it is characterized by a freedom and spontaneity that are not so apparent in the other portions of the symphony. A work of such importance, however, demands more than a single hearing to justify a definite judgment on its merits.

Daily Chronicle.

The concert of Saturday was specially notable by reason of the introduction to this country of Brahms's second symphony in D, Op. 73, first performed by the Philharmonic Society of Vienna last Christmas Eve. The directors of these concerts have been untiring in their efforts to familiarize their patrons with the works of a diligent writer who has long been regarded as the foremost composer of modern Germany, and their exertions have not been thrown away. Since the first appearance of Brahms's name in their programmes continually increasing interest has been aroused in his compositions, until now his popularity is second to none of his contemporaries. Brahms's first symphony, in C minor, was so favorably received on the occasion of its performance here in March last year, that it was naturally supposed the *habitués* would be eager to hear the second work of this description from his pen as soon as practicable. Hopeful as were the English admirers of Brahms of his new symphony proving a valuable addition to the repertoire of our orchestral societies, but few, we believe, were prepared for the vigorous, yet graceful work presented on Saturday. It is in every respect a masterly composition, and the cordial approbation bestowed upon its first performance is certain to be fully endorsed as audiences become more familiar with its merits. The *allegro* is a spirited movement, marked by flowing tunefulness, to which the following *adagio*, in the key of B, comes in delightful contrast. By many, however, the third movement will perhaps be regarded as the gem of the work. It is an *allegretto grazioso*, beginning with a pretty air, somewhat pastoral in character, assigned to oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, with a pizzicato accompaniment of violoncelles. When the theme has been developed the tempo becomes *presto*, the whole movement being so charmingly piquant, that on Saturday it narrowly escaped an

encore. The finale is an allegretto con spirito, in which there is no falling off in the freshness marking the earlier portion of the composition; the concluding passages, indeed, are worked up with such wonderful dash and brilliancy as to hold attention captive until the last bar has been played. Novelties, even when instinct with genius, do not always obtain ready acceptance; but we shall be much surprised if this new symphony does not materially add to the reputation Brahms already enjoys in this country.

R. Schumann and Thibaut.

BY DR. LUDWIG NOHL.

[Translated from the "Neue Zeitung," by J. A. Munkelt.]

It is well known that Robert Schumann, with respect to the spiritual revival of his art, belongs to those who, after Beethoven's death, have most actively been pursuing the cultivation of music. We know, likewise, that the unassuming essay "On Purity in Music" by Thibaut, the great Heidelberg "man of pandects," by its convincing contents, gave the first decisive impulse to scientific circles in general to attend more to the "spirit" in music, and that the universities by degrees assumed its scientific teachings. Interesting it is that both indeed differ greatly in years—the deeply grounded musician and the highly spirited jurist and lover of music—and yet they never entered into a real intimacy. Counsellor Semmel, an early friend of Schumann's, with whom he studied at Heidelberg in 1829-30, relates in Wasielewski's biography that Schumann, who was to study for law, could not even be filled with a passing interest for this science by the highly-spirited Thibaut. A little incident, however, that happened in favor of Schumann is worth noting. At the college the reasons were discussed why the female sex come sooner to full age than men. "A boy of 18," was Thibaut's rather naïve reply, "is like a young bear; a creature that does not seem to know how to use hands and feet. On entering society, nothing looks more awkward than the young man with his hands behind his back, looking for a table or some other piece of furniture in a corner where he can find some support. A young girl of 18, on the contrary, is not only the most delicate object one can behold, but she is also a wholly sensible person, with her stocking-knitting in the middle of a party, dignified and able to take part in the conversation. Here, gentlemen, lies the reason why the earlier ripeness of the female sex receives legal acknowledgement." "This was well spoken," was Schumann's reply afterwards, "and no doubt Thibaut is in this manner 'spicing' his lectures; but in spite of all his ornaments I cannot get any taste for his science, I do not understand it. In return, a great many will not understand the language of music. But you (speaking to his friends) comprehend something of it, and therefore I will relate you something." On saying this he places himself before the pianoforte and plays Weber's "Invitation to the Dance." "She says: 'This is love's caressing.' He says: 'This is man's earnest voice.' Both are now speaking, and I hear distinctly what this couple is conversing about. Is there not more beauty than your jurisprudence can ever produce?"

We can conclude from this that the young Schumann was already severed from his legal studies, and lost to them forever. And even Thibaut's attractive house was for the studious musician scarcely an interruption in his solitary and entirely musical life. It is further remarked that all ascetic views on music by the celebrated jurist remained without any influence on Schumann's musical turn and development. But Schumann at that time was grown into his music, living only for her secret agitations in the sphere of his feelings and fancies; and the world knows sufficiently all the tender and rich poetical accomplishments in song and instrumental lyrics that have therefrom proceeded. Is it an entire spring full of blossoms of the art.

However, after a long and severe struggle at Heidelberg, where he yielded himself up for ever to music, and where he let his inner poetical life freely breathe, the thought awoke in him of the necessity to himself of music and her laws (which, perhaps, few of the productive natures of his art did); and, scarcely five years after he proved, by establishing the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, that in spite of all gainsaying he decidedly appreciated the value of scientific knowledge, which Thibaut likewise advocated for music. Through his activity in the sphere of æsthetic criticism on music, he has effect-

ed a decidedly great and manifold change, which led to important accomplishments in the science of music through such men as Marx, Jahn, Chrysander, Ambros, etc., etc. Schumann, therefore, was not at Heidelberg and with Thibaut in vain. Later in his life he speaks himself with enthusiasm of the powerful influence which Thibaut exercised over him.

To show that the inner feelings for music in the soul of the earnest jurist and those of the quiet, thoughtful Schumann were equally founded on truth and clearness, let us here add a little anecdote. At one of their personal meetings they happened to come upon Rossini, who at that time was ruling over the continent. Sarcastically Thibaut remarks: "His music appears to me as if some one uttered in a sweet note of a flute, 'I... L...o...v...e (screaming) THEE'!" This made Schumann laugh most heartily, and was the cause of the greatest merriment.

The Concerto. Its Origin and Development.

BY EBENEZER PROUT.

(From George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Part IV.)

CONCERTO (Ital.; Ger. and Fr. *Concert*). This name is now given to an instrumental composition designed to show the skill of an executant, and which is almost invariably accompanied by orchestra—one exception being Liszt's "Concert Pathétique" for two pianos, and another Schumann's Sonata, op. 14, originally published as "Concert sans orchestre." The word was however at one time used differently. It was first employed by Ludovico Viadana, who in 1602-3 published a series of motets for voices and organ, which he entitled "Concerti ecclesiastici." In this sense the word was used as equivalent to the Latin "concertus," and such works were called "Concerti da Chiesa" (Church Concertos). Soon other instruments were added to the organ; and ultimately single instrumental movements in the sacred style were written which also received the name of "Concerti da Chiesa." The real inventor of the modern concerto as a concert piece was Giuseppe Torelli, who in 1686 published a "Concerto da Camera" for two violins and bass. The form was developed by Corelli, Geminiani, and Vivaldi. From the first it resembled that of the sonata; and as the latter grew out of the suite, the movements becoming larger in form and with more internal cohesion, so it was also with the concerto: there is as much difference between a concerto by Bach and one by Beethoven as there is between the "Suites Anglaises" and the "Waldstein" sonata. In the time of Bach and Handel the word "Concerto," though applied exclusively to instrumental music, had a less restricted signification than is given to it in the present day. Many of the specimens of this form in the works of the masters named more nearly resemble symphonies than concertos in the modern acceptance of the term. For instance, the first of Handel's so-called "Oboe Concertos" is written for strings, two flutes, two oboes, and two bassoons, and excepting in occasional passages these are treated orchestrally rather than as solo instruments; while of Bach we have a concerto for violino piccolo, three oboes, one bassoon, and two horns, with string quartet, and another for three violins, three violas, three violoncellos, and double bass, neither of which possess the characteristics of a modern concerto. The form, moreover, of the older concerto was much freer than now. With Bach we find a preference for the three-movement form at present in use. In the whole of his piano concertos, as well as in those for one or two violins, we find an allegro, a slow movement, and a finale in quick time—generally 3-8. The two concertos named above are, exceptionally, the former in four and the latter in only two movements. With Handel, on the other hand, the three-movement form is the exception. As examples of the freedom of which he makes use, may be quoted the movements of two of his "Twelve Grand Concertos" for two violins and violoncello soli, with accompaniment for stringed orchestra. These works are concertos in the modern sense, as regards the treatment of the sole instruments; but their form is as varied as possible. Thus the sixth consists of a Larghetto, Allegro ma non troppo, Musette, and two Allegros, the second of which (though not so entitled) is a minuet; while the eighth contains an Allemande, Grave, Andante allegro, Adagio, Siciliana, and Allegro. It should be mentioned here that Handel was one of the first, if

not the first, to introduce opportunities for extempore performance on the part of the soloist, thus anticipating the "cadenza," an important feature of the modern concerto, to be spoken of presently. In the second movement of his Organ Concerto in D minor (No. 4 of the second set) are to be found no less than six places marked *organo ad libitum*, and with a pause over the rests in the accompaniments, indicating that the player (that is to say, he himself) was to improvise.

The modern form of the concerto was finally settled by Mozart, and though several modifications have been introduced during the present century, the general lines of construction remain the same as fixed by him. Nearly fifty concertos of his composition for various instruments are in existence, and, while presenting slight differences of detail, closely resemble one another in the more important points. The concerto form is founded upon that of the Sonata; there are however several variations which must be noted. In the first place, a concerto consists of only three movements, the scherzo, for some not very obvious reason, being excluded. For the sake of completeness it should be mentioned that Liszt's so-called Concerto-Symphonie in E flat, for piano and orchestra, has exceptionally a scherzo as the third of four movements.

The first movement in Mozart's concertos always begins with a *tutti* passage for the orchestra, in which the principal subjects are announced, much as in the first part of the first movement of a sonata. Sometimes the "second subject" is omitted in this portion of the piece, but it is more frequently introduced. An important difference in form, however, is that this first *tutti* always ends in the original key, and not in the dominant, or the relative major (if the work be in a minor key), as would be the case in a sonata. The solo instrument then enters, sometimes at once with the principal subject, and sometimes with a brilliant introductory passage. A repetition, with considerable modification, of the first *tutti* mostly follows, now divided between the principal instrument and the orchestra; the second subject is regularly introduced, as in a sonata, and the "first solo" ends with a brilliant passage in the key of the dominant (or relative major, as the case may be). A shorter *tutti* then leads to the second solo, which corresponds to the "Durchführungssatz," or "working out" of a sonata, and which, after various modulations, leads back to the original key. The principal subject is then re-introduced by the orchestra, but in a compressed form, and is continued by the soloist with the "third solo," which corresponds in its form to the latter part of a sonata movement. A short final *tutti* brings the movement to a close. In most older concertos a pause is made, near the end of this last *tutti* upon the 6-4 chord on the dominant for the introduction of a *cadenza* by the player. Though very general, this custom was by no means universal; in several of Dussek's concertos—notably in his fine one in G minor, Op. 49—no such pause is indicated. The *cadenza*, when introduced, could be either improvised by the player, or previously composed, either by himself or by some other person. Mozart has left us thirty-five *cadenzas* written for various concertos of his own, which, though presenting in general no very great technical difficulties, are models of their kind. Beethoven has also written *cadenzas* for his own concertos, as well as for that by Mozart in D minor. In the *cadenza* the player was expected not merely to show off his execution, but to display his skill in dealing with the subjects of the movement in which it was introduced. A *cadenza* consisting entirely of extraneous matter would be altogether faulty and out of place, no matter what its technical brilliancy. It was the invariable custom to finish the *cadenza* with a long shake on the chord of the dominant seventh, after which a short passage for the orchestra alone concluded the movement. In older works the soloist was silent during these few bars; but in his concerto in C minor (Köchel's Catalogue, No. 491) Mozart for the first time tried the experiment of associating the piano with the orchestra after the *cadenza*; and his example was followed by Beethoven in his concertos in C minor, G major, and E flat.

Before proceeding to speak of the modifications introduced into the concerto by Beethoven and other more modern composers, it will be well to complete our description of the form as left by Mozart. The second movement, which might be an andante, a larghetto, an adagio, or any other slow tempo, resembled in its form the corresponding portion of a sonata. Sometimes the variation form was used, as in Mozart's two concertos in B flat (Köchel, Nos. 450 and 456); but more frequent-

ly the ordinary andante or larghetto was introduced. Two charming examples of the Romance will be found in the slow movement of Mozart's concertos in D minor and D major (Köchel, Nos. 466 and 537), though the latter is not, like the first, expressly so entitled, but simply bears the inscription *larghetto*. The solo part in the slow movements is frequently of an extremely florid character, abounding in passages of ornamentation. Sometimes a cadenza is also introduced at the close of this movement—e.g., in Mozart's Concertos in A major (Köchel, 414), C major (Köchel, 415), and G major (Köchel, 453). In such cases, as is evident from the examples written by Mozart himself for the works mentioned, the cadenza should be much shorter than in the first movement.

The finale of a concerto was mostly in rondo form, though examples are to be found in Mozart of the variation form being employed for this movement also; see concertos in C minor (Köchel, 491), and G major (Köchel, 453). Sometimes this rondo was interrupted by a complete change of tempo. Thus the rondo of the concerto in C major (Köchel, 415), which is in 6-8 time, is twice interrupted by an adagio in C minor, 2-4; in the middle of the rondo of the concerto in E flat (Köchel, 482) is introduced an andantino cantabile; while another concerto in E flat (Köchel, 271) has a minuet as the middle portion of the final presto. Short cadenzas were also frequently introduced in the finales; the concerto in E flat, just mentioned, has no less than three, all of which, instead of being left to the discretion of the player, are, exceptionally, written out in full. Similar short cadenzas will be found in the rondo of Beethoven's concerto in C minor, Op. 37, while in the finale of the concerto in G, Op. 58, a pause is made with the special direction 'La cadenza sia corta'—the cadenza to be short.

The innovations introduced by Beethoven in the form of the concerto were numerous and important. Foremost among these was the greater prominence given to the orchestra. In the concertos of Mozart, except in the tutti, the orchestra has little to do beyond a simple accompaniment of the soloist, but with Beethoven, especially in his later concertos, the instrumental parts have really symphonic importance. Beethoven was also the first to connect the second and third movements (see concertos in G and E flat), an example which was imitated by Mendelssohn, in whose pianoforte concertos in G minor and D minor all the movements follow continuously. Beethoven, moreover, in his concertos in G and E flat, broke through the custom of commencing the work with a long tutti for the orchestra; in the former the piano begins alone, and in the latter it enters at the second bar. It is worthy of remark that the same experiment had been once, and only once, tried by Mozart, in his little-known concerto in E flat (Köchel, 271), where the piano is introduced at the second bar. One more innovation of importance remains to be noted. In his concerto in E flat, Op. 73, Beethoven, instead of leaving a pause after the 6-4 chord for the customary cadenza, writes his own in full, with the note 'Non si fa una Cadenza, ma attacca subito il seguente'—do not make a cadenza, but go on at once to the following. His cadenza has the further peculiarity of being accompanied from the nineteenth bar by the orchestra. Another curious example of an accompanied cadenza is to be found in that which Beethoven has written for his pianoforte arrangement of his violin concerto, Op. 61, through a considerable part of which the piano is accompanied by the drums, which give the chief subject of the movement.

It is evident that the example of Beethoven in his E flat concerto led the way to the disuse of the introduced cadenza in the first movement. Neither Mendelssohn nor Brahms in their pianoforte concertos have inserted one at all; and where such is intended, composers mostly write out in full what they wish played, as for example Mendelssohn in his violin concerto, op. 64 (where, it may be remarked in passing, the cadenza is in the middle of the first movement, and not at the end). Schumann (concerto in A minor, op. 54) and Raff (concerto in C minor, op. 185) have also both written their cadenzas in full.

The concertos written since those of Beethoven have been mostly constructed upon the lines he laid down. The introductory tutti has been shortened (as in Mendelssohn's, Schumann's, and Raff's concertos), though occasionally works are still written in the older form, the most striking example being Brahms's concerto in D minor, in which the piano does not enter till the ninety-first bar. Sometimes also a quickening of the tempo is introduced at the

end of the first movement (Schumann, Op. 54; Grieg, Op. 16). Various other modifications have been made by different composers, of which it is not necessary to speak in detail, as they are merely isolated examples, and have not, at least as yet, become accepted as models of the form. The two concertos for piano and orchestra by Liszt are constructed upon a plan so different from that generally adopted that they should rather be described as fantasias or rhapsodies than as concertos in the ordinary meaning of the term.

Sometimes concertos are written for more than one solo instrument, and are then known as double, triple, etc., concertos as the case may be. The construction of the work is precisely the same as when composed for only one instrument. As examples may be named Bach's concertos for two violins, and for two, three, and four pianos; Mozart's Concerto in E flat for two pianos, and in C for flute and harp; Beethoven's triple concerto, op. 56, for piano, violin, and violoncello; Maurer's for four violins and orchestra. Mendelssohn's autograph MSS., now in the Imperial Library at Berlin, contain two Concertos for two pianos and orchestra, and one for piano and violin, with strings.

Norfolk and Norwich Musical Festival.

(From the London Times.)

October 15.

The Festival began to-night with a very interesting programme. Handel's delightful pastoral, "the pastoral of pastorals" as it has been justly styled, could hardly be more fitly mated than by the *Seasons of Haydn*. The juxtaposition of the two undying works proved highly attractive. St. Andrew's Hall, which never wore a more brilliant aspect, was thronged in every part, and the audience were delighted with the musical entertainment provided for them. When Sir Julius Benedict appeared in the orchestra he was welcomed, as he deserved to be, with cordial enthusiasm. The National Anthem was then given by the leading singers, chorus, and orchestra. It is unnecessary to enter into a detailed account of the execution of such familiar works as those of Handel and Haydn. There was one disappointment unanimously felt, Mr. Edward Lloyd, who was to have sung the part of Acis, being disabled by temporary indisposition from fulfilling the task assigned to him. Our rising young tenor, Mr. W. Shakespeare, however, was a most adequate substitute, and Mr. H. J. Minns undertook the music of Damon, originally set down for Mr. Shakespeare. The Polyphemus was Mr. Santley, to remind our musical readers of whose recitative, "I rage, I melt, I burn," and its incomparable sequel, "O ruddier than the cherry," the most colossal of love songs, would be superfluous. Miss Anna Williams was a charming Galatea, and all concerned, including chorus, orchestra, and conductor, did their very utmost to please, with success in proportion. As much may be recorded of Haydn's "Spring," in which Miss Anna Williams, Messrs. R. Hilton and Shakespeare took the parts of Jane, Simon, and Lucas. In fact, the entire performance was of more than average merit, and constituted an evening well spent.

October 16.

The performance this morning of Dr. Macfarren's *Joseph* fully bore out the verdict pronounced by musicians and amateurs at Leeds, for whose most recent festival it was expressly written. The Leeds verdict was simply unanimous, which need cause little surprise, seeing that the merits of the oratorio—the English oratorio *par excellence*—sufficiently attest its justice. *Joseph* is, we think, beyond question a great work and an honor to our school of sacred music, to which we owe so much that is admirable—far more, indeed, than some critics may feel inclined to grant. That at the same time it belongs to the modern style of oratorio, raised to such a height by Mendelssohn in his *Elijah*, is equally true; but this is equivalent to admitting that it belongs to, and reflects the spirit of, our own time, which desires, if not absolutely new forms, at least new methods of coloring and expression. Professor Macfarren, understanding this from the beginning—as demonstrated plainly enough in *John the Baptist*, produced at Bristol, and the *Resurrection*, composed some time after for the Birmingham Festival—has advanced steadily in the same path, and is likely to persist conscientiously in following it. It must not be deduced from the foregoing that our gifted countryman looks back with indifference to the past. A musician so vari-

ously learned would be unlikely to ignore what the illustrious dead have accomplished for the art of which he is an earnest and conscientious teacher. On the contrary, he has mastered nearly all that can be learnt from those inexhaustible sources, and, moreover, honestly makes use of them whenever it suits his immediate purpose. Now that, almost too late in his career, it may with deference be said, Professor Macfarren begins to devote his chief attention to the composition of sacred music in its highest forms, the results of early training are evident in his ready command of development, which, apart from natural gifts, is the most convincing sign that a true musician is before us. The specimens of fugal writing contained in his oratorios may be traced to determined perseverance and assiduous self-culture. In each of the three we find examples that are real masterpieces of contrapuntal skill; and, not to dwell upon the grand and elaborate chorus which brings the opening part of *John the Baptist* to a conclusion, or to anything of a similar kind belonging to the *Resurrection*, we may point to "No. 6" in the oratorio which met with such cordial recognition to-day, as a piece of writing in the style alluded to, for transparent clearness of part-writing and ingenuity of contrivance not easily to be surpassed;—we mean the fugal chorus, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land," one of those commentaries, after the manner of the Chorus in Greek tragedy, which, as well as dialogues and purely dramatic scenes, are prominent and not less characteristic features of *Joseph*. Professor Macfarren, it should be observed, does not write fugues for the mere sake of writing fugues, and is almost as chary of them in this, his last great effort, as Mendelssohn in *Elijah*; but when, at rare intervals, they appear, it is with a plainly distinct purpose—no other, in fact, than to give staid and dignified expression to certain passages, best realized by the aid of purely scholastic treatment.

The oratorio is divided into two parts, the argument of the first—headed "Canaan," according to the well-chosen and ably-compiled text of Dr. E. G. Monk, organist of York Cathedral, Professor Macfarren's coadjutor in the work—being as subjoined:—

"Peacefulness of pastoral life. Disturbed by the jealousy of Joseph's brethren: their conspiracy to destroy him; his life spared by Reuben. Approach of the Ishmaelites; they purchase Joseph from his brethren; Joseph's farewell to his country. The false report of his death brought to Jacob; the grief of Jacob and the attempts of his sons and daughters to comfort him."

The second part transports us to another region. Here, under the title of "Egypt," the incidents marking the progress and leading to the conclusion of the exquisite Biblical story are thus set forth in the synopsis—

"The pomp of Pharaoh's Court; he relates his dreams; the failure of the wise men to interpret them; Joseph is brought from prison, expounds them, and is installed as governor with great splendor. Description of the years of plenty and of famine. First interview between Joseph and his brethren; Joseph requires them to produce Benjamin; they return to Canaan, and Reuben persuades Jacob to allow Benjamin to accompany them. Second interview between Joseph and his brethren in the presence of the house of Pharaoh, when he makes himself known to them. Arrival of Jacob and all his family. Retrospective sketch of story from Psalm cv.

No more favorable opportunity for exciting the interest and stimulating the inventive powers of a composer in the strain of mind which has of late years influenced Professor Macfarren could be imagined, and the success with which he has taken advantage of it makes our wonder the greater that, during a long and always more or less encouraging career, he did not begin much earlier to labor in a field so eminently suited to his peculiar artistic temperament. Within a few years he has composed three oratorios of high pretension and adequate performance, which despite the recognized merits of his operas, cantatas, symphonies, quartets, sonatas, part-songs, glees, and vocal music of all kinds—are unquestionably the works that exhibit his genius and talent at their best, and are, if only on that account, the most likely to endure.

Some disturbing influences seemed in all likelihood to bode ill for to-day's performance of *Joseph*. Both M^{rs}. Albani—an immense favorite here ever since her first appearance at the Norwich Festival—and Mr. Edward Lloyd were indisposed; so it seemed probable that neither of them would be able to come forward. Chance, however, turned out more propitious, and, though Mr. Lloyd was unable to sing in *Acis and Galatea* yesterday, and M^{rs}. Albani at the rehearsal of the Oratorio had to be helped out by the clever and intelligent Miss Anna Williams, both were sufficiently recovered to undertake their appointed tasks, to the great satis-

faction of the audience, of the conductor, and especially, it may well be supposed, of the composer, who was present. Sir Julius Benedict made a short speech, asking indulgence for Mme. Albani, who, still laboring under indisposition, would nevertheless endeavor to perform the duties assigned to her sooner than disappoint her audience. But, happily, her singing showed few traces of the indisposition pleaded on her behalf. She sang with the same enthusiasm and the same depth of expression as at Leeds a year since, her efforts winning cordial and well-merited recognition.

THE BLACK WOLF. This must be credited to the Leipzig *Signale*, from which we translate:

"The famous violinist Vieuxtemps, on one of his artistic journeys, found himself in quite an embarrassing predicament. He was passing the night at the house of a rich Russian, and at dinner he was not a little dismayed to see a black mass under the table directing its burning eyes upon him. 'Don't be disturbed,' said the lady of the house, 'it is the black wolf, he is tame.'—In the evening, when Vieuxtemps was going to bed, the same black wolf appeared again. 'Don't be alarmed, it is the black wolf, I'll drive him away,' said the servant. On the next morning, Vieuxtemps heard musket shots ringing from the court-yard. 'What's the meaning of that?' he asked the servant entering. 'Don't be alarmed,' the servant answered: 'they are shooting the black wolf, because last night he tore our cook to pieces.'"

NEWPORT, R. I.—The following programme of a private concert, which took place here near the end of August, is good enough to be referred to even at this late day. Not having room for it when we received it, we overlooked it until now. The concert was given by Messrs. Jas. H. Wilson, of New York, and C. N. Allen and Wulf Fries, of Boston.

- Trio in B minor..... Mendelssohn
For Piano, Violin and Violoncello.
Messrs. Wilson, Allen, and Fries.
Aria—"Batti, Batti" from "Don Giovanni," Mozart
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
(Violoncello obligato by Wulf Fries.)
Violin Solo—
a.) Air..... Bach-Wilhelmj
b.) Polish Dance..... Wieniawski
C. N. Allen.
Piano Solo—Andante Splanato and Polonaise, Chopin
J. H. Wilson.
Solo—
a.) Sarabande..... Bach
b.) Menuet..... Mozart
Wulf Fries.
Songs—
a.) Serenade..... Raff
b.) "My darling was so fair," Taubert
Mrs. E. Humphrey-Allen.
Trio in G..... Haydn
Messrs. Wilson, Allen and Fries.

The Wilhelmj Concerts.

(From the Boston Courier.)

Herr August Wilhelmj has come, seen and conquered; his conquest of our public has been complete. Yet before entering upon the consideration of his in every way marvellous playing, may I be permitted to express my astonishment at one not unimportant point in the great artist's first appearance here?

It matters nothing whether Wilhelmj is the "greatest" living violinist or not; probably no man can fairly claim the title, and in this matter the opinions of the contemporary German press can have but little weight. The contending musical parties in Germany are as acrimoniously polemical as are our own political parties. Joseph Joachim is known to be a close friend and ardent admirer of Johannes Brahms; August Wilhelmj is known to be an equally warm friend and enthusiastic admirer of Richard Wagner. In view of the intensely partisan spirit which reigns over German musical criticism, it is not difficult to tell to which of the two great violinists a Brahmsite paper would give the title of "greatest," nor upon which of them a Wagnerite sheet would confer the same mark of distinction. But, as I have said, the title has no value except to advertising agents and lion-hunters. To musicians it means nothing, and Herr Wilhelmj, for one, is certainly great enough to dispense with it.

Wilhelmj is undoubtedly a very great violinist (to take the element of comparison from an otherwise fitting superlative), and by this term we understand now-a-days something more than a

great executant; we take it to mean a great artist.

Now with what does this great artist make his first bow before an audience whose musical qualifications he has no sound reason for despising? With a Beethoven concerto in D, a Mendelssohn or Mozart concerto, or even with Joachim's Hungarian concerto? with anything that can be fairly ranked as belonging to the highest class of violin music? No! It was with Paganini's concerto in D, a composition which may be considered a violin classic in a certain very restricted sense, but which has little to recommend it as music, saving its, by this time, rather time-tarnished brilliancy. This was followed by an arrangement of the air from Bach's D-major suite, made by Wilhelmj himself, and arranged in a way that, if it showed the violinist's eye for the effect to be drawn from fine cantabile playing on the G string, also showed the musician's utter disregard for the integrity of Bach's work, and, what is equally bad, the most crass want of appreciation of its intrinsic beauties. Ernst's *Airs hongroises* and Wilhelmj's transcription of a Chopin Nocturne are excellent things of their kind—fascinating *hors d'œuvres* when the main dish has been satisfying, but not things one would care to judge a great artist by.

Apart from all considerations of Herr Wilhelmj's relation to his audience, what opinion must we form of his relation to art and to the glorious list of really great compositions for his instrument, when he comes before us for the first time with such a meagre—one is tempted to say such a compromising—provision of music? He stands in the very foremost rank among modern violinists, and utterly forgetful of what is meant by *noblesse oblige*, he lowers himself at the outset to the level of a mere virtuoso. On subsequent evenings he has played some really noble music, but why did he not stand forth at once as the artist every one believes him to be, and not dash our expectations in the beginning by doing a comparatively low thing, only to be at the trouble of redeeming his character afterwards? This must be said to approach as nearly to the immoral as anything in the range of instrumental performance well can.

But now, to take Herr Wilhelmj as we have found him, and to put a truce to wishing for the thing that is not, his remarkable qualities as a violinist are apparent on the very surface. In the first place it may be safely said that such a violin tone has never been heard here, so full and round, of such commanding volume, yet without lacking that delicate, incisive quality, which is characteristic of the violin. It has all the warm glow of Vieuxtemps, the delicacy of Wieniawski, the mellow sweetness of Ole Bull—and added to these, it has a vigor and volume which are entirely its own. No violinist has yet visited us who had at his command such variety in *timbre*. In so far as quality of tone, *per se*, is concerned, Wilhelmj can fulfil the requirements of every class of violin music. Of his executive ability, his technique, it is needless to speak—call it absolute, and you have hit upon the right word, which in all cases is as good as a whole page. In considering the higher artistic attributes of the man, the most notable point in his playing is the rare balance he shows between an intense and eagerly passionate nature and that power of self-command which can only come from a naturally stout and well-cultured intellect. He has plenty and to spare of musical powder to burn, but he never wastes it. This is the point in which he is, upon the whole, the superior of his predecessors here; in the intense quality of his nature, and in his absolute command over it.

In some other qualities some of the great violinists we have heard in Boston can over-bid him. Of the almost feminine grace of Wieniawski, of that peculiar Gallic power of fascination which Vieuxtemps possessed to such an extraordinary degree, there seems to be little in him. Grace and winsomeness are not his striking qualities. But in virile force he far surpasses his rivals. No one whom we have heard here could play the ever-glorious Bach *Chaconne* as he did. That is a crucial test of the artist's mettle. It takes the highest man to do the highest work. It is a matter of regret that Herr Wilhelmj has played nothing of Mozart here. It would have been interesting to hear something by the great Salzburger from his bow; for however much Mozart may be ranked as one of a class among composers—especially among violin composers—his music forms a class wholly by itself from the æsthetic qualities it demands in the performer; not higher qualities than are required by Bach, Beethoven or Mendelssohn, but different ones.

It is easy to see that whatever Wilhelmj takes hold of, he takes hold of in grim earnest. It is uncommon to see a man take everything so seriously as he does. Hence it comes that the greater the music he plays, the better he plays it. If he have a failing, it lies in a certain want of versatility of conception. His phenomenal tone and noble breadth of phrasing make every thing he does more than enjoyable, yet at times one could wish that the earnestness and breadth of style which find proper food in a Bach *Chaconne* or a Mendelssohn Andante, did not invade the domain of music of a less serious, often of a frivolous character.

But Herr Wilhelmj unites more and higher qualities in himself than any violinist we have heard here before. He possesses that spark of genius which compels enthusiasm, and the intellectual power of making that enthusiasm lasting. His playing is on a very high plain, and if he sometimes plays music in many ways unworthy of himself, he does his best to raise it to his own high level, and to prevent its dragging him down. Of trickery, of mannerism even, there is not a trace in his playing; all is nobly straightforward and honest. Even those little mannerisms which might be called inherent in almost all violin-playing do not taint his style. In a word he is a great artist; and such a *rara avis* is a really great artist; that, in the eyes of a musician, is a higher title than the loud-sounding, but trite, "greatest living" anything.

Of the things Herr Wilhelmj has played here I have already mentioned the Bach *Chaconne*. To say that he played it well, grandly even, is praise enough for any violinist, no matter how great. As for his other selection from Bach,—or rather after Bach, as the Germans would say,—the air from the orchestral suite in D, he played his version of it superbly, but the version is a bad one. Does Herr Wilhelmj think that it would be a matter of indifference to Bach whether the upper part in his harmony were sung by a soprano or a tenor? Whether the upper part in an orchestral work were played as it was written, or transposed an octave lower? Whether the rotund fulness of tone of the G string were substituted for the searching tenderness of the upper register of the violin? If so, he has studied his Bach to little purpose. This is not a mere quibble; it touches a vital point in the music, a composition so divine that no man on earth has a right to make it fascinating, save in its own divine way. Of the transcriptions of Chopin's D flat nocturne, and the "Preislied" from Wagner's *Meistersinger*, the former is by far the more successful, and, if report speaks true, is one of the things for the playing of which Herr Wilhelmj has been most applauded throughout Europe. It was, in truth, wonderfully played; if not in the spirit in which Chopin conceived it when he wrote it for the piano-forte, it seemed to be at least played absolutely as Chopin would have conceived it, had he written it for the violin. The Andante and Finale from Mendelssohn's violin concerto were inspiringly played—aye, every bit of playing Herr Wilhelmj has given us was inspiring, and inspiring in a high way, too. The andante and variations from the Kreutzer Sonata were played in the most exquisite style. Of Herr Wilhelmj's other selections there is no need of speaking—although they won him much applause—for they were unworthy his power, and, I may be permitted to say, less fitted to his peculiar genius than to that of some other artists, whom he can easily distance in higher flights, but who need not fear him as a rival when the brilliant and intoxicating rendering of virtuoso pieces is in question.

The other artists of the company call for little comment.

Yet what a setting for such a jewel as Wilhelmj! What more than miserable programmes! That such concerts, with such an august name heading the programme, are—I will not say tolerated, but—possible in our community, shows that something is radically wrong somewhere.

WILLIAM F. APTHORP.

Music in Leipzig.

(From Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 15, 1878.—The representations of Richard Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*, forming the second and third parts of *The Nibelung's Ring*, had the effect of not only bringing the friends of the distinguished composer out in strong array—these attending performance after performance with a regularity and unflinching patience that at least prove their sincerity—but also an army of others from this and other cities. As often as given, the

large theatre has been filled, and this means considerable in connection with an unusually high admittance fee. There does not, as yet, seem to be any apparent abatement in the numbers anxious to see and hear, though it is a significant fact that, with the exception of those extremely prejudiced in favor of the musical peculiarities of *The Nibelung's Ring*, none seem to care to take advantage of a repetition. It is, therefore, all but certain that, in a little while, either Wagner's colossal work will entirely disappear from the repertoire, or submit to considerable trimming and cutting. Already the orchestral members, all of them also members of the Gewandhaus orchestra, are complaining of being overtaxed, so much so, that a suspension of the Gewandhaus concerts, during November, has been suggested if Wagner's Trilogy should continue to be given in its complete form. This would call up such a storm of indignation against the directors of the theatre and render them so unpopular that either it will have to be withdrawn for the present or run the risk of endangering their business interests. Both plays were represented with the same attention to detail that characterized the performances of *Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* last Spring. The orchestra did nobly, never failing nor tiring; following willingly and easily every motion of its enthusiastic leader, Sucher, just as was to be expected from the old and reliable orchestra. Unger as Siegfried, the creator of the part in Bayreuth, was simply grand, and so was Schuler in the parts of "Der Wanderer" (Wotan) and Hagen. Frau Wilt, as Brunnhilde, fully appreciated the possibilities of her part, and, possessing powers equal to these, using them with overwhelming effect, the impression she made by her masterly creation is not easily to be forgotten. Rebling as Mime was very good, less in voice, however, than in action. In a recently published letter of Richard Wagner to Neumann, the operatic director, he condescends to be much pleased with the performances and their results.

Last Thursday evening the first Gewandhaus concert was given, with the following programme:

Mozart—Symphony, D major.
Haendel—Aria from "Samson."
Rubinstein—Piano concerto, D minor.
Hofmann—Aria from "Armin."
Bach—Saint-Saëns—Chor and largo.
Rubinstein—Etude, C major.
Beethoven—Symphony No. 2, D major.

Capellmeister Reinecke was warmly greeted by the audience, as he well deserved to be. From first to last it was a highly enjoyable concert. Frau Schuch-Proska, from Dresden, sang the vocal numbers, and Herr Löwenberg, from Vienna, was the pianist.

A largely attended concert given by Rafael Joseffy on Sunday evening, in the Gewandhaus hall, is worth referring to. The following was the programme:

Chromatic fantasia and fugue.....Bach
Variations series.....Mendelssohn
Frauenliebe und Leben (8 songs).....Schumann
Sonatas, G minor and F minor.....Scriabin
Menuet.....Boccherini-Joseffy
Novelette, No. 2.....Schumann
Moment musical, A flat.....Schubert
Nocturno, Etude, E minor, Mazurka.....Chopin
Chant, polonaise and valse.....Joseffy
Tannhauser.....Joseffy
Spinnerel aus "Flying Dutchman".....Liszt
Tarentella (Venezia e Napoli).....Liszt

The young pianist, a former student of the conservatory, and later a private pupil of Carl Tausig, has swift and delicate fingers. His playing is a perfect model of pianistic finish and refinement, but, unfortunately he lacks in those higher qualities which belong to true musicianship, a want that was sadly felt in his interpretations of Bach and Schumann. The vocal numbers were sung by Frau Anna Schultzen von Asten, all of them enjoyably, but not always so warmly as is called for by the sentiment inspiring those singularly beautiful songs of Robert Schumann.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 9, 1878.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The part-songs by Robert Franz and by Geo. Vierling, which we are now giving to our readers, are taken by permission from "German Part-Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

SCHUMANN'S "GESAMMELTE SCHRIFTEN." We understand that the second volume of Mrs. Fanny Raymond Ritter's translations from Schumann's papers about "Music and Musicians" is in press, and will be issued, simultaneously in London and New York, during the Christmas season. This, we believe, will make the collection essentially complete. The first series passed through three editions in a year and a half,—an uncommon success for a book on music, even though by Robert Schumann.

SYMPHONY CONCERTS. The Eight Concerts of the Harvard Musical Association (Fourteenth Season) are now officially announced. Those who have already subscribed, as well as new applicants, may obtain their tickets and select their seats at the Music Hall on and after Tuesday next (Nov. 19). Price of season ticket, \$8.00. The Concerts will be given on Thursday Afternoons December 5 and 19; January 9 and 30; February 13 and 27; March 13 and 27.

The programmes, both in matter and in execution, will be the very best which the means at the disposal of the Committee will allow. As there seems to be no prospect of any other Symphony Concerts in our city during the whole winter, is there not reason to hope that the attention of all true friends of Music will be concentrated upon these, so as to strengthen and build up into permanence one of our most important local institutions? Showmen and speculators will always cater to our curiosity and love of momentary excitement; but it is to institutions alone that we can safely entrust the keeping of the sacred fire, the upholding of the high, pure standard, and the real education of the public taste. Our institutions must be the test and measure of the musical character of Boston. In the Handel and Haydn Society we have one institution, for Oratorio, which is firmly established and doing every year a nobler work. Its twin institution should be a permanent and noble Orchestra, as useful to the Oratorio as to the Symphony; and so long as we do not sustain it, so long as we do not give it a fair chance to breathe and be itself, and to improve by constant practice and by paying occupation, so long Boston cannot claim to be in truth a musical city.

Every new subscriber, therefore, to these Concerts will be adding something to the chances of a better orchestra, with more rehearsal, and to the Committee's power to make the Concerts worthy of our City. As the case now stands, the zeal and perseverance of a few has barely saved the Concerts, in spite of the indifference of the many, and even the chilling frowns of some. They who withhold encouragement and patronage must not complain of any poverty-stricken aspect which they themselves compel the programmes and performances to wear.

It is too early to announce the programmes. Suffice it to say for the present, as we have said already, that the list of Symphonies will undoubtedly include the second and the seventh (and possibly the *Eroica*) of Beethoven; the second, in C, of Schumann; of Haydn, probably the charming "Oxford," in G, never heard but once in Boston (seven years ago), and another never given here; of Mozart, one quite new here, or as good as new; the new Symphony, in D, by Brahms; and, for an eighth, perhaps (for the first time) that in C minor by Spohr, or, possibly, a new Symphony fresh from its composer's brain. That will make four new ones out of eight, and one of the others next to new.

Of course it will be one study of those charged with the programmes to find interesting novelties in shorter forms of Overture, etc. And some of the successful novelties of the past two seasons will have to be repeated, such as: the Triple Concerto by Bach, in C, or perhaps the other one, in D minor; the *Paulus* Overture of Mendelssohn; the *Rosamunde* Overture of Schubert, and that brilliant "Keltermarsch" of his in Liszt's arrangement, etc., etc. No engagements are yet made with solo artists, but there will be no lack of good ones, vocal and instrumental.

MUSICAL INTERFERENCE. Some months ago we ventured mildly to protest against a very vicious, very vulgar practice, which has prevailed for some time in our theatres; namely, that annoying, harrowing accompaniment of all the pathetic passages and crises in the play by a subdued tremolo of strings, or a wailing of the whole orchestra. It is an interference with the theatre-goer's rights; it undertakes to do his feeling for him, to reflect his own impressions back upon him from the stage. It is an impertinence, and cannot be frowned or hissed out of fashion any too soon. It is enough to keep one who has any taste or sense of fitness away from theatres entirely. We were pleased therefore to find the other day the following in the New York *Tribune*:

To the Editor of The Tribune:

SIR: Is there any conceivable reason why the orchestra should spoil every pathetic passage in a play by a wailing accompaniment? The orchestras at American theatres seldom justify their existence at all. They interrupt conversation between the acts, and torture delicate ears with their discords. They may be said, it is true, to set the step for a multitude of thirsty men, who go out "to see a friend" as soon as the curtain falls. Often, too, during the play they serve to indicate that the audience is desired to weep, which otherwise no one would suspect. But why a noble emotion, nobly expressed, a heroic act or an agonizing death should be made ridiculous by a squeaking band, remains up to the present moment incomprehensible. It is exasperating thus to be cheated out of an intellectual pleasure paid for in advance. I am not a profane man myself, but I will gladly pay the admission fee of any one who, when I nudge him, will audibly exclaim: "D—n that orchestra." L.

—New York, October 23, 1878.

The Latest Innovation in the Manner of Giving Concerts.

To the Editors of the Boston Daily Advertiser:

Permit me in a few words to call your attention to the great change that has taken place in the manner of giving concerts in Boston, and, with the exception of New York, I presume it is the same elsewhere.

Managers of "lyceum bureaus," who used to cater for our intellect, and had us lectured from a scientific, moral, religious, sentimental, comical, and every other point of view, suddenly have taken it into their heads to educate us from an artistic point of view, and have taken the matter of giving concerts into their hands. Thus, by the side of J. B. Gough, Wendell Phillips, Henry Ward Beecher, J. T. Fields, etc., etc., we have the "Mario Rose-Mapleson Operatic Combination," the "Alhambra Italian Opera Concert Company," the "Phillips-Brignoli Company," the "Myron W. Whitney Company," etc., etc., etc.; and the most recent attraction is Mr. August Wilhelm, with the combination of harp, singing and a "grand orchestra" drummed together for the occasion, making the whole (I quote from the flaming advertisement) "an extraordinary combination of eminent artists, and in order to give everybody an opportunity to attend these 'remarkable musical' feasts, the following popular scale of prices has been adopted," etc., etc.

We also hear of wholesale bargains for concerts to be given wholesale, and the whole thing has degenerated into a money-making business. The majority will applaud, but the minority may as well be heard. I belong to the minority, who view this state of affairs with extreme regret. Artemus Ward would have called it a "show business," but everyone who is interested in the cause of art must feel that to treat it thus is a stain on modern civilization. There can be no true provinces where there is no true standard. The programme that is offered us at Mr. Wilhelm's concert, "a great musical event," is not one that he, as a true artist, can countenance, and in fact he, himself, only plays twice! I want him and others to feel that there are a few among us who, though they understand that such artists as he who visit us are only tempted to do so by the prospect or certainty of pecuniary gain, appreciate also how little these artists seem to value their artistic reputation in this country, and how they lend themselves to do things here which they never would dare to do in their own homes.

It is only a small voice that pleads for reverence for art, but it is a sincere one, inspired by the hope that art, which is only in its infancy in this country, may grow to maturity, and deprecating the idea of having it trodden under foot by the desire of worldly gain.

—October 26, 1878.

CONCERT-GOER. We have much sympathy with the above. The writer evidently meant it all right, but he lays himself open to a reply which the lecture bureau managers were sure to make (though they made it with a deal of superfluous verbiage in the way of feeble

wit and semi-classical affectation); namely to the charge, which he would of course repudiate, of asking a great artist to exhibit his powers, or a manager to bring him to us, without money and without price. The programmes indeed have been unworthy; but in fact Wilhelmj, although only put down twice, has given us each evening a very copious allowance of his best, even volunteering for an encore the entire great *Chaconne* of Bach.

The point of the whole difficulty, as we are always preaching, lies just here: The only remedy and real bulwark against the vulgarizing arts and influences of showmen, in the matter of concert-giving, must be found in authoritative, conservative, established musical institutions of our own. When you have made these so strong that they can command the services of the Rubinstains and Bülowes, the Joachim and Wilhelmj, and present them on their nobler platform of true programmes, then all the momentary fashions, and sensational "attractions" with which the speculator, with no music in his soul, lays snares continually for the groundlings, will do comparatively little harm, and possibly some good. *Art well provided for, amusement will be safe; and if his Majesty the People wants to be amused, you can then afford to cheer him and cry: Laissez faire.*

Concerts.

The ALBAIZA ITALIAN OPERATIC CONCERT TROUPE gave three Concerts at the Boston Music Hall in the last week of October. We were only able to attend the second, Friday evening, October 25. The party consisted of four not particularly interesting singers, and one admirable pianist, Herr FRANZ RUMMEL. Of him we will speak first. His principal selection, the extremely difficult, original and deeply significant "Etudes" (or Variations) "Symphoniques," by Schumann, we have never before heard rendered in a more masterly manner. In touch and accent, execution, phrasing, light and shade, it was all one could desire. The interpretation of each variation was pervaded with a true artistic and poetic feeling, and with manly fire and strength. He closed the concert with the Nocturne in A flat of Chopin, very delicately rendered; the "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations by Handel, in which his rapid runs were marvellously even, pure and limpid; and finally the tremendous Polonaise in E by Liszt, which we may truly say we have never heard so magnificently played before, and never has the composition itself interested us so much as in his performance. We trust Herr Rummel will re-visit Boston, and give us some day the yet greater pleasure of hearing him in a classical concert with an orchestra.

Mme. ALINA ALBAIZA, we are told, once sang here in an Opera Bouffe company. The name hardly sounds Italian, but seems Moorish. She has a flexible and brilliant voice of large compass, trained to quite facile florid execution. But in its higher range the tones are rather worn and harsh. She sang an Air and a Duet (with Sig. LUBERTI, tenor) from Victor Massé's "Paul and Virginia," specimens of modern French melody not wanting in dramatic pathos, and which might have meant more to us, had we heard them with the complete instrumentation, instead of a mere pianoforte accompaniment, well as that was played by Mr. CHARLES E. PRATT.—Mlle. MATILDA TOMASI, with a sympathetic contralto voice, sang with more expression than any of the others, we thought, a couple of pieces from "Paul and Virginia" and the Romance of Mignon (Ambroise Thomas). Sig. Luberti did himself credit in the Duet by Massé and in the hackneyed Romance from "Martha;" and Sig. BONIVERDI, with a rather shaky, large and powerful baritone, sang a somewhat lively Air from "Paul and Virginia," and in a duet from Halévy's "La Reine de Chypre" with the Tenor.—We were near forgetting to mention Mme. Albaiza's performance of the "Mad Scene" in *Lucia*, which she gave with all the traditional stage movement, attitude and gesture, singing the music well; but save us from all mad scenes on a concert stage!

AUGUST WILHELMJ. There is in fact little else for us to do, but join in the universal praise which all the performances of this truly great violinist and great artist have called forth here and elsewhere. There is the less need for us to add aught, in the way of appreciation or analysis, seeing that we have copied on another page an article which sums up with singular completeness and exactness all

that we have felt and would have said both of the perfection of his art and of the inadequate, unworthy setting in which such miscellaneous concerts placed him. (And how can we afford not to copy articles like that, since we are always bound to let our readers have the best?)

Wilhelmj is a great artist—is not that enough? But when he is advertised and by the whole press pronounced "the greatest living violinist," one wonders whether they have ever heard of Joseph Joachim. He too is great, although no showman ever brought him to these shores; nor would he, were he to come at all, ever consent to come in that way.

There is more in Wilhelmj's playing to remind us of Joachim, than we have ever heard in any other violinist. There is the same great breadth of tone, the same great manliness of style and execution, the same supreme mastery of all technical means and difficulties; the same earnest, serious dealing with his Art, doing best that which is best worth the doing. Perhaps in the younger artist's marvellous purity and expressive quality of tone there is even more of sweetness, more of exquisite refinement than in Joachim's; it is difficult to compare them over an interval of eighteen years. When so long ago, in Dresden, Joachim stood up in the corner of his chamber, and to us sitting, sole auditor, in the opposite corner, played to us without accompaniment the incomparable *Chaconne* of Bach (greatest of all violin solos, we shall ever believe), it so thrilled through us and completely filled us, that we never hoped to hear the like again. We have enjoyed and felt the work a number of times since that. But last Friday evening, and again on Saturday afternoon (when he gave it for an encore!) Wilhelmj's rendering of the *Chaconne* did affect us and absorb us as if Joachim actually stood again before us. There was the same magisterial breadth and ringing quality of tone, the same grand sweep and sure, distinct progression of the full chords, the same convincing, satisfying and inspiring revelation of the inexhaustible depth and beauty of the work. And in his whole outward look and bearing the younger artist wears the impressive aspect of his older brother (let us not say rival) in his art. With perhaps somewhat more of the Beethoven breadth of forehead, there is the same massive head, the same gravity of countenance, the same self-respecting, self-forgetting dignity of presence, the same utter absence of affectation and of *ad captandum* trickery, the same complete absorption in the matter and the work he is interpreting. He does not, like Ole Bull, fondle his instrument before the audience, and put his ear to it to listen after the sound has ceased; he does not sentimentalize and spoil expression by overdoing it; nor does he at the end of a brilliant feat of execution, smile delighted, as much as to say: what a great boy am I! His gravity of face is almost too monotonous; we do not know yet whether he has humor.

The first programme (Monday evening, Oct. 28) was not indeed one in which such an artist would have been likely to introduce himself in Germany. However admirable Wilhelmj was, the concert as a whole was third-rate. Think of three such hackneyed vocal pieces in one programme as "Il balen" from *Travatore*, "Ernani, involami" and "Robert, toi que j'aime"! and sentimental ballads for encores! And such senseless finger gymnastics as that Fantasia on Airs from the *Prophète*, which Mme. CARRENO thrashed out on the Advertisement Grand! or the "Pasquinade" of Gettschalk. The lady can play finely, and has done so in these concerts when she had better music, or when she accompanied Wilhelmj. And then every time a harp solo, by a modest looking girl (Miss MAUD MORGAN) on a harp always out of tune, and only half tuned again for an encore piece! All this one had to sit through to get what he came for. The singers were in themselves acceptable. Sig. TAGLIAPIETRA, one of the most artist-like Italian baritones we have had here, sang in the chaste, refined style that he always does; and Miss KATZ L. JAMES pleased by her fresh, sweet, clear soprano, and a good degree of vocal execution and expression. There was a small orchestra, such as could be picked up for an evening, which played Schubert's *Rosamunde* Overture much better than might have been expected, CARL ZERRAHN conductor, and closed the medley with the March from *Tannhäuser*, besides accompanying Wilhelmj.

That the great violinist should make his first bow with a show-piece of Paganini (Allegro of the Concerto in D) did not seem quite in character, nor did it harmonize with the first impression made by the very presence of the man. It showed what he could

do, to be sure, and one was soon lost in admiration of the wonderful performance, showing perfect mastery at all points. He answered the enthusiastic recall with something very different, with that heavenly Aria from Bach's Orchestral Suite in D, playing it as Wieniawski did on the G string; and so rich and full and warm were the tones, so full of feeling, that one would have thought they came from a violoncello. It was not what Bach meant, who wrote it for the soprano of the violin, and of course put it out of all true relations with the original accompaniment. But it was marvellous *Cantabile* playing: it went to the very soul. The Fantasia on Hungarian Airs, by Ernst, was given with the greatest fire and verve, and vividness of contrast, and with all the romance of nationality. His encore piece after this was probably the most universally delightful thing he ever plays, that Nocturne of Chopin, transcribed by himself, and delicately accompanied by Mme. Carreno. The melody sang itself upon the strings, and nothing could exceed the tenderness, the searching pathos, the exquisite sweetness of the tones; it was hard to imagine that it was not written for the violin. Those rich chord passages, *glissando*, were thrillingly true and perfect, and the fine poetic *forlure* were more subtle than the pianoforte could make them even under a poet's fingers.—The first night's impression was of a greater violinist than was ever heard here before.

A paramount engagement robbed us of the second concert. Wilhelmj played the Mendelssohn Concerto,—not the whole, but the Andante and Finale; his own transcription from the *Meistersinger* "Preludium" (for an encore); Ernst's Fantasia di Bravura on the Romance and March from *Otello*; and again the Chopin Nocturne with Carreno, who also won encores by the Beethoven Sonata in E flat, Op. 27, and Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 2, responding with the "Turkish March" and a Chopin Waltz. The singers were the same, and the little orchestra played Mozart's *Figaro* Overture, and the Wedding March.

On Friday, Wilhelmj's first piece was the great *Chaconne* by Bach, and we can only add that the interpretation was worthy of the work, grand and completely satisfying, leaving a profound impression. It was after this, if we remember rightly, that he again played the "Preislied," preluding with the song to the "Evening Star" from *Tannhäuser*, with Mr. S. LIEBLING for pianist. We recognize a certain beauty in the "Preislied," a certain yearning aspiration, yet we do not derive much comfort from its restless, spell-bound, unprogressive, night-mare sort of melody; the violinist made the most of it—in his way.—That the Andante and Variations from the old "Kreutzer Sonata," with Mme. Carreno, were exquisitely played, goes without saying; and did the Chopin Nocturne follow? We forget. His last selection was the *Réverie* by Vieuxtemps, followed by a transcription of Schumann's *Ahendlied*.

In the *Matinée* of Saturday, the great artist was most liberal with his best. He supplemented the Mendelssohn Concerto (two movements as before) with the Bach Aria; the "Preislied" with the Bach *Chaconne*; and the Hungarian Airs with—something, we presume, but could not stay to hear. Mme. Carreno played a Beethoven Sonata (Op. 27, No. 2) with much expression and refinement, especially the slow movement, but taking the quick movements at an extremely rapid tempo for so large a hall; also Henselt's "If I were a bird," charmingly rendered, and a dashing Octave Study by Kullak.—There was no orchestra after the second Concert.

Each successive hearing deepened the impression of Wilhelmj, and only made one crave to hear him more. He must certainly come back to us. Why will not our people so sustain Symphony Concerts, that they may be able for once to present such an artist on a purely artistic platform?

New York has music to its heart's content,—enough to spare for all of us: four different series of Symphony Concerts (the Philharmonic, under Neuenburg; the Brooklyn Philharmonic, for each of which Theodore Thomas makes the journey from Cincinnati); those by Dr. Damrosch, who will have Wilhelmj for his opening, and those at Chickering Hall, by Carlberg, who announces the famous Hungarian violinist, Remenyi. Then there is the Mapleson Opera, apparently well launched on a career of success; and there is the Oratorio Society under Dr. Damrosch; and much more besides. We should have made a resumé of it all in season, had we not indulged too long in vain expectation of a letter from a valued correspondent.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 4.—Max Strakosch's Company has left, after a week of Italian Opera at the Academy of Music, under Mr. John F. Ford's management.

The operas given were "Un Ballo," "Martha," "Traviata," "Favorita," and Bizet's new Franco-Spanish opera "Carmen," all of which were played to fair houses only, except "Carmen," at which the attendance was somewhat above the average. The old ruse of holding a number of good seats in reserve to be conveniently disposed of on the evening of each performance, was again resorted to, but, very deservedly, without resulting in any evident benefit to the management.

The company opened with "Un Ballo," that abominable creation of Giuseppe Verdi, which neither in plot, music nor dramatic situations, can show any reason why it should exist. Your readers are probably all acquainted with the preposterous story which forms the ground-work of this flim-y production, and which, in its ridiculous improbability, cramps every attempt at dramatic action on the part of the performers. The opera should always meet with a favorable reception in your city, as a faithful chronicle of Boston in early colonial days (!). The enchanting scenic representations; for instance, of Boston Common towards the close of the seventeenth century, covered with trees and shubbery,—the dismal cave in which the black sorceress "Ulrica" mutters her weird incantations over a small fire of chips and in close proximity to two tall marble columns, probably imported from the ruins of the Acropolis, by Rileardo, the Duke of Warwick, with an eye to the future modern Athens,—the early colonial villains, prowling about the Common after dark, looking for all the world like a lot of Italian banditti, fresh from the Apennines;—all this cannot fail to stir the heart of every patriotic Bostonian.

From a musical point of view the Company is not above the average, with the exception of Miss Cary, Miss Kellogg, and Mr. Conly, the basso, whose fine voice makes one regret his rather unprepossessing figure. Of the three tenors, but one, Ernesto Rosnati, deserves mention. As the Duke of Warwick his stage presence was dignified, and his voice nearly always true; the upper notes, however, though clear and ringing, requiring much effort and being often accompanied by that screeching peculiarity of voice nearly always found in very stout tenors. His voice has evidently seen better days, as has also that of the baritone Pantaleoni, who, however, compensates in a certain measure for voice deficiencies, by a graceful figure, expressive features and dramatic ability of no mean order.

Miss Catarina Marco, who had been considerably puffed in advance, had sufficient occasion to show what she could do as "Michaela" in "Carmen," and "Violetta" in "Traviata." Her voice is thin and ineffective, and the "tremolo" which she affects continually, becomes actually unbearable.

Of Miss Cary it is scarcely necessary to speak. As the black sorceress in Verdi's abomination, she had no opportunity to show either her magnificent voice, nor her powerful dramatic talent; but the "Favorita" afforded her the necessary scope for both. Theresa Titlens, the greatest "Favorita" that has ever appeared in this country, is dead. Who can excel Annie Louise Cary's "Favorita" to-day!

"Carmen" was played for the first time here on Thursday, with Miss Kellogg in the title-role, and Sig. Pantaleoni as "Escamillo," supported by an otherwise trashy cast, a passable chorus and an orchestra, which though rather small, was equal to the occasion. The coquettish Carmen was admirably acted by Miss Kellogg, who fairly outdid herself. The character suits her well, just as that of "Filina" in "Mignon." In fact it is the only kind of character she can play with any great credit to herself. The music of the role is rather thankless and affords her no opportunity, as in "Filina," to display her vocal abilities. Indeed the entire interest of the new opera centres on the proper dramatic representation of the coquettish cigarette-girl, whose affections flit from one to the other until they finally settle on the dashing *Toreador*, her life being brought to a sudden close by the hand of a former lover. The only other character to apologize to a certain extent for a purposeless plot, is "Escamillo," the gallant, graceful, daring "Toreador." The music of the part reminds one forcibly of the sensational songs of the *Comie d'Adhemar*, at one time very popular in French *Cafés* and German beer-gardens.

The untimely death of the heroine would imply that the play is a tragedy, but "Carmen" fails to excite the sympathy of her hearers, and her death does not arouse any tragic emotions.

The music throughout, although exceedingly pleasing, and abounding in fine concerted passages, and orchestral effects of the modern French school, is as sensational as the plot. It is opera bouffe of a high order.

A New York critic, after hearing "Carmen," says it is an opera one would like to hear again. Quite right, I would like to hear it again myself; but, the next time, I want to enjoy it in a beautiful garden, the trees in which are hung with Chinese lanterns, under a balmy Summer sky, over a glass of old Andalusian wine.

MURKUS.

PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 1.—The Strakosch Italian Opera Company has given five performances in the week beginning October 21,—*Troatore*, *Traviata*, *Ballo in Maschera*, each once, and *Carmen*, twice. The public support was not equal, we regret to say, to the deserts of the artists.

The crowning triumph was the "Masked Ball," which quite surprised the small public present, by its excellence and created a positive *furore*; Rosnati and Pantaleoni carrying off the laurels, and even shadowing the Cary and Kellogg in their favor with the public.

The debut of Miss Catarina Marco caused some fluttering among the critics, who, in my estimation, scarcely did justice to the lady. She has a grand stage presence, being tall and well-formed, has strikingly beautiful and expressive eyes, is a fine dramatic performer, and sings with *aplomb* and just intonation. Her voice is high Soprano, flexible and brilliant, yet scarcely sympathetic in quality, and her *trillo* is surpassingly fine at any pitch in her extended compass.

The debut of Mr. Westberg, a tenor, was a comparative failure. We do not know his nationality, but judge him to be German from his inferior method and emission of the voice. He sang correctly however, and showed good intentions.

The debut of Lazarini was, *per contru*, a comparative success, while Rosnati carried everything before him. Pantaleoni became a great favorite as did the other baritone, Cauffman and Gottschalk, and the basso, Conly.

Carmen, as you know, is taken from the novel by Prosper Mérimée, the libretto being written by Meilhac and Halévy, and the music composed by Georges Bizet, who died about three years ago. Notwithstanding the highly colored criticisms and praises of the English press—musical and other—we found the music very unsatisfying and tiresome, being forced, from sheer fatigue, to leave on its first night after the second act; but we returned to the task refreshed on the second night, and braced ourselves for the remaining portion. If you can imagine the possible effects of a long Sonata being played on the organ with the Twelfth and Dulciana in the Swell, Bourdon and Fifteenth in the Choir, Trumpet in the Great, and a four-foot Violin in the Real Organ, you may approach a realization of the bizarre treatment, however clever, of the orchestra. The melodies have a decided French turn, and the motives are given in a fragmentary way most puzzling and annoying even to those who do not ask for the "endless melody" of the new school. The story is simple, but is not treated with the usual force of the French dramatists: it all through hangs fire, and you feel as if waiting for something that ought to, but does not come. There is a slight suggestion of Offenbach, but none of his "go" and snap, which sometimes betray us, against our will, into a seeming liking of him. *Carmen* is called an "Opera Comique," but ends with a tragedy, thus putting us at sea in our previously learned classification. Suffice it to say that *Carmen* has failed to please the public; notwithstanding the earnest efforts of the artists to save it, and the splendid manner in which it was placed upon the stage. The cast comprehended Mesdames Kellogg, Marco, Lancaster, Hoffman, Mesera, Lazarini, Pantaleoni, Gottschalk, Cauffman, Barilli. The opera has been the only event of interest in musical circles since my last communication.

AMERICUS.

MILWAUKEE, WIS., OCT. 28.—I send you herewith the programme of the first of this season's concerts here. The Musical Society is to give four more, and the Arion Club four also.

Overture to Sakuntala (Op. 13) for Orchestra, Carl Goldmark
Recitative and Aria of Susanna, (Soprano) "Welcome, happiest moment," from the Opera "Figaro's Marriage," W. A. Mozart
Miss Bianca Redfield.
Maennerchor—"Spirit Song over the Waters," (Poem by Goethe) for tenors and basses, in four parts each, with accompaniment of two violas, two violoncellos, and Contra Bass, Franz Schubert
Ninth Symphony (D-minor, Op. 125) with Final Chorus on Schiller's "Hymn to Joy," L. van Beethoven.

The concert was very creditable. Of course the attempt to give the Ninth Symphony was a very ambitious one, both for the orchestra, which is picked up among local musicians; for the chorus; and for the soloists, who are all local singers, young and trained here. Such a performance as would be given by Thomas's Orchestra, with the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, was not to be dreamed of. But this orchestra was fairly balanced, the chorus excellently so, and the soloists creditably up to their work; while the performance gave evidence of careful and painstaking drill on the part of the conductor, and of honest, enthusiastic work on the part of those under his command. The result was, not a faultless performance, but one which interested and inspired the audience, and which has done more to forward real musical progress here than half a dozen concerts by travelling orchestras could have done. The work of the societies is creating a musical atmosphere here, which is everything in musical growth and education.

The Musical Society is to give Schubert's C-major Symphony, Dec. 10. J. C. F.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Dormi Pure. (Sleep on). Serenade. G. 4. F to G. Scuderi. 50
"Tu sei un angelo"—"Au jardin s'éveillent."
"Thou art my angel."
Quite easy for an Italian song, very smooth and pleasant to hear.

The Old Sailor Wife. F. 3. c to D. Molloy. 35
"For 'tis tide-time in the river,
And she cometh oh! she cometh.
With a pull'e, haul'e, yeo! heave hoy!"
That's as near as Jean Ingelow can get a sailor's song; but it is very sweet for all that.

Old Fashion Dress. Bb. 3. d to E. Danks. 30
"It was the style years ago."
An old dress with a moral in its pocket.

In Meadows Green. Duet. D. 4. d to F. Brackett. 35

"No more from this sweet dream to part;
I feel the sunshine in my heart."
Quite an elaborate duet, which may be called two songs in one, since the two voices have each an independent melody, one of which is made skillfully to harmonize with the other. Fine poetry and music.

The Little Brown Church. Song and Cho. A. 2. E to C. Pitts. 35

"There's a church in the valley by the
wildwood,"
Pleasing, and in popular style. Easy compass.

How have I thought of thee. Eb. 4. E to G. Tipton. 30

"Trembling, lest some rude hand
Hath made her sweet home desolate."
Quite a varied Rhythm, and effective song.

Beauties of Carmen. By G. Bizet.

This set includes quite a number of pieces, vocal and instrumental, including the best airs of an opera which is now an European favorite. Some of the vocal pieces are:

Song of the Toréador. Ab. 4. b to F. 50
"Toréador, be wary!"

With the Guard. F. 4. c to F. 35
"One! Two! we're marking time!"

Neath the Ramparts of Sevilla. Seguidilla. D. 4. b to F. 40
"Chez mon ami, Lillas Paolia."

There are French and English words to the spirited songs.

Instrumental.

In the new Home. Waltzes. 3. Kéler Béla. 75
A very agreeable set of waltzes, which have Sweet Home in the Introduction and the Finale, and good music all the way between.

Guillaume Tell. Grand Fantasia. 6. Sydney Smith. 1.25
A doubly brilliant piece, in Smith's bright style.

Rapid Transit. Grand Galop de Concert. Ab. 4. Wels. Solo. 75
Four hands. 1.50

A rapid transit of the eye over this will show a great deal of power and energy, and players will be tempted to go over the track so well laid out.

Master Mason's March. Ab. 3. Karl. 40
A march of much richness and variety, and the brethren who wish to march on a Level around the Square, will find that it plumbs perfectly with their sense of harmony.

New Wedding March. Eb. 3. Wedel. 50
In a distant way is in the style of the old march, but is, nevertheless, quite a different piece; and, being new, will be welcome.

Gems from The Little Duke, by Lecocq. Galop. D. 3. Warren. 35
Arrangement of one of the pretty airs of the Opera.

6 Tone Pictures. Fudds, ea. 35
No. 1. Contentment. Db. 3.

It is with quite a contented feeling that one will try this again, after enjoying its melody once, twice or thrice.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 3. c to E," means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 981.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1878.

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Production of Gounod's "Polyeucte."

After so many postponements that the Parisians became weary of waiting, M. Gounod's "Polyeucte" was produced at the Nouvelle-Opéra, on Monday, the 7th ult. The splendor of its representation more than atoned for delay. M. Halanzier knew perfectly well what he was about, and would not be turned aside by any measure of remonstrance or ridicule. He had to make the presentation of the first new work at the Grand-Opéra a magnificent success, and so long as the preparations were not complete—in fact, while anything whatever remained to be done—the public and the press were allowed to clamor unheeded at the gates. At last everything was ready, as Marshal Lehenf said of the unhappy French army in 1870, "down to the smallest strap and buckle;" and only then, when the closing days of the Exposition had arrived and the season had well nigh flitted away, was "Polyeucte" brought forth. Let us, before noticing the performance, look at the manner in which the Opera itself was got ready, and draw, as we inevitably must, an unpleasant, though perhaps wholesome, contrast with what takes place in the same way nearer home.

As far back as 1869 the libretto of "Polyeucte" was finished by MM. Barbier and Carré, the subject being taken, as everybody knows, from Corneille's tragedy. In 1870 or 1871, M. Gounod came to England, and the composition of the music occupied much of his time during a prolonged residence amongst us. How, when completed, the MS. score was detained here and did not accompany its distinguished author back to France: how, despairing of again possessing it, M. Gounod set bravely to work and re-wrote the whole from memory, and how the original MS. at length was restored to him—all these incidents are familiar and need not be recounted in detail. Nor need we dwell upon such a matter of recent history as the difficulty which arose between M. Halanzier and the publishers of the Opera, nor upon the little dispute which, later still, sprang up between the same eminent *imprésario* and M. Gounod himself. Enough that in October, 1877, the score of "Polyeucte" was handed over to M. Halanzier, and the work of preparation began which ended exactly a year after. First of all it was necessary to determine the principal artists, both of "creation" and *partage*. This task, in virtue of right and custom, fell to M. Gounod, who easily obtained Mdlle. Krauss and M. Salomon for the leading characters. In other cases difficulties arose. Thus, M. Lassalle could not, at first, be reconciled to the part of *Sévère*. The Roman general is deeply in love, and his feelings overcome his manliness. So M. Lassalle, a big person, went to M. Gounod, saying, "Master, I cannot weep. Look at me; is it possible for a fellow of my size to cry decently on the stage?" But his objections were not proof against the argument of an additional romance: in course of time all other susceptibilities were allayed, and the cast definitely made. Then came the copying of the parts, which alone cost between 6,000 and 7,000 francs; and next the important matter of the scenic arrangements. The Opera is in five acts, whereof each was given into separate hands—M. Daran (Act 1), M. Cheret (Act 2), MM. Rubé and Chapron (Act 3), MM. Carpegas and Lavaré, sen. (Act 4), M. Lavastre, jun. (Act 5). These gentlemen made a sketch for each of the tableaux intrusted to them, and submitted it to the authorities of the house—subsequently, on its being accepted, building up the "set" in miniature, for

examination by the machinist, who had to determine its practicability for working. The miniature, or *maquette*, having passed, the artist set to work upon the scene itself—no small labor in the case of such elaborate and gigantic pictures as the exigencies of the stage and the Opera required. While M. Daran and his colleagues were thus busy, the designer of the costumes, M. Lacoste, had an equally important and responsible task on hand. Given *carte blanche* by his director, this gentleman spared neither trouble nor expense; and his expenditure of both may be imagined when it is stated that no fewer than 123 different costumes, all as correct as research could make them, were provided. Some of these were, of course, multiplied: and altogether over 1,000 complete dresses entered the wardrobe of the theatre for use in "Polyeucte" alone. The pains taken with the costumes were immense. M. Lacoste made a water-color drawing of each, showing every shade of color and every detail of ornamentation; while great care was used to adapt the dress to the figure, etc., of the wearer, and to secure harmony of tone among those which would necessarily be placed in juxtaposition during the performance.

Scenery and dresses having been provided, the *mise-en-scène* in all its multifarious parts demanded attention. Nearly 8,000 francs were spent in "properties" alone, and 270 *figurants*, male and female, were for months drilled in the groupings and action which had been determined on. Not human beings only were thus trained. The four white horses selected to draw the triumphal car of *Sévère* had equally to study their parts, having first been sent up to the level of the stage by means of a lift. The special rehearsals in each department were most elaborate and painstaking. Those of the principal artists, under M. Salomon, were extremely numerous, every point being made familiar before the general rehearsals began; so with the hundred chorus-singers, who were first exercised in reading their music, the time adopted being as slow again as that indicated by the composer. Then the serious studies commenced, taking place twice a week, in the chorus-room at the outset, finally on the stage, in order to learn the action, entries, exits, and so on. Even more care was bestowed upon the orchestra. Beginning by simply reading their music without attention to anything but the mere notes, the instrumentalists passed to a methodical study of each number. This done, a grand rehearsal was given in presence of all the artists and chorus, followed by another in which the solos and concerted pieces were sung with the band. Then, every person being perfect in his or her work, came the *répétitions générales*, with scenery, dresses, etc. Of these there were eight, the last taking place on October 8, when the arduous labors of a year ended, and "Polyeucte" was pronounced ready for the public. Surely such careful preparations deserved to be crowned with success. This is the true artistic spirit, and supplies us with one reason why Opera belongs to France, and remains only in furnished lodgings—shabbily furnished at the best—among ourselves.

The *première* of M. Gounod's Opera was one of the greatest events of a Parisian summer fertile in such things. For months it had been anticipated with eagerness, and as reports spread about concerning the grandeur of the music and the magnificence of the *mise-en-scène*, a desire to be present became the rage. Weeks before the doors were opened not a place was

available for love or money, and when the curtain rose such an audience filled the house as only Paris can bring together on special occasions. Foreigners who had travelled hundreds of miles for the express purpose attended in large numbers: the rest was the *élite* of all that goes to make up French social, literary, and artistic eminence. M. Gounod might well have been proud of the compliment paid to his genius—one he scarcely anticipated seven years ago, when the theatre was an army hospital, Paris a ruin, and the composer an exile. The Opera was cast as follows: *Pauline*, Mdlle. Krauss; *Polyeucte*, M. Salomon; *Sévère*, M. Lassalle; *Siméon*, M. Bataille; *Félix*, M. Béraud; *Le Grand-Prêtre*, M. Menu; *Sextus*, M. Bosquin; *Nérarque*, M. Anguez; *Stratonice*, Madame Calderon. It may be as well to add that the chief parts were under-studied—*Pauline* by Mdlle. de Reszke, *Polyeucte* by M. Sellier, and *Siméon* by M. Boudouresque. For some time after the performance began the audience remained apparently unmoved. The severe dignity of the music was perhaps a surprise to most, not of the most welcome character. But as the Opera developed itself an entire change took place. The strength of the story, the exalted nature of its treatment by M. Gounod, and the magnificence of the stage-pictures revealed to all present that they were assisting at the *début* of a great work, intended to fill a place in French Opera analogous to that of Corneille's tragedy among its kind, conceived in the same lofty spirit, and wrought out with the same uncompromising fidelity to artistic principles. Thenceforward the success of the representation was assured. The audience set no bounds to their applause. They were delighted with the scenic effects, as well they might be; charmed with the Pagan ballet, satisfied with the artists, and—though the drama and its musical illustration may have been hardly to the taste of lovers of lighter fare—content to accept both as splendid additions to French art. All concerned in the representation worked with a will, and too much praise cannot be given to the ease and smoothness with which the complicated theatrical machine was made to work. Mdlle. Krauss distinguished herself highly. She is a thorough artist, and rose to the height of the great occasion as only a thorough artist can, singing and acting with unsparing devotion to her task. M. Salomon equally well justified M. Gounod's choice, nor were the other performers less deserving in their several degrees. The whole representation, indeed, was a triumph in keeping with the grand traditions of the establishment, and a fitting crown to M. Halanzier's unsparing labors. "Polyeucte" has since been given thrice a week to crowded houses, and a long time must elapse ere even curiosity about it can be completely satisfied. —*London Musical Times, November 1.*

The Conservatoire in Paris.

(By M. GUSTAVE CHOUQUET, in George Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," Part IV.)

CONSERVATOIRE DE MUSIQUE. A free school of music, established in Paris in the Convention Nationale, Aug. 8, 1795. Its first suggestion was due to a horn-player named Rodolphe, and the plan which he submitted to the minister Amelot in 1775 was carried into effect on Jan. 8, 1784, by Baron Breteuil, of Louis XVI's household, acting on the advice of Gossec. This Ecole royale de Chant, under Gossec's direction, was opened on April 1, 1784, in the Hotel des Menus-Plaisirs du Roi, then used by the Académie for its rehearsals.

The first public concert was given April 18, 1786, and on the addition of a class for dramatic declamation in the following June it adopted the name of the *Ecole royale de Chant et de Déclamation*. The municipality engaged a band under Sarrette in 1790, and instituted on June 9, 1792, the *Ecole gratuite de Musique de la Garde Nationale Parisienne*, which did good service under Sarrette's skilful direction, and finally took the name of *Institut National de Musique*, Nov. 8, 1793. But the independent existence of both these schools came to an end on the formation, by government, of the *Conservatoire de Musique*, Aug. 8, 1795, in which they were incorporated. Sarrette was shortly afterwards appointed president of the institution, and in 1797 his charge extended to 125 professors and 600 pupils of both sexes, as well as to the printing-office and warehouse established at 15 Faubourg Poissonnière, where the '*Méthodes du Conservatoire*,' prepared under the supervision of Catel, Méhul, Rode, Kreutzer, and other eminent professors, were published. The organization of the *Conservatoire* was modified by Bonaparte in March 1800, after which the staff stood as follows:—A Director—Sarrette; five Inspectors of Tuition—Gossec, Méhul, Lesueur, Cherubini, and Monsigny; thirty first-class Professors—Louis Adam, Berton, Blasius, Catel, Devienne, Dugazon, Duvernoy, Garat, Gaviniés, Hugot, Kreutzer, Persuis, Plantade, Rode, Rodolphe, Sallentin, etc.; forty second-class Professors—Adrien, Baillot, Boieldieu, Donnich, Eler, Jadin, etc. The *Conservatoire* was again re-organized Oct. 15, 1812, by the famous *Décret de Moscow*, under which eighteen pupils, nine of each sex, destined for the *Théâtre Français*, received an annual allowance of 1100 francs, on the same footing with the *Pensionnaires*—eighteen vocal students, twelve male and six female. This *Pensionnat* had been established in 1806; but the men alone lived at the *Conservatoire*.

On Dec. 28, 1814, Sarrette was abruptly dismissed from the post he had filled with so much zeal and talent, and though reinstated on May 26, 1815, was compelled to retire finally on the 17th of the following November. The studies were interrupted for the time, and the school remained closed until April 1816, when it re-opened under its former title of *Ecole royale de Musique*, with Perne as Inspector-general. Cherubini succeeded him April 1, 1822, and remained until Feb. 8, 1842, when he was replaced by Auber, who directed the *Conservatoire* until his death, May 12, 1871; M. Ambroise Thomas, the present director, was appointed on the 6th of the following July.

Before speaking of the *Conservatoire* of our own day, its financial condition, staff, and musical importance, we must enumerate some of the most remarkable acts which marked its successive administrations.

The budget originally amounted to 240,000 francs, but this in 1802 was reduced to 100,000, a fact indicative of the grave money difficulties with which Sarrette had to contend through all his years of office, in addition to the systematic opposition of both artists and authorities. By the publication of the '*Méthode du Conservatoire*,' however, to which each professor gave his adherence, he succeeded in uniting the various parties of the educational department on a common basis. Amongst the savants of the institution who assisted in this work were Ginguené, Lacépède, and Prony. Under Sarrette the pupils were stimulated by public practisings; to him is also due the building of the old library, begun in 1801, and the inauguration of the theatre in the Rue Bergère, 1812. In the same year he obtained an increase of 26,800 francs for the expenses of the *Pensionnat*; and the institution of the '*Prix de Rome*' in 1803, which secured to the holders the advantage of residing in Italy at the expense of government, was his doing.

Under Perne's administration an '*Ecole primaire de Chant*' was formed, April 23, 1817,

in connection with the *Conservatoire*, and directed by Choron. The Inspectorship of the *Ecole de Musique* at Lille was given to Plantade. In 1810 it adopted the title of '*Conservatoire secondaire de Paris*,' in which it was followed by the *Ecole* at Douai, no longer in existence. The formation of special classes for lyrical declamation and the study of opera parts was also due to Perne.

Cherubini's strictness of rule and his profound knowledge made his direction very favorable for the progress of the *Conservatoire*. The men's pensionnat was re-organized under him, and the number of public practices, which all prize-holders were forced to attend, increased in 1823 from six to twelve. By his means the opera pitch, universally allowed to be too high, was lowered in 1826, and the *Ecole de Musique* founded at Toulouse in 1821 was attached to the *Conservatoire*, as that of Lille had previously been. He opened new instrumental classes, and gave much encouragement to the productions of the '*Société des Concerts du Conservatoire*.' By his means the library acquired the right to one of the two copies of every piece of music or book upon music which authors and composers are compelled to deposit with the *Ministre de l'Intérieur* (March 29, 1834). In 1841, through Cherubini's instrumentality, the *Ecoles de Marseilles* and Metz became '*Succursales du Conservatoire*;' in short, during his long administration he neglected no means of raising the tone of the studies of the *Central Conservatoire*, and extending its influence. The following were among his principal coadjutors:

Habeneck and Paer, Inspectors of tuition; Lesueur, Berton, Reicha, Fétis, Halévy, Carafa, composition; Lainé, Lays, Garat, Plantade, Ponchard, Banderelli, Bordogni, Panzeron, Mme. Damoreau, singing; instrumental classes—Benoist, the organ; Louis Adam and Zimmermann, piano; Baillot, Kreutzer, Habeneck, violin; Baudiot, Norblin, Vasin, violoncello; Guillou, Tulou, flute; Vogt, oboe; Lefèvre, Klosé, clarinet; Delcambre, Gebauer, bassoon; Dauprat, Meifred, horn; Dauverné, trumpet; Dieppo, trombone; Naderman, Prumier, harp; Adolphe Nourrit, the opera; Michelot, Samson, Provost and Beauvallet, professors of tragedy and comedy.

Amongst the professors appointed by Auber we may mention Adolphe Adam, Ambroise Thomas, Reber, composition; MM. Elwart, Bazin, harmony; Battaille, Duprez, Faure, Garcia, Réval, Masset, singing; Madame Farrenc, Henri Herz, Marmontel, Le Couppé, piano; Alard, Girard, Massart, Ch. Dancla, violin; Franchomme and Chevillard, violoncello. Classes for wind instruments—Toulou, Dorus, flute; Verroust, oboe; Willent, Cökken, bassoon; Gallay, Meifred, horn; Forestier, Arban, cornet; Mlle. Brohan, MM. Régner, Monrose, Bressant, professors of comedy. Auber also instituted lectures on the history and literature of music, to which he appointed Samson in 1855. The débuts under Auber's management were most brilliant, and he drew public attention to the *Conservatoire* by reviving the public practices. The façade of the establishment in the Faubourg Poissonnière was rebuilt in 1845, and in 1864 the building was considerably enlarged, and those in the Rue du *Conservatoire* inaugurated, including the hall and offices of the theatre, the museum, and library. The associate classes of military pupils, formed on the suppression of the *Gymnase militaire* in 1856, made these enlargements indispensable.

But notwithstanding the growing importance of the *Conservatoire* under Auber's strict and impartial direction, the last years of his life were embittered by the revival of the office of '*Administrateur*' in the person of Lassabathie, and the appointment of a commission in 1870 to re-organize the studies—a step in which some members foresaw the ruin of the school. In 1859, at the beginning of this troubled period, the reform of the pitch took place which fixed the A at 870 vibrations. Lassabathie at the same time published his '*Histoire du Conservatoire impérial de Musique et de Déclamation*' (Paris, 1860), a hasty selection of documents, but containing ample details as to the professorial staff.

Since the nomination of M. Ambroise Thomas, the present director, the office of '*Administrateur*' and the pensionnat have been suppressed, and Mr. Emile Réty has been appointed Secretary-General.

Lectures on the general history of music have been instituted; M. Barbereau, the original lecturer, has been succeeded by M. Eugène Gautier; an orchestral class directed by M. Deldevez, and compulsory vocal classes for reading at sight have been founded, and the solfeggio teaching has been completely reformed. The following professors have been appointed:—MM. Theo. Dubois, Guiraud, harmony; MM. Crosti, Bussine, Boulanger, Potier, Mme. Viardot, who has lately resigned, and been succeeded by M. Barbot, singing; M. Charles Colin, oboe; M. Jancoirt, bassoon; M. Delisee, trombone; M. Maury, cornet-à-piston. M. Ambroise Thomas has endeavored to improve the tuition in all its branches, to raise the salaries of the professors, and increase the general budget, which has risen to 210,000 francs, and is expected soon to reach 240,000 francs—a sum amply sufficient for the expenses of the Institution with its staff of 8 titularies, 77 professors, and 10 employés.

The tuition at present is divided as follows:—16 solfeggio classes under 4 masters—in 12 of which the lessons are individual, in the remaining 4 in class; 8 singing classes under 8 masters; a class for vocal harmony, and another for the study of part-writing, each with its professor. For lyrical declamation there is 1 class for the opera and 2 classes for the opera-comique. The 31 instrumental classes are as follows:—6 for violin; 2 for 'cello; 1 for double bass, for flute, oboe, clarinet, bassoon, horn, cornet, trombone, harp, chamber music, organ, improvisation, and orchestral composition. There are also 10 classes for piano, 4 for men and 6 for women.

For the study of harmony there are 6 classes. Also three for composition, counterpoint, and fugue (under Reber, Massé, and Bazin, all members of the *Institut de France*). To these classes must be added those for the general history of music, grammar, prosody, and orthophony, 3 classes for dramatic declamation, 1 for stage deportment, and 1 for fencing.

The classes are held three times a week, each one lasting 2 hours. The regulation number of pupils is either 8, 10, or 12, according to the class, but a few candidates are also admitted as '*auditeurs*.' Among the professors who have charge of the classes just enumerated, we find such names as Massé, Franchomme, Chevillard, René Baillot, Deldevez, Reber, Bazin, Régner, Bressant, and many of the most celebrated artists. The academic year begins on the first Monday in October, and closes at the end of July.

The names of those seeking admission to the *Conservatoire* must be sent in to the committee of management at the beginning of October, and an examination before the Committee of Tuition must be successfully passed. The youngest pupils only are admitted into the preparatory solfeggio and piano classes; in the higher classes, for vocal music and declamation, the age is limited to 22. The pupils have to pass two examinations in each academic year, and take part in one or more public practices: they are also admitted to the July competitions according to their ability. The competitions in singing, opera, opera-comique, tragedy, comedy, and instrumental music, are held publicly in the large concert-room. The distribution of prizes follows, under the presidency of the Minister of Public Education and Fine Arts.

This important institution provides musical and dramatic instruction for upwards of 600 pupils and '*auditeurs*,' who besides their regular studies, have the advantage of an extensive library and a museum of musical instruments.

The Library, which dates from the foundation of the school itself, is open to the public daily from 10 to 4. The first librarian, Eler, was followed by Langlé (1796–1807), the Abbé Roze (1807–1820), Perne (1820–1822), Fétis (1827–1831), Bottée de Toulmon (1831–1850), Berlioz (as conservateur 1829–1850, and as librarian 1852–1869), Felicien David (1869–1876). Since 1876 M. Wecke-lin has acted as librarian.

The Library contains over 30,000 works, and the number is increased every year by means of a special grant. It also possesses a considerable number of manuscripts and autographs, to which those of the *Prix de Rome* were added in 1871, through the efforts of the writer. This collection contains the autographs of all the prize cantatas since the foundation of the *Prix de Rome* in 1803. Amongst the other important collections are those of Eler, composed of works of the 16th and 17th centuries put into score; of Bottée de Toulmon, comprising 85 volumes of MS. copies of the chefs-d'œuvre of the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries from Munich, Vien-

na, and Rome, including all Palestrina's masses. Unfortunately, most of these compositions are written in 'proportional notation,' and are still in separate parts. The departments of engraved opera scores and of vocal and instrumental *méthodes* are very complete. In 1872 the library was further enriched by Schœlcher's collection, containing every edition of Handel's works and a vast array of Handel literature. The number of dramas is 6,000, and increasing daily, and the department of works on the art and history of music contains many thousand French and foreign volumes. Amongst these are some extremely rare works, 'El Melopeo' by Cerone; treatises by Agricola, Luscinus, Prætorius, Mersenne; several editions of Gafori; 'Il Transilvano' by Diruta; original editions of most of the old clavichordists: 'L'Orchésographie' of Thoinot Arbeau; the 'Ballet Comique de la Reine'; the 'Flores Musice' of 1488; old missals and treatises on plain-chant; besides other very rare and valuable books and *méthodes*.

The Museum—of recent date, having been formally inaugurated on Nov. 20, 1864—is open to the public on Mondays and Thursdays from 12 to 4. At that time it merely contained the 280 articles which the government had purchased from Clapisson in 1861, and 128 musical instruments transferred from the Garde Meubles and other state institutions, or presented by private donors. On the appointment of the present conservateur, M. Gustave Chouquet, Sept. 30, 1871, the number of objects did not exceed 380, but it now possesses 700 instruments and objects of art of the greatest interest. A full historical catalogue has been published by M. Chouquet, entitled 'Le Musée du Conservatoire national de Musique' (Paris, F. Didot, 1875; 8vo.). This magnificent collection is the largest and most complete in Europe, and the space allotted to it must strike every one as inadequate.

The Conservatoire itself suffers from want of room. In the Faubourg Poissonnière, No. 15, are the offices of the administration, the entrance to the small theatre, where not only the examinations, but the classes for choral singing and dramatic declamation, lessons on the organ, and lectures on the history of music are held. Two smaller theatres serve for solfeggio and opera classes. In the large theatre, which contains an organ of 32 feet, the Société des Concerts du Conservatoire has held its concerts since its creation; it also serves for the public practices, the competitions, and the distribution of prizes. It was restored and decorated in the Pompeian style in 1864; and contains only a thousand seats. The educational management of the Conservatoire is in the hands of a central committee, with two sub-committees, for the superintendence of the musical and dramatic studies respectively. The committees for the admission of pupils and the examination of the classes are named by the director.

At the present date (1878) there are five provincial Ecoles de Musique, branches of the Conservatoire, viz., Lille, Toulouse, Dijon, Nantes, and Lyons (founded April 2, 1874).

In 1871, M. Henri Reber succeeded M. Ambroise Thomas as inspector of these provincial schools. [G. C.]

Carlo Bassini.

[This hearty, half rhythmic tribute of a nautical admirer to the memory of the author of the well-known "Art of Singing" (published by Ditson & Co.) is copied by request of friends of the deceased.]

Editor Boston Home Journal:

Sacred thoughts of my friend Bassini come to me today, as they frequently do, to remind me of his beautiful character, and to impress me with the reality of the swiftness of time since I first made his acquaintance. As but little is known of the man Carlo Bassini, save his name and his fame, I will tell you something the world knows not of, that you may tell it through the columns of your most excellent paper.

But in order to begin my story about Carlo Bassini, I must first introduce myself to you, as I am somewhat connected with his history. So, to be brief in my introduction to you, I will say, that I am a sailor, who has sailed all the oceans of the earth over, and have introduced myself to people of all nations in their own country. It was on one of my voyages in the Mediterranean sea that I was so fortunate as to make the acquaintance of Carlo Bassini, at a time when all France was in desperate commotion during the tyrannical reign of Louis Napoleon in 1852. While Napoleon III. was making himself Emperor of the French, against the will of the nation, his laws were very stringent, and

the violation penalties very severe. At that time I commanded the ship Kate Hunter, of Portsmouth, N.H., a first-class ship in those days; and I came with her into the Port of Cettes, in the Gulf of Lyons, to load a cargo of merchandise for New York. Then I knew no person in that part of France, and was surprised to receive a letter, post-marked Montpellier, a few days after my arrival. The letter was written by Mrs. Pauline Bassini, saying she saw the report of my ship's arrival in their seaport, and wished to see the captain, as her husband was imprisoned, for no offence, only that he had spoken to a friend on the street; and the family was very much distressed about it. Poor woman! she little knew that speaking to a friend on the street in those days was a great offence, sufficient to be indicted for high treason against his satanic majesty, Napoleon III.

The next day after receiving the letter, I took the train for Montpellier, and found the Bassini family rejoicing over the release from prison of the husband and father. Although the good man was outside the prison walls, he was under the eyes of the bloodhounds of the law, and liable at any moment to be confined in prison again. I was the guest of the family for three days, visiting with them the sights of the city. On the evening of the third day, Bassini gave a concert on the violin. The theatre in which it was given was crowded with the fashionable world of Montpellier. When the master of music came upon the stage with violin in hand, there was a perfect storm of enthusiasm, that commenced brewing at the beginning of the gathering, such greetings as none but a French audience could give. The ladies threw their flowers at him, until he was surrounded with bouquets, forming a circle, with himself in the centre, while he electrified the audience with such music as none but himself could produce. The most enthusiastic expressions of joy were pictured in every countenance; and such earnest greetings, and constant implorings for encores after each piece was finished, that tested the patience of the most patient man that ever endured such a trial without a squirm. But my friend bore it all like a philosopher, and conquered the host with a smile, and such a smile as photographed itself on all minds open to its reception. That smile is as fresh on my mind to-day as when it was given in 1852. There is no end to such good things; they roll on like the waves of the ocean that never cease.

When my friend had sounded the first note of the last piece in the programme of that evening, the scene was changed from a perfect storm of applause to a dead calm, like a tempest on the ocean tranquillized in a moment to the serenity of a placid sea, when the winds had ceased to be. Not a ripple could be discerned over that vast sea of humanity; even the fans had ceased their waves, and every discord hushed; quiet reigned supreme. So calm was it, there was not a zephyr to disturb a feather. When the master drew his bow over the strings again, so soft was the music and so melting the pathos, the very soul of sublimity seemed attached to the instrument that spoke the melodies of heaven to an audience of more than three thousand people. So melodious was it with heavenly strains, the whole audience seemed melted in the refining process of purifying the soul. Even the breath of such music would be more eloquent than the best of my poor words to define.

The sublimity of the poetry, and the divinity of thought,

Gave that harmony to the melody that naught has ever bought.

All seemed entranced and completely spell-bound, during the whole performance of this last piece. When Bassini dropped the bow-hand by his side, and stood before the audience for a few moments, there was not a word spoken, or the least disturbance in the house; all seemed dumbfounded; the floodgates of the soul had been opened, and the "eyepumps" were voluntarily set in motion to pump out the overflow of the flood of tender feeling. The crowd dispersed silently and as quietly as though they were treading on holy ground, with their souls filled with the last strains of Bassini's music. And they were the last he ever gave in that country.

On my walking away with him toward his home, I congratulated him as well as I knew how, on his great musical talents, that he did not seem to know he possessed. When I asked him how much money he took, he asked me to guess. I guessed about \$400. He said to me, "My dear captain, you don't seem to know these people. I assure you I got but \$40." I was so surprised, I patted him on the shoulder, and said, "My dear fellow, these people cannot appreciate your talents; you must go to New York, where you will make a fortune in a few years." He hunched his shoulders, and said to me, "How am I to get there with a wife and five children, and not a sou in my pocket?" I gave him to understand that I knew the way, and then gave him a little counsel how to manage, and he followed my advice.

The next morning I went to my ship, and when she was ready for sea, there might have been seen a band of pilgrims travelling on the road leading from the city of Montpellier toward the sea-coast, where a ship was waiting to receive them; and when the last child was on board, an infant in its mother's arms then, but grown to manhood now, our sails were spread to the breeze and our fasts singled; and so we lay till the break of day, waiting for the rising sun to gild the eastern horizon, to light our pathway to the open sea; and as soon as that glorious light appeared, our fasts were slipped, and the pilgrims cheered, "Adieu, Belle France, adieu!" We sped on our way without delay, to gain an offing beyond the bay. As we passed the outward fortresses with its frowning battlements and shotted guns, the pilgrim's hearts quaked with fear of being boarded by an officer and taken back to duance vile. I heeded not their king of terror, but kept my course and stood boldly on without fear of being fired upon. When we had sailed beyond the reach of their guns, we heard the reveille of the morning drums; but we had no fear, for they had no shot that could reach us there.

There were nine others beside the Bassini family on board, who had just escaped the bloodhounds of law. When they had crawled from their hiding place, and stood on the deck of the ship, free men and women, and saw the Star-Spangled Banner waving over their heads, and the good ship ploughing her way through the deep blue waters of the Mediterranean toward the land of the free and the home of the brave, their joy knew no bounds. Shout after shout went up, and shout after shout continued, until the surrounding atmosphere, like the phonograph of our day, returned their voices, which seemed to vibrate against the walls of the old fortress and echo into the council chambers of the Tuilleries at Paris, where sat that king of tyrants, Napoleon III., satiating his thirst for power in the best blood of the nation. But now that his day of retribution has come, his battles are fought, his murders all done, and he himself obliged to run, we will keep on shouting until we overthrow that power of darkness here below.

The old violin that had so charmed the Montpellians but a few evenings before, was brought out, the harps that had been hanging on the willows so long were put in tune, and while two ladies were seated at the piano-forte, with one accord the Marsallians were struck up, and played and sung in such a strain, that none but they who had felt their wrongs could join in chorus. All nature seemed alive with music. There was music in the breeze, music in the sea, and every rope seemed a harpsichord. Even the fishes seemed to catch the inspiration, for porpoises in thousands came bounding over the main, to join the pilgrim train and act as convoy over their domain. They sported round the bows, gambled round the ship, and followed in our wake as far as our eyes could see. So the day was spent in music and song, celebrating our victory over the strong. Our voyage across the Atlantic was more than pleasant, for our company was most agreeable. We lived upon solids, but feasted on music.

Another happy day had they when landed on our shores. Although strangers in a strange country, nearly all succeeded in business, and Carlo Bassini realized all that I had promised him.

After Bassini had lived twenty years in this country, loved, honored and respected by all who knew him, he called his family around him one evening, and told them that in one month from that date he should leave them. Little did they comprehend what he meant; but on the day afore told by himself, he laid off the mortal so quietly and so peacefully, that none knew he was gone. But the soul of Carlo Bassini had ascended for his lofty mansion among the immortals, whose stars shine bright with the splendor of their own good deeds.

Thus passed away the noblest man I ever met with during all my pilgrimage over this little world of ours. Although his presence is not seen with us, his name and his fame will remain the same as long as the sun shall shine.

Bassini was a dear lover of nature; yet he had no religious creed, but he had respect and charity for all, and malice for none. His mind was of a lofty kind, and soared high above the minds of ordinary mortals, and his charity was Christ-like, giving and forgiving, without condemning. I could write a volume on his good deeds; but ones he had none, for his motives were always pure.

His funeral services were conducted by a Roman Catholic clergyman, who solicited the favor of such an honor; and the mortal remains of Bassini were taken to a Catholic church in Brooklyn, fitted up for the occasion with flags entwined and flowers combined in anchors, hearts, harps and other appropriate emblems. Long before the funeral services commenced, the church was filled with the friends of the immortal musician, and who can doubt that a convoy of angels were there in attendance? Seemingly all felt their presence, for the place seemed more like one of the courts on the confines of heaven, than a scene of earth. The whole service was perfectly grand, with the beauty of solemnity, and well became the excellence of such a man as Carlo Bassini. After the dirge and requiem, came the grand climax of that beautiful conception of order so well arranged by the Catholic clergy. Three hundred voices sang the last composition of Bassini, "The Light in the Sky," which sublime production clearly shows that the light of the immortality of the soul was within him. Like Mozart, he composed his own requiem.

But few men have passed away from this stage of action, who could excel Bassini in the practice of the moral philosophy of life; and so learned was he, too, and yet so unassuming. He was a master of languages as well as a master of music, and could entertain a dozen foreigners from as many different countries in their own tongue. Although Carlo Bassini was an Italian by birth, born in Genoa, the birth-place of Christopher Columbus, he was a Cosmopolitan in education and a philosopher in the science of human nature. Having travelled much, he became a citizen of the world through his knowledge of the world.

Italy has produced many noble men, among them Galileo, Cicero, Tasso, Michael Angelo, Columbus, Cavour, Mazzini, Bassini and Garibaldi; all gone but the last; yet among them all not one had a nobler soul than Carlo Bassini. All were as noble men as the world has produced in their time, and all are now as stars of the first magnitude whose "Lights in the Sky" can never

be dimmed. Such noble souls have the blessing of all who dare to do right in the face of all opposition.

But, Mr. Editor, I fear my letter is getting too long for you to publish, and too tedious for your patrons to read. I will add another item or two, and then stop. The violin that belonged to Carlo Bassini is second to none in existence. It is now about two hundred years old. Its ownership can be traced back one hundred and ten years to Charles Dibden, the British naval lyricist and companion of Dryden in the management of Drury Lane Theatre of London. One of the principal actors on that stage once said, "A man who has no music in himself, nor is moved with the concord of sweet sounds, is fit for treason, strategy and spoils. His spirit is as dull as night, and his affections dark as Erebus. Let no such man be trusted." The man who said that was a philosopher with strong intuitions of God in his nature. The last I knew of this violin it was in the possession of J. J. Watson, "the Paganini of New York," who valued it at \$3,000.

Carlo Bassini was a pattern man; neither his poverty nor his riches were ever any barrier to his friendship or his humanity. With the eye of faith he saw the Light in the Sky, waiting nigh to light his passage to his home on high.

Your humble servant,
and fast friend of Carlo Bassini,
JAMES MADISON HILL.

—Malden, Mass., August, 1878.

Music in New York.

(Correspondence of the Boston Courier.)

"CARMEN" AND OTHER NOVELTIES.

NEW YORK, Nov. 8, 1878.

"Carmen" is the prevailing topic of conversation in New York musical circles. At the present writing four performances have been given and a fifth advertised. I cannot quite agree with those who claim that Minnie Hauck's acting, clever and artistic as it is, is the real cause of the success of the opera. Minnie Hauck is Carmen, to be sure, and it may well be doubted if there be another lyric artist who can give a more vivid idea of the gypsy witch who leads a gallant soldier to his ruin, without remorse or pity, and who, as she shuffles and cuts the cards to tell her own fortune, is only disturbed for a moment as she reads there—*death*. The plot is not savory, the characters betray little acquaintance with the customs of polite society, and the spectator has his sympathies excited for no member of the *dramatis personæ*. Carmen is thoroughly bad. For Don José you have more contempt than pity. The only good and respectable person in the piece is Micaëla, who vainly tries to draw Don José back to decency—but the character is weakly drawn, and no one wonders at her failure. Gypsies, cigar-makers, soldiers, bull-fighters and street boys fill the scene. But it is not the first opera with unpleasant features, which has been redeemed by good music. Let the plot go, then, for the present at least, and let us consider the music. There is hardly a critic who has not charged the author with imitation of one or several composers. There is a little of Auber in it, they say, a little of Verdi, a little of Offenbach and a great deal of Wagner. All these may be found reflected in the score, but there is a much larger quantity of Georges Bizet than of all the others put together. The score sparkles with bright thoughts. The rhythms, being it is said imitations of Spanish dance movements, are quaint. The melodies, though provokingly short, with, for the greater part, an apparent deliberate avoidance of thematic development, are very captivating and linger in the memory for days. Such, at least, has been my experience, and since my first hearing of the opera, I have been constantly haunted by phrases of the vocal parts or of the instrumentation. The orchestration is throughout extremely rich and ingenious, often symphonic; with marvellously beautiful and effective bits of imitation, and other evidences of its author's scholarly attainments, of which proof has been furnished in Boston in the *Suite Arlesienne*, played by Mr. Thomas's orchestra. The concerted movements are a finely constructed, and several grand climaxes are worked up superbly. I must confess that, since *Aida*, I have heard no new opera which has so impressed me with a sense of its composer's originality and with its own freshness. The *leit-motiv* theory has been observed to some extent—unobtrusively and with excellent judgment—and some writers, judging superficially, have taken this as a peg whereon to hang their charges of imitation of Wagner. How often must it be said that the use of a prescribed theme to signalize the entrance of a character, or to recall an incident in the drama, and a careful identification of music with the personage were in fashion long before the High Priest of Bayreuth knew his scales? Let me remind my readers, too, that Bizet was a declared opponent of the advanced German school, with decided opinions of his own on *Tannhäuser*, and that in *Carmen* his in-

tention was to produce an opera in which no one of the ideas of the great German philosopher, poet and musician should be developed. And in *Carmen* there is no "revery," nor "ecstatic poetry," nor "pure symphony." On the other hand there is life, there is movement, there is melody—an opera, in short, which, in spite of its ungenteel personages and its unconventional plot, has such a charming setting that its long life may be safely predicted. For one, I welcome it, if for no other reason, because it proves that art keeps not her permanent home across the Rhine or beyond the Alps.

The performance of Mr. Mapleson's company has won hearty and deserved acknowledgment for its uniform excellence from the press here, without an exception, I believe. The subordinate parts were in good hands; the chorus was, for once, something like a chorus (except that formed of boys, representatives of Castilian gamins, who displayed wonderful skill in singing away from the orchestral pitch and from each other). There were not sixty in the band, as had been announced, but there were fifty, and Signor Arditi kept them well in hand, and would have kept them even better, to my liking, had he more carefully restrained the natural impetuosity of his brass quartet. The cuts made were very few, and in no case disturbed the movement of the drama. A word about the audience: it was the most cold-blooded, indifferent and unsympathetic assemblage I have ever encountered at an opera. Its almost entire disregard of the stage, so far as any outward and visible sign was concerned, would have disgraced the most critical audience who ever sat, in Boston, under the most impracticable lecture on the most intangible topic in aesthetics. What Mr. Mapleson's intentions are, as regards Boston, are unknown to me; but I fear that he has none, not having succeeded in coming to an agreement with the Boston Theatre, nor seeing his way clear to secure the Globe. Mme. Gersler's first appearance is now definitely announced for next Monday, as Amina, in *La Sonnambula*. The lady, it is reported, has been at death's door ever since her arrival in America, but has fortunately recovered.

At Dr. Damrosch's first concert, November 9, Wilhelmj will play the violin concerto written for him by Joachim Raff. Some vocal works, not named, in which the Oratorio Society will assist, are also promised. The Oratorio Society announces four concerts, with as many public rehearsals, at Steinway Hall, under Dr. Damrosch. Here are some of the works to be sung: *The Messiah*, *Alexander's Feast*, *Psalms CXIV.*, (Mendelssohn) and *Kiel's Christus*. The latter is new, and has been performed in Europe with marked success. An English text has been prepared by Mr. Charles F. Trether. Remenyl is expected to arrive at once, and will begin his concerts at Steinway's next week. Mr. William Courtney, the new English tenor, will be among his assistants. Mr. Courtney intends giving a series of English ballad concerts during the season. He is a fine singer, with a robust, manly voice and vigorous, nervous style. The Handel and Haydn Society have wisely engaged him for *The Messiah*, at Christmas-tide.

F. H. JENKS.

Madame Schumann.

(From a letter dated, Leipzig, October 23.)

..... This morning I have been to the "Probe" (rehearsal) of the Gewandhaus Concert of to-morrow evening. These concerts are given every week during the Winter, and are almost the best in all Germany, the orchestra being so fine and so well drilled.

To-day only Schumann's music was performed, and Frau Schumann played a Concerto with orchestra, also two soli for piano. She is now fifty-nine, and looks, with her gray hair, decidedly middle-aged. She was simply dressed, wholly in black, but has a most interesting face, and played with expression, feeling, and a wonderful amount of technique for one of her years. Her hands are supple still, her touch firm and sure; there was much delicate playing, no pounding whatever; she performed like a lady, and one fond of her art, and was greatly applauded.

There is much of an illustrious past associated with her, which made me glad to have heard and seen her. At one time she played an Opus (duet) of Chopin's with Mendelssohn in presence of his great composer. She began practice of the piano when five years old, directed by her father, and at nine years performed in public—fifty years ago!

Music Abroad.

London.

POPULAR CONCERTS. A new season of these rightly-named concerts will begin on Monday, November 4, in St. James's Hall. This is about the utmost in the way of announcement that amateurs care to have put under their eyes. "Good wine needs no bush," and Mr. Arthur Chappell can do without any preliminary flourish of trumpets. He has only to say when he spreads the feast, and feasters are sure to be there ready to take the *menu* and its service upon trust. In this comfortable state of things lies the best proof of popularity and stability. The Popular Concerts, in fact, have grown into the lives of metropolitan amateurs, and to sympathize with and support them has become, so to speak, a duty to one's self. The arrangement for the season call for but few remarks. Mr. Chappell is not in the habit of telling us what works he means to produce, but he does reveal the names of the artists, if that can be said to be revealed which is pretty well-known before. As usual, we are to enjoy the services of Mme. Norman-Neruda, Herr Straus, and Herr Joachim, as leaders of the quartet, the distinguished Hungarian violinist remaining for a longer time than usual. Herr Ries will again play second fiddle; the viola will once more be in the hands of Mr. Zerbini or Herr Straus, and we are glad to say, Signor Piatti will act as violoncellist "on all occasions." So far the order of the new season differs nowise from that of many others in the past. Among the pianists announced it is pleasant to see M. Brassin, who, indeed, makes his *début* at the first concert, and will, doubtless, be heard to more advantage than when he played at the Crystal Palace in the shadow of Brahms's new symphony. We look for and find the names of Mr. Charles Halle and Miss Marie Krebs as a matter of course. Each of these artists seems indispensable. Miss Zimmermann will also appear, and, lastly, Mme. Schumann, who, it is rumored, pays us a final visit. If this report be true, unusual interest will attach to the coming performances of the eminent lady—the interest of admiration, gratitude, and regret. For fifty years Mme. Schumann has been before the public, who owe her much, and cannot too strongly show that she will live in kindly memories. As regards the vocalists, Mr. Chappell begins well by engaging Mr. Santley, and may be trusted to continue as he begins. Mr. Zerbini, as usual, assists Sir Julius Benedict, "the conductor" from the beginning, in his responsible duties; and last, but not least, the instructive analytical notes will be continued by the able hand which has written them during so many years.—D. T., in *Musical World*.

WEDNESDAY CONCERTS. The amazing advantage of an orchestra playing together daily throughout the year is made manifest to perfection at the Crystal Palace. On October the 23rd the four o'clock concert began with Walter Macfarren's "Pastoral Overture," which is a great favorite already with those who can enjoy clearness with beauty. Schubert's unfinished Symphony was performed with that devotion to art which is identified with Mr. August Manns and his band of "merrie men." Rubinstein's ballet music to his opera, *Foramora*, and Wagner's colossal overture to *Tannhäuser* ended this feast, fit for the gods and goddesses. There was a vocalist in the person of a Mr. Frank Amor, who appeared to win the favor of the audience, and gained a genuine encore for his second song, the Serenade from Mozart's immortal *Don Giovanni*.

The programme at the Crystal Palace concert to-day consists exclusively of works by Mendelssohn, the anniversary of whose death (Nov. 4, 1847). It is intended to commemorate. The eminent French pianist, Mme. Montigny-Remaury, has come from Paris expressly to perform the G minor concerto. Among other interesting things, an unpublished symphony in F minor, for stringed instruments is included.

CRYSTAL PALACE. Last Saturday afternoon's concert was devoted to a performance of Verdi's *Requiem*, preceded by a "Marche Religieuse" from the pen of M. Charles Gounod. The dreadfully out-of-tune rendering of the principal motif, by the solo instrument, to which it is intrusted near the commencement, was a rare performance indeed from any member of the Crystal Palace orchestra; but under the most favorable circumstances this march

could not appear anything but what it is—utterly devoid of interest and childish. M. Gounod, as everybody knows, can write, but, unfortunately, he can also scribble.

Verdi's *Requiem* is so widely known that we are spared the task of criticism in detail; but we would ask, if this is sacred music, where is the profane? Sacred music is that which crosses the boundary line of the beautiful and reaches the sublime, arousing those feelings which are just beyond delight and admiration—awe and reverence. We know that the sublime and the ridiculous are very nearly allied, so perhaps the "Dies iræ" may only just fall short of being sublime, for certainly (to us, at least) it is intensely ridiculous. Possibly we have too lively an imagination, but we never hear this picturesque piece of writing without conjuring up a family of bottle imps and breathlessly anticipating the fall of a dozen tea-trays behind the scenes to "make the thunder." The English version is, we think, worthy of the music; perhaps, that is what the author means when he says it is written "to suit the music." Let the reader judge of the whole by the three following extracts:—

Day of anger, day of trouble,
Time shall perish like a bubble,
So spake David and the Sibyl.

King of Glories, bright and glowing,
Grace on whom Thou wilt bestowing,
Save me, Lord, with mercy flowing.

With thy sheep, Lord, deign to mate me,
From the he-goats separate me,
At thy right do Thou instate me.

It appears that Verdi does not share our opinion concerning this extraordinary number, for the hobgoblins' music re-appears in number 7 with impudent assurance upon the smallest provocation. If possible, the fugue (Sanctus), with its mock gravity and affectation of learning and skill, is more ludicrous than the "Dies iræ," but how could a work of such a solemn nature be anything but absurd when subjects worthy of a light opera are dressed out in ecclesiastical robes, and pretty tunes are torn limb from limb to make a fugue?

The vocalists were Mdle. Sartorius, Miss Anna Williams, Mr. Barton McGuckin and Herr Henchel, who (except that the out-of-tune performance of the opening piece was unfortunately renewed by the ladies in the "Agnus Dei," acquitted themselves, in common with the band and chorus, very satisfactorily.—*Musical Standard*, Nov. 2.

FLORENCE. Rossini's remains will shortly be removed to this city and deposited in the church of Santa Croce, the entire expense being defrayed by the Municipality.

WEIMAR. A centennial festival will shortly be held here in memory of Hummel, the composer, and pupil of Mozart, when the programme will consist exclusively of works by these two musicians. Hummel was born on the 14th November, 1778, and the festival will come off on the 14th inst.

COLOGNE. Handel's *Joshua* was performed, under the direction of Dr. Ferdinand Hiller, at the first Gürzenich Concert.

MUNICH. Herr R. Wagner's Nibelungen-Tetralogy is to be performed, with a special cast, and with King Ludwig alone as entire audience, in the following order: *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre* on the 11th and 12th inst., *Siegfried* and *Die Götterdämmerung* on the 14th and 15th respectively. Herr Nachbaur and Mdle. Scheffzky will be included in the cast.

VIENNA. During the winter season now approaching, the Society of the Friends of Music will give five grand concerts—four ordinary and one extraordinary. The first four take place on the 10th November, the 8th December, the 5th January, and the 9th March. The programmes are thus constituted for the 1st concert. "Herr Gott, Dich loben wir" (first time of performance), Johann Sebastian Bach; Violin Concerto (new, and played by Herr Lauterbach), Goldmark; Aria from *Fidelio*, Beethoven; "L'Arlésienne," and Suite for orchestra, Bizet; The 114th Psalm, Mendelssohn;—2nd concert. "Schicksalslied," Brahms; "Serenade" (manuscript), Brüll; Pianoforte Concerto (played by the composer), Brassin; "Dirge on the death of Queen Caroline" (first time), Handel;—3rd concert. The oratorio of *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn;—4th con-

cert. Overture to the opera, *Der Barbier von Bagdad* (first time), and Violin Concerto (played by Señor Sarasate), Cornelius; "Stabat Mater" (arranged for the concert-room by Herr Richard Wagner—first time), Palestrina; Serenade in D major, Brahms. At the extraordinary concert on Shrove Tuesday, J. S. Bach's *Johannespassion*.

The list of works to be performed at the Philharmonic Concerts includes: "Prelude, Andante, and Gavotte for Stringed Orchestra (arranged by S. Bachrich) J. S. Bach; Symphonies, No. 2, in D major, No. 6, Pastorale, No. 8, in F major, and music to Goethe's *Egmont*, Beethoven; Overture, the "Carneval Roman," and overture to *King Lear*, Hector Berlioz; Symphony, No. 1, C minor, Johannes Brahms; Overture to *Anacreon*, Cherubini; "Suite," No. 1, F major, Esser; "Capriccio," Gradener; Symphonies, Haydn; *Water-Music* and *Fire-Music*, Handel; "Les Preludes" and "Sinfonie-Dichtung," Liszt; Overture to *Der Vampyr*, Marschner; "Reformations-Sinfonie," and overture to *Athalie*, Mendelssohn; Symphony in G minor, Mozart; Symphony, "Im Walde," Raff; ballet-music to *Feramosa* and *Damon*, Anton Rubinstein; Overture and ballet-music to *Rosamunde*, Schubert; Symphony in B flat major, Schumann; Overture to *Jessonda*, Spohr; Symphony in D minor and overture to *Richard III.*, Volkmann.

The libretto of the comic opera, *Die Walfahrt der Königin*, just produced at the Ringtheater, is no other than that of *Giralda*, written by Scribe, and set by Adolphe Adam, many years since. The present musical version is by Herr Joseph Forster, who possesses evident talent for this particular branch of the art, and will probably soon be popular. He was called on at the end of every act, though the artists were far from doing justice to the music with which they were entrusted. Unless the present company is strongly reinforced, or summarily dismissed and replaced by a better one, the Ringtheater will not be more prosperous under its new name than it was under its old one.—*Les Cloches de Corneville* is drawing large houses to the Theater an der Wien. The same is true of *Niniche* at the Carl-Theater.—*Correspondence, London Musical World*.

Mdme. HARRIERS-WIPPERN. This lady died, on the 5th inst., after long and severe suffering, in the Hydro-pathic Establishment at Göbersdorf, Silesia. She was only forty-three years of age. She long shone as a star of the first magnitude at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin. During a professional visit, some time since, to Königsberg, she was laid up with diphtheria. On her recovery she went to Italy. A longish stay in that country appeared to have completely restored her to health, but subsequent attacks of her former insidious malady so ruined her voice that she was compelled to retire from the public exercise of her profession at what should have been the very best period of her artistic career. She still continued to delight her friends, however, in private life, and undertook the training of candidates for vocal honors, till last spring, when a bad cough, attended by fever, declared itself, and to the two combined she eventually succumbed. She is buried in the cemetery of Waltersdorf, a few miles from Göbersdorf. The *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung* thus concludes the announcement of her decease: "Who does not remember with rapture her classical impersonations, especially in operas by Mozart, at a time when Pauline Lucca and Mdle. de Alna adorned our lyric theatre? Critics and public spoke in equal praise of her charming voice, her admirable method, and her graceful acting. Unfortunately, illness compelled her prematurely to abandon a profession which she followed with as much delight as conscientiousness, and since then she appeared on only a few occasions at concerts for charitable purposes. Vocal art has lost in her one of its worthiest representatives, but kindly memories of her will be enduring."

Musical Taste in Boston.

A good deal has been written, of late, to show that Boston's claim to musical culture and taste is not quite so valid as had been supposed. Exactly what claims to such culture we Bostonians have made and still make I do not know; but they are probably not so large as have been imputed to us. I would by no means try here to gauge the musical culture of Boston, but humbly beg to suggest to those who have recently expressed such grave doubts as to its extent that the line of argument they have hitherto pursued does not in the least serve to invalidate any claim to musical culture, taste, or discrimination we might be pleased to make for ourselves.

It is a sufficiently notorious fact that for the last few years the Boston public has given very meagre support to worthy concert enterprises, both of our

own artists and musical organizations, and of various celebrated performers who have visited our city. Neither Rubinstein, Von Bülow, nor Madame Essipoff succeeded in attracting paying audiences of a size at all commensurate with these artists' reputation or intrinsic excellence. It is generally understood that Theodore Thomas could not make his Boston concerts pay; and as for the Harvard Musical Association, Heaven help that earnestly working body, for surely we do not! We have not shown sufficient enterprise to admit of an efficient and permanent orchestra's being formed, so that the cream of our orchestral players have been forced to form private clubs for the performance of chamber music, and to travel through the country on concert expeditions in order to gain a decent livelihood.

This state of affairs is as deplorable as it is undeniably true. Its effect is in every way bad; Boston is fast falling from her position as a musical centre, in so far as opportunities for hearing good music well given are concerned, and is tending to take rank with Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other not musically influential cities.

This sad fact has been brought forward as an argument to prove our lack of musical culture. Yet it seems to me that it is in no way a fair criterion. It does not prove nor disprove one jot of the power of musical discrimination of our public. If it prove anything, it is that whatever of musical fibre there is in us is *only* culture, and nothing more. And I fear that this is painfully true to a great extent. As Anglo-Saxons we may say that what may be called the necessity of art, the natural hunger and thirst for the beautiful, the *dendierium pulchri*, is not born in us. We have applied ourselves to music as an item of culture; we have, to the best of our abilities, refined our taste and sharpened our judgment; but we have not made music, good or bad, a necessary of life. We give every day stronger and stronger evidence of the factitious quality of our love for music, in that we are becoming more and more fastidious and superficial in our taste. We are no longer drawn to listen to music, unless it be the very best, and heard under the very best conditions. Unless we can have just what we want, we care nothing about it. Music is not a natural appetite with us. True, appetite is amenable to culture, and may become fastidious to a high degree. The epicure will not turn from woodcock to feast upon greens and bacon; yet let the most jaded *bon vivant* go hungry for a while, and he will find homely fare very relishing. But unless we can have "*faisan à la Sainte-Alliance*," done to a turn, served on Kirk silver, and washed down with Romanée-Conti (to apply our not too limping simile to music), we prefer going hungry, in fact, we do not feel the pangs of hunger at all. What of musical culture we have in Boston—and I do not pretend to say how much nor how little we have, for what I am writing is rather a plea for exactness than a defense—we have come at by dint of work, and it is so far honorable to us. Its extent may be very lawfully doubted; but surely our lack of enterprise in concert-going has nothing to do with it, one way or the other.—*Contributor's Club, Atlantic Monthly*.

The Opera in Boston.

The Mapleson Opera Company, as readers of *The Courier* were informed last week, has been giving unusually good performances in New York; but it does not yet appear to be certain that it will find its interest in coming to Boston. This state of things can be due only to a misunderstanding, in some quarter, as to the real readiness of the Boston public to welcome such a company as Mr. Mapleson's.

We understand that the opera company has not yet been able to effect a satisfactory arrangement with any theatre in this city where it could perform to advantage. The facts of the case are that Mr. Mapleson is now producing the same operas in New York which he is giving in London, in the same order, and at exactly half the price of admission to different parts of the house, which he is charging in London; that he has engaged the best part of the Thomas orchestra, under excellent direction, for the instrumental portion of the work; and that he has, besides a company of fine soloists, a chorus which has perhaps never been equalled in this country. Certain public-spirited citizens of the metropolis volunteered to make good any loss which the company might sustain by this arrangement; but it is not at all within the range of possibilities that, in view of its present success, it will need to rely upon this sort of support.

It is worth our notice, however, that, while such private effort and public encouragement have been offered in New York, no special energy has been shown in securing a share of this refining entertainment for Boston. There are cities enough in this country which recognize the importance to general culture of a season of well-conducted opera; and it is not to be supposed that a company like Mr. Mapleson's will go out of its way to obtain a hearing, with a limited number of nights at its disposal.

The Boston Theatre has hitherto shown itself to be alive to the demand for varied and superior exhibitions of histrionic and musical art in this city; and we look to this establishment, with its liberal traditions, to open the way for a term of opera suitable to the taste of the place. Boston presents the strange spectacle of a city with a large body of inhabitants who profess and possess a peculiar appreciation of the fine arts, yet remain quiescent in face of the possibility that one of the most artistic representations of the year may be lost to it. This is not a healthy state of things. To change it, we call upon managers and theatre-goers to offer every inducement for the Italian opera to come here.

Mr. Mapleson is offering us a rare amusement at very moderate cost. No time should be lost, on the part of the theatrical managers most concerned, in entering into engagements which will make his journey here remunerative; and it should be borne in mind that to transport three hundred musicians, singers and supernumeraries from one city to another, besides paying all the salaries, and the expenses of soloists, is no light matter. People of cultivation, on their part, ought not to neglect to give cordial countenance to the enterprise. That they will do so, when the preliminaries are completed, we have little doubt. But we hope that there will also be a general understanding that the traditions of opera audiences are to be revived, this winter. Full dress adds decidedly to the brilliancy of an audience, and is at the same time an encouragement to trade. Matters like this are not to be neglected. They may seem trivial; but there is no better way to revive business than to combine it with pleasure.—*Courier*.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, NOV. 23, 1878.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The part-songs by Robert Franz and by Geo. Vierling, which we are now giving to our readers, are taken by permission from "German Part-Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

Concerts.

MR. WM. H. SHERWOOD has given out the programmes in full of Ten Piano-forte Recitals at his music rooms in West Street. He gives one every Friday afternoon, and at this time of writing two have already taken place (each of them repeated, as the rest will be, on the following Monday evening, the rooms being too small for the hearers all at once.) The first programme, Friday, November 8, was this:

Grand Organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor,
J. S. Bach
(Arranged by Liszt for pianoforte.)
Sonata, Op. 7, in E flat.....L. v. Beethoven
Allegro molto—Largo—Allegro—Rondo.
Waltz, Op. 64, No. 2, C sharp minor.....Chopin
"Vogel als Prophet" (Bird as Prophet), Op. 82, Schumann
"Spinnerlied," from "The Flying Dutchman," Liszt-Wagner
"Toccata di Concerto," Op. 36.....August Dupont

A concert elsewhere robbed us of the first piece. Of the rest we may say that Mr. Sherwood's execution and interpretation were of his best. Indeed he seems to us to be playing better than ever before, and that is saying a great deal. All the life and charm of that exquisite Beethoven Sonata were reproduced most satisfactorily; and the depth and grandeur of the *Largo* movement must have impressed every hearer in so sympathetic a rendering. The group of smaller pieces were given each in character, poetically, and with exquisite finish; and the strong, breathless, difficult Toccata by Dupont

only increased the welcome of last year. There were no repetitions or encore pieces—this wholesome rule appears to have established itself in Mr. Sherwood's system—and the concert was of just the right refreshing, moderate length.

The second Recital, Nov. 15, offered us:

"Fire Fugue," in E minor.....G. F. Haendel
Sonata, Op. 31, No. 3.....Beethoven
Allegro—Scherzo—Mennetto—Presto con fuoco.
"Songs without Words," No. 8, B flat minor, Mendelssohn
"Warum?" (Wherefore?) Op. 12, No. 3.....Schumann
"Fantasie Impromptu," Op. 66.....Chopin
Valzer, "Carneval di Milano," Op. 21, No. 2, H. v. Bülow
March from "Tannhäuser,".....Liszt-Wagner

Who named it "Fire Fugue" we know not—"the rose by any other name," etc. But the theme, perpetually returning, begins with three sharp strokes upon one note, which may serve for a fire alarm, and the restless rush and whirl ensuing, the pervading *agitato*, answers well enough to the imaginary key. Mr. Sherwood played it splendidly, yet we had the feeling that it did not gain by being taken in so exceedingly swift a tempo. The Beethoven Sonata this time was one of the most genial and original of them all, and one of the most familiar, and yet ever fresh. In the remarkable Allegro there is a touch of humor; you seem to hear the croak of frogs. It is long since we have enjoyed the whole of a Beethoven Sonata so much in a concert. Mr. Sherwood was happy in his selection and poetic and discriminating in his rendering of a group of three again. Von Bülow's Carnival Waltzes did not strike us as anything original, although ingenious and lively. The *Tannhäuser* March, as arranged and played, was a fine reproduction of one of the most musical things of Wagner.

THE BOSTON CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC (JULIUS EICHBERG, Director) gave a very interesting Matinée at Wesleyan Hall on Friday, Nov. 8, at 3 p.m., with the following programme:

Trio, for Piano, Violin and Violoncello, Op. 70, Beethoven
Allegro—Adagio—Presto.
Messrs. H. P. Chellus, Julius Eichberg and Wulf Fries.
Song—"Batti, Batti," from "Don Giovanni," Mozart
(With obligato cello accompaniment by Mr. Fries.) Mrs. Charles Lewis.
a. Sonate, Op. 90.....Beethoven
b. Polonaise, Op. 98.....Beethoven
c. Driviches Tourneurs.....Beethoven-Saint-Saëns
d. Warum.....Schumann
e. Rigoletto.....Liszt
Song—"A day dream,".....Blumenthal
Mrs. Lewis.
a. Barcarole, arranged by Mr. H. P. Chellus, Schubert
b. "Chant de l'ondine".....Raff
c. Grand Etude.....Mayer
d. Rhapsodie, No. 12.....Liszt

The point of chief interest (and the hall was overcrowded) was to hear the piano-playing of our talented young fellow-citizen, Mr. CHELLUS, who had just returned from a short period of study in Europe. His part in the Beethoven Trio, the so-called "Geister-Trio" (from the tremulous, mystical and spirit-like accompaniment and background to the theme), was played with excellent technique, clear phrasing, just conception and fine touch; and the beautiful work went altogether well.

Mrs. Lewis sang "Batti, batti," in good voice and with true expression, and Mr. FRIES's obligato accompaniment was artistic and, so far as the stifling atmosphere of the crowded room allowed, effective. Mr. Chellus played that subtly imaginative and altogether individual E-minor Sonata of Beethoven in a refined and thoughtful manner, taking the bewitchingly graceful Rondo (in E-major), with its exquisitely prepared returns of the theme, in just the right tempo, and conveying a very clear and beautiful impression of the whole. The Polonaise (once played here in a Symphony Concert by Miss Marie Krebs) is a difficult and rather a virtuosic piece of work for Beethoven, and showed the young pianist's execution to advantage.—Here we were obliged to transfer our ears to Mr. Sherwood's Concert, as before intimated. Perhaps Mr. Edison, among his other inventions for complicating this already complicated life of ours, will so contrive it that we may sit in one concert and hear another at the same time. Heaven forbid!

NEXT IN ORDER is the HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY's performance of Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem" to-morrow evening, when an exceptionally good performance is expected.

THE programme for the first HARVARD SYMPHONY CONCERT (Dec. 5) is as follows: Part I. Overture to *St. Paul*, Mendelssohn; Beethoven's E-flat Concerto (Wm. H. Sherwood); Overture to *Jessonda*, Spohr. Part II. Bach's Organ Fugue in G minor (possibly that in A minor) transcribed for piano by Liszt. (Mr. Sherwood); "Oxford" Symphony, in G, by Haydn, (played only once before in Boston, seven years ago); Reiter-Marsch (second time), Schubert-Liszt. —A plenty of good seats for the season of Eight Concerts may still be procured at the Music Hall.

THE CECILIA will give its first pair of concerts next Monday and Friday evening with a tempting programme: 1. Allegro vivace from Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, for 8 hands (Messrs. Sumner, Foote, Preston and Fenollosa); 2. Part-Song: "Sunday," Ferd. Hiller; 3. Canons, for three female voices, Hauptmann; 4. "Toggenburg" by Rheinberger, for chorus and solos (Mrs. Jenny Patrick Walker, Miss Ita Welsh, and Dr. Bullard).

Part II. 1. "Les Contrastes," Moscheles, for 8 hands (Messrs. Lang, Sumner, Foote and Preston); 2. Chorus of Reapers, from Liszt's "Prometheus"; 3. Song: "The Garland," Mendelssohn (Miss Ita Welsh); 4. Madrigal: "Thine eyes so bright," Leslie; 5. March and Chorus: "Twine ye the wreath," from Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens."

JOSEPH TRENKLE. Many an old friend in Boston mourns the loss of this excellent man and artist, who died so suddenly in San Francisco on the 19th of October last. With what respect and tender interest he is remembered here by all the friends of music in the years from 1850 to 1860, and indeed by all who knew him musically or socially! Compelled to seek restoration of his health abroad, he settled afterwards in San Francisco, where he has long been esteemed as one of the best pianists, organists and teachers, and loved and honored as a man. We have much more to say of him than the present unexpectedly crowded state of our columns will permit, and must reserve some sketch of his career and character for our next number.

GROVE'S "DICTIONARY OF MUSIC AND MUSICIANS." We trust the articles which we have so freely copied from this most excellent of Musical Dictionaries will lead our readers to seek and possess themselves of the work itself, which is now about half completed. Part IV. (from CONCERT SPIRITUEL to FERRARA) has recently been issued by Macmillan & Co., London and New York. Part V. (Ferrarese del Bene to Guitar) will be published on January 1, 1879. Eight Parts will complete the work.

EDOUARD REMENYI. Of this famous Hungarian violinist, who appears in Boston just too late for our Journal of this week, the *New York Times* says:

"Remenyi's art is of a kind which is essentially original. We have had before this clever violinists, who gave us their conceptions of what they deemed was the climax of an impassioned musical thought, but there is a peculiarity in Remenyi, a poetical passion and fever which is unsurpassed. Race differences may account in part for distinct appreciations of either the classic or romantic schools, but a true musical genius, such as undoubtedly Remenyi is, sweeps before him all such word barriers. In the first portion of the programme Remenyi played the concerto of Beethoven. It was conceived in a style of his own, singularly beautiful. There is a cadenza in this concerto, where the violinist is at liberty to give such interpretation to it as he pleases. All poetical license is permissible. Remenyi performed this cadenza with the most original effects, the violin resting for some time unsupported save by an occasional tap of the kettle-drum. With the weirdest accompaniments on the strings of his violin, the motif was strangely woven in. In the three violin solos—the 'Nocturne de la Rose' of Field, Schubert's Barcarole, and Chopin's well-known Valse, (No. 64)—the exquisite sentiment of the artist predominated. Nothing could

have been more delicate than the first subdued opening to the waltz and the dreamy expression Remenyi gave to it. Chopin imposes, of all composers, the least restrictions as to tempo. You may play his greatest of Polish composers as you will, or as your sentiment guides you. One feels satisfied that Remenyi performs Chopin as that master would have had it. Encore on Chopin with marvellous beauty. The task of concluding the programme fell on the violinist, who gave an 'Introduction Guerrière' to the 'Rakoczy' 'National March.'

All the newspapers, of New York, Boston, etc., are evidently under the impression that Remenyi appears here now for the first time. The *New York Art Interchange* reproduces the following programme of a concert given in that city twenty-eight years ago:—

EDOUARD REMENYI,
VIOLINIST, LATE FROM HUNGARY,
Begs to announce to the lovers of music that his
GRAND VOCAL AND INSTRUMENTAL
CONCERT

Will take place at
Niblo's Saloon, Saturday Evening, January 19, 1850,
On which occasion he will be assisted by the following
artists:

Madame STEPHANI,
a native of Hungary (her first appearance),
Mr. Wm. SCHARFENBERG,
Mr. H. C. TIMM,
and an efficient Orchestra under the direction of
Mr. Th. EISELDT.

PROGRAMME.

- PART I.
1. Overture to "Otello"—Orchestra.....Rossini
 2. Concerto for the Violin.....Vieuxtemps
Mr. REMENYI.
 3. Aria from "Il Flauto Magico".....Mozart
Madame STEPHANI.
 4. Capriccio for the Piano.....Mendelssohn
Mr. SCHARFENBERG.
 5. Concerto for the Violin.....Mouliére
Mr. REMENYI.
- PART II.
6. Overture to "Felsenmühle"—Orchestra,
Reisinger
 7. Aria from "Pré aux Clercs," with Obligato
accompaniment of Violin.....Herold
Madame STEPHANI and Mr. REMENYI.
 8. Duo for Violin and Piano, on Melodies from
"Sonnambula".....De Bériot and Osborne
Mr. TIMM and Mr. REMENYI.
 9. Aria.....
Madame STEPHANI.
 10. Hungarian Native Melodies.
Mr. REMENYI, arranged by himself.

Musical Correspondence.

NEW YORK, Nov. 18.—The musical campaign is fairly begun; but, owing to my absence from town, I could not chronicle some of the most interesting events of the season, such as the appearances of Wilhelmj, the Italian Opera, etc. However, there is still time, as Wilhelmj appears again at Steinway Hall this week, and the Opera we have always with us, (as long as it pays.)

The departure of Thomas has provoked no end of discussion and a great deal of ill-natured comment. This on the part of the public was to be expected, and is pardonable as resulting from a feeling of disappointment as universal as it is keen. Unfortunately, however, this ill-natured feeling has been shared to some extent by the press, and has taken the form of gibes and sneers at the expense of the community whose enterprise has forestalled us and deprived New York of its idol. Now, all being over, the curtain rang down, the lights extinguished, comes the voice of calm reflection. We took pride in our musical progress. New York, we said, is the first musical city in America and, in the extent and variety of the music performed, as well as in the excellent manner of its performance, we were assuredly among the first in the world. With the certainty of the seasons came the long and brilliant succession of Symphony Soirées, Philharmonics, Matinées, Rehearsals, Summer Concerts, and Festivals, all crammed with the best of classical and modern music, and in performance but little short of perfection.

Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Presto!!

Ruin and desolation!—Sack-cloth and ashes!!—Wailing and gnashing of teeth!!!—Tearing of hair and rending of garments!!!—“What shall we do for music this winter? Thomas has left us!” This is not a *non sequitur*.

Thomas has gone, it is true, but he has left us his orchestra, thoroughly equipped, organized and trained. There are just as many musicians now in New York as were here a year ago. People are quite as willing to spend money for music now as they were a year ago. There is only lacking a hand to hold the baton that Thomas resigned; and if among our musicians such a hand cannot be found, then we must believe that the vaunted musical culture of New York was a delusion and a snare; that our supposed musical progress was the progress of one man, and that our atmosphere of art was one in which artists could not thrive, in which the growth of talent was dwarfed, and the development of genius impeded. If this be true, then it is no misfortune to have the truth brought home to us. By all means let us know where we stand.

There are now three Richmonds in the field. Mr. Adolf Neuendorff will lead the concerts of the New York Philharmonic Society, at the Academy of Music; Dr. Leopold Damrosch has already begun his season of concerts at Steinway Hall, under the auspices of the "Symphony Society of New York;" and at Chickering Hall, Mr. G. Carlberg will conduct a series of Symphony Concerts, the first of which took place on Saturday evening, Nov. 16. Mr. Carlberg has secured the Thomas orchestra for his concerts. I will defer discussion of the merits of these three conductors for a future article.

Edouard Remenyi, the Hungarian violinist, has appeared in two concerts at Steinway Hall, on Monday evening, Nov. 11, and Wednesday evening, Nov. 13. On both evenings the distinguished violinist had the co-operation of Mme. Julia Rivé-King, pianist, and Miss Helen Ames, soprano. On the first evening the veteran Susini sang, and on the second Signor Enrico Campobello. The selections performed by Remenyi at the first concert were the following:

- Concerto for Violin.....Mendelssohn
Andante—Rondo.
Solos for Violin—
a. Nocturne, E flat, Op. 6, No. 2.....Chopin
b. Melodies heroïques hongroises,—transcribed
by E. Remenyi.
c. Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1.....Chopin
Transcribed by E. Remenyi.
(And for encore, Schubert's Serenade.)
Violin Solos—Capriccios Nos. 21 and 24.....Paganini

And at the second concert:

- Concerto for Violin.....Beethoven
(First movement.)
Violin Solos—
a. Nocturne de la Rose, A major, No. 4.....Field
b. Barcarole.....Schubert
c. Valse, Op. 64, No. 1.....Chopin
(And for encore, Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 1, by Chopin.)
Violin Solo "Introduction Guerrière," E. Remenyi
"Marche Nationale,".....Rakoczy
(Transcribed by E. Remenyi.)

The foregoing list contains much that is pleasant to hear, but little to serve as touchstone for great and enduring merits in the performer, save the parts of two concertos. A critical judgment founded upon his performance of these would not be entirely favorable; the objection lying not so much in the fact that he stamps his own individuality upon the work (for every great artist does the same), as in the fact that his style is too far removed from the work he undertook. Mendelssohn did not intend to represent a Witch's Sabbath in the Rondo of his Concerto. Neither is a wild phrensy of excitement (with I regret to say, false intonation and incorrect stopping) exactly in keeping with the dignity of Beethoven's noble work. But, having pointed out these flaws, I must add that in the cadenza (Remenyi's own composition) the treatment of the theme, starting from the drum taps, was both ingenious and artistic, and the whole passage was conceived and executed in magnificent style.

It is quite possible to admire a performance while taking exception to certain points therein, and I find much to admire in Remenyi's playing. His technique is superb, as is shown by his rapid staccato, his even trills and his polyphonic passages. The quality of his tone, though not broad, is generally pure. The very originality and fire of his playing are in themselves charming. He is perhaps at his best in playing his transcriptions of the Chopin music. These, too, were accentuated in a manner quite his own, but with fascinating effect. At both concerts he drew full houses, and his auditors were enthusiastic and appreciative.

Mme. Julia Rivé-King, it is now generally conceded, ranks with the best of American pianists. Indeed I will venture to say that there is in America no woman, and not more than two men, who are her equals in point of technique alone. As to the higher qualities required to make an artist,—feeling, expression, poetic fervor, she manifests them all in her playing. Her selections on both evenings were from Liszt: Concerto in E flat (first concert), Hungarian Fantasia, with orchestra, (second concert), and for encore her own adaptation of Gullman's grand organ fugue, which, with a prelude by Haberer, she has recently published. The adaptation is one which commends itself to all musicians, and her playing was remarkably effective.

I give below the programmes of the two Symphony Concerts:

Saturday Evening, November 9.

Symphony Society at Steinway Hall.

Dr. L. Damrosch, Conductor.

- Symphony No. 5.....Beethoven
Concerto for Violin.....Raff
Herr A. Wilhelmj.
Overture—"Sakuntala".....Goldmark
Fantasiestück for Violin, with Orchestra.....Wilhelmj
Vorspiel—"Die Meistersinger,".....Wagner

Saturday Evening, November 16.

G. Carlberg, at Chickering Hall.

- Symphony, D minor.....Schumann
Aria—"Non mi dir".....Mozart
Miss Kate Thayer.
Concerto Dramatic, Op. 47.....Spohr
Mr. E. Remenyi.
Symphony, No. 7, in A.....Beethoven

Theodore Thomas will conduct the concerts and last rehearsals of the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society during the coming season. A. A. C.

BALTIMORE, Nov. 18.—Since my last our community has been afflicted with the "Marie Roze-Mapleson Grand Combination and Concert Company," the artists being announced as follows:

"MARIE ROZE,

The world-renowned Anglo-French Prima Donna
Assoluta.

Mr. TOM KARL,

The Favorite Primo Tenore.

Mr. W. T. CARLETON,

The Celebrated Primo Baritone.

Mr. LOUIS BLUMENBERG,

The Young American Violoncello Virtuoso.

Mr. ALFRED H. PEARSE,

The Eminent Composer and Pianist.

Mr. GEO. W. COLBY,

The Great Accompanist."

In the course of the evening we had the pleasure of hearing, besides other stuff, "Comin' thro' the Rye" and "Down on de Swannee River," sung by the world-renowned Prima Donna Assoluta, and variations on "Home, Sweet Home" and the "Swanee River," once more, played by the eminent composer and pianist. * * * The event of the evening was the appearance of Mr. Blumenberg, the cellist, who, among other selections, played two manuscript compositions, which, it is to be hoped, may never be published. We have quite enough of such music already. Mr. Blumenberg is a Baltimorean, and his friends turned out in large numbers to greet him. He was received with demonstrative applause and at intervals was presented with huge floral tributes, one of which represented an abnormally sized Guitarre; a floral violoncello could probably not be obtained. Mr. Blumenberg must not be surprised at the adverse notice he has received from several impartial and disinterested critics. He has some talent, much perseverance, and a great deal of assurance (not to say conceit), and the sooner he understands this, the better for him. If he had tried to profit by the example of old and experienced musicians, and accepted the suggestions of his early instructor, the leading cellist in this city, his playing to-day might be characterized by more tone and less scratching.

The second Wilhelmj concert took place on last Wednesday, and was so largely attended that we were favored with another on Saturday evening. The first movement (only one movement) of the Beethoven Concerto in D, Bach's air on the G-string, the Chopin Nocturne and his own "Fantasie-Stück," were the better selections; the rest was bravura and technique performances.

The committee on the Peabody Conservatory Concerts have announced their plan of action for the

ensuing Winter. The annual membership tickets are to be issued as usual at ten dollars, entitling the holder to all privileges of the Conservatory, i. e., attendance once a week at the Director's lectures, admission to all the Concerts and Rehearsals as also to the saloon of the Conservatory where a meeting, one evening in each week, is to be organized for the study of Chamber Music. The price of season tickets to the eight Symphony Concerts and principal rehearsals, has been fixed at five dollars, and it is hoped that by the middle of next month sufficient tickets will have been sold to enable the committee to begin with the rehearsals.

Our Musical Societies are beginning to emerge from their Summer seclusion, and to apply themselves earnestly to the work of preparing Winter entertainments. Among those deserving special mention is the Wednesday Club, a select society, at present limited to 200 members, whose object is the promotion of musical and dramatic culture, principally the former. The plan of organization and management, if earnestly carried out, bids fair to accomplish much in the cultivation of a higher order of music as the powers of the society become more and more developed. Among the founders are a number of our most influential citizens who are identified with musical culture here, and a portion of these form a *permanent* committee, who appoint all officers, manage the entertainments and fill any vacancies that may occur. The advantages of such a plan in guaranteeing systematic progress in accordance with certain conservative ideas, not to be interrupted by rotation in office, is at once evident. The regular Wednesday evening meetings are devoted to the cultivation of Chamber Music, and instrumental and vocal solos. To-night the association opens the season with Mendelssohn's delightful operetta "Heimkehr aus der Fremde," which, judging from the principal rehearsal last week, will prove highly creditable to a society that has not yet celebrated its third anniversary. Mr. Hamerik has kindly volunteered to direct the performance. It is hinted that "Don Pasquale" may be looked for later in the season.

MUSIKUS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 17.—Wilhelmj gave us two concerts on the 12th and 15th inst., the first with orchestra, under Carl Sentz, which accompanied to excellent effect in Raff's Concerto (two movements) and in Ernst's Variations on March from "Otello." In the second he gave us Beethoven's Concerto (one movement) and was accompanied on piano with rare skill and taste by Mad. Carreno, who has made troops of admirers by her admirable qualities.

Wilhelmj's selections were of a character to commend him more favorably to popular sympathy. The Beethoven Concerto carried the house by storm, and the applause was simply uproarious. For encore we were refreshed with the Bach Aria on the G string, which he played with fervor and unction, and with the Chopin Notturmo, a morsel of exquisite sweetness and refinement.

In accordance with a favorite theory of mine that the real work in the musical education of the people is done by the resident artists and teachers, I will occupy some space in speaking of the doings of some of our young professors. Mr. C. H. Jarvis, although in his 16th season of classical soirées, is yet young in years, but advanced in art. He is a pianist of commanding ability, well versed in the different schools, and of indomitable energy, and—may I add—of unusual physical endurance, not so small a matter as may appear on the surface. Mr. Jarvis's 1st soirée was given last night in Natatorium Hall, but was not so well attended as we might have wished. The concert was eminently satisfactory, and Mr. Jarvis's beautiful touch and brilliant execution were displayed to full advantage. The Bach Toccata in D minor was given with great equality

of finger and with inspiring vigor. If it were possible to atone for the different timbres and larger power of the instrument for which it was originally composed, Mr. Jarvis's performance of Tausig's Transcription ought to have satisfied; but it is certainly difficult to comprehend the reason for the reduction from the greater instrument to the lesser. We can readily understand the adaptation of piano-forte music to the organ, which is frequently done and advantageously too.

Mr. J. T. Strang gave his 2d Organ Recital on the 9th inst., before a large audience. His programme was excellent, containing works by Bach, Hesse, Merkel, Volckmar, Guilman and Smart. Mr. Strang is an admirable executant, and has studied the difficulties of the organ so as to attack the higher range of compositions without fear. He is quite a young man, an industrious student, and zealous lover of the art he professes.

Appropos of the organ, an illustration in my last letter was somewhat confused by the type-setter reading *Real* for *Pedal*; the latter makes sense, the former does not. AMERICUS.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 14.—Last evening, Association Hall, Germantown, was comfortably filled with an appreciative audience on the occasion of the opening Soiree of a series given by Messrs. Carl Weber and Carl Zogbaum, assisted by Miss Edith Wright, a pupil of the latter, and a young lady destined before long to assume a high rank among our pianists. The programme was one of great excellence and merit, and was justly appreciated, as the frequent applause which greeted the different numbers sufficiently testified.

A fault, we think, which is too often found among our musicians is that the programmes given are too long, and we cannot refrain from praising this programme for its judicious length.

Our audiences are apt to be varied in their taste—if not in kind, at least in degree—and a classical concert, so called, with its ten or twelve numbers, is often tiresome except to the "enthusiast," whereas, if fewer selections were given, many would find themselves capable of enjoying what they now think they are unable to because, as they say, "they cannot understand it." Let them leave the concert room not tired, and they will return again and again, and in time will awaken to the fact that they can and do enjoy classical concerts.

Concerts of this description are greatly needed in this part of our city and we rejoice to see the interest which is awaking and which we feel sure will increase, if given such opportunities as Messrs. Weber and Zogbaum are affording. The opening number was Sonata for Piano and Violin, Op. 30, No. 2, Beethoven, and was admirably rendered, especially the second movement—the Adagio Cantabile—when Mr. Weber seemed to grow more in sympathy with his instrument and played with great delicacy of expression. Miss Wright gave us two of Schumann's songs transcribed by Liszt—"Frühlingsnacht" and "Widmung," which won for her a well-deserved recall. Her playing is marked by a clear touch and great refinement of expression. Free from any affectation of style, she imbues herself entirely with the spirit of the composer. Such playing is very attractive.

Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto, (the accompaniment on the piano), with its lovely Andante movement, came next; and then Chopin's Ballade, Op. 23, and Sonata Chromatique, Op. 129, by Raff. Altogether the concert was thoroughly enjoyed and we look forward with pleasure to the second, when we are promised selections from Beethoven, Chopin, Gade and others.

On Monday we attended one of the Monthly Concerts given by the scholars of "The School of Vocal Art." These concerts are principally for the object of accustoming the pupils to sing in public, and to let their friends judge of their improvement. The songs selected are of a high order, and some of them as given deserved great praise.

The "American Lady Quartette" show marked improvement since we heard them last. The effect of careful practising together is evident, and they gave the lights and shades with pleasing effect.

The beautiful Aria from Gluck's "Orpheus" commencing: "I have lost my Eurydice" was extremely well sung by Miss White, who possesses a rich alto voice, which she uses with taste. Her dramatic expression was especially noticeable. There are many fine voices in this school and its good effect upon the musical culture of the city is already felt. It is gaining every year in the confidence of the public, as shown by the increasing number of pupils, and we wish it may go on in the good work, meeting with all the success such enterprise deserves.

OCTAVIUS.

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE
LATEST MUSIC.
Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.

Good Night, Sweet Friend. Ed. 4. E to A. 35
Eddy.
"My heart grows tender at the thought of thee,
And of our love, that sweet, strange mystery."
The accompaniment is a tune of itself, and the vocal part varied and striking.

My Star. (Una Stella). E. 4. b to F. 40
Millotti.

"Mi sono innamorato d'una stella."
"Ah, truly I am enamored of a radiant star."
The words furnish the usual routine of Italian love songs, but the music is very sweet, flowing and satisfying.

In the Gloaming. F. 3. c to D. Harrison. 35
"Tho' I passed away in silence."
Smoothly flowing melody, and easy compass.

How amiable are thy Tabernacles. Psalm LXXXIV. E. 4. Batcheler. 1.00
An Anthem for Dedication, with Quartette or Chorus, and Soprano and Alto solos. Too long for the common church service, but will be very effective when there is time to devote to it.

Be true to me. Song and Cho. A. 3. E to F. 30
Ward.

"I'm nothing, if I have not you."
A musical exhortation to constancy, with a bright chorus.

I will be true. Song and Cho. C. 3. F to G. 30
Ward.

"Why tarry thus in doubt from me?"
A satisfactory answer to "Be true to me," and we will heartily join in the sentiment of the chorus.

Instrumental.

Grandfather's Chair. F. 3. c to F. Neale 40
"Grandfather talks to his little ones sweet
As he sits in his old oak chair."

A very sweet song, that it will do any one good to hear.

Rock of Ages. Solo and Quartet. Ab. 3. 35
E to F. Lovitz.

The ever beautiful words, with a melody arranged from Gottschalk's "Last Hope."

Figures in the Fire. D. 3. d to E. Starillo. 35
"The inside of a village church
First broke upon my view."

Very attractive, dreamy poem, and a good song to sing.

Moonlight in the Glen. Reverie. A. 3. 40
Mack.

Bright moonlight, undoubtedly, judging from the music, which is smooth and sweet, and easy, with the possible exception of the octave passages.

Cuckoo Polka, from "La Marjolaine." G. 3. 35
Maylath.

Bright polka, with the cuckoo's cry for a theme.

Fatinitza Quadrille. From Suppé's Opera. 3. 50
Strauss.

In six divisions, and includes favorite airs, made all the brighter for the "Strauss" arrangement.

Language of Love. (Langage d'Amour). Ab. 3. 40
Lange.

One of Lange's graceful compositions, good practice, and quite as elegant as if it were twice as difficult.

L'Escalade. Galop Brillante. Ed. 4. 60
Neuhof.

Very brilliant and showy, and there are many passages that give the player all he wishes to do in the way of overcoming difficulties, and playing brightly and with seeming ease.

Waltz, from the "Little Duke." G. 3. 35
Lecocq.

A very bright little waltz for little Dukes and others.

Potpourri from Fatinitza. 3. Gobbaerta. 75
The usual variety of quite pretty airs, that are selected because they are favorites.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C, Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E." means "Key of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line below, highest letter, E on the 4th space."

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 982.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 7, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 18.

The Latest of the Arts.

Music is the most modern of all the arts, and depends far less than either of the sister arts, whether for its models or its inspiration, upon the great monuments of antiquity. In its greatest perfection, music is a thing of yesterday; and there are men still living who saw and communed with Beethoven, whose best works have been written within the present century. This is not so with the other arts. Sculptors can look back to the dim mysterious times before the birth of Christ for inspiration from the best examples of Greek art; and though the works of Phidias, Praxiteles and Lisippus, may, for the most part, have perished, their fame has not faded away; and some copies of their works still remain. The works which serve as models for the sculptor and architect, and which are to him precious relics of a lost past, are all venerable with age, and bear the impress of a long procession of centuries. The "colossi" in the British Museum, which formed the avenue to Apollo's Temple at Branchidæ; the reliefs, in the Louvre, from Assos and Thasos; the pediment groups, at Munich, from the Temple of Ægina; and the various statues and temples which the sculptor or architect regards as classic models, and worships with a veneration deepened by the fact that time has left so many marks on them—these are all covered with hoar antiquity, and are guarded with jealous care because they are among the few relics of antique art which remain to us. The painter, again, though he does not go back nearly so far for his best models as the sculptor and architect, has yet to reach back through three or four centuries to find some of the great classic masters of his art. Titian, Paul Veronese, Vandyck, Rembrandt, and the bright galaxy of painters who together constitute the golden age of painting, all belong to an era which has now been long past. The fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were the best days of the great masters of painting, and not many of them lived in the seventeenth. Of all the arts, music came latest. When Phidias and his Greek brethren were carving those monuments of art which have made them famous, painting was not an art in the sense in which we use the word "art"; while music was in, at best, a condition little better than barbarous; and the Greek music of which we have any knowledge can as little be ranked as musical art as the rude cairn of the Esquimaux deserves to be called an art-temple. The musician has no "antiquity" filled with works of art; and even painting, which, as compared with sculpture, is a modern art, is an ancient art as compared with music, seeing that, while the greatest of the painters were working, Palestrina was only just beginning to put forth his strength in the way of sketching out a ground-plan of musical art; while the giants, Bach and Handel, who were really the beginners of music as we know it, were not born till Palestrina had been dead near upon a century. Lully, it is true, died before either Bach or Handel was born; but Lully gave shape at most to only one form of musical art. The great musicians are, as compared with the founders of other arts, all well within our reach; and it was but yesterday, so to speak, that Bach wrote his fugues, Handel his oratorios, Haydn his symphonies, Mozart his masses and operas, and Beethoven his sonatas. Music as an art has only just had its beginning, compared with other arts; and the musician has, in point of time, no antiquity to venerate. His inspiration must be drawn, and his models selected, from the works of men who are, from

an art point of view, almost his contemporaries.

In selecting material for the embodiment of their ideal forms of beauty, men apparently sought first those substances which they regarded as most durable. Stone and marble were first chosen, because they were the materials which it is thought would last longest. When this vein was well worked, and men sought another kind of material, canvas and color were fixed on as being next to stone in point of endurance; and after the partial decadence of sculpture, painting was the medium for the expression of man's highest sense of the beautiful. But the musician, who came latest, could use neither stone nor canvas, but must write his creations on a piece of paper, which a child could tear into a thousand pieces! And to a superficial observer it would appear that this art, born last of all the arts, should die first, because of the fleeting nature and fragile texture of the materials used for its embodiment. In fact, there are people who do not scruple to say that music, because of its perishable nature, has no right to be considered among the arts at all; the material on which it writes its forms is but paper, and the impression it produces is but momentary. So, with these short-sighted people, music is not to be ranked as an art at all. But it is for this very cause that music as an art will live longer than all the other arts—the germ of its immortality lies hidden within the fragile material of which it makes use. It is this very perishableness which, rightly regarded, constitutes the glory, and will firmly secure the permanency of music as an art. It constitutes its *glory*, because it enables the great models to be produced in a thousand places at once. We venerate the actual paper on which Beethoven wrote, because his hand had touched it; but far more do we venerate the forms of beauty there written. That single form is perishable, but what is written there cannot die. The statue or the picture dies because its form is lost when its substance perishes; the symphony or the oratorio will live through all time because, though its material substance may perish, the forms embodied in that substance are imperishable. The student of sculpture or painting, if his studies are to be complete, must travel to Rome, Venice, Berlin, Paris, London, and New York; for in each of these places are works of art the like of which can be seen nowhere else; and he who studies those arts in only one of these cities, must to some extent form an incomplete notion of them. Your statue or your painting must be in one place, and people must come to it to profit by it. A thief may take it, or a fire destroy it in a moment. You may have to travel half over the world to see it at all. But the oratorio, the symphony, or the manifold forms of musical beauty, are not so localized; and it is the glory of music that, because of the light material on which it works, you can take it all over the globe, and produce and reproduce it in every corner of the habitable world. This is the glory of the musical art, that its models of beauty can be enjoyed in a thousand places at once; and this is only possible because its material is so unenduring. And yet this is the secret of its *permanence*, as well as of its *glory*. The hand of time spoils the picture and wears down the statue. The art-temple will one day crumble to dust, and the day will come when no single vestige of the works of the great painters shall remain. But this will never be the case with a musical art-work. The hand of time cannot touch it; the procession of the

centuries can commit no ravages upon it; the storms which sweep away other works of art, will leave it unscathed; it is imperishable. Why? *Because it cannot be localized.* It uses material (we are sure the apparent paradox will be understood) which is immaterial, intangible, not to be destroyed or even affected by those influences which slowly, but surely, decay the grosser materials upon which the other arts work. The musician in London, or Melbourne, or New York, has all the great art monuments upon his shelf, and they are of such a nature that time cannot touch them. The thin film of printing ink which, in the shape of notes, covers the page on which is printed a great musical work, is the measure of the permanence of that work. It is enshrined in ten thousand hearts, and cannot perish. When the Temple of Minerva, or the "St. Peter" of Guido, have forever perished from the face of the earth, musical forms will live, for ten thousand years cannot crumble to dust one of Beethoven's symphonies, because their continuance does not depend at all upon the permanence of the actual material on which they were written. This is why music, the youngest of the arts to come to perfection, and, apparently, the least enduring, will outlive all the rest.

Although it is true that the musician has no antiquity to look back to, yet it must not be supposed that we ignore the great truth, admitted by the men who take highest rank as musicians, that the primary musical instincts of the human mind are as old as humanity itself. The great themes set forth so simply by the basses in unison in the last movement of the 9th Symphony of Beethoven might, with but a slight change, have been the Æolian mode of the Greeks. When we say the musician has no antiquity to venerate, we of course simply mean that its great principles have ever been in existence, but that its material and artistic developments are essentially modern. Just as Phidias helped to make an antiquity for sculptors, and Titian for painters, so every man who does real art-work as a musician, is making an antiquity for generations yet unborn. But if the work is to live, it must be done for art's sake, and not for self. This is the difference—and almost the only difference—between work that is mortal, and work that is immortal—the one is done for self, the other for Art. He who does musical work of the latter sort, is helping to make a musical antiquity, and to raise a monument which no lapse of time can reach.—*London Mus. Standard.*

Mendelssohn's Early Symphonies.

(From the Programme of the Crystal Palace Concerts.)

The twelve unpublished symphonies of Mendelssohn, of which the one performed to-day is the last, were composed between the years 1820 and 1828. To appreciate these dates we must remember that Mendelssohn attained his 11th year on the 3rd of February, 1820, and his 14th on the 8th of February, 1828. No 18 is that in C minor for full orchestra, usually called "No. 1," dated March 8 and March 31, 1824, the autograph of which is in the library of the Philharmonic Society.

The progress made by the composer during these thirteen works is unmistakable. The first seven are small in size, and slight in construction, and limited to the string quartet. But with No. 8—that is to say, after the return from the Swiss tour in 1822—a very marked development commences. The number and length of the movements increase; their form

is varied; the *nuances* are greatly multiplied; from No. 10 the quintet takes the place of the quartet; besides which experiments in scoring are tried, some of which must be very effective. The independent 'cello part—the germ of a very characteristic feature in Mendelssohn's maturer works, due to the fact that his brother Paul played that instrument—is conspicuous throughout. The practice of dating not only the works, but often the beginning and end of single movements, to which, like Schubert, he was much addicted, also dates from the Swiss tour. Nos. 10 and 12 are of the full dimensions of a modern symphony, and it is hard to say in what respect the latter is inferior to the C minor, ordinarily called "No. 1," except in the accident that it is scored for a quintet of strings instead of for the full orchestra. Why the symphonies should in most cases have been written for strings only is not clear. The fact that the accompaniments to the manuscript concertos are also for quartet, shows that this was the rule.

It must not be supposed that these symphonies, and the numerous other works of Mendelssohn which remain in manuscript, were written for exercise only. He enjoyed the advantage seldom afforded to young composers, of having his works played as soon as they were written. It was the custom at his father's house in Berlin to have a fortnightly Orchestral Concert on Sundays, in a large saloon appropriated to the purpose; and it would appear that Felix's symphonies, concertos, and other works were written for performance there. The nucleus of the orchestra was formed of professional players from the king's band, with whom were associated other artists and amateurs from Berlin, as well as strangers who happened to be passing through; for the *matinées* were famous, and the *entrées* to them was greatly in request. As a rule the piano-forte solos were played by Felix and his sister Fanny, but Moscheles, Hummel, Thalberg, and other artists of the highest eminence occasionally took part in them.

It is impossible to consider the long list of symphonies—itself but a portion of a much longer catalogue of works all composed by a boy under the age of fifteen—without being greatly struck. In two respects—in the quantity he composed and the strict manner in which he consigned so many of his compositions to oblivion—Mendelssohn's early life would appear to be paralleled only by that of Mozart; and a very instructive comparison might be drawn between these two great composers, who with many dissimilarities had many points in common; who had both remarkable fathers; who both began serious composition in the nursery; who were both as famous for their playing as for their composition, and as much beloved for their personal qualities as for their music; were both distinguished as letter-writers, and both painted as well as composed music; who both traveled to Paris and London early in life, and alas! both wore out their slender frames by over exertion and excitement, and died before reaching the prime of life.

Mozart is one of the ancients, but Mendelssohn is of our own time—one of ourselves. There are doubtless people in this very room to-day who knew him personally; who can still recall the singular fascination of his voice and face, and charming ways, and who have thrilled under his inspired playing. It fills one with a kind of wild impatience to think that but for some trivial, possibly avoidable circumstance, he might have lived to the age of Spohr or Anber, and have been still alive—visiting England year after year, with fresh symphonies, fresh oratorios, fresh concertos; bringing out the opera that he longed so ardently to write; directing our choicest concerts; writing the most delightful letters; welcoming everything that was good and noble and true; banishing everything that was mean or petty or vulgar; and spreading the charm

and blessing of his presence wherever he went.

This is gone, and it is idle to regret what cannot return. But much remains. If any man ever left a faithful image of himself in his works it is Mendelssohn. These remain, both letters and music. The letters can be read over and over, the music can be played and listened to better and better every time; and when those useful works which had the solid foundation of his greatness shall be rendered as accessible as those of other eminent composers have been, and, as there is good reason to hope, those of Mendelssohn will shortly be (the whole of Mendelssohn's MS. works have been deposited in the Imperial Library at Berlin, and are now the property of the German nation), we shall be able to understand—as far as any external aids can help us—the secret of that beautiful nature, at once brilliant and deep, clever and good, refined and manly, which is represented to us by the name of

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.

"Whatever things are true, whatever things are honest, whatever things are pure, whatever things are lovely, whatever things are of good report—if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things." G. G.

Dudley Buck.

(From Biographies of American Musicians, in Brainard's Musical World.)

Among the prominent American organists and composers, Dudley Buck occupies a conspicuous place. He is one among the few of our native-born musicians to whom we may look with pride and hope. While he has earned for himself a national reputation as organist, he bids fair to do more as a composer.

Mr. Buck was born at Hartford, Conn., on the 10th of March, 1839. His father, Dudley Buck, Esq., was a shipping merchant. His mother was a daughter of Judge Adams, at Portsmouth, N. H., a prominent lawyer, in whose office Daniel Webster began his law studies. Neither father nor mother were musical, in the ordinary acceptance of the term, for neither of them played or sang; yet, like most people of culture and refinement, they were fond of listening to music. Mr. Buck's love for the divine art developed at an early age, but his tastes were neither recognized nor encouraged, for it was the intention of his father that he should devote himself to mercantile pursuits. The study of music was viewed more as a hindrance than as a furtherance for the boy's future usefulness as a merchant. The only musical privilege which he enjoyed in his early youth was a term of instruction in an ordinary singing school. There he learned the notes of the treble clef; somewhat later he discovered, in the garret, an old book which had belonged to one of his father's clerks; from this he learned the bass clef, and the first rudiments of Thorough Bass. When but twelve years of age, he learned to play the flute, upon an instrument which he had borrowed from one of his schoolmates. His joys however came to a speedy end, for he had to return the instrument. Seeing his love for the flute, his father promised to give him one on his birthday, some six months later. This was too long a period for our young lover of music to wait. He therefore improvised an instrument by cutting a broom-stick of the exact length of the borrowed flute, making notches to correspond to the holes and keys, and with this sort of an instrument he picked out, with the aid of a borrowed instruction book, the scales of the flute. It may perhaps be an item of interest to our readers to learn, that this practice was usually indulged in high up in a favorite cherry tree.

At last the long-hoped-for birthday came, and with it also the promised flute. To the surprise of his parents, the boy showed not a little familiarity with the instrument. This no doubt led to the next step in the boy's musical career; for, some two years later, his father purchased for him a melodeon, one of those sad precursors of the cabinet organ of to-day. Diligently he now applied himself to the study of this instrument; and so rapid was his progress, that soon he was able to play the accompaniment to some of Haydn's and Mozart's masses, as well as to several of Handel's choruses. Though his father was able to procure for his son the very

best musical instruction, and though he now recognized his son's passionate love for the art, he nevertheless refused to secure such instruction, for fear that the love of music might interfere with his other studies. Aside from that, the father had not yet given up his fond hopes of seeing his son succeed him as a merchant. But when, at a later period, his father became convinced of the fact that music was his son's calling, that God had endowed him with rare gifts in that direction, he did all he could to give him a first-class musical education.

Thus we see that, while Mr. Buck's progress was for a time retarded as it were, he was after all more favored than many others who are forced to grope their way in the dark under many adverse circumstances, seeking a musical education. The precious time which had been lost, however, could not be regained, and hence it may be said of him that he suffered from that prejudice against a musical career which is but too common among business men, and among people of wealth in general. When sixteen years of age, he received a piano, and was permitted to take three months' lessons, Mr. W. J. Babcock acting as teacher. It was about that time that young Dudley was appointed "pro tem" as organist of St. John's Church, of Hartford; but though appointed only as a supply, so to speak, he gave such general satisfaction that he retained this position until he went to Europe. While thus engaged as organist, a friendship sprang up between him and the late Henry Wilson, who had just returned from Europe, where he had studied for a year. Mr. Wilson's influence over Mr. Buck was decidedly for good; and the wish that he might also be permitted to go to Europe found a lodging-place in his heart.

At last this wish was to be gratified, and a new world was to open itself for our young organist. His aspirations were realized, for in the summer of 1858 he was sent to Europe. In his collegiate studies he had already reached the junior class of Trinity College; and though but few years were required in order to finish his education, his father recognized the fact, that if the young man was at all to accomplish something worth speaking of in music, no time was to be lost. He remained four years in Europe. His first steps were directed to Leipzig, where he studied theory and composition under Hauptmann and Richter, orchestration and musical form under Julius Rietz, while Plaidy and Moscheles were his piano instructors. Richter alone, of all these good names, is now living. The Leipzig Conservatory seems at this time to have had quite a number of pupils who have since made a name for themselves. Thus S. B. Mills, Arthur Sullivan, J. F. Barnett, Walter Bach, Carl Rosa, Madeline Schiller, Clara Doria, Ed. Dannreuther and others were all Mr. Buck's contemporaries or class-mates. In Leipzig he remained a year and a half, enjoying private lessons as well as the Conservatory instruction.

Being a great lover of Bach, he was determined to drink in the spirit of the old master as much as he could. He therefore placed himself under the charge of the celebrated Johann Schneider, of Dresden, then in his seventieth year, and court-organist to the King of Saxony. It so happened, about that time, that the composer Reissiger died, in consequence of which Rietz was called to Dresden as first conductor of the Royal opera and the symphony concerts. This was favorable to Dudley Buck, for it gave him an opportunity to continue his studies under his favorite master, and at the same time to take organ lessons of Schneider.

For the benefit of our younger readers, we would say that Schneider was one of the greatest organists that have ever lived. Though old in years when Dudley Buck met him, he was still as active as a young man of thirty. He possessed in its fullness the traditional manner of playing Bach's music, having himself been a pupil of Kittel of Erfurt, who in turn had been (if we are not much mistaken) a pupil of the great John Sebastian. This great organist and teacher died but a few years ago, and it may well be said that Dudley Buck was one of his last pupils. Only the true lover of the organ, the musician who appreciates the greatness of John Sebastian Bach, can understand how great a boon it must have been for Dudley Buck to enjoy the instruction of Johann Schneider. While we care perhaps less than others do for the doctrine of the apostolic succession, we sincerely believe in the musical succession from Bach to Kittel, to Schneider and to Dudley Buck.

Having spent three years in Germany, the land of music, he visited Paris, where he remained one

year. While there he did not however take lessons, properly speaking. Having been well provided with letters of introduction, he was enabled to move in the best musical circles. Henry Herz and others assisted him in making musical acquaintances. Batiste procured for him opportunities for organ practice, and almost daily he visited the organ factories of the French capital.

At last he turned homeward. He had decided to settle either in New York or in Boston; but having been absent from his parents for four years, it was but natural that they should wish their son to remain with them—for a season at least. Rather than be idle, Mr. Buck accepted a position as organist in the "Park Church," at Hartford. Although speedily becoming somewhat of a "prophet in his own country," yet a sense of his comparatively narrow field soon oppressed him with a longing for the society of his professional peers. He began making earnest preparations to leave his home, when suddenly his mother died. His filial duties to an aged father again forced him to remain at Hartford, and thus it came that Dudley Buck remained for some years in his native city. While we may with pride speak of Dudley Buck as an organist and as a composer, we deem it not unworthy of the man's reputation to hold him up also as an obedient, loving son.

While thus fettered as it were to the limited field of his native city, he began publishing his first pieces, which always appeared with the name of Dudley Buck, Jr., because his father had the same name. This however he discontinued after his father's death, which occurred about four years after that of his mother.

Being now left to himself, he turned westward and settled in Chicago as his future abode. There he remained three years as organist of St. James's Church. His name began to be known, his compositions were sought after, and Dudley Buck was highly regarded as an organist. Still the musical atmosphere of Chicago did not suit his tastes; it was not congenial to our young musician; and again he decided to go eastward. Before he had carried out his designs, the great Chicago fire broke out and destroyed his house and home, together with many of his compositions. Among these we would mention a Concerto for piano and orchestra, a Concert Overture, a Trio for piano, violin and violoncello, three Romances for clarinet and piano concertante, etc. This blow was a heavy one, but with Schiller he could say that wife and child were safe—none of the loved ones were lost.

With but very little baggage, Mr. Buck went East, and two weeks after his arrival there he was appointed as organist to St. Paul's Church, Boston, and subsequently organist to the Music Hall Association, which involved the charge of the great organ.

Mr. Buck remained three years in Boston, when, upon the solicitation of Theodore Thomas, who evidently appreciated his talents, he removed to New York, where he conducted alternately with Thomas during one season of the Garden Concerts, meantime establishing himself as a teacher of his specialties. He also played the organ at one of the Cincinnati May Festivals.

At present, Mr. Buck is organist of the Church of the Holy Trinity in Brooklyn, one of the best-known churches in the country—a church which has always enjoyed a special musical reputation, to which reputation Mr. Buck will no doubt add not a little lustre.

Although best known to the public by his church music and vocal compositions, Mr. Buck has written much for solo instruments and orchestra. His Organ Sonatas are admirable compositions. A number of his works have been played by Thomas's Orchestra; yet the cry is raised that Thomas is unfavorable to American-born musicians, an accusation which, like many others hurled against Mr. Thomas, is unjust. Let our native-born musicians produce something that is worthy of Thomas's attention, and that attention will no doubt be also bestowed. Hence it is a compliment to Mr. Buck, that quite a number of his works were performed by Thomas's Orchestra. Other associations also performed his compositions. His Symphonic Overture on Sir Walter Scott's "Marmion" was produced by the Brooklyn Philharmonic Society, as well as by Societies in other cities.

Among Dudley Buck's larger works, we would mention the "Legend of Don Munio," words and music both from his pen. This is a work eminently deserving of the notice of Choral Societies, as being nearly alone of its kind among American writings. Another work of a literary character,

and wholly unique as far as we know, is Mr. Buck's volume entitled "Illustrations in Choir Accompaniment, with Hints in Registration." This is the first attempt which has been made to give the "traditional" handling of the organ in the accompaniment of voices, the "unwritten law" which is not found in instruction books. Also the "Forty-Sixth Psalm," for solos and chorus, with orchestra, which was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, as well as by other Singing Societies. His Easter Cantata, one of his most pleasing compositions, is published by Messrs. Brainard's Sons.

When the need of a Centennial Cantata was felt in order to celebrate our centenary existence as an independent nation, Dudley Buck was selected as the composer of the same, being thereby conspicuously placed by the side of Richard Wagner, who furnished us with the Centennial March. This Cantata was not only performed at Philadelphia, but also in many other cities, thereby bringing his name still more prominently before the public. The Centennial Cantata, as far as Mr. Buck's work is concerned, was well received by the press and the people. The original score has of late been placed in the archives of the Connecticut Historical Society at the written request of General Hawley and others. It is but just to say, that this score was accompanied by a letter, which in our estimation has characterized Mr. Buck as a modest gentleman. Like all true artists, he has never sought popularity, and it was with considerable difficulty that we obtained at an interview the facts which we here give. While attending the Cincinnati May Festival, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Buck, and found him to be vigorous and active, with many years of usefulness before him.

Every lover of art and country will follow Dudley Buck's career with interest and sympathy, for he is one of the most gifted musicians this country has ever produced.

Clara Schumann's Fiftieth Anniversary as an Artist—Second Gewandhaus Concert.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Oct. 26, 1878.—The third Gewandhaus Concert was more than ordinarily interesting, from the fact that it was made the occasion of celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of Clara Schumann's debut as a pianist, in the hall of that famous institution. The directors had, very appropriately, chosen only compositions of Schumann for the evening in question, namely: The Symphony in C (No. 2), Geneva Overture, several songs, the piano concerto, Romance from op. 28 and two Noveletten (op. 99 and 21, No. 7). Already, on the morning of the general rehearsal, every seat was occupied, and, as Clara Schumann entered, she was no sooner recognized than it became the signal for an ovation as grand as touching. Quite a time elapsed before the rehearsal could be resumed, but then the interest was gone, the great majority having only come to see and hear the great woman.

Frau Clara Schumann is to-day even a greater wonder than she was as the maidenly Clara Wieck. Her early triumphs did not spoil her, for a stern father and an idealistic lover and husband anxiously guarded every step of her career; especially the latter must have exerted an inestimable influence on the young artist. When she became the wife of the great Robert Schumann, an artist than whom there never was a purer, she must have become imbued with his lofty principles, which not only developed and shaped the pianist, but also reacting on him, inspired some of the grandest of creations; positively is this known of the piano Concerto, Quintet and many songs. Though of an age which almost fills the measure of years allotted to man by the Scriptures, her playing has still the vivacity and elasticity of youth, the energy of manhood, and the finish and fullness of ripe years, while a certain indefinable something else crowns it with a charm as truly poetic as irresistibly captivating. At the present writing certain wealthy families, long known for their warm interest in matters concerning art and artists, are over-bidding each other in their efforts to please and honor her. A beautiful act was the decorating of the monument, erected in memory of her husband, with laurel wreaths and evergreens. Her home is now in Frankfurt, where she has recently become connected with the new Conservatory under the directorship of Raff. Leipzig should have induced her to come and stay here, for the Conservatory has urgent need of a few strong pillars. Moscheles, David and Hauptmann

have not yet been replaced. The orchestral numbers of the programme were reproduced with absolute perfection, as was also the accompaniment of the concerto, by no means an easy task. The songs: "Der Himmel hat eine Thräne geweint," "Märlchenwurmchen," "Die Soldatenbraut," "Mondnacht" and "O Sonnenschein" were sung by Frau Schultzen von Asten.

The programme of the Second Gewandhaus Concert was as follows

Weber—Overture, "Oberon."
Mozart—Aria from *Il re pastore*.
Leonard—Violin concerto.
Rubinstein, } Songs.
Volkmann, }
Saint-Saëns—Introduction and Rondo, violin.
Mendelssohn—Symphony, A minor (No. 2).

Reinecke's musical nature has many sympathetic chords with that of Mendelssohn, a fact that tells whenever the latter's music is on the programme; he grades and balances the shades and tempi with subtle nicety, and, having a very willing instrument in his orchestra, the charming effects produced are often surprising. Frau Alvleben was the vocalist, and Paul Viardot, from Paris, the violinist. The former is always certain of a favorable reception in the Gewandhaus, while the latter is simply a good violinist and nothing more. Perhaps the mean instrument he had to play on was the cause of weakening an impression he otherwise might have made.

On the 24th inst., Prof. E. F. Richter, so well known by his books on Harmony, Counterpoint and Fugue, celebrated his 70th birthday, an event that was not left unnoticed by his many friends here and elsewhere.

JOHN F. HINDMELSBACH.

Fourth Gewandhaus Concert.

NEW WORK BY CAPELLMEISTER REINECKE.
(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

LEIPZIG, Nov. 8, 1878.—The programme of the fourth Gewandhaus Concert was, in point of quality, altogether unexceptionable, as will be seen by the following:

Motet.....Dolcs
Fest Overture.....Reinecke
Ariettes.....Stradella and Giordani
Air for string orchestra.....Bach
Songs—Gruppe aus dem Tartarus, } Schubert
Dithyrambe, }
Symphony, B flat major, (No. 4).....Beethoven

The overture of Reinecke was probably inspired by the Musikfest in Kiel, last spring, when it was first performed. It is dedicated to the Gewandhaus orchestra, and a work of no mean order, as everything flowing from the pen of Reinecke is sure to be characterized by sterling musicianship and finish. At his very best, however, he is in composition of the Märchen (fairy) order, to one of which I will take occasion to refer farther on. The composer was rewarded by a flourish on the part of the orchestra and with warm applause on the part of the audience.

The "Motet of Dolcs" was, no doubt, chosen in consideration of the quasi-religious character of the day (Reformation) on which the concert happened to fall. It was sung by the Thomaner under the conductorship of Professor Richter. The songs and ariettes were sung by Fräulein Redeker, of this city. The alto is rich and sympathetic. The vocal numbers were, perhaps, too severe, even for the Gewandhaus audience, but nevertheless they were thoroughly enjoyable. The quaint air of Bach and the Beethoven Symphony were as a matter of course well played, and the whole concert must have given unqualified enjoyment to every one fortunate enough to be present.

On last Sunday morning a very successful musical matinee was given at the residence of Capellmeister Reinecke. The most prominent number of the programme was a new composition of his, belonging to the *Schneewittchen* and *Dornröschen* family, namely, *Aschenbrödel* (Cinderella) written for female chorus, soprano and alto solos and piano accompaniment. Already, in a former correspondence, in which a performance of *Dornröschen* was alluded to, I had taken occasion to remark how happily the composer understood to translate the spirit of the fairy stories into music. *Aschenbrödel* more than justifies every word written then, for notably the choral parts are of a bewitching charm, a charm that may be largely ascribed to their simplicity, without being trivial. Not less beautiful

are the solo numbers. They are only a trifle more difficult of performing. The accompaniment is very much more than what is ordinarily understood by this term; it is an important part of the composition, requiring an interpreter of high pianistic qualities. The matinee performance was one of pure excellence. The chorus was composed of twelve young ladies, and the solos sung by Fräulein Goselli and Schärnack. The composer himself sat at the piano, and, it is a safe assertion to make, a better than he could not have been there. Preceding *Aschenbrödel*, Fräulein Zelia Moriamé played the following piano solos: Nocturne op. 9, No. 1, Chopin; Romanze op. 28, Schumann; and Sonate, A-major, Scarlatti, and Fräulein Goselli sang two songs of Kirchner: *Frühlingslied* and *Du wunder-süßes Kind*. The lady pianist was best in the Sonata of Scarlatti; for Chopin as well as for Schumann, but especially for the latter, she is not as yet sufficiently qualified; she has splendid fingers, however, and is evidently destined to join the ranks of the many excellent lady pianists of fame we already have. The many present at the matinee were all pleased, a pleasure that was enhanced by the amiability and hospitality of the generous host and his devoted wife.

At the theatre, Wagner's *Siegfried* and *Götter-dämmerung* are still given from time to time, but, fortunately for the lovers of operatic music, the long intervals have been filled by Rossini's *Barber*, Mozart's *Figaro*, Meyerbeer's *Robert*, Wagner's *Flying Dutchman* and Weber's *Oberon*.

JOHN F. HIMMELSBACH.

Reminiscences of Remenyi.

Some years ago I was visiting a friend in Hungary and was roused one morning very early by a noise in the next room; doors slamming, windows opening and shutting, and furniture moving about; but finally silence reigned once more and I was just falling asleep when there was a knock at my door, and a pretty, fair-haired boy, looking like a girl in disguise, walked in, saying: "I am Plo tenyi Nardor, the ardent disciple of Remenyi Ede, who has this moment taken up his quarters in the next room."

"All right. Did you wake me up simply to tell me your name and rank?"

"No, but to beg you will rise, dress and go for a walk." The rascal said this with such a delightfully obstinate air, that he quite won my heart.

"Go to walk, indeed!" I cried.

"Yes, my master likes to practice very early in the morning and can't bear to have any one hear him."

"The devil take you and your master Remenyi Ede!" I exclaimed. The young fellow turned fiery red and shook with rage and amazement.

"Oh sir, sir, would you have the devil take him, the great violinist, the successor of Czernak Biber?"

"Is your master a gypsy?"

"No, but he is the only living violinist who has the true tradition of gipsy music."

"I like that music," said I, "so I'll get up and go down into the garden."

"Oh, no! sir, pray go for a long walk. See,"—and he opened the window—"everyone has left the castle." There indeed was the master of the house leading off his friends. They had scarcely slept three hours. I joined them, and everybody began to tell me Remenyi's story at once.

At seventeen he was attached to the person of Georgey as private violinist, during the Hungarian war, playing before and after a battle. He then shared the exile of Count Teleki Sador and other heroes, spending some time at Guernsey, where he knew Victor Hugo. Thence he went to Hamburg, London and America, where he played, going from triumph to triumph; his renown growing apace. Returning to Hungary, he travelled all over the country, astounding high and low alike, and playing with the same poetry and fervor in barns and palaces.

I slipped away and returned to the garden. Remenyi was playing. . . . a Bach concerto! I uttered curses not loud but deep. So it was to play a Bach concerto that this sham gipsy roused me at dawn!

At breakfast, he made his appearance. He was a common looking man of medium size. His expression seemed an attempt at disdain of the world, yet there was something jolly in his look, movement and voice.

"Remenyi worked well this morning," he said, after breakfast. (He never speaks save to praise

himself, and always talks of himself in the third person.)

"Yes, on a Bach concerto," said I.

He drew himself up, exclaiming: "Remenyi plays other things, too,"—and calling Nardor, he asked for his violin. Twenty people ran for it. He played a *Hongroise*. With the first notes his vanity dropped from him like a cloak. He possesses every quality of imagination, delirious fancy, mild caprice; every good gift of skill, clearness, precision, eloquence, color and all that genius can grant. He laid down his bow smiling like a child. The music had worked a wondrous change in him, he was natural and ingenuous. Now and then, he took up his violin and played one strain after another. Thus we heard the ball-room scene from Berlioz's *Romeo et Juliette*. It was like a magical spell. We were in Italy; the silvery moonbeams fell on silent rows of cypress trees and marble statues, fountains plashed; then a fair palace appeared, all light and music, a crowd hurried by, masked and gaily dressed, the night wind wafted strains of dance music through the garden; then all this faded and we heard Juliet cry.

When I had thanked the great artist and expressed all my admiration of his wonderful execution, he replied: "If Remenyi is only satisfied with himself!"—with an expressive gesture to complete his phrase.

He then played a duet with Nardor; walking sternly towards the mantelpiece he stopped the pendulum of a clock standing there, saying to his host: "Let this clock forever mark the hour when Remenyi played to you!"—Horvath Karoly, to whom he spoke, wept with emotion and we all embraced Remenyi in turn. Next day some devil of obstinacy led him back to the Bach concerto.

On leaving, he invited me to accompany him to his home, Rakos Palota, near Pesth. He stopped at every village, town and estate in our way, and wherever he was known, was received with open arms; if unknown, he had only to mention his name, to be greeted with delight and enthusiasm. I was told that he ordered a pair of boots in one town where he played, and the bill was sent to him receipted by the city government. Music is a national glory in Hungary,—especially gipsy music, the roots of which are interwoven with the very heart-fires of the Hungarian.

At last we reached Rakos-Palota. Remenyi's house was a long, low building with nothing extraordinary about it. A dirty courtyard filled with poultry lay before it, and a few thin poplar trees grew about, which looked so much like admiration points, that I suspected they were planted expressly! Inside, the house forms a long gallery partitioned off and filled with every imaginable object of price and rarity, all presents. There are curious old jewels, antique rings, gold chains, which would drive a modern jeweller mad. Carvings and every variety of rare old china were strewn about, and here and there were weapons of every age, old coins, valuable manuscripts, tapestries and paintings; but his special pride and treasure was a pair of boots which belonged to Liszt when a child, and his Hungarian sword.

UNE COSBAQUE.

—Courier, November 24.

Children in the Ballet.

COLONEL J. H. MAPLESON ARRESTED FOR EMPLOYING LITTLE GIRLS TO DANCE AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

Colonel J. H. Mapleson was yesterday made acquainted with the architectural beauties and inner workings of the Jefferson Market Court House. Superintendent E. Fellows Jenkins, of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, warned Colonel Mapleson last week that it was an infringement of State laws to employ children under sixteen years of age in the ballet, and that if he did so legal proceedings would be instituted. On Friday evening last, the ballet of "Les Papillons," the Butterflies, was given after the opera, and the twenty-five little girls, dressed in gay costume, acted their part in the graceful performance. Officers of the offended society were present to witness the ballet, and some of them accompanied the youthful dancers home, to learn how they were treated, and to talk with their parents.

About noon yesterday as Colonel Mapleson approached the Academy of Music by way of Fourteenth-Street, he was arrested, on a warrant issued by Justice Morgan, by Court officer Kelley and Special Officer Lundburg. The manager could

not conceal his indignation, and asserted the dignity of a Colonel in Her Majesty's service. This failing to impress Officer Kelly, Colonel Mapleson asked for the privilege of calling a cab, to carry them to court, but the officer preferred to walk, and the manager went along, dropping now and then a word of remonstrance. They arrived at the courthouse to find the morning session over. Colonel Mapleson was detained in the Sergeant's room, notwithstanding his remark that he could not stay, because he had business to attend to. Soon after, his business manager, Stanley McKenna, arrived. Colonel Mapleson pointed indignantly to the officer and exclaimed, "McKenna, the 'bobby' made me walk all the way over here." Then his counsel, Assistant United States District Attorney Herrick, appeared. Mr. Mapleson's son Henry, husband of Madame Marie Roze, was also present. About 2 o'clock Colonel Mapleson was brought before Justice Morgan, and waived examination. Congressman-elect Levi P. Morton, the Academy stockholder who settled the preliminaries for the opera season with the manager in London, signed \$600 bail bonds to answer at the General Sessions. Superintendent Jenkins and Mr. Delafield, counsel for the Society, were present, and the former exchanged a few words with Colonel Mapleson, the conversation not being conciliatory in tone. When Henry Mapleson was asked if the children would be put on the stage again, he answered "certainly." Colonel Mapleson, in answer to the same question, replied that he should consult with Mr. Herrick and see if he had been acting contrary to law. Mr. Herrick told the Society's counsel that he should advise his client to obey the laws of the country.

Before 3 o'clock Colonel Mapleson and his friends were at the Academy of Music, where the occurrence was freely discussed as the "outrage." Several of the opera singers called to inquire after the fate of their manager. Charles Mapleson thought his father would take the matter into the courts and fight it out. His father having leased the Academy for several years had purposed starting a training school similar to his National Training School connected with Her Majesty's Theatre.

Superintendent Jenkins was found at the office of the Society, and he said: "The law makes it a misdemeanor punishable with a fine of \$250 or a year's imprisonment to employ children under sixteen years of age for such exhibitions. The parents are amenable for allowing their children to perform. Colonel Mapleson talks of our taking bread out of these children's mouths and out of their parents' mouths. After Friday night these twenty-six little girls were paid \$1 each, 50 cents a performance, for holding themselves at his disposal for three weeks. They are not paid for rehearsals. Think of little girls, six and eight years of age, being kept up till nearly 11 o'clock to dance, and then walking home, as they did Friday night, with very little covering them and the rain wetting them through. Some of the children on Friday night went home alone. I called at the home of two of them. They arrived 10 minutes after 12. The parents have, in most cases, said that their children would be kept at home hereafter. Colonel Mapleson says he is teaching them something useful, but they will not be able to put their skill to use for years. Even ballet dancing is prohibited by law in this and ten other States, and Mr. Mapleson will not be permitted to give this ballet, I am assured, in Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, or Cincinnati.—Tribune, November 27.

Wilhelmj's Violins.

This season has been particularly prolific in violinists. The ocean steamers have brought to us Wilhelmj, Remenyi, and Ole Bull, each distinguished by strong characteristics, both as men and as artists. The first is notable for his tall and manly figure, the dignity of his bearing, the placidity of his countenance, with its halo of yellow hair, and the power and richness of his playing. The second might be passed in the street without attracting the least attention from the casual observer, for he is short, fat, and almost ordinary looking. When he comes upon the stage of the concert-room he might be, as far as appearance goes, the drummer or the accompanist, or an unassuming Roman Catholic priest out for a holiday, as a violin virtuoso. But when his bow touches the strings of his violin, what a wealth of sweetness and delicate sentiment wells forth. The third would command attention anywhere. He is tall and graceful, like a Norwegian pine. With his forty-two inches of chest, his twenty-seven inches of waist, his biceps that would

do credit to the arm of an athlete, and his long white hair, you would set him down at once as an extraordinary personage. Now each of these violinists has a celebrated collection of instruments, some description of which the *Review* believes would be interesting to its readers.

Mr. Wilhelmj was found at the Westminster Hotel, and about the room were three or four violins, very accurately made in imitation of renowned old makers, and sent to him for inspection.

"Let me show you my concert violin first," said Wilhelmj; "I believe I am as fond of it as a father is of his child. It was made by Antonius Stradivarius, of Cremona, Italy, in 1725, so that it is more than 150 years old. He died, I think, at the age of ninety, somewhere in the neighborhood of 1780. I can assure you that this violin is one of the finest and best-preserved specimens of that celebrated maker. It belonged to the well-known collection of splendid violins owned by Signor Tarisio, of Milan. It afterward passed into the hands of the eminent violin-maker, Villaume, of Paris. Its next possessor was a Mr. Bockmühl, of Frankfurt-on-the-Main, and it was purchased from this gentleman by my father. I was about 16 years old when my father presented it to me. It cost about \$5,000, but that sum does not express its value to me, for its loss could never be replaced."

"There would seem to be danger, Mr. Wilhelmj, that some violin resurrectionist might lift it from the velvet-lined case, in which you keep it so carefully entombed, for the sake of a reward."

"Well, it could hardly be used if it were stolen from me," replied Mr. Wilhelmj, "for I know every streak of grain in it so perfectly that I could pick it out among a hundred violins without even playing on it. I believe it is the best violin Stradivarius ever made. I want you to look well at the wood on one side of the belly. Do you notice that it has a very narrow grain, while that on the opposite side is much broader. The first gives a very sweet effect to the high notes, and the last a very rich tone to the lower notes which cannot be produced in other violins. But to continue its history: after I had played on it for several years, Mr. Villaume wished to get it from me again, for he had the same opinion of its merits that I have. He offered in exchange two magnificent instruments; one, also a Stradivarius, the other made by the equally celebrated Joseph Guarnerius; but I gave him a decided refusal."

"By the way," continued Mr. Wilhelmj, "let me tell you what determined my career. While I was going to school, to a Prof. Lex, since dead, I was asked to play at a benefit concert given in Wiesbaden. Of course, I was delighted with such a compliment to my skill, for I was an amateur performer then, so I begged the Professor to excuse me from my school duties for a day or two, but he replied, 'Impossible; if I permit this thing once, then by-and-by everyone of my pupils may ask to be excused on some similar plea.' This incensed my father, who said, 'As if every Tom, Dick, and Harry, among boys fifteen and sixteen years old, is likely to be excused from school duties to play Spohr's Ninth Concerto on the violin in public.' Yes, my father was so indignant that he immediately removed me from school, where I was preparing to study law, and, finding that I played with some success at the benefit concert, he decided then and there to make a musician of me."

"Of course, Mr. Wilhelmj, this Stradivarius is the one we hear at your concerts?"

"Yes; I use it only for concerts. I never practice on it. My favorite violin for practicing has been one of Lupat's, a famous French maker, until I came to America. Here I practice almost exclusively on the 'Kaiser' violin, made by George Gemünder, of this city. I value it very highly—so highly, that I am willing to state that Mr. Gemünder is the only violin-maker worthy to rank with the old masters of that art. These imitations of the old makers, which you see about the room, are Mr. Gemünder's handiwork, and I defy anyone to equal them. This 'Kaiser' violin was made for the Vienna Exposition, and here is what the *Exposition Gazette* of August 17th, 1873, says concerning it:—"

We read as follows:—"The sound of this instrument is really strong, beautiful and sympathetic, yet it has not that peculiar young tone characteristic of even the best modern violins." The prize judges and German art critics, though unanimous in their praise of the "Kaiser" violin on account of its perfect model, and, above all, its magnificent tone, refused to award it the prize, because they firmly

contended that it was an old Cremona, a rejuvenated original, which the exhibitor falsely pretended to be his own work. And also another Vienna paper stated:—"Gemünder can't make us Germans believe that this violin sent by him is a new one. Only a smart Yankee can put his name on a genuine instrument in order to gain a great name!" Certainly the greatest triumph, the greatest prize ever awarded to or attainable by any violin-maker.

"The judges would not believe," continued Mr. Wilhelmj, "that it was Gemünder's, and pronounced it a genuine old Guarnerius, so that he did not get the first prize and the gold medal, to which he was entitled. I understand that he can prove that he made this violin with his own hands, and finished it but a short time prior to the Exposition, by the sworn testimony of prominent citizens and musicians of New York. There were two important reasons for the success of the celebrated old violin-makers; one was the careful selection of the wood, the other the peculiar varnish they used, which became thoroughly assimilated with the wood, and formed a sort of enamel over it. Villaume, the maker of whom I bought my Stradivarius, first discovered the lost art of making this fine varnish, which is one of the chief requisites of a superior instrument, and Mr. Gemünder, who worked with him, and who was always selected when a particularly fine violin was to be repaired, learned all that Mr. Villaume knew about violin-making, and has even improved upon his master's work. I am sorry that I cannot show you a larger collection of instruments, but my Stradivarius and my Lupat are the only ones I brought with me. However, I suppose your readers will be the most interested in the one I always play on in public."

"It is thought, Mr. Wilhelmj, that the great volume of tone which you produce in playing is in a great measure due to the very heavy manner in which your violin is strung. Is that a correct idea?"

"Why no; it is not so at all. My violin is not so heavily strung. The secret, if such it can be called, lies in the muscular strength and endurance, not of the right arm, but of the right side of the chest. I could not get the same quality of tone, no matter how strong my right arm, nor how heavily my violin might be strung, if I could not depend upon these muscles of my chest."

Musical Correspondence.

CHICAGO, Nov. 28.—A press of other duties more immediately at hand must be my excuse for not having properly attended to this correspondence for several weeks past. And in offering this as an excuse I am reminded of the man who declined to pay his church dues on the ground of owing Mr. Smith a sum of money to pay which had exhausted his resources. "But," said the minister, "don't you see you owe this just as truly to the Lord?" "Yes, I know," remarked the sinner, "but he won't make such a confounded fuss about it," and my debt to this correspondence stands in a very similar way. Knowing that, however serious the neglect, nobody would be likely to rise up and call me blessed, to my face, at least, gives a sense of ease, a disposition to await a more convenient season. But, to come down to facts: The musical season is now fairly under way.

We have had two weeks of Strakosch Italian Opera with Verdi's "Ballo," "Traviata," "Trovatore," and "Aida," Thomas's "Mignon," Donizetti's "Lucia" and "Favorita," Flotow's "Martha" and Bizet's "Carmen." The chorus and orchestra were very good,—good, that is, for a travelling troupe playing a different opera every night. The orchestra, especially, was considerably larger than usual, and really played very fairly. Indeed when I think of the dreadfully shabby orchestras we used to have in English opera, except that under Carl Rosa's management, the totally reckless playing of some of the old Italian troupes, and the noisy and ineffective conducting, I feel like rising and making my best public bow to Mr. Behrens and his band, for their unobtrusive, and every way reasonable work during this season. It was not the Thomas Orchestra, but it was altogether another sort of a band from what we would have had, were it not for the elevation of public taste due to the Thomas work, and a perhaps not altogether unconscious rivalry with another troupe.

The season brought us several new singers, foremost of whom ought to be mentioned Rosati the tenor, who has a very nice quality of voice, but who is decidedly not an artist, and who invariably sang flat long before the evening was over. The first impression of his voice reminds one of Brignoli; but when you come to hear him further you find it wanting in the characteristically silvery sound of Brignoli's. As an actor he is about on

a par with Brignoli—which, perhaps, I need not explain, does not raise an expectation of his being called on to act as a substitute for Booth, Barrett, or Jefferson.

The other new tenor, Westberg, is a small singer, a very pleasant gentleman they say privately, but wanting the vitality and strength of voice for opera.

The prime favorite of the new ones was Pantaleoni, a baritone, who is also a fine actor, making a particularly satisfactory effect as "Germonet," and as "Escamillo" in "Carmen."

Miss Kellogg sang much as usual, though it certainly seems to me as if her voice was not now what it once was.

Miss Cary was immensely popular with everybody; critics, public and all. Such ovations as she received for her work in "Trovatore," "La Favorita," and "Aida," one rarely reads of, still less often sees. As I happened to miss all these I may be pardoned for not "enthusing."

Mdlle. Marco proves to have a wretched *fremolo*; still in "Carmen" she made a much better success with the public than anyone else in it except Pantaleoni. I am told that Mr. Chas. Adams's Edgardo in "Lucia" and Don Jose in "Carmen" were remarkably strong personations, the latter carrying Miss Kellogg so far beyond herself that she really acted with some approach to self-forgetfulness and enthusiasm—a tale I tell as it was told me, letting it go for what it is worth.

The new prima donna, Mdlle. Litta, made her début in "Lucia," with great éclat. I was not so favored as to see her on this occasion; but did on the following Tuesday evening, when she sang Martha to Miss Cary's Julia. In "Lucia" she had a part affording scope for a good deal of light singing; and as the Edgardo acted splendidly but was in bad voice, she carried off the honors of the evening so far as singing was concerned. Her voice is a light soprano, well formed and well trained, her upper notes especially seeming to have a flute-like roundness, and admirable penetrative quality. Her medium voice, however, has not the carrying quality it needs in order to penetrate through the volume of an orchestra. Nor has the interpretation of her arias any unusual intellectual strength.

In "Martha" she had light music, to which with one exception she did ample justice. But when her voice was brought into such strong comparison with that of a really great singer like Cary, it was at once felt to lack the peculiar vitality and intensity characteristic of the great artist. This was still more plainly shown in her management of "The Last Rose of Summer," where without going to the length of Italianizing the melody like some singers, she interpolated a phrase for the sake of showing two more high notes, and thereby showed her want of comprehension of the people's song, and an inappreciation of the simple and heart-felt in music. Her stage presence is very good and her manner pleasing, and in private she seems an unspoiled and not uningenious person. Still I do not think she will make a really great artist, although I do think she will make a popular and successful concert singer, for which she has much to recommend her. Yet even for this she will be wise if she learns that simple songs are best when sung simply and without additions or interpolations. It is a pity her teachers had not been artists enough to have told her this.

And this brings me to Bizet's "Carmen," which has perhaps already occupied enough of your space. What I have to say may soon be said. The musical handling of "Carmen" is in the modern French school. It is the seriousness of a Saint-Saëns, or a Taine. It is smart, sparkling, clever, spirited, and all the rest of that paragraph in the "Thesaurus," but it is not satisfying. There is no repose in it. It has one very dramatic air, "Toreador attento." The book is beneath criticism. The part of "Carmen" is not one likely ever to take real hold of Anglo-Saxon hearts. A more worthless and uninteresting set of folks, I think, I never saw even on the Italian operatic stage, than the book of "Carmen" gives us. Then too, they play it with the "friskiness" of Mrs. Oates's burlesques. Fancy Kellogg, the sedate, the self-conscious, the queenly, the dignified, the much-arranged Clara Louise Kellogg, frisking about *à la bouffe*! The intellectuality of it is all in the orchestra; the sentiment all in the audience; why should such an opera ever thrive?

Our local musical life goes on in spite of such attacks. The Eddy organ recitals proceed in the same old way—the usual way. Only when a way gets to be "the usual way" it gets to be uninteresting. I would send programmes if I had them, but I have neglected to go after them, and the recitals conflict with my bread and butter in such a way that I cannot attend.

In the immediate future we look for the concert of the Beethoven Society, Dec. 10, when they give with orchestra, Mendelssohn's "First Walpurgis Night," etc.

December 5th comes the Apollo Society, this time with ladies' chorons, when they give (also with orchestra) half of Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," and Handel's "Acis and Galatea."

December 3d comes a "popular" Concert by the Marie Rose people.

And then we have Wilhelmj, and December 17th, Mr. Silas Pratt's first symphony concert. And after that, I know not. The indications are that we shall have this year much more music well worth hearing than we have ever had before in one winter.

All of which in due time.

DR. FRIEDSCHULTZ.

A "Hoyatoho!" of Pianoforte Heroes.

A critic of the London *Musical World* (Davison, doubtless) thus introduces his article on the last Monday Popular Concert:

Charge a fervid, not to say tumid, imagination with the task of picturing a caucus of all the apostles of "higher development" in pianoforte playing, and it would perhaps reproduce the famous meet of the Walkyries in Wagner's *Nibelungen*. Certainly no place could be so appropriate as a wilderness of rocks, bounded by gloomy fir-woods and capped by storm-driven clouds. Thither would hurtle through the heavy air the heroes of the key-board, each bestriding his favorite piano—Rubinstein "flying all abroad" on an Erard, and Bülow gracefully managing a Bechstein, amid the play of lurid lightning and the roll of thunder, emulous of that produced from the deepest depths of the grandest "grand" by the most muscular of the group. And what, as each loomed large in the sky, could be more fitting than the euphonious and highly intelligible Walkyrie salute, "Hoyatoho! Hoyatoho! Heiaha! Heiaha! Von Bülow (say), here! Hither thy horse!"? the whole scene culminating with the cry, "Wild whinnies Wal-father's horse, snorts and snuffs as he comes!"—and the entry of the Abbé Liszt. There is not so much likelihood of such a sensational tableau being presented. The leaders of our advanced *cultus* love to fight like Hal o' th' Wynd, each for his own hand, and certainly we who dwell in this Ultima Thule of the artistic world—this utterly unmusical and hopelessly degraded country—cannot expect to have amongst us more than a single luminary at once. At present we have Dr. Hans Bülow, and, on Monday evening, that eminent pianist, with his Bechstein, flashed across the usually serene firmament of the Popular Concerts. It has been indicated that he did so for the first and last time this season, and though we are always glad to "sit under" an artist with plenty to say worth hearing, we cannot but recognize the propriety of the arrangement. The rule in nature, as it should be in art, is serenity, and "sensations" are the exception. We do not want many of these. They upset us. But, on the other hand, one now and then does good. They make those who are wide-awake more alert than ever; they open the eyes of the sleepy, and generally quicken life. Wherefore, Dr. Hans von Bülow should receive a hearty welcome. We may not approve all he does, but he makes himself talked about, and in discussing the artist it is impossible to avoid his art.

Dr. Hans von Bülow brought with him on Monday night a new work, dedicated to himself, by Hans von Bronsart. Even Mr. Chappell's public did not know, perhaps—so far are we from the true light—anything of Herr von Bronsart; some, it may be, were ignorant of his very existence. So much the more reason that Dr. von Bülow should introduce us to the man and his music. As to the man he is a pupil of Liszt, director of the Hof-theater at Hanover, and exactly fifty years of age. As to his music, or, rather, since we know no other, as to the pianoforte trio in G minor, it may be said with entire confidence, that a work more suggestive of talent has rarely challenged judgment. The first movement shows that Herr von Bronsart possesses fancy and power of expression; portions of the second movement, especially that in which a *cantabile* appears united to the light and lively principal theme, are simply exquisite, while the funeral gloom of the *adagio* is set off by pathos the most intense. Herr von Bronsart, moreover, is not defiant of form. He has the good sense to observe that supreme law of composition, and putting one thing with another, it seems clear that *as fond* he is an artist of the true type. But he was brought up in a spasmodic school, and against his better self carries out its teaching. The result is sometimes very odd, like the relapses into feigned insanity of a malingering prisoner, who forgets his

role. Often in the course of the trio Herr von Bronsart goes on rationally enough, and then, without any warning, begins to tear his hair and foam at the mouth to the amazement of onlookers. Hence there are passages in the work worthy of a place among the wildest of the wild; "all sound and fury," signifying nothing to those who have not made modern musical insanity a special study. Another blemish here helps to counteract the effect of beauty. Like most "advanced" writers, Bronsart puts on paper music for the pianoforte that seems to have been conceived for the orchestra. This is, above all, obvious in the opening movement, the general style and character of which can hardly fail to suggest an arrangement, for violin, violoncello, and pianoforte, of an orchestral piece. No doubt some will be found to argue that to take away from the pianoforte its individuality, and make it, to the extent of its means, imitative, is a step in advance. But others are not so minded, and no music like that of Herr von Bronsart will ever turn them from the works of the "masters" who wrote pianoforte music pure and simple. All this, however, has only to do with Herr von Bronsart's mistakes. His talent is clear, and we ought to be more familiar with his productions than we are. The performance of the trio by Mme. Néruda, Signor Piatti, and Herr von Bülow was a great treat, for hardly could anything more perfect be conceived. In the slow movement, above all, the acme of expression was reached. Among the other works in the program, Schumann's *Fantaisie* (Op. 17) for pianoforte had a conspicuous place, and was played by Dr. von Bülow after his most characteristic fashion.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 7, 1878.

OUR MUSIC PAGES. The part-song in this number is taken by permission from "German Part-Songs," edited by N. H. ALLEN, published by Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston.

NOTICE. With one more number, that for December 21, we shall bring the present Volume of our Journal to a close, thereby concluding what we may call its Second Series, of over twenty years, during which time it has been published by Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co. That number, instead of the usual four music pages, will contain the Title page and Index for the past two years, less three months, paged continuously to be bound in one.

The first number of Volume XXXIX, dated January 4, 1879, will bear the imprint of our new publishers, Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., and will be issued some time in advance of date and very widely circulated in answer to the call for specimens.

Subscriptions (at \$2.50 per annum), and Advertisements,—if possible before the middle of December—should be sent to HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 Devonshire St., Boston.

Concerts.

The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY, on Sunday evening, November 24, made a brilliantly successful opening of its Winter and Spring season of five Oratorio performances, with Verdi's *Manzoni Requiem*, repeated from last Spring. Every seat in the Boston Music Hall was occupied by one of the best audiences ever assembled within its walls; and the enthusiasm equalled that with which the first performance was received.

We found no reason to change the estimate we formed before of the composition in itself. That it contains beautiful passages—notably the reposeful opening: *Requiem eternam*, changing to the major at *Et lux*—besides others which we might name and have named before—was gratefully evident

this time as before. We do not think it a question of German or Italian music. There is much Italian music that we love, while in this Requiem there is much which only startles and surprises us by mere physical intensity and brilliancy, by terrors of the nerves, the body, rather than of the soul, by lurid coloring, bold, frequent pressing upon the verge of discord, and the very opposite of what in Art is called repose.

The *Dies ira*, lurid with far-gleaming flames of hell, and shrieks of fear and torture, really forms the central and almost the pervading theme and motive of the work; it returns several times, breaking out anew in all its fury. That is too much of the *Trovatore* gypsy-burning order; and Maestro Verdi seems to gravitate so strongly, so instinctively toward such images, such subjects, that one cannot help classing him among sensational composers.

At the same time there is no denying that he has made earnest study of composition in a polyphonic sense, of thematic treatment, of form, of instrumentation, before undertaking this, the most elaborate, most serious, and most ambitious of his works. There is much in the work that is worth study; although we cannot feel that his fugues and more contrapuntal movements reveal the real genius of that art, these being dry and mechanical compared with the freer passages. There is some beautiful and truly original melody, and some of the concerted pieces, trios, etc., present an interesting, subtle, charming intertwining of individual melodic voices.

Of the performance we may speak in high praise. To us it seemed upon the whole better than the first was. The choruses were highly effective, given with precision, prompt attack, firmness and good light and shade. The Orchestra, more complete than the Society are often able to secure, and with LISTEMANN at the head of the violins, played carefully and on the whole satisfactorily, except that they overpowered the voices sometimes in the concerted pieces. In the Soprano solos one missed the noble voice and fervor of Mme. Pappenheim.

In her place was Mme. ROSA SKELDING, who has a clear and telling voice, too much afflicted with the tremolo, and who sang some pieces very well indeed, with considerable dramatic power, while other parts were crude; such singing gives rise to a variety of opinions in an audience; you might overhear quite contradictory ones all about you in the intermission.

Miss ADELAIDE PHILLIPS was in excellent condition, more at home in all her music than before, and sang the very trying Alto parts to great satisfaction; there was only the drawback of slightly imperfect intonation in one or two notes which soar above her natural range.

The great success of the evening was that of Mr. CHARLES R. ADAMS, particularly in his superb delivery of the Air "Ingemisco," but also in his artistic and expressive rendering of the Tenor part throughout. He was in remarkably good voice, free from the huskiness which sometimes besets him, so that the clear, ringing, rich and golden quality of his higher tones asserted itself to great advantage; the high B-flats were glorious. Mr. Adams is a thorough artist,—in style, phrasing and enunciation a model among tenor singers. The charm of these qualities will long outlive the freshness of the voice itself.

Mr. JOHN F. WINCH's noble bass voice is as fresh and musical as ever; all that he had to sing was carefully and tastefully done; but he lacked fire in comparison with the others, or was not quite in his element in that very Catholic and fiery music. And perhaps it may require a different character of voices altogether, differently trained, and native to that element, to stand out with sufficient positiveness in much of that concerted music, so complicated as it is, so difficult, and continually taxing the extreme limits of each voice, and leading two voices widely apart, as in the Duet: *Recordare*, for Soprano and Mezzo-Soprano. Another practical difficulty both for solo voices and chorus lies in the frequency of passages in unison. (This is the old

Verdi, as we knew him in *Ernani*). The unison must be absolute, the pitch without an infinitesimal shade of difference, in order that such passages may sound well, and not coarsely, barbarously, as in the monkish monotone familiar to all travellers in Italy. It must be confessed, however, that Verdi has introduced this monotonous recitation, or chanting, with very clever calculation of effect in the *Libera me*, making a grateful and reposeful contrast after so much bewildering, fatiguing crash and crouching.

THE CECILIA gave its first Concert of its third season on Monday evening, November 25, and repeated the same on Friday evening, at Tremont Temple. The friends and Associate Members of the Club were out in full force, and the choir, carefully composed of good voices of both sexes, were in force to meet them. The singing was excellent; the tone collectively was resonant and musical, blended in due proportions, and the fine body of sopranos sounded remarkably fresh and pure and sweet. The repetition was even an improvement on the first performance. But the programme was hardly so felicitous as this Club has usually had to offer. It would seem as if the laudable and painstaking effort to bring together an appreciable variety of things new and old had been a little too obliging.

The performance of the first movement (*Allegro Vivace*) of Mendelssohn's Italian Symphony, arranged for eight hands on two pianos, made an enlivening and agreeable Overture as it were; and it was played with life, precision and fine, crisp staccato by Messrs. SUMNER, POORE, PRESTON and FERRIS. Hiller's part-song, "Sunday," has artistic, quiet beauty, without marked individuality, and was well sung. The four little Italian Canons by Hauptmann were nicely sung by the three Soprano voices, Mrs. JENNIE PATRICK WALKER, Miss MARY BECKE and Miss ITA WELSH; yet somehow—perhaps from the want of a certain sympathy of quality in the voices—one missed the charm they had when first sung two years ago in one of the Symphony Concerts; and, if we remember rightly, even then the repetition was less fortunate, showing how much these little things depend for their success on the auspicious moment; this time they nearly found it in the repetition.

The *pièce de résistance* of the programme was "Toggenburg," a gruesome German ballad (not our old friend the Ritter Toggenburg of Schiller, for whom one can feel human sympathy), composed by Rheinberger. A proud, ferocious Count marries the lady Itha, loving her after his fierce fashion, and there is wedding music, rather rich and somewhat original, though in a low tone of color. There is much ado about the ring he gives her and solemnly enjoins it upon her to faithfully preserve while he is gone to fight the Turks. But alas! the lonely bride falls asleep one day as "she sits by the casement weeping," and a thievish raven (another *Gazza Ladra*) steals it from her finger. A huntsman gets possession of it; quartet and chorus warn him he had better hide it; the Count, returning, sees the glittering thing, slays the huntsman outright and without word or question hurls his wife down from the tower. Of course there is afterthought and remorse, and there is now a funeral where there was a wedding feast. What musical inspiration could any composer develop out of such literally raw material as that! It takes our new school geniuses to attempt such subjects; the older masters preferred themes more natural.

The opening strains are pleasing and awaken expectation; the melody is pathetic, and both melody and harmony have a rich, quaint, old ballad-like suggestion. But it soon grows monotonous, at least in the expression, and you feel as if there were no reason why it should come to an end at one place rather than another. The Duet about the ring (Mrs. Walker and Dr. Bullard); the Alto solo (Miss Welsh) describing its capture by the raven; the Quartet (by the two ladies with Dr. Langmaid and Dr. Bullard) relating the catastrophe; and the select chorus of women: "On mossy bed her gentle form reposes," were all nicely sung. The piano accompaniments, for which alone "Toggenburg" was written, were shared between Mr. Preston and Mr. Lang himself, who showed his artistic sense and power in this as well as in the direction of the whole.

Part II. opened with another eight-hand piece: "Les Contrastes" by Moscheles, which always makes effect when played so well as it was by Messrs. Lang, Sumner, Foote and Preston. A Chorus of Reapers from Liszt's "Prometheus" followed,—one of the lighter and more graceful movements from that strange work. If it is pretty it sounds also common, with its unvarying figure of accompaniment; here and there you feel that it might have come right out of a Denzetti opera—say some *Favorita*.

Mendelssohn's simple and pathetic song, *The Garland*: "By Celia's Arbor," was sung just as it should be by Miss Ita Welsh, with a voice of organ-like roundness and continuity of tone, and with true style and feeling; the encore was irresistible. Leslie's Madrigal: "Thine eyes so bright" handles the contrapuntal ways of the old madrigalists quite cleverly; for two thirds of its length it is really interesting; but he keeps on developing the formal shell at great length, long after all the meat is exhausted. The movement of the voices in the imitative parts was very distinct, smooth and even.—Finally, the March and Chorus: "Twine ye the garlands" from "The Ruins of Athens," though comparatively commonplace for Beethoven, and needing the scenic surroundings and procession to justify its repetitions, was to our sense refreshing for its wholesome strength; you felt the lion even there; and it was good after so much artificial striving by the *Di minores*.

The Cecilia have some of the best sort of stuff in their repertoire for the coming concerts of the season.

EDOUARD REMENYI. Close upon the heels of Wilhelmj came another famous violinist, the Hungarian patriot and impassioned, genial musician, who has been so much written about by Liszt and others, and about whom so many anecdotes and reminiscences have met the eye in every newspaper since he came this time to America—for he has been here before, as a youth, when the storm of revolution drove him an exile to these shores in 1850. But then he did not play in Boston. This time he gave us but a single evening, Nov. 20, when the Music Hall was well filled with an eager and a sympathetic audience. The programme was of somewhat the same mixed character with those of the Wilhelmj concerts, the selections averaging considerably better. It was this:

Overture—"Ika," Doppler
Recitative and Air—"Judas Maccabeus," Handel
..... Mr. W. Courtney.
Polonaise—"Mignon," Thomas
..... Miss Hannah Grace Sterne
(Accompanied by Mr. Peterallea.)
Aria—"Che farò," from "Orfeo" Gluck
..... Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Concerto for Violin—Andante and Rondo, Mendelssohn
..... Mr. Edouard Remenyi.
March, from the "Wedding of Nessau," Södermann
Hungarian Fantasia—For Piano and Orchestra, Liszt
..... Mme. Julia Rivé-King.
Solos for Violin—
a. Nocturne, in E♭, Op. 9, No. 2 Chopin
b. Melodies heroïques et lyriques hongroises, "
Transcribed by E. Remenyi—first time in
America.
c. Masurka, Op. 7, No. 1 Chopin
Transcribed by E. Remenyi.
Aria—"Qui la voce," I Puritani Bellini
..... Miss Hannah Grace Sterne.
English Ballad—"Tell me, Mary," Hobson
..... Mr. W. Courtney.
Ballad—"Absence," Alfred Pease
..... Miss Adelaide Phillips.
Violin Solos—Capriccios, Nos. 21 and 24 Paganini

The little orchestra, rather sleepily conducted by Herr DULOCKEN, played the fresh and pretty Hungarian Overture and the accompaniments moderately well. Mr. COURTNEY, the English tenor, unfortunately for his first appearance here, had a bad cold; yet in the Handelian trumpet Air: "Sound an alarm" he made a most favorable impression both by the clear, round, ringing quality of his voice, his excellent declamation (reminiscent of Sims Reeves) and his artistic singing. We may hope much from him in the *Messiah*. Miss STERNER has acquired considerable execution and, for a pupil, has made good progress in the rendering of such trying music as the "Mignon" polonaise and Jenny Lind's great concert aria: "Qui la Voce." The latter was the more successful of the two. But she is as yet too young, too slight and undeveloped, her voice too slender and almost childish, and her style (if style there be) too crude for an appearance on so formidable a stage; there

is talent in her doubtless, but its time has not yet come. Miss PHILLIPS sang "Che farò" in her own large and noble style until near the end, when why should she spoil it by hacknied Italian ornamentation and cadenza? In such a melody simplicity is beauty.

REMENYI stood before us quite another type of man from the tall, dignified Wilhelmj. A short and genial-looking man past middle age, smiling and full of bonhomie, quick and mercurial in movement, he seemed one who had always been on the best familiar terms with everybody (except his country's oppressors), and might pass very well for a good hearty priest or abbé. The fiery nature did not all at once appear. He played the Mendelssohn Andante all through in a quiet, pure and even style, with perfect intonation and the cleanest execution. But when it came to the Finale his soul kindled, and his bow flew as if away by a power invisible behind or above himself. He took it at a most rapid tempo, yet all was perfectly distinct; and the rhapsodical fire and passion which he threw into it carried all before him. There was manifest a more exciting player than the other in a popular sense; one more readily appreciated by the many; one whose appeal is more electric, more directly to the feeling, though there may be full as deep and even deeper feeling underneath the Beethoven brow and grave face of Wilhelmj. He was recalled in a storm of enthusiasm, and then played one of the pianoforte Nocturnes (No. 4) by John Field (who gave us the first models of that form) transcribed by himself for his instrument with piano accompaniment. This was exquisitely delicate, refined and subtle in his perfect reproduction, the very poetry of Art. His Chopin pieces were most fascinating in his sensitive yet strong delivery, and the Hungarian melodies were of course stirring and full of the national fire and quaintness. Remenyi captured his audience that night completely.

A great addition to the concert was the remarkably finished, brilliant and effective piano performance of Mme. RIVÉ-KING, who has gained in all respects since she played here before. Liszt's Hungarian Fantasia was marvellously well done. And for an encore she did well to give something in greatest contrast to it, familiar yet evermore poetic and select, the *Berceuse* of Chopin, which she interpreted with charming grace and tenderness.

—We could not wait for the ballads and the Paganini pieces.

More remains behind:—Sherwood, Orth, Wilhelmj again, Symphony Concert, etc., etc.

THE BOYLSTON CLUB starts off this year with a chorus of nearly two hundred voices. Among the works to be given this year are Bach's Motet in B-flat, a beautiful work in four movements for double chorus, and of extraordinary difficulty. It has never been performed in this country. Handel's Utrecht "Jubilate," for solos and chorus, will also be presented for the first time in this country. Palestrina's "Messa per i Defuncti," which created so profound an impression last year, will be repeated. Besides these larger works, the club has in preparation choruses and descriptive choral ballads by Rheinberger, Raff, Rubinstein, Hauptmann, Franz, Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Wagner, Cornelius, (a new and talented writer for voices); an anthem by Purcell, a new choral hymn with organ accompaniment by Brahms; Longfellow's "Bells of Strasburg," with Liszt's setting; new songs by Gade, Herbeck, Södermann; madrigals of the old English school by Wilbye and others, folksongs, etc., etc. As will be seen, the club is determined to surpass even the splendor of its past record. Its efforts last season raised it to the foremost place among organizations of its kind in this country, and the members are enthusiastic in their efforts to sustain the position they have achieved. This enthusiasm, this singing for the music and for the love of singing, is what imparts such life and color to the work of the club, and make it possible to accomplish the amount of labor it performs every year; for the programmes, which are long, are made up almost entirely of new pieces. These pieces are translated and published by the club, and it is now issuing, in a neat, cheap edition, lovely choruses and part-songs of all descriptions, which are finding their way over the country in large numbers, thus assisting to replenish the falling stock of that class of music, and cultivating a higher and more refined taste generally among those who are devoted to part-singing. The club, consisting as it does of a splendid and separately drilled male chorus, with its auxiliary chorus of ladies, also separately trained on another evening of the week, affords the largest scope to form interesting and varied programmes. It is intended to give male part-songs of the test, and the combination of both male and female voices in mixed chorus. The club has proved beyond a doubt that male part songs are heard at their best when they have the setting of female part-songs and mixed choral work. When the object of a musical organization is in the interest of true music, and its motto is ever "onward and higher," it deserves the most cordial admiration of all who have the deeper interests of art in view. It becomes an educator, and, consequently, an object for gratitude.—*Gazette*.

THEODORE THOMAS has announced the programme of his symphony concerts in Cincinnati. They will be twelve in number, taking place on Thursday evenings, with a public rehearsal in the afternoon of the day preceding each. The chief feature of each concert will be of course a symphony, which will be accompanied by other works of a varied character. The symphonies which are to be performed during the winter are one by Haydn, Mozart (G-minor), Beethoven (Nos. 2, 3, 4 and 6), Schubert (No. 9, in C-major), Mendelssohn (No. 3, Scotch), Spohr (Consecration of Sound), Schumann (No. 4, in D-minor), Rubinstein (Ocean), Raff (Im Walde), and Brahms. The programme for the first concert (Nov. 7) was as follows: Symphony No. 2, Beethoven; Air, Bach; Overture to Genoveva, Schumann; Serenade, Volkmann; Symphonic Poem, "Hunnenschlacht" (after Kaulbach) Liszt.

PITTSFIELD, MASS. Professor Blodgett is giving a series of historical recitals to his classes at the Music School, Pittsfield, Mass., at the first of which were given selections from Frescobaldi, (1601-65); Arcangelo Corelli, (1653-1712); Henry Purcell, (1658-95); Domenico Scarlatti, (1683-1740); Handel, (1685-1759); Sebastian Bach, (1687-1750); Carl Bach, (1714-82); Ernst Bach, (1722-81); Clementi, (1752-1842); Eberlin, (1757-85); Cherubini, (1760-1842). On July [?] 23 his oratorio class, numbering seventy picked voices, assisted by the Harvard Symphony Orchestra, of Boston, and Mrs. H. M. Smith, Miss Florence Holmes, and the Messrs. Winch, as solo quartette, will give Mendelssohn's "Elijah." The Pittsfield music loving society feels greatly indebted to Professor Blodgett, and is looking forward to the oratorio as the musical event of the winter. Professor Blodgett has associated with him an able corps of instructors; among them several eminent Boston musicians. He has three hundred and fifty pupils this season—a proof that his efforts to secure the best instruction are being appreciated. The school is now held in a beautifully constructed building on the estate of the late General W. F. Bartlett. Occasional lectures are delivered on the kindred arts; thus recently Professor Pratt, of Williams College, lectured to the school on "The Art of Painting." Pupils' soirées are frequently held, and altogether Professor Blodgett's enterprise is contributing much to the social life of Pittsfield.—*Home Journal, N. Y.*

The Swedish composer, ADOLF FREDRIK LINQ BLAD, who died at Lövingsborg on the 23d of August, has, since 1831, been president of the Swedish Academy of Music. His first publication, a book of songs, entitled, "Der Nordsaas," was brought out under the supervision of Mendelssohn. Among his most important works are the opera of "Fron-dörerne," first performed in 1835, and the cantatas of "Drömarne" and "Om Vinterqväll." Many of his part-songs and choruses were sung by the Scandinavian singers at the Paris Exhibition in the Trocadéro Hall recently.

A DOUBLE KEY-BOARD. The piano pupil of the present day finds difficulties enough in his way towards the achievement of even moderate success in his art to tax his best powers and to occupy most of his time for years; but if the London *Musical Standard* is correct in predicting that a piano recently invented is to become "the piano of the future," the pianist of the future will find his task a far greater one. This new instrument is provided with a second key-board, the scale of which runs in an inverse direction from that of the usual order; that is, it ascends from right to left. The object of this second key-board is to facilitate the playing of the passages that now require the crossing of the hands, instead of which operation the second set of notes are to be used, the hands playing apart from each other. An ascending passage for the left hand, for instance, is played on the old-style key-board, to almost the centre of the piano, then continued by playing backward on the other board, and so with passages for the right hand. The increased power thus given to the musician in the execution of difficult music is obvious, but the corresponding difficulty of learning to use it to advantage will be discouraging to many already skilful pianists. It requires, for instance, a triple score, and the confusion of playing alternately backward and forward will be something requiring much patience to become accustomed to. The new instrument is a French invention.

REMEYNI, the great violinist, has a brilliant record for bravery and gallantry as a soldier, having enlisted in 1848 and served in Hungary's heroic struggle for independence, and being made aid-de-camp of General Görgey, when the latter was made commander-in-chief. A companion-in-arms says: "We all loved and admired Remenyi so much that we used to drive him away from the fields of battle in order to spare the world a masterpiece of creation in music. Incidentally, I will mention that on the 11th day of July—one of the bloodiest Austro-Russian and Hungarian battles—Görgey forbade Remenyi to follow us. Remenyi followed us, nevertheless, and appeared among us in the white heat of the conflict. Görgey, on noticing him, ordered two hussars to drag him off the bloody field under arrest." When a little lieutenant of sixteen summers, Remenyi used to delight the old veterans by his playing on the violin, and make their hearts brave for the next day's fray.

Wilhelmj.

The various schools of violin-playing have led to some divergent points. A passing notice of these schools of art seems necessary to a proper understanding of the subject of our notice.

First in chronological order and first in its grand results stands the Italian school. It points proudly to its long list of notables, conspicuous among whom were Corelli, 1653-1713, whose works are to this day prescribed as essential study for every aspirant for musical fame; Tartini, 1692-1770, who lengthened the bow, and may be said to have founded the modern methods; Pugnani, 1727-1803, the devoted pupil of the former, and master of Viotti, 1753-1824, the last but not least of the exponents of this grand school. Paganini, although Italian, could not be classified with the preceding, for he was altogether an exceptional phenomenon, and narrowly escaped becoming the head of a school of his own. Ole Bull, one of his ardent admirers, and imitator of many of his faults and of some of his beauties, is with us yet; although passing into the sere and yellow leaf, he sustains his reputation with a vigorous tenor. The merits of the Italian school are a breadth and richness of tone unapproached if ever imitated by the others. Grand dramatic effects are aspired to and attained, the feelings of the hearer are stirred to their utmost depth by a rushing flow of penetrating sounds, and the heart responds by sympathetic throbs.

The German school has aimed at and reached a faultless technique, which defies the acumen of the sharpest critic; the tone is pure but not large, and, the style of music performed being saturated, as it were, with *Poesie und Fantasie*, reverie and metaphysics, as opposed to a purely sensuous character, the result is an appeal to the intellect rather than to the passions, in other words, to the head rather than to the heart. The Belgian and French schools somewhat resemble each other, both being noted for brilliant virtuosity. We have heard in America some eminent exponents of the latter schools in Artot, Vieuxtemps, and Wieniawski, while the Italian school has been represented, with us, by Sivori, a pupil of Paganini. The German school, for several reasons, has been made more familiar to Americans, and, although the genius of our people leads to admiration of a larger tone and a more demonstrative manner, we are being slowly educated to an appreciation of the salient points of excellence in it, and we find even enthusiasm occasionally displayed at the performances of Wilhelmj, who with his twin-brother in art, the great Joachim, develops all the beauties and merits of his school to the entire satisfaction of the connoisseur. At the same time, it must be admitted, there is a pressing desire in the heart of the American amateur for a broader coloring, a freer distribution of sunlight, for instance as displayed in happy contrast in some of Hamilton's marine views, a little less of the neutral tints and weird scenery of the Hartz Mountains.

We have associated with Wilhelmj the name of Joachim, who has never been heard in our country, because both artists have studied under the same master, Ferdinand David, who, however, according to the impression made by him on our mind, was of a more masculine mould than either of his pupils, who, as our memory serves us, in the case of Joachim, resemble each other in many traits—individual as well as professional.

It is not thought well, in the canons of criticism, to judge by comparison, yet sometimes contrast may do us a good service in elaborating a description, as for example we would place as antipodes, what the Leipzig critics call the charlatanism of Ole Bull, and the Puritanism of Wilhelmj. In fact the latter is an apostle of high art, pure and undefiled; in his bearing he is dignified and manly, scorning to prostitute his art to mercenary or unworthy purposes. Taking for granted all our previous suggestions as to school, national taste, and so forth, and refraining from indulgence in technical details, we sum up our estimate of Wilhelmj by asserting in few but comprehensive words, that he is a truly great artist.—*Progress, (Philadelphia).*

Special Notices.

DESCRIPTIVE LIST OF THE L A T E S T M U S I C . Published by Oliver Ditson & Co.

Vocal, with Piano Accompaniment.
Shadow. For Contralto or Baritone. D. 4.
a to d. Osgood. 50

"Only the sound of a voice,
Tender and sweet and low."

Mr. Osgood has been careful to make a true contralto song, with no high or screaming notes in it, and it is of course of tasteful and good quality.

Beauties of Carmen. By Bizet.

Air. Now with those who guard.

(Noi con la guardia). D minor. 4. c to F. 35

Canzone, Hark! the Cithern's joyous
Sound. (All' redir del sistro il suon).

E minor. 4. c to g. 60

Aria. Here must the Smugglers dwell.
(Qui del contrabbanier). Eb. 5. E to b. 60

Duo. Speak to me of my Mother. (Parle
moi de la mere). G minor and major. 5.
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The above are vocal favorites of the new opera.

Instrumental.

Gerster Galop. Ab. 3. Pratt. 30
Dedicated to Miss. Etelka Gerster of the
Mapleson Opera Co., who will feel complimented
by such a bright affair.

Bum! Bum! Galop. G. 3. Resch. 30
Bright and piquant, and much better than its
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Nancy Lee. Transcription and Variations.
Eb. 4. Warren. 50
Perhaps the most showy and varied arrange-
ment of this beautiful air that has appeared.
Good exhibition piece.

Rapid Transit. Grand Galop de Concert.
4 hands. Ab. 4. Wela. 1.50
Already described as a solo, but is more power-
ful, of course, in its present form.

Reed Organ Melodies. Arranged from popu-
lar authors. By W. H. Clarke. each. 30
No. 14. Prayer of the Angels. Bb. 3.
Beautiful Evening Star. C. 4.
No. 12. Mortons (Gov.) Funeral March.
D minor. 3.

Two of the 66 numbers of this very fine set,
one of the best, to say the least, ever put together
for Reed Organ.

Potpourri. "Carmen." 4. Maylath. 80

Quadrille. "Carmen." 3. Arban. 40
Both of the above belong to the set, "Beauties
of Carmen" and give good selections of favorite
airs.

Gipsy Rondo. (Ungarishes Rondo). G. 3.
Haydn. 40

One of a set called "Salon Stücke," which
name suggests the direction,—"when ordering
music, mention the set, if the piece belongs in
one. Always, also, be careful to get the first
letter of the title right, and to give the name of
the author. Sheet music is very easily found
when correct title is given, and often cannot be
found at all, when the title is incorrectly written.
This Gipsy Rondo is a capital piece for learners.

Andante. D major. 4. Cutler. 35
Finely wrought Organ piece for 2 Manuals
with rather easy Pedal part.

Bouquet of Melodies, from "Carmen." 4.
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A dozen or more favorite airs compose the
pleasing nosegay,—varied, although carmen col-
ors the whole.

The Albertha Waltz. 3. Rosati. 75
Very pleasing set of waltzes, with marked mel-
odies.

Christmas Eve. Waltz. F. 2. Severance. 30
A sparkling waltz, which, as it is easy, is just
the thing for Christmas playing.

King Gambrinus. Waltz. F major & minor.
3. Pratt. 30
This, with the song of a similar title, are ar-
ranged from Metra's "Veilleur de Nuit." A
neat waltz.

ABBREVIATIONS.—Degrees of difficulty are marked
from 1 to 7. The key is denoted by a capital letter, as C,
Bb, etc. A large Roman letter marks the lowest and the
highest note if on the staff, small Roman letters if below
or above the staff. Thus: "C. 5. c to E," means "Key
of C, Fifth degree, lowest letter c on the added line be-
low. Highest letter, E on the 4th space.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

WHOLE No. 983.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DEC. 21, 1878.

VOL. XXXVIII. No. 19.

The Child Musician.

He had played for his lordship's levee,
He had played for her ladyship's whim,
Till the poor little head was heavy,
And the poor little brain would swim.

And the face grew peaked and eerie,
And the large eyes strange and bright,
And they said,—too late,—“He is weary!
He shall rest for, at least, to-night!”

But at dawn, when the birds were waking,
As they watched in the silent room,
With the sound of a strained cord breaking,
A something snapped in the gloom.

“T was a string of his violoncello,
And they heard him stir in the bed:
“Make room for a tired little fellow,
Kind God!” was the last that he said.

—New York Semi-Weekly Times.

Music with the Blind.

(From the Forty-seventh Annual Report of the Director of the Perkins Institution and Massachusetts School for the Blind, September 30, 1878.)

The department of music continues to perform its important part in our system of education, both as an essential element of mental development and culture, and as a powerful agent in training up the young to usefulness and independence.

The usual routine of study and practice has been pursued with regularity and earnestness, and the results have been as satisfactory as those in any former year.

No endeavors have been spared to increase the internal means and facilities for a broad and thorough musical education, and to render the department complete in all its appointments.

During the past year two full concert grand pianos and an upright have been added to our collection of musical instruments; and several old ones have been repaired and put in good order.

Our course of instruction is methodically arranged, and every opportunity consistent with our means afforded for the thorough study of music as a science and its practice as an art.

The number of pupils who received instruction in music during the past year was eighty-five, and the branches taught may be summarized as follows: Pianoforte; the parlor and church organ; solo and class singing; the flute, clarinet, cornet and other brass instruments; harmony; the history of music and pedagogics.

Our corps of instructors consists of five resident teachers and one assistant,—all former pupils of the school;—three non-resident professors, and three music readers.

At the close of the last term nine pupils graduated from the music department, some of whom were also well qualified as tuners of piano fortes. The success of all in the practical walks of life will depend upon their ability to turn their knowledge and skill here acquired to useful account, and upon their exertions to secure their full share of the public patronage.

Of the three classes in harmony one completed that study, in which the extracts from Richter's manual, copied the preceding year in Braille's system of musical notation, rendered great service. The study of harmony, even in an elementary course, is of special advantage to the formal training of the pupils. It opens to them an entirely new view of music, and gives them a systematic knowledge of its

grammar as well as of the nature of its sounds. Exercises in tones train alike the understanding, the memory and the æsthetic faculties. In learning the variations of musical tones, the pupils must, firstly, consider them with reference to their melodic, rhythmical, dynamic, and harmonic character; and secondly, with reference to their inner or æsthetic nature, through which they exemplify the beautiful. The former of these two processes is accomplished by the musical faculties, the latter by the fancy and by the sense of beauty. Hence harmony forms the foundation upon which a scientific musical knowledge is reared; and the deeper and broader the basis, the higher will the structure rise.

Embossed books on the subjects of counterpoint, fugue, composition and the history of music, are becoming great desiderata. These studies have undoubtedly been mastered by blind students without the aid of such books, but at a great disadvantage and with the loss of much valuable time.

Most of our scholars receive instruction in several branches of music, and at the same time are carefully trained in the methods of imparting their knowledge to others with equal success. The plan of placing the younger pupils under the charge of some of the more advanced ones continues to be attended with most beneficial consequences. It gradually familiarizes them with the habit of teaching, and prepares them to leave the Institution with some practical experience in their profession.

The efficiency of the band is somewhat impaired by the retirement of several of its leading members, whose term of instruction had expired; but their places are filled from among the younger members of the department, and the remodelled group will soon be in good practice and in fair condition for public performances.

All pupils have a fair trial in music and devote some time each day to its study and practice; but only those who show special talent and possess such general mental ability as is essential for the attainment of excellence in any art devote as much time to it as can profitably be employed.

In the selection of music great care is exercised, and the sensuous trash, which vulgarizes the art and corrupts the popular taste, is excluded from our school. Compositions of an acknowledged excellence alone are recommended to the pupils. It should be borne in mind, however, that, unless the intellect and the sentiments are fully cultivated and the feelings awakened and refined, the acquisition of an ardent fondness for classic music and of taste and skill for playing it well is hardly possible. Those and only those who are well developed mentally, and have a sufficient foundation of knowledge and practice, can study advantageously the works of the great masters.

Such is in brief the nature of the work pursued in our music department, and such are the internal means and facilities afforded by this Institution to make thorough musicians and good teachers of those of its beneficiaries who possess the requisite talent and ability.

External opportunities for the cultivation and refinement of the musical taste of the pupils by attendance upon performances of various kinds and hearing great compositions interpreted by eminent artists, have been on the increase during the past year. Nor has the interest or the ready and active sympathy of most of the distinguished musicians of our city diminished. On the contrary, a brilliant array

of talented artists have given in the hall of the Institution a series of entertainments, which delighted all who had the privilege of hearing them, and added much to the happiness and instruction of our pupils. Our sincere and heartfelt thanks are due to them, as well as to the societies, proprietors, performers and managers, who have been so kind and so liberal as to allow our students of music to attend gratuitously most of the best concerts, rehearsals, operas, oratorios, and the like, given in the city of Boston. The significance of these opportunities can hardly be over-estimated. They are extremely valuable to the blind of New England in many ways. They afford the best means for the education and refinement of the musical taste. They contribute largely to the æsthetic culture, stimulate the powers of appreciation, and lay the foundation of sound analytical criticism. Finally, they introduce our pupils into those peaceful and harmonious gatherings of the people, where the storm of antagonisms and the violence of human passions are calmed down by the sound of music, and all enmity and acrimony of feeling are softened into kindness and good will. * * *

I deem it hardly necessary to dwell upon the subject of the passionate fondness for music shown by the blind throughout all ages. The sculptured granite of Egyptian tablets no less than the imperishable record of the Grecian bard attest their devotion to the “concord of sweet sounds.” Their aptness for music is universally admitted, and can be easily explained.

In consequence of the loss of the visual sense, an unusual amount of exercise is required from that of hearing, whereby the sphere of its acquired perceptions is greatly enlarged and its usefulness enhanced. Hence the intellectual susceptibilities of this sense are so cultivated by practice and education, and its discriminating power is so increased, that it becomes an efficient medium for the acquisition of objective knowledge and an exhaustless source of pleasure and enjoyment. The world of sound with its endless changes and modulation is to the blind what the scenes of external nature with all its pleasing varieties of form and color and its numberless combinations and beautiful blendings of light and shade are to those who are permitted to look upon them. * * *

But, in addition to its æsthetic effects, there are other advantages of a practical character which render proficiency in music of vital importance in the education of the blind. The loss of sight is less of an obstruction and an obstacle in this vocation than in any of the mechanical occupations. Here the technical difficulties may be easily overcome and the sightless student may attain excellence as a teacher. Here the hand may perform its task without the assistance of sight and the streams of harmony penetrate the inner chambers of the ear without the aid of the eye. A wide field of great usefulness is thus opened to those who are endowed with marked ability and talent, and a source of available means for self-maintenance provided for all who are not wanting in capacity, perseverance and general culture.

For these reasons music is considered as one of the most important branches in our school, and neither expense in increasing the number and variety of instruments nor pains in securing the services of zealous and talented teachers are spared. It is hoped that the necessary means may be supplied for continuing our efforts in this direction unrelaxed until the music department of the Institution may be

come a truly complete and efficient conservatorium, the graduates of which shall be well fitted to be classed with the best players and vocalists, and be in demand as among the most competent instructors in composition, counterpoint and fugue.

TUNING DEPARTMENT.

Closely interwoven with the interests of the musical are those of the tuning department. Many of our musical pupils incline rather toward tuning than teaching as a profession; and, even when this is not the case, the power of taking care of his own instrument is of great value to a musician, and is in fact one requisite of a perfect artist.

The affairs of the tuning department are being vigorously carried on, and steady progress has been made during the past year.

Eighteen pupils have received instruction in tuning, five of whom graduated at the close of the school term. These were all carefully prepared and well fitted to enter into the domain of practical business, and, so far as heard from, are doing extremely well.

The work of our tuners has given entire satisfaction to our customers, and its quality is best attested by the comparative readiness with which some of the most intelligent families of Boston and the neighboring towns place their costly instruments under the care of the tuning department of this Institution.

The contract for tuning and keeping in repair the piano-fortes used in the public schools of Boston for one year expired on the first of May last, and the work of our tuners was so thoroughly and conscientiously done as to dispel all doubts as to their skill and ability, and meet with the unanimous and unqualified approval and commendation of the instructors of music in the public schools.

In view of these facts, and after a careful consideration of the matter, the committee on accounts of the school board have unhesitatingly and cheerfully renewed the contract for another year on the same terms as before, "as an evidence of their entire satisfaction," and have touched upon the subject in their last annual report in the following words:—

"Last May, owing to the decease of the former tuner of pianos for the city, the contract for the tuning and small repairs was awarded to the management of the Perkins Institution for the Blind at South Boston. The committee were not unanimous in this selection; it seemed to some of them to be of doubtful expediency; while they did not question the ability of the blind people to correctly tune an instrument,—a matter depending upon the ear,—they did not feel that they were as fully capable of judging the need of small repairs constantly required by instruments submitted to such hard usage as the pianos in our schools. They also believed that should they be obliged from these circumstances to transfer the contract to other parties at the end of the year, it would be a matter of great regret to all concerned, and work to the injury of the Institution. The contract, however, was awarded, the management assuming the responsibilities cheerfully and with a full knowledge of their importance. At the end of the year their work received the unanimous approval of the music instructors, and the approbation of the committee. As an evidence of their entire satisfaction, the contract was again awarded to them at the same price."

The renewal of this contract is a subject of much congratulation. It is an explicit recognition and an official acknowledgment of the ability and proficiency of the tuners of this Institution made by the school board of the city of Boston. It is an eloquent recommendation of their skill and competence, which will open a broad field of activity and usefulness, and at the same time confer an incalculable benefit upon their brethren in misfortune everywhere. It is a noble act of justice and fairness, and its effects will doubtless be to inspire the blind in all parts of the country with courage and hope, and to stimulate them to more strenuous exertions and greater efforts to

attain efficiency in their respective vocations and take their place in the social ranks. May the example of the school committee of Boston be followed by those of all other cities, where there is an opportunity to give employment to competent tuners of this class.

The receipts of the tuning department during the past year amounted to about sixteen hundred dollars, the greater portion of which has been paid to those who have done the work, and in some cases has supplied a pressing need.

Several of the more advanced scholars in this department have practised tuning reeds with satisfactory results. Their success has removed the doubts which have hitherto existed as to the possibility of the blind becoming adepts in tuning reed organs. We have already received encouraging reports from several young men, who, since they left us, have done this kind of work successfully and to the entire satisfaction of the owners of the instruments.

At the convention of the American instructors of the blind, recently held in Columbus, O., much interest was manifested in the art of tuning piano-fortes as a suitable employment for the blind, and, so far as there was any opinion expressed as to the qualifications of the sightless tuners, it was in the right direction. Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of having these tuners carefully trained and thoroughly qualified in their art. To this end the course of instruction must be systematic and progressive, the facilities for the cultivation of the discriminating power of the ear varied and adequate, and the means for study, illustration, and practice ample.

But even a great proficiency and acknowledged excellence in the art of tuning and repairing piano-fortes cannot be of great avail to its owner unless accompanied by intelligence, good address, tact, pleasing manners, neatness in person and apparel, modesty in demeanor, freedom from unclean and objectionable habits, and above all promptness and sterling honesty in all business transactions. Unfortunately these requisites are often overlooked by the blind, and some among their number are partly responsible for the prejudices existing against them. Such persons are those who have sought and obtained employment on the ground of charity rather than of competence, and who were utterly unfit to do the work intrusted to them. Thus, while proving themselves unworthy of the confidence and patronage generously given to them, they have at the same time raised a strong disbelief in the abilities of the blind as a class, thereby ruining the prospects of skilful workmen who but for this might be hired with quite as much profit to their employers as to themselves. By similar individual acts the blind in general have been unjustly harassed, their labor undervalued, their efforts for self-maintenance misapprehended, their fitness to do various kinds of work doubted, and their interests injured. Happily the time for asking and receiving aid on the score of charity has passed. The memory of Bartimeus' old seat by the gates of Jericho is a perpetual protest against what is so pitiable a disregard of man's dignity and self-respect, and an unequivocal condemnation of the unsoundness of a faded civilization. There prevails among the blind of to-day a higher standard and a nobler ideal of true manhood and womanhood. The educational advantages which they have enjoyed for the last forty-seven years in this country have created and fostered in them a just aspiration for independence and social equality, and an ardent desire to accept and assume the responsibilities of life under the same conditions with their more fortunate brethren. Milton wrote:—

"What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support,"

and the echo comes, from the cultivated and elevated ranks of the blind of New England,

"Let intellectual and moral light penetrate and dispel the clouds of physical darkness, give us educational facilities for the development of our faculties and the increase of our capacity, grant us suitable opportunities for preparing and arming ourselves efficiently for the struggle of life, and we ask no more."

Our tuning department is supplied with every appliance necessary to give the pupils a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of the piano. A practical acquaintance with all parts of the instrument is considered so essential to the training of our tuners that no one wanting in it is allowed to undertake to tune, and much less to repair, a piano-forte. Pupils are required to study all the smaller parts of the action minutely, familiarizing themselves with the shape and use of each one, just as young surgeons are taught the use of the muscles and tendons of the human body by dissection.

No endeavors are spared in securing every appliance to facilitate the work of our tuners, and place them as nearly as possible upon an equal footing with the seeing members of the craft. We have recently introduced a new and useful contrivance, by means of which they are enabled to remove the dust from the sound-board, as well as any small particles which may have lodged upon it, and which cannot be reached in any other way. It is simple in its construction, not liable to get out of order, can be obtained at a reasonable cost and carried in the bag with other tools.

It is a very propitious omen that manufacturers of piano-fortes are beginning to recognize the claims of the blind tuners and to admit them to their shops. Much credit is due to one of the most famous houses in London, Eng., for employing several of these tuners. A few of them have also met with encouragement in some of the manufactories of this country, and the head tuner of one of our leading American firms is a blind man. May this example be followed by other piano makers of high standing and great influence. Experience obtained by observation and supported by a scientific examination of the functions of the sense of sight and of the effects of its loss, asserts that the blind develop a most astonishing power and accuracy in distinguishing the pitch and quality of sounds, and that they acquire great proficiency in the art of tuning piano-fortes. The testimony of artists, music-teachers, amateur players and school committees confirms this affirmation. Mendelssohn, that bright star in the firmament of music, was heard to say of a piano tuned by a blind man, that it was in the finest condition of any he had ever known.

Is not all this sufficient testimony to induce American piano-manufacturers to give these tuners a fair and patient trial, and decide their case, not by a mere *a priori* reasoning, but on its own merits?

Charles Gounod.

THE REMARKABLE STORY OF HIS LIFE IN ENGLAND.

(Condensed from a London letter in the New York Herald.)

The recent production in Paris of M. Gounod's *Polyeucte* has directed public attention to the composer on the one hand and to the relations he had with Mrs. Georgina Weldon on the other. For it was when M. Gounod was residing in the house of the Weldons in London, and when the prematurely old man, who was bordering on sixty, was first smitten by the smiles and flatteries of the beautiful Welsh woman, that he wrote the greater part of *Polyeucte*. Gounod was at that time about fifty-six, Mrs. Weldon about thirty. She still had the bloom of youth upon her cheeks, and society reported her beautiful.

Mrs. Weldon was born a Miss Georgina Treherne, the daughter of an old Welsh family, highly esteemed in the mountains of the Principality. Wayward from her childhood, she soon showed signs alike of ambition and restiveness. Mrs. Treherne took her daughter to Brighton, England. There,

on that most enticing and dangerous of promenades, the Grand Parade, Georgina Treherne first met Harry Weldon, who was at that time in the prime of manhood. Tall, and gifted with an admirable figure and a handsome face, excellent conversation and a fine, masly fellow, Harry Weldon seemed the man most likely to make Georgina happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Weldon resided at Tavistock House, in Tavistock Square, once the residence of Charles Dickens. Relying upon the celebrity of the house, Mrs. Weldon attempted to gather round her all the celebrities of English literature. In vain. A few old men came to her "receptions," men who were attracted by the beautiful rose color of her delicate skin, by the perfection of her figure and by the liking most men have to chat with a pretty woman. But this was all. Tavistock House had its Mrs. Leo Hunter, but it lacked its Mr. Leo. For this rôle Captain Weldon was obviously unfitted. He was very good natured, very good looking, and a very good fellow, but he was certainly no "lion." But at last chance threw into Mrs. Weldon's way a famous man—M. Charles Gounod, the composer of *Faust*.

After an interval, in which she corresponded with Gounod, the composer came to live at her house with the consent of her husband.

To fully appreciate what follows, it is necessary to recall some facts of M. Gounod's private history and the reasons which caused him to become a refugee in England.

M. GOUNOD'S PRIVATE HISTORY.

The war with Germany had only just ended, and the revolt under the Commune had barely been suppressed. Gounod was never a brave man, and he lacked the courage of Auber, who, twenty years his senior, served in a volunteer regiment against the enemies of France. Gounod had instead escaped to England, where society received him with open arms. Nor must the peculiar character of Gounod be forgotten. He has thrice been confined in a *maison de santé* as a lunatic—once during the time that he was living in the house with Mrs. Weldon. Of a most erratic and changeable temperament, he was also greatly prone to be under the influence of women. It will be recollected that in 1843, while he was studying at Rome, he actually took minor orders and donned the soutane and biretta previous to being raised to the subdeaconate. It was a woman who persuaded him to quit the seminary and leave Rome for Paris. Again, late in 1846, when *La Gazette Musicale* had announced authoritatively that M. Gounod was about to take the irrevocable step toward the deaconate and priesthood, M. Gounod but a month afterward happened to meet with the daughter of the celebrated pianist, Pierre Gluspepe Guillaume Zimmermann. Flushed with love he bade adieu to the Roman Catholic priesthood and married the lady. Such then was the ardent and impressionable Frenchman who was thus thrown in the path of this ambitious and beautiful woman.

THE HOME OF DICKENS.

Tavistock House is a large building, situated in the centre of Tavistock Square, a blind alley leading nowhere. The square has gates, which are closed at night; a garden with large trees in front and a single terrace of three or four houses behind. To the great public, however, Tavistock House is known as having been the favorite residence of Charles Dickens, and in the splendid drawing-room were represented the plays which Dickens mounted and acted for the amusement of his children. Before it passed into the hands of the Weldons it was the favorite resort of Thackeray, of Forster, of Disraeli and of many of the literary lights of the period. To revive its old glories was the ambition of Mrs. Weldon, and the attraction was to be M. Charles Gounod. It was about Christmas Day, 1871, that Gounod first went to take up his definite abode there, and his sojourn lasted more than three years. Gounod's life at Tavistock House was at first a very simple one. The week was spent in business and in privacy. The composer worked all day, and at night went to the theatre, enjoyed family life with the Weldons, or entertained a very few of his most intimate friends. On Sunday M. Gounod and Mrs. Weldon "received." Captain Weldon now seemed to be left altogether out of the matter, and although he was generally present when state visitors came by appointment, he appeared content to allow Gounod to be the lion of the house, with Mrs. Georgina Weldon as managing directress. The restless ambition of the lady would not, how-

ever, permit the hardly worked composer the rest his health so much needed. In his business she assisted him, it is true. She wrote and signed the name of Gounod to all the composer's letters, and she gradually took the whole of Gounod's business affairs into her hands.

MME. GOUNOD JEALOUS.

This situation gave Mme. Gounod, the wife of the composer, that which is called in mundane parlance "reasonable cause for alarm." Mme. Gounod did not at all appreciate the purely disinterested friendship of the Weldons, and she expressed her opinion herself and through her friends. Some of Gounod's best acquaintances remonstrated with him.

To an appeal from M. Barbier, M. Gounod replied from Tavistock House, March 15. He complained that his reputation was being stabbed in the dark. He says: "My friends in France do not ignore that my household is an unhappy one. They knew the sufferings which have affected my brain, my family life, the activity of my career. They call me a hypocrite because, while I preserve a profound and sincere attachment to the mother of my children, I regard myself happy in the society of an artistic nature which regards itself as mine." He says at Tavistock House he has peace; that the climate of London agrees with him better than that of Paris had done; that he is working for his family, and that he fulfils his duties with conscience and with all that remains of his strength. To M. Pigny, the brother-in-law of his wife, he writes in a similar strain, and asks that his son Jean may "come to embrace me in the Whitsuntide holidays, when he will sleep in my own bedroom." So that nothing could be fairer or more openly virtuous. Last of all on this subject comes a letter from Gounod to his wife, under date of March 18. He addresses his wife as "dear friend" and says: "The state of my mental and physical health forbids me to return to Paris. I am placed between two duties—a wife whom I respect and honor and love, and who holds the first place in my affections, and my admirable friends, whom I respect and honor and love, and whom I will never abandon. The situation has become intolerable. Let the public think and say what it will, I will return to my home and my drawing-room never more. I have had, as others have had, my hours of infidelity; they have cost me dearly, and I have expiated them. They have said of me for some time past—since I have been here—the most infamous things which tongues could invent or ears listen to. But sublime friendship is my reward. My son sleeps near me in a room large enough for two. If you will consent to come here to find your husband and to fix your life near his you will find a friend—sure, devoted and inseparable," which offer Mme. Gounod at once declined.

GOUNOD INSANE AGAIN.

Gounod soon after this suffered from an attack of mental aberration and was confined in a private lunatic asylum at Brighton. Away from the Weldons he, however, soon recovered, and in August we find him at Spa, from whence he came back to London.

A NEW ACTOR ON THE SCENE.

Jean Gounod, the composer's son, arrived in London in the middle of April, after a brief visit to his mother in Paris. The brilliant example the father had set the son is evidenced by a letter written April 22, by the Professor of the College of Jesuits, where young Jean had been educated, giving the youth a strong reprimand for the wickedness he had committed in thrashing his own mother. The Jesuit *pater* states he has seen with his own eyes that wounded hand of his mother, and he predicts that the child who strikes his mother is condemned by God and man. To this Gounod himself replied, stating young Jean's version of the affair, to the effect that his mother had thrashed him and had caused her wounds herself. That the moral character of the young man was not all that could be desired was, however, soon shown. Young Gounod, it seems, also became fond of Georgina. But Mrs. Weldon writes him from Margate a sharp letter about his conduct:

"MY DEAR JEAN—You know that I formerly loved you, but I find you now so detestable that I wish plainly to tell you that I will have nothing more to do with you. It is possible that you will learn how to conduct yourself when you are twenty-three or twenty-four years old. Until then you are the great trouble of my life, as the happiness and

peace of your father are for me the religious care of my life. But Mary and I would abandon everything to preserve this dear and angelic peace which God has granted your father's soul, and which makes him hear so many divine things. You can think me hard and detestable and absolutely anything you choose, but you ought to be sure of one thing, that I merit your love and profound respect. Two months ago your father was delirious; he has been in a very curious state, and he continually besought me, 'Mimi, do not let them take me.' He made me swear I would never leave him, and—why I did not know—he said that I was the only person in the world in whom he had true and full confidence; not even in Mary, who is an angel of goodness and patience to him, taking care of him like a sister. He spoke and raved without ceasing of everybody he had ever seen or known, and he said to me at least a thousand times, 'Mimi will not leave me, Mimi will not leave me. No, no; Mimi will not desert me, Mimi will not let them take me. She is all white like an angel. She will not let them throw me into hell.' Now you know I have said, and I will maintain what I said, that if you come to England I will take lodgings for papa and you. *I will not have you in the house, and you know why.* (The italics are Mrs. Weldon's.) Adieu, then. Detest me as much as you like. It is of no use your writing to me.

G. WELDON."

On this Gounod, of course, promptly threw over his precious son, who returned to France to the mother he had been accused of thrashing.

GOUNOD'S LIFE WITH THE WELDON.

His life was now a tolerably peaceful one. The week was a continued round of hard work and routine. There was the Gounod choir to teach, and "Polyeucte" and "Georges Dandin," besides innumerable songs, to compose. Wherever he went the composer was accompanied by Mrs. Weldon. They went to the Alexandra Palace, where a Gounod concert had been arranged, and just as the composer had taken up the bâton Mrs. Weldon stepped forward and, stroking him under the chin, said to the orchestra, "Isn't he a dear old man?" an expression of opinion which was of course received with shouts of laughter. At home in the evening Gounod reposed in all the comforts of a family life. He smoked his long pipe in peace, and anon indulged in that which Mrs. Weldon was accustomed to call "one of his heavenly dreams."

Occasionally Gounod himself would sing, and the absence of voice was fully compensated for by the consummate art which he evinced. Mrs. Weldon invariably sang either one of the airs from *Polyeucte* or other works which Gounod was writing specially for her, or some trivial ballad. Afterward the hat was passed round for the then incipient orphanage and the people dispersed. Gounod himself was undoubtedly a prisoner of war, but he liked the life, as it gave him the peace his health so much needed. The week, too, was a busy one for the household, which was presided over in every sense of the term by Mrs. Weldon. The lady herself conducted the rehearsals of the Gounod choir and taught many of the members of the choir to sing in her own peculiar fashion. She managed the business of the Gounod concerts exclusively, writing all the letters and directing the whole concern.

On the 8th of June Gounod left England, never, probably, to return.

RELEASED FROM THE CHARM.

From that date until the 13th of June letters were frequent. On that date, however, Gounod wrote an elaborate excuse that his son Jean, whose little peculiarities have been alluded to earlier in this narrative, had cried to him, "Papa, hold me! save me!" and that he intended to remain in France. The Weldons at once saw the danger in which they were placed. Both Captain Weldon and his wife wrote the most pathetic appeals to Gounod to return. The appeals were useless, for the composer, freed from the fascinations of the siren, was sane again. Letters now became not only frequent, but lengthy. The entreaties of the Weldons were of the most pathetic description. Gounod preserved his old familiar style and pet names toward them, but remained in France safely with his family. The composer was obviously playing a double game, but the poor foolish old man in antagonism with a clever woman did not stand a chance. He placed his affairs in the hands of English lawyers, who demanded an account of money received and a surrender of M. Gounod's effects. The French

Ambassador to London intervened and the battle now became desperate.

FROM LOVE TO LAW.

The Weldons replied by the exhibition of a power of attorney assigning all Gounod's English property to them, and they declared that no one could touch them. A further demand for a statement of accounts, brought a bill from the Weldons for a large sum per week as a charge for Gounod's board and lodging during three years. On the 7th of July Gounod wrote from Paris to Mrs. Weldon, addressing her as "My Dear Mimi," and complaining bitterly of her conduct in regard to his English effects. He concludes: "I do not understand it at all. I embrace thee in spite of my annoyance and the deplorable state of my poor head. I am always thine, old Mimi, Charles Gounod." This is the last letter Mrs. Weldon ever received from Gounod.

THE FIGHT FOR THE MUSIC.

The battle now waged still more furiously about the copyrights, the scores Gounod had left behind him in his flight, and the rest of his property in England. Immediate proceedings were threatened by the lawyers, and the Weldons were said to have replied by a threat to burn the only existing scores of the two operas—*Polyucte* and *Georges Dandin*—which Gounod had left. There was actually a report that Mrs. Weldon had, from jealousy and spite, destroyed *Polyucte*, and in a pamphlet, entitled *La Destruction de Polyucte*, Mrs. Weldon entered into an elaborate explanation of her real or fancied wrongs. It was then said that Mrs. Weldon refused to give up these manuscripts unless Gounod would come personally to fetch them, thus placing himself once more within the influence of her blandishments. Gounod himself believed the manuscript lost, and in the course of ten months he completely re-wrote from memory the full score of *Polyucte*.

THE SCORES MYSTERIOUSLY RETURNED.

One night, however, M. Oscar Comettant, the musical critic of *Le Sicle*, and a friend of M. Gounod, had finished his dinner and was enjoying his desert, when he received a large parcel. He opened the outside wrapper and found written in ink on the inner casing, and in a lady's handwriting, "Do not open these papers until after my death." As, however, there was no indication of the name of the writer, nor of the fact whether or not she was living or dead, M. Oscar Comettant, like a sensible man, proceeded without further ado with the examination of the parcel. A note dropped out and the party read, "When I am dead, return the scores to the maestro, and tell him that I have always preserved for him the most sincere affection." As quick as thought M. Comettant tore open the parcel and there discovered the original and long-lost scores of *Polyucte*, of *Georges Dandin* and of a symphony of *The Redemption*. It is true that the scores were marked and blurred by the alterations and so-called emendations of Mrs. Weldon, but the prize was secured, and Oscar Comettant and his friend Emmanuel Gonzales rushed off as hard as they could to the house of Gounod. But the lost *Polyucte* had already been found, for M. Gounod, in despair of ever recovering the manuscript, had, as we have said, re-written the greater part of the opera from memory.

THE LAST ACT OF THE DRAMA.

The flight of Gounod caused a general break-up of the Weldon household. Mrs. Weldon started an academy for educating and maintaining poor young children gratuitously, and the noise of the youngsters proved more efficacious to arouse the ire of Captain Weldon than all the letters of Gounod. Captain Weldon forthwith separated from his wife and went to live in Albert Mansions, in Victoria street, while his wife carried on the vocal academy at Tavistock House. She made more than one attempt to regain her influence over Gounod, but without avail. She even had gained admission to the stage of the Paris Grand Opera during a rehearsal, but Gounod, warned in time, was hurried away through a side door by his friends.

Gounod himself is now living happily in Paris, surrounded by his family and honored by French artists and French society.

Singing and Singers.

BY FANNIE C. HOWE.

(From the New Haven Journal and Courier.)

The human voice is an instrument. That it is so is proved by the experiment which has been made

by German scientists of detaching the vocal apparatus from deceased persons, and obtaining by the use of bellows varied sounds therefrom. The voice is the most perfect of musical instruments, and it is the aim of other instruments to imitate it. Being a part of the person of the performer, it is more completely under control to give every shade of expression and every variety of intonation. The perfection of the art consists in singing with such ease that the tones are given purely and naturally as if from the overflowing of the soul. The uncultured voice invariably has natural defects. It may be either guttural, or nasal, or veiled, or uneven, weak, harsh or tremulous; and never has the smoothness, liquidity and beauty of intonation of the trained voice.

To be enabled to use the beautiful instrument which nature has given us to the fullest advantage, one must to a natural love of music and a correct ear give years of careful and intelligent practice. Hence, to become a great singer is no mere child's play, and singing is such an important branch of the fine arts that finished singers are worthily given the title "artists." Singing is the only single art in which women command higher compensation than men. One thousand dollars for a single night's performance from a queen of song has not been unusual. In church quartettes the soprano usually receives the highest compensation.

ITALY, THE LAND OF SONG.

The climate and language of Italy were both so favorable to vocal music that the art reached such perfection there that it early became the school of the world. In the words of the gifted Madame De Staël, "Italy is the land of song, where the nightingale rests upon the rose-bushes and pours forth the most delicious notes, mingled with the sweetest of accents." An eminent musical writer says, "The old Italian method of instruction, to which vocal music owed its high condition, was purely empirical, that is, the old singing masters taught only according to a sound and just feeling for the beautiful, guided by that faculty of acute observation which enabled them to distinguish what belongs to nature. Their pupils learned by imitation without troubling themselves about rules." Therefore their singing was pure, easy and natural. When one endeavors to use his voice according to scientific principles his singing will become forced and unnatural.

THE OLD ITALIAN MASTERS.

The old Italian masters spent years in training the voices intrusted to their care, as the following account of the great master Porpora and a favorite illustrates. "The master having obtained from his pupil a promise to follow his guardian without a question noted some scales, trills and passages of vocalization of different kinds on one page. This single page occupied them for two entire years. The third year commenced and yet nothing was said of changing the lesson. The pupil began to murmur, but the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth and fifth year found them at the same eternal page. The sixth year the master added some lessons in articulation and lastly in declamation. At the end of the sixth year, the pupil who still supposed himself in the elements, was much surprised when Porpora said to him 'Go, my son, you have nothing more to learn. You are the first singer of Italy and of the world.' This was the truth, for he became the celebrated Caffarelli. We have no more Porporas now-a-days and consequently Caffarellis are rare.

MUSICAL QUACKS.

The fact of being educated in any branch of music does not qualify one to teach the voice:—a special training is necessary as distinct as the practice of surgery from the general practice of medicine. In Italy, the great land of song, are schools of music where the solfeggio or reading at sight are separately taught by different masters. Many of the solfeggio teachers willingly, charlatan like, pass for teachers of the voice, an office for which they are wholly unfitted. In our earliest days of study we came in contact with such a teacher, a wily foreigner, and were much troubled as to the different transitions of the registers of the voice, the use of different timbres or qualities of sound, etc. All our eager questions for information were answered unsatisfactorily. He once told us we "knew too much." We did, for he knew too little, and conscious of it felt uncomfortable. It is bad for any young singer, ardent, hopeful, her soul absorbed with a love of this angel art, to fall even for a brief

space into the hands of a vocal quack. Without a natural musical aptitude joined to an especial training, a teacher is apt to work great mischief. He cannot discriminate pure from impure tones, forces the voice into singing notes in one register that should be given in another, and misdirects in various disastrous ways. Thus beautiful voices at the very outset are often hopelessly ruined, the vocal organs combining to make not only the finest of musical instruments, but the most delicate, most easily destroyed.

THE REGISTERS OF THE VOICE.

By registers of the voice is meant a series of consecutive sounds, all of which are of a similar character, produced by the same mechanical means, or the same set of muscles. The human voice, as generally accepted, has three registers. The lowest is the chest, the middle the *falsetto* and the highest the *head*. In the male voice the principal register is the chest. It is used also in the female voice, but not to so great an extent. The middle register, or *falsetto*, so named from the Latin word *falsus* signifying throat, is common to both sexes. These tones seem to be formed directly in the throat. The highest or head register is entirely useless to male vocalists, excepting to basso or comic singers. Among the negro minstrels men in women's attire often come on the stage and sing what is termed soprano. These give their tones from the head register. The upper register is of the greatest importance to the female voice. This last-named series of sounds is capable of great extension. By careful practice from three to six tones may be added to the voice.

TIMBRES OF THE VOICE.

Beside the different registers of the voice are the different timbres or varieties of sound which can be given in each register. The most easily distinguished are these two, viz.: the sombre or grave timbre, and the open and clear timbre. Many vocalists use the same timbre continually without regard to the sentiment of the piece they are executing. When the open timbre is used in the *falsetto* register the voice sounds like that of a child. The two above named are not all the varieties of timbre which a singer can give. They are as various as the shading which the artist uses in painting a picture. The correct use of timbre is the most important aid to singing with expression; and this last depends almost entirely upon the talent and genius of the singer.

WHY THE ITALIAN IS THE MOST MUSICAL LANGUAGE.

The first care of a teacher is to instruct a pupil to produce a pure tone. This must not be confounded with a loud tone, which ignorant people are apt to consider the great requisite. The language most favorable for producing a round pure tone is the soft melodious Italian. In the Italian most of the words end in vowels, as in this phrase from the opera *I Puritani*, "Quel te vocis tuae," which translated reads: "It was here in accents sweetest." Every word in the above Italian line ends in a vowel. The words in the English and German languages end largely in consonants, and are about equally difficult for melodious singing. Singing is accomplished by the opened mouth. Where words end in consonants, the mouth has to be closed to give the pronunciation; and this mars the music. We illustrate by the phrase "The Lord hath." The word "hath" ends harshly, cuts off the music too quickly, and that with a sort of stinging accent. The reader may try it. The French is quite antagonistic to the producing of a tone that is not decidedly nasal.

AMERICAN VOICES.

The American women are becoming noted as possessing the best natural voices in the world. At all the great musical centres of Europe they are recognized as among the leading artists notwithstanding the frequent disguise of an Italian name. They are the most refined and sympathetic of women, and hence their singing partakes of their character. The time is not distant when a singer will receive recognition among us without the inevitable trip to Europe. Then many more artists will not be afraid to say, as our two eminent prime donne, Clara Louise Kellogg and Emma C. Thureby, have said: "We learned our art in our native land." Milan is the great point in Italy for vocal instruction. A short time since, it is said, there were over two hundred American girls pursuing vocal studies in that city alone. There are, as usually classed,

six different kinds of voices, three in men and three in women, as tabulated below:

	Men.	Women.
High voice.....	Soprano.	Tenor.
Middle voice.....	Mezzo-soprano.	Baritone.
Low voice.....	Contralto.	Bass.

Where the voice in woman is exceedingly high it is termed the high soprano or soprano *sopra acuto*, and in man the counter tenor. Most of the voices, both in women and in men, are the mezzo-sopranos and baritones.

THE SOPRANO VOICE.

No one kind of voice has all the most desirable qualities. The voices of men are naturally more even than those of women both in speaking and singing. The high soprano voice of women must necessarily be the leading voice in all concerted music, since it carries the air or theme of the piece. As has been poetically observed, "it is like the silver lining to the cloud, its brilliancy gives a crowning charm to the heavy mass beneath." The most arduous work rests on the soprano, and therefore it generally receives the greatest compensation. Jenny Lind, Adeline Patti, Nilsson, Kellogg and Thursby are high sopranos. Parepa Rosa was also a high soprano; her voice phenomenal, a canary bird's enlarged to that of a swan; she weighed 325 pounds! certainly not a light soprano. It is the brilliancy of its high notes in the upper or head register that distinguishes the soprano, for frequently even contraltos can sing as high. The celebrated Malibran had three full octaves in her voice, and Albani nearly equalled that, and both of them were contraltos. The range of Malibran was from D in alt. to D on the third line in the bass. In private singing her range was even greater. Albani's range was only a little less, viz.: from E flat in the bass to C sharp. It was the quality of their voices that determined the kind of voice which belonged to them. Mezzo-sopranos have more fullness on the falsetto or middle register of the voice, but their compass is more limited. The lower or chest register of the contralto is deep and full, but the upper notes lack the beauty and brilliancy of the soprano.

THE TENOR VOICE.

Like the high soprano in woman, the tenor or high voice in men is most rare and highly prized. The possessor of a genuine tenor may congratulate himself, for he is treated in the musical world with the deference due only a king. The baritone is the voice more commonly found. It has many of the beauties of both the tenor and basso. It is higher and more easily managed than the basso, and therefore of more use. Of late the musical composers are throwing the basso voices aside from their operas. The basso, like the contralto, is weighty and great in volume. Both are unwieldy, wanting in flexibility, but give the majestic solemn mass of sound that is all important in concerted pieces. Most people are surprised when told that they are not heard so far, do not possess the carrying power of the tenor nor the soprano. Among the curiosities of sound it is said that if a thousand men are singing and one woman and she a light, high soprano, at a certain distance the united voices of the thousand men will not be heard at all, while that one woman will be so and distinctly. Such is the carrying power of the light female voice. In like manner birds may be heard nearly a mile, while the heavier sound of the fall of a stone wall may not be at one-quarter the distance.

FLEXIBILITY OF VOICE.

Next in importance to tone is flexibility of voice. Some individuals are naturally gifted in this respect. The most difficult effect to produce in singing is the trill. This is the rapid passing from one note to the next. Some singers have naturally such great flexibility that they seem to have been born like the birds with the trill in their throats. Others acquire it only by long and painful labor, and some can never acquire it. One of the most eminent of our singers, one of world-wide renown, told us that she labored for three years, often with tears in her eyes, at the apparently insurmountable difficulties she could acquire the trill.

A valued writer upon the voice says: "The trill can never be perfected by simply articulating two tones, with gradually increasing rapidity up to the highest degree possible. This, it is true, resembles the trill, is often substituted for it and is known as the 'trille lente' or slow trill; but the perfect trill or shake, must be produced by vibration not directly and entirely under the control of muscular action, and is likewise attended with a literal shaking of

the larynx." Madame Parepa Rosa with her superb voice was never able to acquire the true trill; and so in her favorite song "The Nightingale's Trill," she gave only the "trille lente."

EXPRESSION THE SOUL OF MUSIC.

Tone and flexibility are but the mechanical means for producing music. Without expression, which is the soul of music, the most perfect tone and the finest execution would eventually tire the listener. The power to sing with deep and lively feeling is not acquired but is the gift of the individual. The singer with genius sings as the birds sing, as though she loved it, from out the fullness of her heart; and unless she so impresses the hearer she cannot be a great songstress.

THE GREAT JOYS OF LIFE.

The great joys of life arise from following the occupations and arts for which nature has given us an especial adaptation. Many who possess a natural love for music, often possess, without knowing it, voices that can be so developed as to render them beautiful singers.

How soul-entrancing is music rendered with feeling and with power! What a relief to human woe! While it perishes at the very moment of its creation and on the very spot of its origin, it remains among the most blissful of memories, imperishable, eternal.

Rousseau.

HIS DEBUT AS A MIMICIAN.

A writer in *Harper's Magazine* says:—

Rousseau was twenty-one years old when, finding himself at Lausanne and out of pocket, he set up as a "singing teacher from Paris;" and feeling a pretender's shame (for he could not so much as read an air at sight), he made an anagram of his name, and called himself Vassore, so that, having previously changed his religion and his country, there was very little left of his identity. This disguise seemed to increase his audacity, for he not only gave himself out as a composer, but actually composed a concerted piece, which he offered for performance to an amateur, a law professor, M. De Treytorens, who was in the habit of giving private musical entertainments. To the result of a fortnight's original if not honest labor on this piece Rousseau appended, as a minuet, a street air, minus the words, of which he remembered the arrangement, made by a former musical acquaintance. On the eventful evening—but there can be no excuse for not quoting his own description:

"The performers having assembled, I bustle about, explaining to each the nature of the movement, the manner in which the piece should be executed, the parts to be repeated. They tune their instruments for five or six minutes, which seem to me so many ages. At length, all being ready, with a grand paper roll I give my conductor's stand the two or three taps of *Attention!* Their noise ceases. I gravely begin to beat the measure, and they commence. * * * No, never since the existence of French operas was there ever heard such a charivari; whatever may have been thought of my pretended talent, the effect was worse than anybody seemed to expect. The musicians were choking with laughter; the audience stared and would fain have stopped their ears, but there was no help for them. My rascally orchestra, intent on fun-making, rasped away to split the ears of a deaf man. I had the endurance to keep straight on, sweating great drops, it is true, but restrained by shame from giving up and taking to my heels. By way of consolation I heard those present whisper in each other's ears, or rather in mine: 'This is altogether insufferable!' another, 'What Bedlamite music!' a third, 'What a fiends' Sabbath!' Poor Jean Jacques! little didst thou in that cruel moment anticipate the day when, before the King of France and all his court, thy sounds would excite murmurs of surprise and applause, and when in all the boxes around thee the most lovely women would say to each other, with suppressed voices, 'What charming sounds!' 'What enchanting music!' 'Every one of those songs goes to the heart!'"

But his cup of retribution was not full till the stolen minuet began to be heard, which put the audience in a good humor, and drew forth the most flattering remarks on the great promise shown in it. The mortified conductor, had he declared all, must have confessed himself unable to follow the execution at any point, to judge whether the parts he had himself composed were well or ill played.

Parisian Notes.

(Correspondence of the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.)

PARIS, Nov. 21, 1878.—In my last letter I promised to give some account of my visit to the Conservatoire de Musique. It is a very large building, occupying about a Philadelphia square, and it has a very large courtyard, where you are fairly deafened by the variety of musical noises issuing from the different class-rooms—and indiscriminate disblending of organ, piano, violin, harp, trombone and bagle, rather discordant to the listener.

The occasion of the visit was the yearly examination of applicants for admission to the institution. The examination was held in the hall, which is fitted for concerts. The applicants were passed in one by one; each one played a morceau and then passed out again. They numbered about forty, and ranged in age from eight to twenty years. They all looked as if preparing for an execution *à la Guillotine* instead of one *à la Piane*.

This magnificent institution is supported entirely by the Government, the tuition being free. Ambroise Thomas, the eminent composer, whose operas, *Mignon* and *Hamlet*, are so well known in America, is the musical director, and some of the greatest names in the musical world have been graduates of this institution.

There are many novelties in Paris just now, one being an improvisatore named Louis Collin. Give this artist any theme whatever: he improvises on it in the most wonderful manner. Glowing language, terse diction and a happy faculty of always hitting and keeping the key-note combine to make him quite an extraordinary man. Another unique attraction is an artist named Thés, at the Skating Theatre on the Rue Blanche. He will execute for you in five minutes a painting in oil, and one which is not badly done either; he certainly has the knack of working rapidly, and what adds to his popularity, every visitor on leaving is presented by Mr. Thés with one of the pictures. It is unnecessary to say that he is very attractive to the Parisian public.

This week at the Opera, *Faust*, *Polyxène*, with all its splendor of cast and scenery, and *Robert le Diable*, were given, and also *Les Huguenots*. Meyerbeer is ever a favorite here, his music and plots suiting the peculiar taste of the Parisians. At present they are waiting anxiously for the production of a new opera by Leon Vasseur, the well-known composer of *La Timbale d'Argent*, which throws Offenbach in the shade. The name of the last work, *Le Droit de Seigneur*, is also considered doubtful in morals.

At the Padeloup Concert much really good music was given—Beethoven's Symphony in A and the E flat Symphony of Schumann being the choice selections. The Schumann Symphony, sometimes called the *Rhenish*, was performed finely. It is certainly the most popular, if not the best of that great master's instrumental works. Some curious music by Saint-Saëns, a *Bacchanale* to a new opera of his, was also played. If Berlioz had chosen a successor in the weird and grotesque, an odd mixture, but perfectly characteristic of that master, Saint-Saëns, without doubt, would have been his choice. Such commingling of chords, such peculiar effects in instrumentation, and above all, such marked realism, make him worthy the mantle of the great Berlioz.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 4. Your correspondent, much to his regret, could not be present at Mr. C. H. Jarvis's second soirée. The programme was an inviting one, for he was assisted by two of our best instrumentalists: Mr. H. Schneider, clarinet, and Mr. L. Engelke, violoncello. The three artists played Beethoven's Trio, Op. 11, B flat, we are told and can readily believe, with fine effect.

A series of soirées are being given by Messrs. Wm. Stoll and Alfred Barilli in Natarion Hall. The second on December 3d, was well attended and much enjoyed. Mr. Barilli (son of Ettore Barilli, the master of his sister Adeline Patti) is a pianist of excellent abilities. His playing is highly attractive from its breadth and warmth of style. He has vim and dash, but is not deficient in delicacy and tenderness. Mr. Stoll is well known in our musical circles, and should have a national reputation were his merits more widely known. His rendering of Vieuxtemps' Fantasia Appassionata was marked by just intonation, pure tone, large expression and brilliant execution. As we had not heard him in a Solo for some time we were glad to observe a steady progress and improvement. Both these young gentlemen opened the concert with a Sonata, Op. 21, by Gade, which revealed a fluent melody and free treatment not before experi-

enced by us in the music of the Danish composer.

Musical matters are in a quiescent state with us and there is but little for your correspondent to say just now. AMERICUS.

PHILADELPHIA, DEC. 9, 1878. The Orpheus Club gave its first concert last Saturday evening, when Musical Fund Hall was crowded to its utmost capacity with a fashionable audience such as these concerts always draw. The club was assisted by Miss Emily Winant, of New York, soloist, and a number of ladies who kindly volunteered to assist in the rendering of choruses for mixed voices. Mr. Michael H. Cross still remains the leader, and he is by far the best in this line that can be found. He seems able to present the Club in the best possible light and deserves much praise for his careful training and drilling, making the utmost out of the material he has to work with. But unfortunately the material is not of the best. The trouble still exists which has always been and is the fault or rather misfortune of all our male choruses—the weakness so apparent among the Tenors. This was less noticeable in the four-part songs with the female voices, but in the male chorus alone there was too much strain upon the Tenor parts. The Basses were effective and even, but could not show their fine power for fear of overpowering the Tenors.

The programme was a pleasing but light one, embracing Glees, Madrigals and Part-Songs by Macfarren, Schubert, Smart and others. It could hardly be considered such as the Orpheus ought to be able to give after all these years of practice, or such as we have a right to expect from a club of such pretension. If they are never going to get beyond this style—and we fear they never will—they certainly cannot hope to claim very high rank as a male chorus. They may perhaps know their audiences better than we do, and might fail to attract such numbers, were they to give us some of the really good German music. If the object is to fill every seat and have the room crowded, then certainly they succeed, but we feel that they ought at least to try and make some advance after seven years, and not remain stationary. The Part-songs with female voices were better rendered, and one by Macfarren, with Tenor's words "Break, break, break," was given very acceptably. We hope this female chorus will be permanently joined to the club, for it will give strength to the organization and enable them to enter fields hitherto closed against them.

Miss Winant sang an Aria from "Mitrane," an opera by Rossi—a very poor selection for such a concert—"Quando a te lieta," from "Faust" and Sullivan's "Lost Chord." Her voice possesses much power, but is lacking in sympathetic quality and apparently gave little pleasure, the applause having rather the tinge of compliment than of delight. If it were thought necessary to go out of our own city for a "star," it was a pity that one of greater magnitude was not obtained.

Apart from this concert we have been insufferably dull in the music line. The future, we hope, may bring us a little more. We understand the opera will return for a few evenings this month, which may brighten things up. OCTAVIUS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, DEC. 21, 1878.

NOTICE. This number brings the present Volume of our Journal to a close, thereby concluding what we may call its Second Series, of over twenty years, during which time it has been published by Messrs. OLIVER DITSON & Co. Instead of the usual four music pages, it contains the Title page and Index for the past two years, less three months, paged continuously to be bound in one.

The first number of Volume XXXIX, dated January 4, 1879, will bear the imprint of our new publishers, Messrs. HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., and will be issued some time in advance of date (probably this very week) and very widely circulated in answer to the call for "specimens."

Subscriptions (at \$2.50 per annum), and Advertisements, should be sent to HOUGHTON, OSGOOD & Co., 220 Devonshire St., Boston.

Concert Review.

HARVARD MUSICAL ASSOCIATION. The fourteenth season of the Symphony Concerts has actually begun (Thursday, Dec. 5), and though with tardy and very moderate encouragement financially, yet with an artistic success most flattering.

Overture to "St. Paul".....Mendelssohn
Piano-Forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat, Op. 73, Beethoven
William H. Sherwood.
Overture to "Jessonda".....Spohr
Grand Organ Fantasia and Fugue, in G minor, Bach
(Arranged by Liszt for the Piano-forte.)
William H. Sherwood.
Symphony in G (composed on receiving the honorary degree of Doctor of Music at Oxford, in 1794).....Haydn
Adagio and Allegro spiritoso—Adagio cantabile—Minuetto—Presto.
Reiter-Marsch in C, transcribed for orchestra, Schubert-Liszt

Both programme and performance seem to have given universal pleasure; in testimony whereof we are disposed to let some of the other critics speak for us. In the *Daily Advertiser*, for instance, we read the following, to all of which we say Amen! except to one thing said about the Bach fugue having "the least possible relation to human thought and feeling":

The first symphony concert in the Harvard course was given yesterday afternoon and made an excellent beginning for the series, both in the character of the programme and in the quality of the performance. The bill was made up of happily contrasted numbers, each of which was worthy and none of which was dull. There was something to satisfy nearly every taste in classical music, the religious and rather severe overture to "St. Paul" being set at one end of the bill, and the brilliant "Reiter Marsch" of Schubert at the other, with Spohr's sparkling "Jessonda" overture in the midst, and Bach's organ fantasia and fugue in G minor, arranged for the pianoforte by Liszt, for the satisfaction of those highly-cultivated listeners who enjoy the elaborated musical forms which bear the least possible relation to human thought and feeling. The highest worth of the programme, however, lay in the Haydn symphony in G, known as "The Oxford," and in Beethoven's piano concerto No. 5, in E-flat. The former of these compositions has been played but once before at these concerts, and it proves worthy of many repetitions, being stamped unmistakably with the marks of Haydn's gracious and fluent genius. The first movement is especially fine, the principal theme upon which it is built having a noble dignity and beauty, and being worked up with immense variety and ingenuity. The Adagio is sweet and tender, if not especially elevated; the Minuetto extremely gay, and even the Finale Presto, the melody of which in its original statement is rather trivial, is developed to a strong and spirited conclusion. The Beethoven concerto op. 73, is simply at the head of works of its order, as Beethoven's violin concerto is the first of its kind. It cannot be heard too often, especially when it receives such an interpretation as that given by Mr. Sherwood yesterday afternoon. Over this artist's performance it is easy and just to be enthusiastic, his playing being characterized by steady sustained power without extravagance, and by refined feeling without affectation. The great difficulties of the concerto were met without apparent effort, and its many phases expressed with equal sensitiveness and vigor. In the performance of the Bach fantasia and fugue Mr. Sherwood displayed his technical thoroughness and skill in another way, which was equally marked, if not equally important.

The orchestra was, if anything, a little larger than it has usually been at the opening of the season, Mr. C. N. Allen sitting in the seat of honor among the first violinists, and Mr. Eichler having his usual post among the seconds. It seems to us but fair to say that all the orchestral work of the concert was done in a conscientious, vigorous and accurate style, which did credit to the musicians and to Mr. Zerrahn's leadership. Strength and earnestness were certainly the leading features of the performance, while a more than respectable degree of finish was also attained.

And here speaks the critic of the *Evening Gazette*:

The Harvard Musical Association gave their first concert of the season at Music Hall on Thursday afternoon, and if the concerts that are to come were fairly foreshadowed by this initial performance, the series will not only prove generally satisfactory, but wholly creditable. The programme was well selected and interesting, and the orchestra did it ample justice. Taken altogether, the concert was the best we have had at the hands of the organization in some years, and if the other concerts do not fall below the admirable standard established at the outset, there will be but little if any cause for fault-finding save that of a hypercritical nature. After the "mixed" concerts that have hitherto prevailed through the season, a pleasant relief was afforded in the enjoyment provided by this excellently-balanced programme. The orchestra is in the main the same as that of last season, Mr. C. N. Allen leading the violins instead of Mr. August Fries. The playing of the orchestra gave every evidence of careful rehearsing and judicious directing throughout. The violins were unusually effective, and their work was distinguished by exceptional spirit and efficiency. The horns, which came prominently forward in the selections, were also in excellent hands. The concert opened with Mendelssohn's "St. Paul" overture, which was given with fine breadth of style and appropriateness of color. Spohr's refined and beautiful overture to "Jessonda" was charmingly interpreted, and here the wind instruments are to be warmly commended for the delicate precision with which they acquitted themselves. Haydn's "Oxford" Symphony, a noble work, abounding in vigor, strength and beauty, was the severest test to which the orchestra was put; but here again its efforts call only for praise. The opening movement of the "Oxford" symphony is large and earnest in style, remarkably solid in effect—when it is considered that there are no clarinets, no trombones, and but two horns in the score, and shows that impressive mastery in treatment which unmistakably characterizes the more thoughtful work of the great trio of which Haydn was the first in point of time. In the scores of this era the instrument was valued as an individuality, and its peculiar character was never lost sight of as it is in the more modern school. Flutes, oboes and bassoons invariably spoke the language that belongs to them, and were not merely used as factors in producing a certain sonority in combination. This method of using the wind instruments is particularly noticeable in the lovely adagio of this symphony, in which pure melody flows steadily on without apparent effort, and in which the continuity of idea is never interrupted. When we consider what service a little scrap of melody is made to perform in these days, repeated over and over again, buried under loads of harmony, clung to with an almost despairing perseverance, we are all the more astonished at the melodic resources of these old masters, who poured out their exquisite thoughts as lavishly as though they considered their fount inexhaustible. This movement was beautifully interpreted by the orchestra, as was also the minuet, which is more fiery and more elaborate in its scoring than is customary with Haydn in similar movements. The finale, fascinatingly dainty in its principal themes, and remarkably fine in the instrumentation of its more serious moments, was, in most essentials, the happiest effort of the orchestra. Schubert's "Reiter-Marsch" in C, scored by Liszt, brought the concert to an end. The soloist was Mr. W. H. Sherwood, who played Beethoven's piano concerto in E flat, No. 5, and Liszt's arrangement of Bach's grand organ Fantasia and Fugue in G minor. The concerto was performed with masterly power. It is almost superfluous to say that Mr. Sherwood's technique was fully equal to the demands made upon it. It is not often that a more artistic interpretation of this grand work is heard, and we fail to recall a more refined, a more satisfying example of Beethoven playing than this by Mr. Sherwood. Its sentiment was always appropriate, and the artist's rendering of it always manly. It was honest, straightforward piano-playing, marked by keen sensibility, the ability to penetrate into the subtler refinements of a work of this magnitude, and the power to present them with all clearness and appropriate individuality. In the Bach fugue, which calls but for little more than thorough technique in its performance, Mr. Sherwood's success was no less marked. The audience was by no means as enthusiastic in its recognition of the merits of this concert as it should have been. The encouragement of applause deservedly bestowed is a stimulus to exertion, and should not be withheld.

The *Traveller* follows suit:

The first Symphony Concert, given yesterday afternoon in the Music Hall, did much to dispel the sullen clouds which have hung over the reputation of these concerts, according to certain phases of popular opinion. The programme was not only of sterling quality, but arranged with tact; the selections both interesting and well contrasted. The orchestra, with Mr. C. N. Allen at the head of the first violins, was somewhat larger than last year, and played, upon the whole, better than is usual at the beginning of a season. The violins, indeed, showed marked improvement. The Association have been in the habit of opening the first concert of each season with some piece characteristically significant of the occasion. In the palmy days of the Symphony Concerts, when the Music Hall used to be crowded, it was often with Beethoven's "Consecration of the House" overture; this time it was Mendelssohn's overture to "St. Paul," the opening phrase of which, founded on the choral, "Sleepers, wake, the voice is calling," sounded like an admonition to our sluggish public to rally once more around the flag of good orchestral music in this city. By the way, why was this overture given without the organ part? This should not have been omitted. After the overture Mr. William H. Sherwood gave what must be called emphatically one of the finest renderings of Beethoven's great "Emperor" concerto that have been heard in our city. We hear that Mr. Sherwood at first hesitated about playing this concerto, fearing that the amount of daily work on his hands, and the consequent fatigue would prevent his being in condition to do justice either to himself or to the work. Truly it is not a task to enter upon, unless all one's powers are at "concert pitch." But, as Danton said, "*Il faut de l'audace, et encore de l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*;" and Mr. Sherwood may congratulate himself upon the result of his daring. He rose to the full height of the glorious occasion, and it seems to us that we have never heard him play quite so finely. Men cannot always foretell when their "grand moments" are at hand. The opening chords of the "Jeunesse" overture, written in Spohr's moodiest vein, threw the audience rather suddenly down from the bright, sunny atmosphere of the concerto into a region of gloomy doubt; but the little intercalated strains of Gipsy music struck the key note of a happier mood, and the composition was thoroughly enjoyed. The wind instruments did better in the hazardous key of E-flat minor, in which the overture begins, than could be reasonably expected, and false intonation but rarely wounded the ear.

The second part of the concert began with Liszt's transcription of the Bach G-minor fantasia and fugue played in the most masterly style by Mr. Sherwood. Surely this young pianist has already done great things, and what is best is that he shows no signs of being near the end of his tether. He approaches a composition in the right way; he not only plays with fire and enthusiasm, which is not so great a rarity as some persons seem to suppose, but with brains and thoughtful consideration, which is a very great rarity indeed.

Haydn's "Oxford" symphony may be accounted a novelty. It has been heard here only once before, several years ago, and at a time when, if we mistake not, an undue plethora of Haydn's symphonies had blunted our interest in the genial old master. It is truly an admirable work, noble, brilliant, charming and exciting by turns. The stately, dignified theme of the first movement, with its masterly development, the tender, simple beauty of the *adagio*, and the rollicking fun of the *finale*, overflowing with animal spirits, but not boisterous nor vulgar, the genial unbending of a mind capable of great and serious thoughts, rather than the jollification of a boor—all these things go to make up a work of singular charm, one which cannot grow stale by judicious repetition. The orchestra played it more than fairly well, and to play a Haydn or Mozart symphony well is no joke. The score looks simple and easy enough, but the Leipzig Gewandhaus orchestra have generally found it necessary to give more rehearsing to a Haydn symphony than to the most imposing scores of the modern orchestral thunderers.

Schubert's "Reiter-Marsch," brilliantly, if perhaps a trifle too finically, scored by Liszt, brought the concert to a close. The orchestra played less well, to our thinking, in this number than in the others; it seemed to us, indeed, that Mr. Zerrahn took the tempo a thought too fast—certainly faster than the orchestra felt themselves easily at home in.

The concert, as a whole, was a gratifying success, and the audience was larger, and plainly in a more cheerful and sympathetic frame of mind than we have seen them for some time.

Nor does the *Transcript* lag behind:

None could have heard the rich strains of a full orchestra bursting upon the ear for the first time this season without a feeling of grateful acknowledgment that it was well to support this institution, with all its shortcomings, rather than be entirely destitute of such music in the foretold day when it has ceased to pay to bring a symphony orchestra from New York,—not that it was originally necessary that Boston should be reduced to precisely this "Hobson's choice," but such is the *de facto* state of the case. The programme was a rich one, opening with the nobly characteristic overture to Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," elaborate and scholarly, but fused with the true fire, and uplifted with genuine religious sentiment. Then followed a memorable performance of Beethoven's concerto in E-flat, with Mr. W. H. Sherwood at the pianoforte. The pianist must have surprised all his warmest admirers by the masterful poise that he maintained through this great work, the unerring artistic judgment and subtle sympathy, the clear intelligence and unaffected sentiment, the delicacy and strength combined in the rarest manner. The supremely beautiful *adagio* was never more justly or exquisitely delivered; the recalling of Von Bülow's matchless elastic force of touch only by the *rendo finale* proved that neither his nor any other performer's interpretation had been missed up to that point.

WM. H. SHERWOOD has now given six of his promised ten Piano-forte Recitals. We have before spoken of the first two. The third (Friday, Nov. 22) had for programme:

Prelude and Fugue, No. 5, D major ("Well Tempered Clavier," No. 1).....Bach
Allegro Feroce (Concert Etude), Op. 105, No. 2.....Mozart
Sonata, Op. 10, No. 3, D major.....Beethoven
Presto—Largo e mesto—Meno mosso—Rondo.
Allegro Scherzando (Fantaisie), Op. 6.....Schubert
Impromptu in A flat, Op. 142, No. 2.....Schubert
"Phantasie" Waltz ("Dance in the village tavern," from Lenau's "Faust,".....Franz Liszt

In each and every rendering full justice was done to the composition,—especially the Beethoven Sonata, which was played with a fine insight into, and a rare power to express its poetic intentions.

In the fourth programme (Nov. 29) Mrs. SHERWOOD bore a part:

Prelude and Fugue in A minor, Peters' Edition, No. 200.....Bach
Two Fugues in C major, Peters' Edition, No. 200.....Bach
Fantaisie, C minor.....W. A. Mozart
"Variations Serieuses," Op. 65, D minor, Mendelssohn
Mrs. Sherwood.
Impromptu, Op. 29, in A flat.....Chopin
Nocturne, Op. 48, C minor.....Chopin
"Ende vom Lied," Op. 12, No. 8.....Schumann
Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 6.....Liszt
Mrs. Sherwood.

The Bach Preludes and Fugues were given with great delicacy and nicety, and must have won fresh audience to the never fading beauty of that kind of music. The Mozart Fantaisie is the one which commonly precedes and leads into his Sonata in the same key. Unless very well rendered, it is apt to be found somewhat dull and lengthy; but Mr. Sherwood got at the life of it and made it interesting from beginning to end.

Mrs. Sherwood's performance of the most important piano-forte solo work of Mendelssohn, the "Variations Serieuses," was most creditable to her artistic skill and taste; the contrasted characters of the several variations were brought out with discrimination and success. It is a composition which we do not hear too often.—The same may be said of that wonderful *Nocturne* of Chopin, in C minor. Mr. Sherwood's rendering of which, as well as of the *Impromptu*, was most satisfactory; and the serious poetic temper of Schumann's "End of the Song" was feelingly conveyed. Liszt might have been satisfied with the fire and brilliancy with which his "Hungarian Rhapsody" was rendered.

December 6. Sixth Recital. Programme:

Preludes and Fugues, C minor, Books I and II ("Well-Tempered Clavier," No. 1).....Bach
Sonata, Op. 14, No. 2, in G major.....Beethoven
Allegro—Andante—Scherzo.
Etude in C minor, Op. 10, No. 12.....Chopin
Etude in E flat, Op. 10, No. 11.....Chopin
Mrs. Sherwood.
"In der Nacht," No. 5 (Fantaisie Stuecke), Op. 12.....Schumann
"Traumeswirren," No. 7, (Fantaisie Stuecke), Schumann
Mrs. W. H. Sherwood.
"Valse Noble,".....C. F. Weitzmann
(Played by Carl Tausig, at his concerts in Germany).
Mr. Sherwood.

Mr. Sherwood shows a wise regard for the sound musical culture of the public,—or at least the education of its taste,—by opening each of these readings with choice things of Bach. It is well that he has both the power and will to do it. We are sure that the enjoyment of them steadily increases; that they make new converts, and reveal at every hearing more and more of beauty and of meaning to those already made.—That was a dainty selection from the Beethoven Sonatas,—that light, playful and yet passionate one in G major, in the Allegro of which we seem to hear a dialogue, a charming dispute between two lovers. The solid, square Andante with its fine variations, and the frolic Scherzo with its odd piquant rhythm, with the pathetic pleading of its middle subject, a most lovely *cantabile* (there is no other movement for finale) were equally delightful to hear.

For the first time, in these recitals, have we found our artist at fault; for some reason or other he was not equal that day to the E-flat Etude of Chopin, which is all in very wide, full chords *arpeggio*; he missed notes and broke the melodic continuity of movement. It is singular how many fine pianists fall in that particular Etude; doubtless the short-coming this time was accidental. All the other interpretations were most satisfactory.

We were obliged to lose so much of the sixth Recital, and to hear what little we did get of it at such disadvantage, that we will not venture to add any remark to a mere record of the programme:

Fugue, G minor, Op. 5, No. 3.....Joseph Rheinberger
Gigue, G major.....Mozart
Sonata in F minor (arranged by C. Tausig).....Domenico Scarlatti
Sonata, Op. 90, in E minor.....Beethoven
a. "Mit Lebhaftigkeit und durchaus mit Empfindung und Ausdruck"
b. "Nicht zu geschwind und sehr singbar vorzutragen."
Etude, Op. 10, No. 4, C sharp minor.....Chopin
Waltz, Op. 64, No. 1, D flat major.....Chopin
Romanza, F sharp major, Op. 28, No. 2.....Schumann
"Song without Words," No. 10, B minor, Mendelssohn
"Lohengrin's Verweis an Elsa,".....Liszt-Wagner
"Barcarolle," G minor, Op. 123.....Theodor Kullak

MR. JOHN ORTH's two Piano-forte Recitals (Tuesday afternoons, Nov. 26 and Dec. 10), at his cozy little rooms in West Street, were occasions of considerable interest. The rooms were filled with cultivated listeners the first time, and only the rain, which fell in torrents, lessened the attendance the second time. Mr. Orth has been and is an earnest student, zealous in his loyalty to what is true and good in Art, a staunch adherent of the classic school; yet not entirely exclusive or inhospitable to the new composers. His first selection was a fine Sonata, very seldom heard here, for violin and piano, by Beethoven, Op. 12, in E-flat, in which Mr. Fritz LISTEMANN took part with him. It was finely played and gave much pleasure. A *Nocturne* by Schumann (Op. 21, in F) and the charming *Impromptu* (Op. 90, in A flat) by Schubert followed, both of which Mr. Orth played with intelligence and feeling. The difficult Toccata in C, Op. 7, of Schumann, a piece demanding flexibility of fingers and sustained and even strength, showed his decided gain in technique and in execution. Two of Liszt's "Consolations," in E, Nos. 5 and 6, a *Valse* by Bülow, bright and pleasing, though containing scarcely any individuality of thought, and an *Impromptu*, Op. 80, No. 1, by Ferd. Hiller, filled out the remainder of the feast agreeably.

Mr. Orth's second Recital had the following programme:

Sonata, Op. 7, in E Flat.....Beethoven
Allegro molto—Largo—Scherzo—Rondo.
Sonata, Op. 123, in D major.....Bach
Allegro—Andante—Vivace—Allegro Finale.
Messrs. Fries and Orth.
Masurka, Op. 21, No. 6.....Bülow
Scherzo, Op. 20, in B minor.....Chopin
Trois Morceaux, Op. 11.....Rubinstein
Andante quasi adagio—Allegro con moto—Allegro risoluto.
Messrs. Fries and Orth.

Frederic Gye.

DEATH OF THE OPERATIC MANAGER AND PROPRIETOR OF COVENT GARDEN, LONDON—HIS CAREER.

Frederic Gye died yesterday from the injuries he received several days ago by the accidental discharge of a gun while hunting near Oxford, England. Mr. Gye, whose name is indissolubly connected with Covent Garden, will not be speedily forgotten by this generation of Londoners at least. Gye street remains as a memento to the enterprising manager who rose literally from nothing to the very pinnacle of fame, if such can be reached at all by an amusement caterer in the British metropolis. Forty years ago Mr. Gye had charge of the lights at the Julien concerts, was really called a lamp-lighter, but succeeded always in having sufficient ready money at hand, even at that time, to help Julien out of his frequent financial difficulties. Finally he became Julien's manager, and subsequently proprietor of the Vauxhall Gardens. But the lamp-lighting business was not abandoned, and for years Mr. Gye had charge of lighting the House of Parliament, for which he received up to within the last year a regular income, notwithstanding that his services had not been required for a considerable time back. Only red tape had omitted to take his old contract off the list of supplies, and red tape continued to regard the old lamplighter as a government employé long after he had become well known as an operatic manager. Vauxhall Garden, however, was swept out of existence by an overdose of English Parliamentary virtue, and it is on the very spot where this famous place of resort once stood, right near Old Vauxhall street, that Gye street now reminds Londoners that the old proprietor at least has some claim to their regard. After the great secession from Her Majesty's Opera Company, Mr. Gye became acting manager for Mr. Beale and Mme. Persiani; but even in these early days of the impresario's career he had ample opportunity to see fortunes made and lost in the continuous attempts made by many *entrepreneurs* to furnish London with good operatic music. The great brewer Delafield lost at that time £90,000 in a single season. It was in 1851, however, after he himself had already acted for some time as manager, that he first met with real success by reducing salaries all around, as well as curtailing superfluous expenditures. It was in the year of the great Exhibition, and while many strangers visited London, that many pounds rolled into Gye's coffers; and they stayed there pretty well, as he had by this time reduced all outlays to their very minimum. Five years later, in 1856, Covent Garden was destroyed by fire, and as an impresario Mr. Gye had a rough time of it. Still he had numerous friends among the nobility as well as among the merchant princes of London, and in 1858 Covent Garden, having risen from its ashes, was once more re-opened with considerable *éclat*. The varied luck of previous years was now followed by season after season of success and profit, and the manager was able to pay regularly the interest on the heavy mortgage of £153,000 on the New Opera House, besides laying aside a respectable fortune for himself. Only these last five years Mr. Gye ascertained to his cost that London is as fickle for continued operatic success as other leading cities, and Covent Garden did not pay well as an investment. Hence the interest on the heavy mortgage has not been paid during these latter years, and Mr. Lucas, the builder, has had to content himself with holding three boxes on the principal tier, which in London is quite a little income. Nevertheless, to those not intimately acquainted with the ways of managers, everything looked cheerful and pleasant at Covent Garden, not only in the house proper, but also in the manager's private office. There, almost every season whenever the royal family witnessed a first-class representation, the Prince of Wales might be seen smoking his cigarettes and drinking his seltzer between the acts, often also skipping an act or two for the purpose of continuing his chat with Mr. Gye, of whom he was a great admirer. In Scotland, also, where Mr. Gye spent the greater part of "the silly season," the manager's home was often made the rendezvous for the best literary and musical talent in the British metropolis. At Shiner's, in South-landshire, the impresario passed many days of leisure, when the fatigue incident to a London operatic season began to tell upon his age. But he was always exceedingly fond of deer-hunting, which pastime generally tended to disperse his worriment that seemed to follow him during the last few years even to his retreat at Shiner's, where he also missed lately the companionship of his wife, who died last year. Mr. Gye leaves five children, one daughter and four sons—Ernest, who is married to Albani; Lionel, who is in the Royal Artillery; Percy, who is a distinguished member of the London Bar, and Henry, who is in the Royal Navy.

The Hummel Centenary at Weimar.

The hundredth anniversary of J. N. Hummel's birth was celebrated here on the 14th inst. From 1819 to his death, on 17th October, 1837, the well-known pianist and composer held the post of conductor of the Grand-Ducal orchestra. In the house of his son, C. Hummel, the clever landscape painter, his widow still resides, in the full possession of her intellectual and bodily faculties, though she has reached the advanced age of eighty-six. The celebration commenced in the cemetery. At half-past 11 a.m., the chief of the Grand-Ducal Theatre, the Baron von Loën, as well as his conductors, Herren Lassen and Müller-Hartung, with the members of the Grand-Ducal orchestra, proceeded to Hummel's grave, which was profusely decorated with flowers for the occasion, and around which the members of his family now living were already assembled. After a composition by the Deceased had been performed the Baron von Loën addressed the assembly and dwelt in touching terms on the merit of him whose memory they had met to honor. Herr Winkler next delivered an address in the name of the Grand-Ducal orchestra, and then Herr Saul, who belonged to that body when it was under Hummel's direction, laid, also, in its name, a magnificent laurel-wreath on the grave. The ceremony was brought to a close by the singing of Mozart's "O, Iris und Osiris." In the evening there was an extraordinary performance, under the direction of Herr Müller-Hartung, in the theatre. After a prologue by Herr Max Martersteig, the following works by Hummel were performed: Overture, in B flat; Theme with Vocal Variations (Mdlle. Herzon); Concerto for Pianoforte, in A minor (Herr Lassen, Grand-Ducal Capellmeister); Variations for Oboe; Overture and Finale, from the opera of *Mathilde de Guise*. The Orchestral Musical School, also, gave, on the 17th, a special concert in memory of the illustrious deceased, when, after a commemorative speech by Herr Gottschalk, the following works of Hummel's were performed: Overture, in B flat major; Rondo for Pianoforte and Orchestra, in B flat major; "Les Adieux," Concerto for Pianoforte and Orchestra. With a view to raise, if possible, the thick veil spread over the years of Hummel's youth passed in Pressburg, a writer in the *Pressburger Zeitung* lately paid a visit to the house in which the composer was born. The pretty little one-storied pavilion, the upper part of which was for a short time inhabited by the musician Johann Hummel and his wife, Margarethe, and in which Johann Nepomuk Hummel first saw the light of the world, stands in the court at the back and was built probably in 1758. Since then it appears to have undergone scarcely any repairs worth mentioning. A flight of stone steps, some twelve in number, and built against it, leads into the house. Two old pictures of sacred subjects decorate the walls of the entrance. They are painted on tin. One of them representing the Virgin, with the infant Savior in her lap, is in a tolerably good state of preservation, but the other, a portrait of St. Florian, has suffered greatly from the ravages of time, and it is only with difficulty that the likeness of the holy man can be made out from the contour. The small covered vestibule, to which the visitor gains access by the flight of steps, is ornamented with a handsome pillar in which there is an iron grated door, the upper part being decorated with arabesque foliage. Under the initials A. E. is seen the date, 1758, divided into two equal parts. On the left is the kitchen, leading directly into the little room where J. N. Hummel was born. This room is a regular square, and, judging from appearances, a tent-hedstead once stood in a niche formed by a projecting wall at the further end. The inquiries made of the occupants by the writer on the *Pressburger Zeitung*, resulted only in the information that the house, now inhabited by Herr Kölbl, a butcher, was in 1820 rented by Herr Joseph Heinrich, a tailor, since dead. Concerning the musician, Hummel, Sen., no one can remember anything, and the walls are bare—there is nothing on them reminding one of the aspiring genius who here received his first youthful impressions. J. N. Hummel's baptismal certificate runs thus:—"Anno 1778 die 14-a Novembris baptisatus Joannes Nepomucenus Antonius de Padua. Parentes Joannes Hummel musicus et hujus consors Margaretha Patriní Francisca Hartmann relicta vidua officialis Regii Molkiani et Aedituus Ecclesiæ Georgius Wiszlinger. Baptisatus Mathias König, Protocollum baptisatorum 1778 pag. 10-847."

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